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ANCIENT CLASSICAL AND MODERN EUROPEAN LITERATURE

EDITED BY

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE, D.LIT.

Professor of English and Director of the School of Journalism
Columbia University

AND

GRANT SHOWERMAN, PH.D.

Professor of Classics in the University of Wisconsin
Director of the Summer Session, The American Academy in Rome

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EDITED

With Introductions and Notes

BY

GRANT SHOWERMAN

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GREEK LITERATURE

(940 B.C.–1000 A.D.)

I. HOMER AND THE EPIC (About 940–500 B.C.)

The Greek epic included a great body of story poems beginning with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* about 900 B.C., and continuing from about 775 to 550 B.C. with a mass of other tales of Troy called the *Trojan Cycle,* and a similar mass which gathered about Thebes and was called the *Theban Cycle.* Of all these the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* alone survive.

The origin of the two great Homeric poems may be conveniently thought of as follows: Scattered over the islands and borders of the eastern Mediterranean, including Crete and the Greek mainland, there existed from about 3000 to 1200 B.C. a well-defined culture which has become known to the modern world only since 1871, when Henry Schliemann began the series of excavations at Troy, Tiryns, and Mycenæ disclosing it, and which is called the Ægean civilization. Upon the Ægean race, in a succession of invasions and infiltrations beginning about 1800 B.C. and covering many centuries, descended a vigorous pastoral race from the north called the Achæans, whose culture was blended with the Ægean. About 1100 B.C., the Achæans in their turn were the objects of invasion and conquest by a wave of northerners called the Dorians, but not before they had established a culture of their own and engaged in at least one great war which roused the Ægean world from center to circumference and marshaled the enemy from many distant parts. This was the famous expedition against Troy, with its ten years of heroic siege on land and its ten years of adventurous returnings home. The tales told by survivors rapidly took on the nature of legend, and, in an age of little writing or none, became the stuff of minstrelsy. In the course of two hundred years or more, when, from long passage of time, the realistic and prosaic features of the war had faded, and when its heroic exploits had taken on in the minds of an imaginative people the brightness and the distinctness of glories remembered from the greater past before the Dorian descent, a master spirit among the Greeks of Asia Minor called Homer fitted into more or less harmonious union the best stories of the greatest episode in the ten years' siege. This was the *Iliad.* Not many years later, the same or another master made of the greatest stories of adventure on the return from the siege a second unity, the *Odyssey.* In the last ten years of the rule of Pisistratus, 537-527, when from long oral and written use these unwieldy creations had become greatly deranged, a commission of talented men set them in order substantially as they now exist, except that their division into twenty-four books was probably the work of Aristarchus the Alexandrian critic in 156 B.C.

These two greatest of the world's epics are stories in the grand style. Their characters are mostly of divine and heroic mold, and the human figures are of more than human stature. The settings of their action are the wide spaces of sea and land and the sky. Their battles and their storms are titanic, the passions of their heroes are magnificent, the laughter of their gods shakes the world. Their metrical conveyance, the hexameter, is the most dignified of poetic forms. Yet they are not to be thought of as in the grand style of a Virgil or a Milton. Their language is comparatively simple, their hexameter is the freest and most unrestrained of meters, their thought is easy and straightforward, their epithets and even their speeches repeat, they are not compact and highly unified, they are not artificially adorned, they are more or less naïve. They are natural or popular epic as opposed to artificial or literary epic.

The origin of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in the taste of a people at large insured their everlasting appeal. They are good stories well told. 'Homer tells lies as he ought,' said Aristotle, meaning that epic truthfulness lay in narrating what was consistent within itself though it might be mingled of fiction and fact. Homer's mingled world of the divine and the earthly, of the fictitious and the true, is made reality by the story-teller's art. They are not only good stories, but the most human of documents. At their foundation everywhere are the qualities of men as understood by men in every age and every clime.

THE ILIAD

The action of the *Iliad* is confined to twenty-eight days of the last year in the ten years' siege of Troy. Agamemnon, by common consent the leader of all the Achæans, and brother of Menelaus, the stealing of whose wife Helen by Paris the son of the Trojan King Priam brought on the war, has aroused the wrath of Achilles by taking from him the beautiful slave Briseis. The hero withdraws from the fight, and looks unmoved on the discomfiture of the Greek army until the death of his beloved comrade Patroclus at the hands of the Trojan Hector sends him once more into the field, where he slays the slayer of his friend. The funeral of Hector concludes the poem. The translation is that of Alexander Pope, with brief abstracts of omitted portions.

I

Achilles' wrath to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing!
That wrath which hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.
Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heaped the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverent priest defied,
And for the king's offence the people died.
For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands;
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs; and lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
He sued to all, but chief implored for grace
The brother-kings, of Atreus' royal race.
'Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crowned,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.
May Jove restore you when your toils are o'er
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.'
The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides: he, with kingly pride,
Repulsed the sacred sire, and thus replied:
'Hence, on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod;
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain
Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
In daily labors of the loom employed,
Or doomed to deck the bed she once enjoyed.
Hence, then; to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil and weeping sire.'
The trembling priest along the shore returned,
And in the anguish of a father mourned.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wandered by the sounding main;
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays.
'O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light; whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores:
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.'
Thus Chryses prayed:—the favoring power attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness rolled about his head.
The fleet in view, he twanged his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feathered fates below.
On mules and dogs the infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fixed in man.
For nine long nights, through all the dusky air,
The pyres, thick-flaming, shot a dismal glare. . . .

Agamemnon, compelled to give up Chryseis, offends Achilles by taking from him Briseis. Achilles withdraws to his tent, and his mother Thetis enlists the sympathy of Jove, whose favor angers Hera, or Juno. They are pacified by Hephæstus, or Vulcan.

Thus Vulcan spoke, and, rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crowned,
Which, held to Juno in a cheerful way,
'Goddess,' he cried, 'be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What god so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurled headlong down from the ethereal height;
Tossed all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor till the sun descended touched the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The Sinthians raised me on the Lemnian coast.'
He said, and to her hands the goblet heaved,
Which, with a smile, the white-armed queen received.
Then, to the rest he filled; and in his turn,
Each to his lips applied the nectared urn,
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.
Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tuned the lyre; the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Meantime the radiant sun to mortal sight
Descending swift, rolled down the rapid light:
Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclined his awful head,
And Juno slumbered on the golden bed.

II

Agamemnon is prompted by Jove to give battle without Achilles. By way of preparation, he holds a muster.

The generous Nestor thus the prince addressed:
'Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
And call the squadrons sheathed in brazen arms;
Now seize the occasion, now the troops survey,
And lead to war when heaven directs the way.'
He said; the monarch issued his commands;
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands
The chiefs inclose their king; the hosts divide,
In tribes and nations ranked on either side.
High in the midst the blue-eyed virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes;
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blazed on her arm, and lightened all the field:
Round the vast orb a hundred serpents rolled,
Formed the bright fringe, and seemed to burn in gold.
With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms,
No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above;
The fires expanding, as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:
So from the polished arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendor flashed along the fields.
Not less their number than the embodied cranes,
Or milk-white swans in Asia's watery plains,
That, o'er the windings of Cayster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,
Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds,
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.
Thus numerous and confused, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side;
With rushing troops the plains are covered o'er,
And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore.
Along the river's level meads they stand,
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wandering nation of a summer's day:
That, drawn by milky steams, at evening hours,
In gathered swarms surround the rural bowers;

From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The gilded legions, glittering in the sun.
So thronged, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his scattered force conjoins
In close array, and forms the deepening lines.
Not with more ease the skilful shepherd-swain
Collects his flocks from thousands on the plain.
The king of kings, majestically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all;
Like some proud bull, that round the pastures leads
His subject herds, the monarch of the meads,
Great as the gods, the exalted chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien.
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest played around his head.
Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing goddesses, immortal nine!
Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasured height,
And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,
(We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumor, and but boast we know,)
O say what heroes, fired by thirst of fame
Or urged by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came.
To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
Daughters of Jove, assist! inspired by you
The mighty labor dauntless I pursue;
What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs I sing. . . .

VI

After single combat between Menelaus and Paris, a truce and its breach, and a battle with many episodes, Hector, in an interval of the fight, takes leave of Andromache to return to the field.

He said, and passed with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain;
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had hence retired; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and sickened at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desired,
Whose virtue charmed him as her beauty fired,
Stood in the gates, and asked what way she bent
Her parting step? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort,
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
'Not to the court,' replied the attendant train,
'Nor mixed with matrons to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:
Distracted with surprise, she seemed to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.'
Hector this heard, returned without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:
(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion swayed,
And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade:)
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces pressed,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
To this loved infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honored stream;
Astyanax the Trojans called the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resigned
To tender passions all his mighty mind;
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labored with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

'Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he?
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain.
O grant me, gods, ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share.
No father's aid, no mother's tender care,
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burned;
The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorned;
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.
By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother lived to wear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
Redeemed too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppressed by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall,
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy;
Thou, from this tower defend the important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train,
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.'
The chief replied: 'That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the luster of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains!
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates!
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! Thy griefs I dread:
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, "Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Pressed with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.'
Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,

And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kissed the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer:
'O thou whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers, protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, "This chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."'
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:
'Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth:
No force can then resist, no flight can save,
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame.'
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That streamed at every look; then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honor's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus with reins unbound
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pampered and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevelled o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rushed forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now, the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excused his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus replied:
'O chief! in blood, and now in arms, allied!
Thy power in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confessed.
What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labors share,
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to heaven and liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant through her seas returns.'

VIII

Hector and Ajax engage in single combat, and in a second battle the Greeks are hard pressed and driven to their trenches near the ships.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:

The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decayed;
The Greeks rejoicing bless the friendly shade.
The victors keep the field, and Hector calls
A martial council near the navy walls;
These to Scamander's bank apart he led,
Where thinly scattered lay the heaps of dead.
The assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their prince surround.
A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was brass, refulgent to behold,
Fixed to the wood with circling rings of gold:
The noble Hector on his lance reclined,
And bending forward, thus revealed his mind:
'Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear!
This day, we hoped, would wrap in conquering flame
Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame.
But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.
Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,
And strengthening bread and generous wine be brought.
Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,
Let numerous fires the absent sun supply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
Till the bright morn her purple beam displays;
Lest, in the silence and the shades of night,
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight. . . .'
The leader spoke. From all his host around
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds untied,
And fixed their headstalls to his chariot-side.
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore:
The winds to heaven the curling vapors bore.
Ungrateful offering to the immortal powers!
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers:
Nor Priam nor his sons obtained their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.
The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground.
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head:
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays.
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady luster o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send,
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

IX

Agamemnon, proposing a return to Greece, is prevailed upon by Nestor to take steps toward reconciliation with Achilles.

And now, arrived, where on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,
Amused at ease, the godlike man they found,
Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.
(The well wrought harp from conquered Thebæ came:
Of polished silver was its costly frame.)
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Placed in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
Full opposite he sat, and listened long,
In silence waiting till he ceased the song.
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spied,
Leaped from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
With like surprise arose Menœtius' son:
Pelides grasped their hands, and thus begun:
'Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,

Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye came:
To me more dear than all that bear the name.'
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And placed in seats with purple carpets spread.
Then thus—'Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honors these, and these thy friend.'
He said; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire;
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porker, sheep, and goat contains.
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats, the fire to raise;
The tent is brightened with the rising blaze;
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' son bestowed;
Himself, opposed to Ulysses full in sight,
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
The first fat offering to the immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repressed.
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign:
Not unperceived; Ulysses crowned with wine
The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
'Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
Not those more honored whom Atrides feasts:
Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
Nor eased by banquets or by flowing bowls.
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
And owns no help but from thy saving hands. . . .'

XI

Achilles refuses reconciliation. In a third battle, the wounding of Machaon rouses the interest of Achilles, who sends Patroclus to inquire.

Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approached, and stood before the tent.
Old Nestor, rising then, the hero led
To his high seat: the chief refused and said:
''Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience stays.
To great Achilles this respect I owe;
Who asks, what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds?
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds.
This to report, my hasty course I bend;
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.'
'Can then the sons of Greece,' the sage rejoined,
'Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
This is not half the story of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But, ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Even till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys. . . .'

XIII

Hector has pursued the Greeks to their entrenchments.

Meantime the monarch of the watery main
Observed the Thunderer, nor observed in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He sat; and around him cast his azure eyes
Where Ida's misty tops confusedly rise;
Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen;
The crowded ships and sable seas between.
There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerged, he sat, and mourned his Argives slain.
At Jove incensed, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rushed along;

Fierce as he passed, the lofty mountains nod,
The forest shakes; earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of the immortal god.
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.
Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not raised by mortal hands:
This having reached, his brass-hoofed steeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and decked with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
The enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep
Gambol around him on the watery way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play;
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave,
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopped his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And linked their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay:
The father of the floods pursues his way:
Where, like a tempest, darkening heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground
The impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled rolled, as Hector rushed along:
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry
The heavens reëcho, and the shores reply:
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But most the Ajaces, adding fire to fire. . . .
Then with his scepter, that the deep controls,
He touched the chiefs, and steeled their manly souls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.
Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight,
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the power of ocean flew;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.

XVI

After more reverses for the Greeks, Patroclus in Achilles' armor goes to their aid.

Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;
While on each host with equal tempests fell
The showering darts, and numbers sank to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquered corse and radiant arms.
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.
There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine
The last, black remnant of so bright a line:
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
Death calls, and heaven allows no longer day!
For lo! the god in dusky clouds enshrined,
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunned senses reel
In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champaign rung.
Achilles' plume is stained with dust and gore;
That plume which never stooped to earth before;
Long used, untouched, in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.
His spear in shivers falls; his ample shield
Drops from his arm: his baldric strows the field:

The corslet his astonished breast forsakes:
Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shakes;
Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Famed for the manage of the foaming horse,
Skilled in the dart, and matchless in the course:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learned his rudiments of war.
His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore;
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more.
Nor, though disarmed, Patroclus' fury stood:
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turned him short, and herded in the crowd.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded, at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for succor to his social train,
And flies the fate, which heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues.
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
With him all Greece was sunk; that moment all
Her yet-surviving heroes seemed to fall.
So, scorched with heat, along the desert score,
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmeared with blood;
At length the sovereign savage wins the strife;
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effused, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphant cries:
'Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promised, of subverting Troy;
The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy soft pleasures served with captive dames.
Unthinking man! I fought those towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee;
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made,
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
"Return not, my brave friend," perhaps he said,
"Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He spoke, Patroclus marched, and thus he sped.'
Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
'Vain boaster! cease, and know the powers divine!
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To heaven is owed whate'er your own you call,
And heaven itself disarmed me ere my fall
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Opposed me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death:
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I;
Black fate o'erhangs thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Even now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.'
He faints: the soul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcase, thus addressed the dead:
'From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounced, or why denounced to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heaven?'
Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;
And upwards cast the corse: the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosened reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,

Far from his rage the immortal coursers drove;
The immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

XVII

The battle rages about the body of Patroclus.

But round the corse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death.
O'erlabored now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet, are covered o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes.
As when a slaughtered bull's yet reeking hide,
Stained with full force, and tugged from side to side,
The brawny curriers stretch; and labor o'er
The extended surface, drunk with fat and gore:
So tugging round the corse both armies stood;
The mangled body bathed in sweat and blood;
While Greeks and Ilions equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene; such rage, such horror reigned;
Such, Jove to honor the great dead ordained.
Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquered plain,
And for his wished return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend
Was more than heaven had destined to his friend.
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had revealed;
The rest, in pity to her son, concealed.
Still raged the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.
'Cursed be the man,' even private Greeks would say,
'Who dares desert this well-disputed day!
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice;
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost!'
Thus they: while with one voice the Trojans said,
'Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!'
Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors rise,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.
Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood:
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shared in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tombstone, never to be moved,
On some good man or woman unreproved
Lays its eternal weight; or fixed, as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Placed on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops coursed down with silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and waved in state,
Trailed on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head. . . .

XVIII

Achilles, moved by the death of Patroclus, resolves to enter the fight. Thetis has Vulcan forge him new armor.

To her the artist-god: 'Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the Fates, as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!'
Thus having said, the father of the fires
To the black labors of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turned
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burned,
Resounding breathed: at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;

Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow;
In hissing flames huge silver bars are rolled,
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold;
Before, deep fixed, the eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vexed metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then first he formed the immense and solid shield;
Rich various artifice emblazed the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labors on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean he designed;
The unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
The starry lights that heaven's high convex crowned;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on the ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed;
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cithern's silver sound:
Through the fair streets the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.
There in the forum swarm a numerous train;
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharged, which one denied,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produced on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
The appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with scepters in their hands:
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each the attesting scepter took,
And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudged the right.

Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glowed with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguered town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, armed with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armor: these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit they found, and stood,
Covered with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them piping on their reeds they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war,
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seemed to blush with blood.
There Tumult, there Contention stood confessed;
One reared a dagger at a captive's breast;
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragged a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcases they tore:
Fate stalked amidst them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure seemed to live or die.
A field deep furrowed next the god designed,
The third time labored by the sweating hind;

The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crowned;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning ploughshares cleave the soil:
Behind, the rising earth in ridges rolled;
And sable looked, though formed of molten gold.
Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper train:
Here stretched in ranks the leveled swarths are found,
Sheaves heaped on sheaves here thicken up the ground.
With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.
The rustic monarch of the field descries,
With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the woman's care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And curled on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixed intrenched the place;
And pales of glittering tin the inclosure grace.
To this, one pathway gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads,
(Fair maids and blooming youth,) that smiling bear
The purple product of the autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measured dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.
Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars.
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appeared;
And seized a bull, the master of the herd:
He roared: in vain the dogs, the men withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank his sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheered in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads,
And stalls, and folds, and scattered cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.
A figured dance succeeds; such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus for the Cretan queen,
Formed by Dædalean art; a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in soft simars of linen dressed;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreath inrolled;
Of these the sides adorned with swords of gold,
That glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
With well-taught feet: now shape in oblique ways,
Confusedly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguished blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tossed,
And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the center bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And general songs the sprightly revel end.
Thus the broad shield complete the artist crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round:
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires
He forged; the cuirass that outshone the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impressed
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.

At Thetis' feet the finished labor lay:
She, as a falcon cuts the aërial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

XXII

Achilles and Agamemnon are reconciled, the battles rage again, and Hector and Achilles meet.

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanced in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares:
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at every step: (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he moved, his figure seemed on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere;
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore
Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.
One space at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierced the windpipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
'At last is Hector stretched upon the plain,
Who feared no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have feared, what now you feel;
Achilles absent was Achilles still:
Yet a short space the great avenger stayed,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorned,
For ever honored, and for ever mourned:
While cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Thee, birds shall mangle, and the gods devour.'

Then Hector fainting at the approach of death:
'By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe:
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest.'
'No, wretch accursed!' relentless he replies;
Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes;
'Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.'
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
'Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentless breast have steeled,
And cursed thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here before the Scæan gate.'
He ceased. The Fates suppressed his laboring breath,
And his eyes stiffened at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,
(The manly body left a load of clay,)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he rolled his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus unheard, replies:
'Die thou the first! When Jove and heaven ordain,
I follow thee'—He said, and stripped the slain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and superior size;
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface

With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace:
'How changed that Hector, who like Jove of late
Sent lightning on our fleets, and scattered fate!'
High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
'Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of heaven
The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fallen already? Haste, ye powers!
See, if already their deserted towers
Are left unmanned; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death hath sealed his eyes;
Unwept, unhonored, uninterred he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecayed,
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow-moving toward the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."'
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred;
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead;)
The nervous ankles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fixed up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trailed along the plain.
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deformed, dishonored, in his native land,
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And, in his parents' sight, now dragged along!

The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses, venerable gray,
And cast, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he rolled in dust, and thus begun,
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
'Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;
I, only I, will issue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none)
And bow before the murderer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me, and all my race).
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that cursed hand sent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
O had thy gentle spirit passed in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mixed the tender shower!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!'
Thus wailed the father, groveling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion streamed around.
Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears;
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears;)
'Ah why has Heaven prolonged this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!

To whom her safety and her fame she owed;
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!'
But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Not e'en his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employed her secret hours,
Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-haired handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return
In vain; alas! her lord returns no more;
Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamors reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear:
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
And thus, astonished, to her maids she calls:
'Ah follow me!' she cried, 'what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye gods avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chased along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorned to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quenched for ever in the arms of death.'
She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue),
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragged along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her color flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crowned,
The veil and diadem flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recalled, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
'O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam displayed
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes we came
At different periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion owed,
And why was all that tender care bestowed?
Would I had never been!—O, thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandoned, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire; no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
Even from his own paternal roof expelled,
Some stranger plows his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
For ever sad, for ever bathed in tears;
Amongst the happy, unregarded, he
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed
Nor reach the goblet nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, "Begone! thy father feasts not here:"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forced by repeated insults to return,
And to his widowed mother vainly mourn:
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,

Must—ah, what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, liest exposed in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care;
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
And honor to the living, not the dead!'
So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

XXIV

Funeral games are held for Patroclus, and the body of Hector is redeemed by Priam.

Charged with the mournful load, to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanced more near,
(Her breathless brother stretched upon the bier,)
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
'Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy?
If e'er ye rushed in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow;
Your common triumph, and your common woe.'
In thronging crowds they issue to the plains;
Nor man nor woman in the walls remains;
In every face the self-same grief is shown;
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scattered hair:
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay,
And there had sighed and sorrowed out the day;
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose:
'Forbear,' he cried, 'this violence of woes;
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.'
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;
Even to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
The obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at every pause of art.
First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw.
And 'Oh, my Hector! Oh, my lord!' she cries,
'Snatched in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandoned: desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain. . . .'
Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan,
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next sustains her part:
'O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by heaven approved,
And by the immortals even in death beloved!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast,
Sentenced, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corse was dragged around the tomb;
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain;)
Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face:

Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismissed thee gently to the shades below.'
Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears;
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
'Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had joined
The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(O had I perished, ere that form divine
Seduced this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others cursed the authoress of their woe
Thy pity checked my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents softened all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery:
The fate I caused, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide streets abandoned shall I roam!
In Troy deserted, as abhorred at home!'
So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by:
On all around the infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam checked the torrent as it rose:
'Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the forests for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honors to the dead.'
He spoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and felled from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gathered forests to the town.
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And placed aloft; while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy luster streaked the dewy lawn,
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they rolled,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And raised the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
Watched from the rising to the setting sun.)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shared the last sepulchral feast.
Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

THE ODYSSEY

The *Odyssey* narrates the events of the last weeks in the ten years of Odysseus' adventures, in the divinely hindered return from Troy. His son Telemachus, warned by Athene, sets forth from Ithaca to visit Nestor at Pylos and Menelaus at Sparta and to question them of his father. Meanwhile the hero, by direction of the gods, is set free by the nymph Calypso, and after eighteen days on a stormy sea is cast ashore on the isle of the Phæacians, where the princess Nausicaa charmingly discovers and conducts him to the palace of King Alcinous, who draws from him the tale of his marvelous adventures with the Cyclops, Circe, the Sirens, and the rest, and sends him home on an enchanted ship to Ithaca and the waiting Penelope. The hero's meetings with his son Telemachus, the swineherd Eumæus, the old nurse Eurycleia, and the faithful dog Argus, the slaying of the suitors, his recognition by Penelope, and the restoration of his fortunes, occupy the last twelve books. The translation is that of Pope except the passages done by Fenton and Broome.

I

Translated by Fenton.

The man for wisdom's various arts renowned,
Long exercised in woes, O Muse! resound;
Who, when his arms had wrought the destined fall
Of sacred Troy, and razed her heaven-built wall,
Wandering from clime to clime, observant strayed,

Their manners noted, and their states surveyed.
On stormy seas unnumbered toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dared to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day;
The god vindictive doomed them never more
(Ah, men unblessed!) to touch that natal shore.
Oh, snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.
Now at their native realms the Greeks arrived;
All who the wars of ten long years survived,
And 'scaped the perils of the gulfy main.
Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplored his absent queen and empire lost.
Calypso in her caves constrained his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestined to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labors his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hostile powers restrain,
All but the ruthless monarch of the main. . . .

The gods in council decree the liberation of Ulysses from Calypso after his seven years' detention, and prepare the way for his return to Ithaca. The hero's son, Telemachus, is prompted by Athene to leave the palace, where the suitors for Penelope's hand are insolently thrusting themselves upon her, and go in search of information regarding Ulysses, first by ship to old Nestor at Pylos, and thence by land to Sparta.

IV

Translated by Fenton.

And now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds,
Sparta whose walls a range of hills surrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labor ends;
Where sat Atrides 'midst his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
To bless his son's and daughter's nuptial hour.
That day, to great Achilles' son resigned,
Hermione, the fairest of her kind,
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy,
Espoused before the final doom of Troy:
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymphs to Phthia's distant reign.
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes from a stolen amour
To great Atrides' age his handmaid bore:
To Helen's bed the gods alone assign
Hermione, to extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of Graces wait,
Resembling Venus in attractive state.
While this gay friendly troop the king surround,
With festival and mirth the roofs resound:
A bard amid the joyous circle sings
High airs, attempered to the vocal strings;
Whilst, warbling to the varied strain, advance
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance,
'Twas then, that, issuing through the palace gate,
The splendid car rolled slow in regal state:
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,
And fast beside him great Ulysses' son. . . .
Part led the coursers, from the car enlarged,
Each to a crib with choicest grain surcharged;
Part in a portico, profusely graced
With rich magnificence, the chariot placed:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight;
Resplendent as the blaze of summer noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend;
Where a bright damsel train attends the guests
With liquid odors, and embroidered vests.
Refreshed, they wait them to the bower of state,
Where, circled with his peers, Atrides sate: . . .
'But oh! Ulysses—deeper than the rest
That sad idea wounds my anxious breast!
My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain;
The bowl and tasteful viands tempt in vain;
Nor sleep's soft power can close my streaming eyes,
When imaged to my soul his sorrows rise.
No peril in my cause he ceased to prove,
His labors equaled only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him to suffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on some friendly coast,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,
No fame reveals; but, doubtful of his doom,

His good old sire with sorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling steps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigor of his heir;
And the chaste partner of his bed and throne,
Wastes all her widowed hours in tender moan.'
While thus pathetic to the prince he spoke,
From the brave youth the streaming passion broke:
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repressed,
His face he shrouded with his purple vest.
The conscious monarch pierced the coy disguise,
And viewed his filial love with vast surprise:
Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.
In this suspense bright Helen graced the room;
Before her breathed a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorned with each attractive grace,
The silver-shafted goddess of the chase!
The seat of majesty Adrasté brings,
With art illustrious, for the pomp of kings;
To spread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of softest woof, is bright Alcippé's care.
A silver canister, divinely wrought,
In her soft hands the beauteous Phylo brought;
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vase
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord (whose sovereign sway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
When to that court Atrides came, caressed
With vast munificence the imperial guest:
Two lavers from the richest ore refined
With silver tripods, the kind host assigned;
And bounteous from the royal treasure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, consort of his high command,
A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
Which heaped with wool the beauteous Phylo brought:
The silken fleece, impurpled for the loom,
Rivaled the hyacinth in vernal bloom. . . .

Menelaus on the following day relates to Telemachus his own adventures on the return from Troy, including the capture of Proteus, whom he compelled to tell of the fortunes of Agamemnon and Ulysses. The suitors, meanwhile, are plotting at Ithaca the ambush and murder of Telemachus. The terrified Penelope is comforted by a vision of Pallas. In the beginning of Book V, Mercury commands the unwilling Calypso to release Ulysses, who builds a craft and embarks, to be overtaken by a storm sent by Neptune, his constant enemy.

V

And now a single beam the chief bestrides:
There poised a while above the bounding tides,
His limbs discumbers of the clinging vest,
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast:
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretched wide his eager arms, and shot the seas along.
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune eyed him, and contemptuous said:
'Go, learned in woes, and other foes essay!
Go, wander helpless on the watery way:
Thus, thus find out the destined shore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raise
Shall last remembered in thy best of days.'
This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.
Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth-shaking power,
Jove's daughter Pallas watched the favoring hour.
Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,
And hushed the blustering brethren of the sky.
The dryer blasts alone of Boreas sway,
And bear him soft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that shore,
Where Fate has destined he shall toil no more.
And now, two nights, and now two days were passed,
Since wide he wandered on the watery waste;
Heaved on the surge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blazed upon the main;
Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain;
The winds were hushed, the billows scarcely curled,
And a dead silence stilled the watery world;
When lifted on a ridgy wave he spies
The land at distance, and with sharpened eyes.
As pious children joy with vast delight
When a loved sire revives before their sight
(Who, lingering long, has called on death in vain,
Fixed by some demon to his bed of pain,
Till Heaven by miracle his life restore);

So joys Ulysses at the appearing shore:
And sees (and labors onward as he sees)
The rising forests, and the tufted trees,
And now, as near approaching as the sound
Of human voice the listening ear may wound,
Amidst the rocks he heard a hollow roar
Of murmuring surges breaking on the shore:
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,
But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight!
All rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.
Fear seized his slackened limbs and beating heart,
As thus he communed with his soul apart:
'Ah me! when, o'er a length of waters tossed,
These eyes at last behold the unhoped-for coast,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above, sharp rocks forbid access; around,
Roar the wild waves; beneath, is sea profound!
No footing sure affords the faithless sand,
To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.
If here I enter, my efforts are vain,
Dashed on the cliffs, or heaved into the main;
Or round the island if my course I bend,
Where the ports open, or the shores descend,
Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or some enormous whale the god may send
(For many such on Amphitrite attend);
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
And hate relentless of my heavenly foe.'
While thus he thought, a monstrous wave upbore
The chief, and dashed him on the craggy shore:
Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,
But instant Pallas entered in his soul.
Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And stuck adherent, and suspended hung;
Till the huge surge rolled off; then backward sweep
The refluent tides, and plunge him in the deep.
As when the polypus, from forth his cave
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave,
His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands:
So the rough rock had shagged Ulysses' hands
And now had perished, whelmed beneath the main,
The unhappy man; e'en fate had been in vain;
But all-subduing Pallas lent her power,
And prudence saved him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating surge his course he bore
(A wider circle, but in sight of shore),
With longing eyes, observing, to survey
Some smooth ascent, or safe sequestered bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he spied
A falling stream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the seas the shelving shore declined,
And formed a bay impervious to the wind.
To this calm port the glad Ulysses pressed,
And hailed the river, and its god addressed:
'Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream unknown
I bend, a suppliant at thy watery throne,
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred even to gods is misery:
Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
And save a suppliant, and a man distressed.'
He prayed, and straight the gentle stream subsides,
Detains the rushing current of his tides,
Before the wanderer smooths the watery way,
And soft receives him from the rolling sea.
That moment, fainting as he touched the shore,
He dropped his sinewy arms: his knees no more
Performed their office, or his weight upheld:
His swoln heart heaved; his bloated body swelled:
From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran;
And lost in lassitude lay all the man,
Deprived of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The soul scarce waking in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound;
Observant of her word, he turned aside
His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves,
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.
Now parting from the stream, Ulysses found
A mossy bank with pliant rushes crowned;
The bank he pressed, and gently kissed the ground;
Where on the flowery herb as soft he lay,

Thus to his soul the sage began to say:
'What will ye next ordain, ye powers on high!
And yet, ah yet, what fates are we to try?
Here by the stream, if I the night out-wear,
Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
The dews descending, and nocturnal air;
Or chilly vapors breathing from the flood
When morning rises?—If I take the wood,
And in thick shelter of innumerous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle sleep allows;
Though fenced from cold, and though my toil be passed
What savage beasts may wander in the waste!
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in the way.'
Thus long debating in himself he stood:
At length he took the passage to the wood,
Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
Waved high, and frowned upon the stream below.
There grew two olives, closest of the grove,
With roots entwined, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they smiled
With sister-fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the sun's meridian rays had power,
Nor wind sharp-piercing, nor the rushing shower
The verdant arch so close its texture kept:
Beneath this covert great Ulysses crept.
Of gathered leaves an ample bed he made
(Thick strewn by tempest through the bowery shade);
Where three at least might winter's cold defy,
Though Boreas raged along the inclement sky.
This store with joy the patient hero found,
And, sunk amidst them, heaped the leaves around.
As some poor peasant, fated to reside
Remote from neighbors in a forest wide,
Studious to save what human wants require,
In embers heaped, preserves the seeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulysses lies,
Till Pallas poured soft slumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)
Lulled all his cares, and banished all his woes.

VI

Translated by Broome.

Nausicaa, daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phæacians, is bidden by Pallas to go to the river with her maids and wash the linen against her wedding day.

Now from her rosy car Aurora shed
The dawn, and all the orient flamed with red.
Up rose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night.
The queen she sought, the queen her hours bestowed
In curious works; the whirling spindle glowed
With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull
The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.
Meanwhile Phæacia's peers in council sate;
From his high dome the king descends in state;
Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approached him passing, and submissive said:
'Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain?
Say, with my garments shall I bend my way
Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?
A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And kings draw luster from the robe of state.
Five sons thou hast; three wait the bridal day,
And spotless robes become the young and gay:
So when with praise amid the dance they shine,
By these my cares adorned, that praise is mine.'
Thus she: but blushes ill-restrained betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day.
The conscious sire the dawning blush surveyed,
And, smiling, thus bespoke the blooming maid:
'My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we give.'
Swift at the royal nod the attending train
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.
The blooming virgin with despatchful cares
Tunics, and stoles, and robes imperial, bears.
The queen, assiduous, to her train assigns
The sumptuous viands, and the flavorous wines.
The train prepare a cruse of curious mold,
A cruse of fragrance, formed of burnished gold;
Odor divine! whose soft refreshing streams
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins

Shine in her hand; along the sounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.
They seek the cisterns where Phæacian dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;
Where, gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.
The mules, unharnessed, range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave
(The vestures cleansed o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy luster whitens all the strand);
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play
(Their shining veils unbound). Along the skies,
Tossed and retossed, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And, warbling sweet, makes earth and heaven rejoice.
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus' resounding groves;
A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her shoulders sounds:
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe;
High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace;
Distinguished excellence the goddess proves;
Exults Latona as the virgin moves.
With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
And shone transcendent o'er the beauteous train.
Meantime (the care and favorite of the skies)
Wrapped in imbowering shade, Ulysses lies,
His woes forgot! but Pallas now addressed
To break the bands of all-composing rest.
Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And swam the stream; loud shrieks the virgin train,
And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.
Waked by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,
And, to the deaf woods wailing, breathed his woes:
'Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,
On what new region is Ulysses tossed;
Possessed by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
What sounds are these that gather from the shores?
The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan bowers,
The fair-haired Dryads of the shady wood;
Or azure daughters of the silver flood;
Or human voice? but issuing from the shades,
Why cease I straight to learn what sound invades?'
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends,
With forceful strength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing shades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wintry showers,
Descends terrific from the mountain's brow;
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conscious strength elate, he bends his way,
Majestically fierce, to seize his prey
(The steer or stag); or, with keen hunger bold,
Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.
No less a terror, from the neighboring groves
(Rough from the tossing surge) Ulysses moves;
Urged on by want, and recent from the storms;
The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.
Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly;
All but the nymph; the nymph stood fixed alone,
By Pallas armed with boldness not her own.
Meantime in dubious thought the king awaits,
And, self-considering, as he stands, debates;
Distant his mournful story to declare,
Or prostrate at her knee address the prayer.
But fearful to offend, by wisdom swayed,
At awful distance he accosts the maid. . . .

Ulysses is conducted to the wonderful palace and gardens of Alcinous, to whom and his court he narrates his adventures since leaving Calypso. Alcinous declares he will provide for Ulysses'

return to Ithaca, and begins a round of entertainment. Demodocus the minstrel sings of Troy.

Ulysses, invited to narrate his fortunes after Troy, tells of his adventures among the Ciconians, and the Lotos-eaters, and of being caught in the cave of the Cyclops.

IX

'He answered with his deed: his bloody hand
Snatched two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And dashed like dogs against the stony floor:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain beast:
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage filled,
A milky deluge next the giant swilled;
Then stretched in length o'er half the caverned rock,
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.
To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumbering monster to the ground,
My soul impels me! and in act I stand
To draw the sword; but wisdom held my hand.
A deed so rash had finished all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the rosy-fingered morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies;
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
The task thus finished of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleased, and whistling, drives his flock before,
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And shuts again: with equal ease disposed,
As a light quiver's lid is oped and closed.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.
'Thus left behind, even in the last despair
I thought, devised, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution, worked my breast;
But this of many counsels seemed the best:
The monster's club within the cave I spied,
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undried,
Green from the wood; of height and bulk so vast,
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.
This shortened of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane;
The narrower end I sharpened to a spire,
Whose point we hardened with the force of fire,
And hid it in the dust that strewed the cave,
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Proposed, who first the venturous deed should try,
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye
To plunge the brand and twirl the pointed wood,
When slumber next should tame the man of blood.
Just as I wished, the lots were cast on four:
Myself the fifth. We stand and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female, stayed behind
(So fortune chanced, or so some god designed);
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He rolled it on the cave and closed the gate.
First down he sits to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seized two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brained on the rock; his second dire repast.
I then approached him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er;
"Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest;
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquors other climates boast.
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us and vouchsafe to spare.
But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more."
'He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat,

Delighted, swilled the large luxurious draught.
"More! give me more," he cried: "the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine!
Declare thy name: not mortal is this juice,
Such as the unblessed Cyclopean climes produce
(Though sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scorned thunder serves to drench our fields);
But this descended from the blessed abodes,
A rill of nectar, streaming from the gods." 85
'He said, and greedy grasped the heady bowl,
Thrice drained, and poured the deluge on his soul.
His sense lay covered with the dozy fume;
While thus my fraudful speech I reassume.
"Thy promised boon, O Cyclop! now I claim, 90
And plead my title; Noman is my name.
By that distinguished from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers."
'The giant then: "Our promised grace receive,
The hospitable boon we mean to give: 95
When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
Noman shall be the last I will devour."
'He said. Then nodding with the fumes of wine
Drooped his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung, 100
Pressed with the weight of sleep that tames the strong:
There belched the mingled streams of wine and blood,
And human flesh, his indigested food.
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
With animating breath the seeds of fire; 105
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The stake now glowed beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red, 109
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urged by some present god, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
Myself above them from a rising ground
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and round 115
As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urged on all hands, it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood; 120
From the pierced pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Singed are his brows; the scorching lids grow black;
The jelly bubbles, and the fibers crack.
And as when armors temper in the ford
The keen-edged pole-axe, or the shining sword, 125
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hissed the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan, the rocks around
Through all their inmost winding caves resound. 129
Scared we receded. Forth with frantic hand,
He tore and dashed on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-eyed race repair,
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air. 135
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,
Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern door.
"What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange affright
Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal, in the unguarded hour 140
Of sleep oppress thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves insidious thy fair flock surprise?"
'Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:
"Friends, Noman kills me: Noman, in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudful power." 145
"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:
To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,"
'The brethren cried, and instant strode away.
'Joy touched my secret soul and conscious heart, 150
Pleased with the effect of conduct and of art.
Meantime the Cyclop, raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round:
At last, the stone removing from the gate,
With hands extended in the midst he sate: 155
And searched each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to seize us e'er we reached the door

(Such as his shallow wit he deemed was mine);
But secret I resolved the deep design:
'Twas for our lives my laboring bosom wrought;
Each scheme I turned, and sharpened every thought:
This way and that I cast to save my friends,
Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.
'Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,
Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.
These, three and three, with osier bands we tied
(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supplied);
The midmost bore a man, the outward two
Secured each side: so bound we all the crew.
One ram remained, the leader of the flock:
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
There cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When rosy morning glimmered o'er the dales,
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilked lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they passed along
(Fool that he was), and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.
'The master ram at last approached the gate,
Charged with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.
Him while he passed, the monster blind bespoke:
"What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
First to the field and river's bank to lead,
And first with stately step at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow
Thou movest, as conscious of thy master's woe!
Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but fate the power of speech afford,
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and dashed from rock to rock,
His battered brains should on the pavement smoke.
No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,
While such a monster as vile Noman lives."
'The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock
Dismissed the ram, the father of the flock.
No sooner freed, and through the inclosure passed,
First I release myself, my fellows last:
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.
With joy the sailors view their friends returned,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourned.
Big tears of transport stand in every eye:
I check their fondness, and command to fly.
Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.
'Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear,
With taunts the distant giant I accost:
"Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditatest thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doomed to inflict; the instrument of Jove.
Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,
The god, the god revenges by my hands."
'These words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke;
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thundering on the flood.
It almost brushed the helm, and fell before:
The whole sea shook, and refluent beat the shore.
The strong concussion on the heaving tide
Rolled back the vessel to the island's side:
Again I shoved her off; our fate to fly,
Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply. . . .'

Ulysses continues his narrative, telling of Æolus and the winds, the Læstrygonians, and the isle of Circe, where he arrives with only one of his twelve ships. After a year, Circe directs him toward the lower world.

XI

Translated by Broome.

'Now to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares oppressed,
And solemn horror saddens every breast.
A freshening breeze the magic power supplied,
While the winged vessel flew along the tide;
Our oars we shipped: all day the swelling sails
Full from the guiding pilot catched the gales.
'Now sunk the sun from his aërial height,
When lo! we reached old Ocean's utmost bounds,
Where rocks control his waves with ever-during mounds.
'There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The sun ne'er views the uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.
'The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;
Disbark the sheep, and offering to the gods;
And, hellward bending, o'er the beach descry
The doleful passage to the infernal sky.
The victims, vowed to each Tartarean power,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.
'Here opened hell, all hell I here implored,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword:
And trenching the black earth on every side,
A cavern formed, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-tempered milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the crystal spring:
O'er these was strewed the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.
'Now the wan shades we hail, the infernal gods,
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods:
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our safe return,
Rich with unnumbered gifts the pile shall burn;
So shall a ram, the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.
'Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;
Then died the sheep: a purple torrent flowed,
And all the caverns smoked with streaming blood.
When lo! appeared along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts:
Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamoured maids;
And withered elders, pale and wrinkled shades;
Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
Stalked with majestic port, a martial train:
These and a thousand more swarmed o'er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shrieked around.
Astonished at the sight, aghast I stood,
And a cold fear ran shivering through my blood;
Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,
Straight the flayed victims to the flames are cast
And muttered vows, and mystic song applied
To grizzly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.
'Now swift I waved my falchion o'er the blood;
Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.
Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,
Till awful from the shades Tiresias rose. . . .'
"Why, mortal, wanderest thou from cheerful day,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
What angry gods to these dark regions led
Thee, yet alive, companion of the dead?
But sheathe thy poniard, while my tongue relates
Heaven's stedfast purpose, and thy future fates."
'While yet he spoke, the prophet I obeyed,
And in the scabbard plunged the glittering blade:
Eager he quaffed the gore, and then expressed
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast:
"Weary of light, Ulysses here explores
A prosperous voyage to his native shores;
But know—by me unerring Fates disclose
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes.
I see, I see, thy bark by Neptune tossed,
For injured Cyclops, and his eyeball lost!

Yet to thy woes the gods decree an end,
If Heaven thou please; and how to please attend!
Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
Graze numerous herds along the verdant shores;
Though hunger press, yet fly the dangerous prey,
The herds are sacred to the god of day,
Who all surveys with his extensive eye,
Above, below, on earth, and in the sky!
Rob not the god; and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails:
But, if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves
I see thy friends o'erwhelmed in liquid graves!
The direful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!
Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labors end;
New foes arise, domestic ills attend!
There foul adulterers to thy bride resort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court.
But vengeance hastes amain! These eyes behold
The deathful scene, princes on princes rolled! . . ."
'Thus in the tide of tears our sorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;
Till side by side along the dreary coast
Advanced Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,
A friendly pair! near these the Pylian strayed,
And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade!
War was his joy, and pleased with loud alarms,
None but Pelides brighter shone in arms.
'Through the thick gloom, his friend Achilles knew,
And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.
"Comest thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
Where the wan specters walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,
Thronged with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead?"
'To whom with sighs: "I pass these dreadful gates,
To seek the Theban, and consult the Fates:
For still, distressed, I rove from coast to coast,
Lost to my friends, and to my country lost.
But sure the eye of Time beholds no name
So blessed as thine in all the rolls of fame;
Alive we hailed thee with our guardian gods,
And dead thou rulest a king in these abodes."
"Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
Nor think vain words," he cried, "can ease my doom.
Rather I'd choose laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
Than reign the sceptered monarch of the dead.
But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
And emulates his godlike father's deeds?
If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
Say if my sire, the reverend Peleus, reigns,
Great in his Phthia, and his throne maintains;
Or, weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
To fix the sceptre stedfast in his hands?
O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
And death release me from the silent urn! . . ."'

After the return from Hades, the narrative continues with the tale of the Sirens, Scylla and Charybdis, the destruction of the Sun's oxen on the isle of Trinacria, the punishment by shipwreck, and Ulysses' arrival at Calypso's home. The story finished, all retire, and on the following morning Ulysses prepares for the voyage to Ithaca.

XIII

Thus he: then parting prints the sandy shore
To the fair port: a herald marched before,
Sent by Alcinoüs; of Aretè's train
Three chosen maids attend him to the main:
This does a tunic and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The cheerful mates
Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates:
Upon the deck soft painted robes they spread,
With linen covered, for the hero's bed.
He climbed the lofty stern; then gently pressed
The swelling couch, and lay composed to rest.
Now placed in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills and lessening shores.
While on the deck the chief in silence lies,

And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
As fiery coursers in the rapid race
Urged by fierce drivers through the dusty space,
Toss their high heads and scour along the plain,
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies;
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man, in wisdom equal to a god!
Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore:
All which soft sleep now banished from his breast,
Wrapped in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.
But when the morning-star with early ray
Flamed in the front of heaven, and promised day;
Like distant clouds the mariner descries
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise. . . .
Thither they bent, and hauled their ship to land
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand):
Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently placed him on the rocky shore,
His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
Secure from theft; then launched the bark again,
Resumed their oars, and measured back the main,
Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme,
The vengeance vowed for eyeless Polypheme.
Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood,
And sought the secret counsels of the god.
'Shall then no more, O sire of gods! be mine
The rights and honors of a power divine?
Scorned e'en by man, and (oh severe disgrace!)
By soft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
Against yon destined head in vain I swore,
And menaced vengeance, ere he reached his shore;
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;
Mild I obeyed, for who shall war with thee?
Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
From all the eluded dangers of the deep;
Lo where he lies, amidst a shining store
Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore;
And bears triumphant to his native isle
A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil.'
To whom the Father of the immortal powers,
Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with showers:
'Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain?
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main!
Revered and awful e'en in heaven's abodes,
Ancient and great! a god above the gods!
If that low race offend thy power divine
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go, then, the guilty at thy will chastise.'
He said. The shaker of the earth replies:
'This then I doom: to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the sable deep;
To warn the thoughtless, self-confiding train,
No more unlicensed thus to brave the main.
Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,
If such thy will.'—'We will it,' Jove replies.
'E'en when with transport blackening all the strand,
The swarming people hail their ship to land,
Fix her forever a memorial stone:
Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone.
The trembling crowds shall see the sudden shade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!'
With that the god whose earthquakes rock the ground
Fierce to Phæacia crossed the vast profound.
Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace shot along the sea.
The god arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down an everlasting rock. . . .
Meanwhile Ulysses in his country lay,
Released from sleep, and round him might survey
The solitary shore and rolling sea.
Yet had his mind through tedious absence lost
The dear resemblance of his native coast;
Besides, Minerva, to secure her care,
Diffused around a veil of thickened air;
For so the gods ordained, to keep unseen
His royal person from his friends and queen;
Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injured lord. . . .

Ulysses goes in disguise to the cottage of Eumæus the swineherd, whither Telemachus also, having eluded the suitors, soon arrives. Ulysses reveals himself to his son, who returns to his mother in the town. The hero is afterward conducted by Eumæus to the palace, which he now sees for the first time in twenty years.

XVII

Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew:
He not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulysses, nourished at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to please his lord;
To him, his sweetness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory called him o'er the main.
Till then in every sylvan chase renowned,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
Or traced the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhoused, neglected in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.
He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet:
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touched the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceived: he turned his head and dried
The drop humane: then thus impassioned cried:
'What noble beast in this abandoned state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise:
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves; or was he prized
For worthless beauty? therefore now despised;
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state;
And always cherished by their friends, the great.'
'Not Argus so,' Eumæus thus rejoined,
'But served a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perished on a distant shore!
Oh had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong:
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scaped him bosomed in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapor in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fixed it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.'
This said, the honest herdsman strode before;
The musing monarch pauses at the door:
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had rolled,
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies;
So closed forever faithful Argus' eyes! . . .

Ulysses is insulted in his own palace by the suitors, and also by the beggar Irus, with whom, at their instigation, he engages in a fight. Penelope descends to the hall, and Ulysses hears her loyal words, afterward himself conversing with her. She tells him of the web, and he gives her a fictitious account of his wanderings, is recognized by the nurse Eurycleia, witnesses the disorders in the palace, receives a sign from Jove, and is further insulted by the suitors. Penelope now agrees to marry the suitor who is successful with Ulysses' bow.

XXI

To whom the queen: 'If fame engage your views,
Forbear those acts which infamy pursues;
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.
The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear
A two-edged falchion and a shining spear,
Embroidered sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
A safe conveyance to his port of rest.'
'O royal mother! ever-honored name!
Permit me,' cries Telemachus, 'to claim
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms descend;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O queen! thy household task resume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labors of thy loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,

These cares to man belong, and most to me.'
Mature beyond his years, the queen admired
His sage reply, and with her train retired;
There in her chamber as she sate apart,
Revolved his words, and placed them in her heart.
On her Ulysses then she fixed her soul;
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber closed her silver-streaming eyes.
Now through the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
'Hold! lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?
Exiled for this to some sequestered den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made,
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the suitors aid.'
Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urged him on:
'Proceed, false slave, and slight their empty words:
What! hopes the fool to please so many lords?
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretched forth in wrath shall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigor of this arm as well
The oppressive suitors from my walls expel,
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!'
The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encouraged, hastes to bring
The strifeful bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Eurycleia calling him aside,
'Hear what Telemachus enjoins,' he cried:
'At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labors of the loom.'
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Closed in an instant were the palace gates.
In the same moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought)
Then unperceived and silent at the board
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the master bore,
Turned on all sides, and viewed it o'er and o'er;
Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untried so long,
While some deriding—'How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals.'
'Heaven to this wretch,' another cried, 'be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclined,
With such good fortune as he now shall find.'
Heedless he heard them: but disdained reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty bow,
And drew with ease. One hand aloft displayed
The bending horns, and one the string essayed.
From his essaying hand the string, let fly,
Twanged short and sharp like the shrill swallows' cry.
A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.
Signs from above ensued: the unfolding sky
In lightning burst; Jove thundered from on high.
Fired at the call of heaven's almighty Lord,
He snatched the shaft that glittered on the board
(Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath
But soon to fly, the messengers of death).
Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet leveling his view:
Then notched the shaft, released, and gave it wing.
The whizzing arrow vanished from the string,
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierced through and through the solid gate resounds.
Then to the prince: 'Nor have I wrought the shame;
Nor erred this hand unfaithful to its aim;

Nor proved the toil too hard: nor have I lost
That ancient vigor, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserved these haughty peers' disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repast their present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;
Music, the banquet's most refined delight.'
He said, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand:
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

The suitors are slain, and the unfaithful servants put to death, Eurycleia awakens Penelope and tells her of Ulysses, but, even face to face with him, she is long unable to believe it is he.

XXIII

Translated by Broome.

Thus speaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
At every step debates her lord to prove;
Or, rushing to his arms, confess her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves, in state
Opposed, before the shining fire she sate.
The monarch, by a column high enthroned,
His eye withdrew, and fixed it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the silence break:
Amazed she sate, and impotent to speak;
O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus: 'Oh, who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in silence? why with winning charms
Thus slow to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,
When twice ten years are passed of mighty woes;
To softness lost, to spousal love unknown,
The gods have formed that rigid heart of stone!'
'O my Telemachus!' the queen rejoined,
'Distracting fears confound my laboring mind;
Powerless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to question; doubts on doubts arise.
Oh deign he, if Ulysses, to remove
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!'
Pleased with her virtuous fears, the king replies:
'Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wise;
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king:
No more. This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, though mean, distain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;
By us, in heaps the illustrious peerage falls,
The important deed our whole attention calls.'
'Be that thy care,' Telemachus replies;
'The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise;
For wisdom all is thine! lo, I obey,
And dauntless follow where you lead the way.
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degenerate lag behind.'
'Then instant to the bath,' the monarch cries,
'Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the sweet lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings.
That hence the eluded passengers may say,
"Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!"
'The suitors' death, unknown, till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspired by Jove.'
Thus spoke the king: the observant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array:
The lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,
And fair-zoned damsels form the sprightly dance.
The voice, attuned to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof, the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobserved: the Greeks eluded say,
'Lo! the queen weds, we hear the spousal lay!
Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour.'
Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no more.
Meanwhile the wearied king the bath ascends;
With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,
O'er every limb a shower of fragrance sheds;
Then, dressed in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The warrior-goddess gives his fame to shine

With majesty enlarged, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye.
As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly skill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mold,
And the pale silver glows with fusile gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a god he moves!
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,
Radiant before his gazing consort sate.
'And, O my queen!' he cries, 'what power above
Has steeled that heart, averse to spousal love?
Canst thou, Penelope, when heaven restores
Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,
Canst thou, O cruel! unconcerned survey
Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day?
Haste, Eurycleia, and despatchful spread
For me, and me alone, the imperial bed;
My weary nature craves the balm of rest:
But Heaven with adamant has armed her breast.'
'Ah no!' she cries, 'a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, e'en now it melts! for sure I see
Once more Ulysses my beloved in thee!
Fixed in my soul, as when he sailed to Troy,
His image dwells; then haste the bed of joy!
Haste, from the bridal bower the bed translate,
Framed by his hand, and be it dressed in state!'
Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with disguise;
Touched at her words, the king with warmth replies:
'Alas for this! what mortal strength can move
The enormous burden, who but Heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth must move if Heaven commands.
Then hear sure evidence, while we display
Words sealed with sacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder framed; an olive spread
Full in the court its ever-verdant head.
Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk rose, and heaved into the sky;
Around the tree I raised a nuptial bower,
And roofed defensive of the storm and shower;
The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with polished marble shines.
I lopped the branchy head; aloft in twain
Severed the bole, and smoothed the shining grain;
Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise,
And bore it, regular, from space to space:
Athwart the frame, at equal distance lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;
Then polishing the whole, the finished mold
With silver shone, with elephant, and gold.
But if o'erturned by rude, ungoverned hands,
Or still inviolate the olive stands,
'Tis thine, O Queen, to say, and now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart.'
While yet he speaks, her powers of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away.
At length recovering, to his arms she flew,
And strained him close, as to his breast she grew:
The tears poured down amain; and 'O,' she cries,
'Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
O versed in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
The righteous powers, that mortal lots dispose,
Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flower of life the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forebore, thus, thus to speak my love;
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thine arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove:
'Twas caution, O my lord! not want of love.
Like me had Helen feared, with wanton charms
Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms;
Ere Greece rose dreadful in the avenging day;
Thus had she feared, she had not gone astray.
But Heaven, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
That she should wander, and that Greece should bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colored all our wretched lives with woe.

But why these sorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulysses lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone
(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bower).
Since what no eye hath seen thy tongue revealed,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.'
Touched to the soul, the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.
As to the shipwrecked mariner, the shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars:
Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
And gulfed in crowds at once the sailors die;
If one, more happy, while the tempest raves,
Outlives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deformed, he views the strand,
And plunging forth with transport grasps the land:
The ravished queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her loved lord, and to his bosom grows.

The souls of the suitors descend to Hades, Ulysses visits his father Laërtes, and friends of the slain lead a revolt against him.

XXIV

Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repressed:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent;
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their power.
Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on:
And, still more old, in arms Laërtes shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And brazen panoply invests the band.
The opening gates at once their war display:
Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended maid:
The suffering hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son addressed:
'Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the sight),
The brave embattled, the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend.
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread;
Regard thyself, the living, and the dead.'
'Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.'
So spoke Telemachus: the gallant boy
Good old Laërtes heard with panting joy:
'And blessed! thrice blessed this happy day!' he cries,
'The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of the Arcesian name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!'
Then thus Minerva in Laërtes' ear:
'Son of Arcesius, reverend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's daughter first implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in air.'
She said, infusing courage with the word.
Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief implored,
And, whirling high, dismissed the lance in air.
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear:
The brass-cheeked helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
Before the father and the conquering son
Heaps rush on heaps, they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the sword, and now the javelin, fall
The rebel race, and death had swallowed all;
But from on high the blue-eyed virgin cried;
Her awful voice detained the headlong tide:
'Forbear, ye nations, your mad hands forbear
From mutual slaughter; Peace descends to spare.'
Fear shook the nations: at the voice divine
They drop their javelins, and their rage resign.

HESIOD (About 850–800 B.C.)

The name of Hesiod, born at Cyme in Asiatic Greece and emigrant to Ascra in Bœotia, where he led the life of shepherd and poet, has always been mentioned with and second to Homer, who preceded him about one hundred years. His two surviving poems are *Works and Days,* and the *Theogony,* or *The Origin of the Gods.* In the 1022 lines of the latter he accounts for the birth of visible creation out of atomic chaos, and of the rise of the dynasty of the gods from their parents Earth and Heaven. The *Works and Days* is a homely didactic poem full of realistic agricultural, religious, and moral lore, prefaced by an address to his brother Perses which includes an account of the Five Ages of the world, and concluded by a calendar of lucky and unlucky days. This poetry of the present has little in common with the epic of Homer.

In order to preserve the quaintness of the translation by Thomas Cooke (1728), which goes well with Hesiod's style, the original capitalization and spelling have been kept.

THE THEOGONY

Hail Maids celestial, Seed of Heav'n's great King,
Hear, nor unaided let the Poet sing,
Inspire a lovely Lay, harmonious Nine,
My Theme th' immortal Gods, a Race divine,
Of Earth, of Heav'n which Lamps of Light adorn,
And of old sable Night, great Parents, born,
And, after, nourish'd by the briny Main:
Hear Goddesses, and aid the ventrous Strain,
Say whence the deathless Gods receiv'd their Birth,
And next relate the Origin of Earth,
Whence the wide Sea that spreads from Shore to Shore,
Whose Surges foam with Rage, and Billows roar,
Whence Rivers which in various Channels flow,
And whence the Stars which light the World below,
And whence the wide Expanse of Heav'n, and whence
The Gods, to Mortals who their Good dispense.
Say how from them our Honors we receive,
And whence the Powr that they our Wants relieve,
How they arriv'd to the æthereal Plains,
And took Possession of the fair Domains;
With these, Olympian Maids, my Breast inspire,
And to the End support the sacred Fire,
In Order all from the Beginning trace,
From the first Parents of the num'rous Race. . . .

The crafty Saturn, once by Gods ador'd,
His injur'd Offsprings to the Light restor'd:
First from within he yielded to the Day
The Stone deceitful, and his latest Prey;
This Jove, in Mem'ry of the wond'rous Tale,
Fix'd on Parnassus in a sacred Vale,
In Pytho the divine, a Mark to be,
That future Ages may astonish'd see:
And now a greater Task behind remains,
To free his Kindred heav'nborn Race from Chains,
In an ill Hour by Saturn rashly bound,
Who from the Hands of Jove their Freedom found;
With Zeal, the Gods perform'd a thankful Part,
The Debt of Gratitude lay next their Heart;
Jove owes to them the Bolts which dreadful fly,
And the bright Light'ning which illumes the Sky;
To him th' Exchange for Liberty they bore,
Gifts deep in Earth conceal'd, unknown before;
Now arm'd with them he reigns almighty Jove,
The Lord of Men below and Gods above.
Clymene, Ocean-born, with beauteous Feet,
And Japhet, in the Bands of Wedlock meet;
From whose Embrace a glorious Offspring came,
Atlas magnanimous, and great in Fame;

Menœtius thou with lasting Honors crown'd;
Prometheus for his Artifice renown'd;
And Epimetheus of instedfast Mind,
Lur'd to false Joys, and to the future blind,
Who, rashly weak by soft Temptations mov'd,
The Bane of Arts and their Inventors prov'd,
Who took the Work of Jove, the virgin Fair,
Nor saw beneath her Charms the latent Snare.
Blasted by Light'ning from the Hands of Jove,
Menœtius fell in Erebus to rove;
His dauntless Mind that could not brook Command,
And prone to Ill, provok'd th' almighty Hand.
Atlas, so hard Necessity ordains,
Erect the pond'rous Vault of Stars sustains;
Not far from the Hesperides he stands,
Nor from the Load retracts his Head or Hands:
Here was he fix'd by Jove in Council wise,
Who all disposes, and who rules the Skys.
To the same God Prometheus ow'd his Pains,
Fast bound with hard inextricable Chains
To a large Column, in the midmost Part,
Who bore his Suff'rings with a dauntless Heart;
From Jove an Eagle flew with Wings wide spread,
And on his never dying Liver fed;
What with his rav'nous Beak by Day he tore
The Night supply'd, and furnish'd him with more:
Great Hercules to his Assistance came,
Born of Alcmena lovely footed Dame;
And first he made the Bird voracious bleed,
And from his Chains the Son of Japhet freed;
To this the God consents, th' Olympian Sire,
Who, for his Son's Renown, suppress'd his Ire,
The Wrath he bore against the Wretch who strove
In Counsel with himself, the powrful Jove;
Such was the mighty Thund'rer's Will, to raise
To greatest Height the Theban Hero's Praise.
When at Mecona a Contention rose,
Men and Immortals to each other Foes,
The Strife Prometheus offer'd to compose;
In the Division of the Sacrifice,
Intending to deceive great Jove the wise;
He stuff'd the Flesh in the large Ox's Skin,
And bound the Entrails, with the Fat, within,
Next the white Bones, with artful Care, dispos'd,
And in the candid Fat from Sight enclos'd:
The Sire of Gods and Men, who saw the Cheat,
Thus spoke expressive of the dark Deceit.
In this Division how unjust the Parts,
O Japhet's Son, of Kings the first in Arts!
Reproachful spoke the God in Council wise,
To whom Prometheus full of Guile replys.
O Jove, the greatest of the Powrs divine,
View the Division, and the Choice be thine.
Wily he spoke from a deceitful Mind;
Jove saw his Thoughts, nor to his Heart was blind;
And then the God, in Wrath of Soul, began
To plot Misfortunes to his Subject Man:
The Lots survey'd, he with his Hands embrac'd
The Parts which were in the white Fat incas'd;
He saw the Bones, and Anger sat confess'd
Upon his Brow, for Anger seiz'd his Breast.
Hence to the Gods the od'rous Flames aspire
From the white Bones which feed the sacred Fire.
The cloud-compelling Jove, by Japhet's Son
Enrag'd, to him in Words like these begun.
O! who in male Contrivance all transcend,
Thine Arts thou wilt not yet, obdurate, end.
So spoke th' eternal Wisdom, full of Ire,
And from that Hour deny'd the Use of Fire
To wretched Men, who pass on Earth their Time,
Mindful, Prometheus, of thy artful Crime:
But Jove in vain conceal'd the splendid Flame;
The Son of Japhet, of immortal Fame,
Brought the bright Sparks clandestine from Above
Clos'd in a hollow Cane; the thund'ring Jove
Soon, from the Bitterness of Soul, began
To plot Destruction to the Peace of Man.

WORKS AND DAYS

I

Invocation

Sing, Muses, sing, from the Pierian Grove;
Begin the Song, and let the Theme be Jove;
From him ye sprung, and him ye first should praise;

From your immortal Sire deduce your Lays;
To him alone, to his great Will, we owe,
That we exist, and what we are, below.
Whether we blaze among the Sons of Fame,
Or live obscurely, and without a Name;
Or noble, or ignoble, still we prove
Out Lot determin'd by the Will of Jove.
With Ease he lifts the Peasant to a Crown,
With the same Ease he casts the Monarch down;
With Ease he clouds the brightest Name in Night,
And calls the meanest to the fairest Light;
At Will he varys Life thro ev'ry State;
Unnerves the strong, and makes the crooked straight.
Such Jove, who thunders terrible from high,
Who dwells in Mansions far above the Sky.
Look down, thou Pow'r Supreme, vouchsafe thine Aid,
And let my Judgement be by Justice sway'd;
Oh! hear my Vows, and thine Assistance bring,
While Truths undoubted I to Perses sing. . . .

The Five Ages of Mankind

Soon as the deathless Gods were born and Man
A mortal Race with Voice endu'd, began,
The heav'nly Pow'rs from High their Work behold,
And the first Age they stile an Age of Gold.
Men spent a Life like Gods in Saturn's Reign,
Nor felt their mind a Care, nor Body Pain;
The Fields, as yet untill'd, their Fruits afford,
And fill a sumptuous, and unenvy'd Board.
From Labor free they all Delights enjoy,
Nor could the Ills of Time their Peace destroy.
They dy, or rather seem to dy, they seem
From hence transported in a pleasing Dream.
Thus, crown'd with Happyness their ev'ry Day,
Serene, and joyful, pass'd their Lives away.
When in the Grave this Race of Men was lay'd,
Soon was a World of holy Daemons made.
Aerial Spirits, by great Jove design'd,
To be on Earth the Guardians of Mankind;
Invisible to mortal Eyes they go,
And mark our Actions, good, or bad, below;
Th' immortal Spys with watchful Care preside,
And thrice ten thousand round their Charges glide.
They can reward with Glory, or with Gold;
A Pow'r they by divine Permission hold.
Worse than the first, a second Age appears,
Which the Celestials call the Silver Years.
The Golden Age's Virtues are no more;
Nature grows weaker than she was before;
In Strength of Body Mortals much decay,
And human Wisdom seems to fade away.
An hundred Years the careful Dames employ,
Before they form'd to Man th' unpolish'd Boy;
Who when he reach'd his Bloom, his Age's Prime,
Found, measur'd by his Joys, but short his Time.
Men, prone to Ill, deny'd the Gods their Due,
And, by their Follys made their Days but few.
The Altars of the Bless'd neglected stand,
Without the Off'rings which the Laws demand;
But angry Jove in Dust this People lay'd,
Because no Honors to the Gods they pay'd.
This second Race, when clos'd their Life's short Span,
Was happy deem'd beyond the State of Man;
Their Names were grateful to their Children made,
Each pay'd a Reverence to his Father's Shade.
And now, a third, a Brasen, People rise,
Unlike the former, Men of monstrous Size.
Strong Arms extensive from their Shoulders grow;
Their Limbs of equal Magnitude below;
Potent in Arms, and dreadful at the Spear,
They live injurious, and devoid of Fear.
On the crude Flesh of Beasts, they feed, alone,
Savage their Nature, and their Hearts of Stone;
Their Houses Brass, of Brass the warlike Blade,
Iron was yet unknown, in Brass they trade.
Furious, robust, impatient for the Fight,
War is their only Care, and sole Delight.
To the dark Shades of Death this Race descend,
By civil Discords; an ignoble End!
Strong tho they were, Death quell'd their boasted Might,
And forc'd their stubborn Souls to leave the Light.

To these a fourth, a better, Race succeeds,
Of godlike Heros, fam'd for martial Deeds;
Them Demigods, at first their matchless Worth
Proclaims aloud, all thro the boundless Earth.
These, horrid Wars, their Love of Arms, destroy;
Some at the Gates of Thebes, and some at Troy.
These for the Brothers fell, detested Strife!
For Beauty those, the lovely Grecian Wife.
To these does Jove a second Life ordain,
Some happy Soil far in the distant Main,
Where live the Hero-shades in rich Repast,
Remote from Mortals of a vulgar Cast.
There in the Islands of the Bless'd they find,
Where Saturn reigns, an endless Calm of Mind;
And there the choicest Fruits adorn the Fields,
And thrice the fertile Year a Harvest yields.
Oh! would I had my Hours of Life began
Before this fifth, this sinful, Race of Man;
Or had I not been call'd to breathe the Day,
Till the rough Iron Age had pass'd away!
For now, the Times are such, the Gods ordain,
That ev'ry Moment shall be wing'd with Pain;
Condemn'd to Sorrows, and to Toil, we live;
Rest to our Labour Death alone can give;
And yet amid the Cares our Lives anoy,
The Gods will grant some Intervals of Joy;
But how degenerate is the human State!
Virtue no more distinguishes the Great;
No safe Reception shall the Stranger find;
Nor shall the Tys of Blood, or Friendship, bind;
Nor shall the Parent, when his Sons are nigh,
Look with the Fondness of a Parent's Eye;
Nor to the Sire the Son Obedience pay;
Nor look with Rev'rence on the Locks of Grey,
But, oh! regardless of the Pow'rs divine,
With bitter Taunts shall load his Life's Decline.
Revenge and Rapine shall Respect command,
The pious, just, and good, neglected stand.
The wicked shall the better Man distress,
The righteous suffer, and without Redress;
Strict Honesty, and naked Truth, shall fail,
The perjur'd Villain, in his Arts prevail.
Hoarse Envy shall, unseen, exert her Voice.
Attend the wretched, and in Ill rejoyce.
Justice and Modesty at length do fly,
Rob'd their fair limbs in white, and gain the Sky;
From the wide Earth they reach the bless'd Abodes,
And join the grand Assembly of the Gods;
While wretched Men, abandon'd to their Grief,
Sink in their Sorrows, hopeless of Relief.

Precepts

While now my Fable from the Birds I bring,
To the great Rulers of the Earth I sing.
High in the Clouds a mighty Bird of Prey
Bore a melodious Nightingale away;
And to the Captive, shiv'ring in Despair,
Thus, cruel, spoke the Tyrant of the Air.
Why mourns the Wretch in my superior Pow'r?
Thy Voice avails not in the ravish'd Hour;
Vain are thy Crys; at my despotic Will,
Or I can set thee free, or I can kill.
Unwisely who provokes his abler Foe,
Conquest still flys him, and he strives for Woe.
Thus spoke th' Enslaver with insulting Pride.
Oh! Perses, Justice ever be thy Guide;
May Malice never gain upon thy Will,
Malice that makes the Wretch more wretched still. . . .
When at your Board your faithful Friend you greet,
Without Reserve, and lib'ral, be the Treat:
To stint the Wine, a frugal Husband shows,
When from the Middle of the Cask it flows.
Do not, by Mirth betray'd, your Brother trust,
Without a Witness, he may prove unjust.
Alike it is unsafe for Men to be,
With some too diffident, with some too free.
Let not a Woman steal your Heart away,
By tender Looks, and her Apparel gay;
When your Abode she languishing enquires,
Command your Heart, and quench the kindling Fires;
If Love she vows, 'tis Madness to believe,
Turn from the Thief, she charms but to deceive:
Who does too rashly in a Woman trust,
Too late will find the Wanton prove unjust.
Take a chast Matron, Partner of your Breast,
Contented live, of her alone possess'd;
Then shall you number many Days in Peace,

And, with your Children, see your Wealth encrease;
Then shall a duteous careful Heir survive,
To keep the Honour of the House alive.
If large Possessions are, in Life, thy View,
These Precepts, with assiduous Care, pursue.

II

Advice to the Farmer

A House and Yoke of Oxen, first provide,
A Maid to guard your Herds, and then a Bride;
The House be furnish'd as thy Need demands,
Nor want to borrow from a Neighbour's Hands.
While to support your Wants abroad you roam,
Time glides away, and Work stands still at Home.
Your Bus'ness ne'er defer from Day to Day,
Sorrows and Poverty attend Delay;
But lo! the careful Man shall always find
Encrease of Wealth according to his Mind. . . .
From Hill or Field the hardest Holm prepare,
To cut the Part in which you place the Share;
Thence your Advantage will be largely found,
With that your Oxen long may tear the Ground;
And next, the skilful Husbandman to show,
Fast pin the Handel to the Beam below;
Let the Draught-beam of sturdy Oak be made,
And for the Handel rob the Laurel Shade,
Or, if the Laurel you refuse to fell,
Seek out the Elm, the Elm will serve as well.
Two Plows are needful; one let Art bestow,
And one let Nature to the Service bow;
If Use, or Accident, the first destroy,
Its Fellow in the furrow'd Field employ.
Yoke from the Herd two sturdy Males, whose Age
Mature secures them from each other's Rage;
For if too young they will unruly grow,
Unfinish'd leave the Work, and break the Plow:
These, and your Labour shall the better thrive,
Let a good Plowman, year'd to forty, drive;
And see the careful Husbandman be fed,
With plenteous Morsels, and of wholesome Bread:
The Slave, who numbers fewer Days, you'll find
Careless of Work, and of a rambling Mind,
Perhaps, neglectful to direct the Plow,
He in one Furrow twice the Seed will sow.
Observe the Crane's departing Flight in Time,
Who yearly soars to seek a southern Clime,
Conscious of Cold; when the shrill Voice you hear,
Know the fit Season for the Plow is near;
Then he for whom no Oxen graze the Plains,
With aking Heart, beholds the winter Rains;
Be mindful then the sturdy Ox to feed,
And careful keep within the useful Breed.
You say, perhaps, you will intreat a Friend
A Yoke of Oxen, and a Plow, to lend:
He your Request, if wise, will thus refuse,
I have but two and those I want to use;
To make a Plow great is th' Expence and Care;
All these you should, in proper Time, prepare.
Reproofs like these avoid; and, to behold
Your Fields bright waving with their Ears of Gold,
Let unimprov'd no Hour, in Season, fly,
But with your Servants plow, or wet, or dry;
And in the Spring again to turn the Soil
Observe; the Summer shall reward your Toil.
While light and fresh the Glebe insert the Grain:
Then shall your Children smile, nor you complain. . . .
Think then, O! think, how pleasant will it be,
At Home an annual Support to see;
To view with friendly Eyes your Neighbour's Store,
And to be able to relieve the poor.
Learn now what Seasons for the Plow to shun:
Beneath the Tropic of the Winter's Sun
Be well observant not to turn the Ground,
For small Advantage will from thence be found:
How will you sigh when thin your Crop appears,
And the short Stalks support the dusty Ears!
Your scanty Harvest then, in Baskets pressed,
Will, by your Folly, be your Neighbour's Jest.

THE HOMERIC HYMNS (About 750–500 B.C.)

The thirty-three *Hymns* are not lyrics and not religious, but epic compositions sung by the minstrels as preludes to their longer recitations. They are by various nameless authors, date from 750 to 500 but are nearly all from later than 660, and are of the Homeric rather than the Hesiodic type of epic.

The Elizabethan translation of George Chapman is here used.

A HYMN TO HERMES

Hermes, the son of Jove and Maia, sing,
O Muse, th' Arcadian and Cyllenian king,
They rich in flocks, he heaven enriching still
In messages returned with all his will.
Whom glorious Maia the nymph rich in hair,
Mixing with Jove in amorous affair,
Brought forth to him, sustaining a retreat
From all th' Immortals of the blesséd seat,
And living in the same dark cave, where Jove
Informed at midnight the effect of love,
Unknown to either man or Deity,
Sweet sleep once having seized the jealous eye
Of Juno decked with wrists of ivory.
But when great Jove's high mind was consummate,
The tenth month had in heaven confined the date
Of Maia's labor, and into the sight
She brought in one birth labors infinite;
For then she bore a son, that all tried ways
Could turn and wind to wished events assays,
A fair-tongued, but false-hearted, counsellor,
Rector of ox-stealers, and for all stealths bore
A varied finger; speeder of night's spies,
And guide of all her dreams' obscurities;
Guard of door-guardians; and was born to be,
Amongst th' Immortals, that winged Deity
That in an instant should do acts would ask
The powers of others an eternal task.
Born in the morn, he formed his lute at noon,
At night stole all the oxen of the Sun;
And all this in his birth's first day was done,
Which was the fourth of the increasing moon.
Because celestial limbs sustained his strains,
His sacred swath-bands must not be his chains,
So, starting up, to Phœbus' herd he stept,
Found straight the high-roofed cave where they were kept,
And th' entry passing, he th' invention found
Of making lutes; and did in wealth abound
By that invention. . . .

Thus with either hand
He took it up, and instantly took flight
Back to his cave with that his home delight.
Where (giving to the mountain tortoise vents
Of life and motion) with fit instruments
Forged of bright steel he straight informed a lute,
Put neck and frets to it, of which a suit
He made of splitted quills, in equal space
Imposed upon the neck, and did embrace
Both back and bosom. At whose height (as gins
T' extend and ease the strings) he put in pins.
Seven strings of several tunes he then applied,
Made of the entrails of a sheep well-dried,
And thoroughly twisted. Next he did provide
A case for all, made of an ox's hide. . . .

And now they reached the odoriferous hill
Of high Olympus, to their Father Jove,
To arbitrate the cause in which they strove.
Where, before both, talents of justice were
Proposed for him whom Jove should sentence clear,
In cause of their contention. And now
About Olympus, ever crowned with snow,
The rumor of their controversy flew.
All the Incorruptible, to their view,
On Heaven's steep mountain made returned repair.

Hermes, and He that light hurls through the air,
Before the Thunderer's knees stood; who begun
To question thus far his illustrious Son:
'Phœbus! To what end bring'st thou captive here
Him in whom my mind puts delights so dear?
This new-born infant, that the place supplies
Of Herald yet to all the Deities?
This serious business, you may witness, draws
The Deities' whole Court to discuss the cause.'
Phœbus replied: 'And not unworthy is
The cause of all the Court of Deities,
For, you shall hear, it comprehends the weight
Of devastation, and the very height
Of spoil and rapine, even of Deities' rights.
Yet you, as if myself loved such delights,
Use words that wound my heart. I bring you here
An infant, that, even now, admits no peer
In rapes and robberies. Finding out his place,
After my measure of an infinite space,
In the Cyllenian mountain, such a one
In all the art of opprobation,
As not in all the Deities I have seen,
Nor in th' oblivion-marked whole race of men.
In night he drave my oxen from their leas,
Along the lofty roar-resounding seas. . . .
A mortal man, yet, saw him driving on
His prey to Pylos. Which when he had done,
And got his pass signed, with a sacred fire,
In peace, and freely (though to his desire,
Not to the Gods, he offered part of these
My ravished oxen) he retires, and lies,
Like to the gloomy night, in his dim den,
All hid in darkness; and in clouts again
Wrapped him so closely, that the sharp-seen eye
Of your own eagle could not see him lie.
For with his hands the air he rarified
(This way, and that moved) till bright gleams did glide
About his being, that, if any eye
Should dare the darkness, light apposed so nigh
Might blind it quite with her antipathy.
Which wile he wove, in curious care to illude
Th' extreme of any eye that could intrude.
On which relying, he outrageously
(When I accused him) trebled his reply:
"I did not see, I did not hear, nor I
Will tell at all, that any other stole
Your broad-browed beeves. Which an impostor's soul
Would soon have done, and any author fain
Of purpose only a reward to gain."
And thus he colored truth in every lie.'
This said, Apollo sat; and Mercury
The Gods' Commander pleased with this reply:
'Father! I'll tell thee truth (for I am true,
And far from art to lie): He did pursue
Even to my cave his oxen this self day,
The sun new-raising his illustrious ray. . . .
I drave not home his oxen, no, nor prest
Past mine own threshold; for 'tis manifest,
I reverence with my soul the Sun, and all
The knowing dwellers in this heavenly Hall,
Love you, observe the least; and 'tis most clear
In your own knowledge, that my merits bear
No least guilt of his blame. To all which I
Dare add heaven's great oath, boldly swearing by
All these so well-built entries of the Blest.
And therefore when I saw myself so prest
With his reproaches, I confess I burned
In my pure gall, and harsh reply returned.
Add your aid to your younger then, and free
The scruple fixt in Phœbus' jealousy.'
This said he winked upon his Sire; and still
His swathbands held beneath his arm; no will
Discerned in him to hide, but have them shown.
Jove laughed aloud at his ingenious Son,
Quitting himself with art, so likely wrought,
As showed in his heart not a rapinous thought;
Commanding both to bear atoned minds
And seek out th' oxen; in which search he binds
Hermes to play the guide, and show the Sun
(All grudge exiled) the shrowd to which he won
His fair-eyed oxen; then his forehead bowed
For sign it must be so; and Hermes showed
His free obedience; so soon he inclined
To his persuasion and command his mind.
Now, then, Jove's jarring Sons no longer stood,
But sandy Pylos and th' Alphæan flood
Reached instantly, and made as quick a fall
On those rich-feeding fields and lofty stall
Where Phœbus' oxen Hermes safely kept,
Driven in by night. When suddenly he stept
Up to the stony cave, and into light

Drave forth the oxen. Phœbus at first sight
Knew them the same, and saw apart dispread
Upon a high-raised rock the hides new flead
Of th' oxen sacrificed. Then Phœbus said:
'O thou in crafty counsels undisplaid!
How couldst thou cut the throats, and cast to earth
Two such huge oxen, being so young a birth,
And a mere infant? I admire thy force,
And will, behind thy back. But this swift course
Of growing into strength thou hadst not need
Continue any long date, O thou Seed
Of honored Maia!' Hermes (to show how
He did those deeds) did forthwith cut and bow
Strong osiers in soft folds, and strappled straight
One of his hugest oxen, all his weight
Laying prostrate on the earth at Phœbus' feet,
All his four cloven hoves easily made to greet
Each other upwards, all together brought. . . .
In all which he his lute took, and assayed
A song upon him, and so strangely played,
That from his hand a ravishing horror flew.
Which Phœbus into laughter turned, and grew
Pleasant past measure; tunes so artful clear
Strook even his heart-strings, and his mind made hear.
His lute so powerful was in forcing love,
As his hand ruled it, that from him it drove
All fear of Phœbus; yet he gave him still
The upper hand; and, to advance his skill
To utmost miracle, he played sometimes
Single awhile; in which, when all the climes
Of rapture he had reached, to make the Sun
Admire enough, O then his voice would run
Such points upon his play, and did so move,
They took Apollo prisoner to his love. . . .

Thus gave he him his lute, which he embraced,
And gave again a goad, whose bright head cast
Beams like the light forth; leaving to his care
His oxen's keeping. Which, with joyful fare,
He took on him. The lute Apollo took
Into his left hand, and aloft he shook
Delightsome sounds up, to which God did sing.
Then were the oxen to their endless spring
Turned; and Jove's two illustrous Offsprings flew
Up to Olympus where it ever snew,
Delighted with their lute's sound all the way,
Whom Jove much joyed to see, and endless stay
Gave to their knot of friendship. From which date
Hermes gave Phœbus an eternal state
In his affection, whose sure pledge and sign
His lute was, and the doctrine so divine
Jointly conferred on him; which well might be
True symbol of his love's simplicity.
On th' other part, Apollo in his friend
Formed th' art of wisdom, to the binding end
Of his vowed friendship; and (for further meed)
Gave him the far-heard fistulary reed. . . .

Thus king Apollo honored Maia's son
With all the rites of friendship; all whose love
Had imposition from the will of Jove.
And thus with Gods and mortals Hermes lived,
Who truly helped but few, but all deceived
With an undifferencing respect, and made
Vain words and false persuasions his trade.
His deeds were all associates of the night,
In which his close wrongs cared for no man's right.
So all salutes to Hermes that are due,
Of whom, and all Gods, shall my Muse sing true.

II. THE LYRIC (700–450 B.C.)

Following at a distance from the epic, and extending from about 700 B.C. to 450, the age of Pericles and Athenian greatness, came a period of reflective, satiric, and song poetry usually termed elegiac, iambic, and lyric or melic. It may all be classed as lyric. This poetry might be widely diverse in subject and in form, but it had the common characteristic of being individual or personal. It represents a new and widespread poetic movement, and reflects changed and changing conditions in Greek lands as a whole: the growing importance of the mainland, where Thebes, Athens, Megara, and Sparta emerge; the presence of oligarchy, tyranny, sedition, and revolution, and of social disturbance, as well as political. An enumeration of its chief poets with their places of birth and their themes will serve as further characterization: Callinus of Ephesus (about 690 B.C.) arouses his countrymen to arms against their foes from interior Asia Minor; Tyrtæus (675), perhaps of Athens, wrote marching and battle songs for the Spartans at war with Messenia; Archilochus (670), of the islands of Paros and Thasos, like his predecessors, wrote martial elegy, but was more famous for satire in iambics; Simonides of Amorgos (660), was also a satirist, and included women among his subjects; Terpander of Lesbos (660) gave the lyre seven strings instead of four, and thus invented the octave; Alcman of Sparta (660) wrote love lyrics, wedding and processional hymns, and choral songs composed of strophe and antistrophe; Stesichorus of Sicily (620) wrote lyrics with epic subjects, and composed choral songs in strophe, antistrophe, and epode, and was followed by Ibycus of Rhegium in Italy (540); Mimnermus of Smyrna (620) gave elegy a mournful and languorous character in his laments for the passing of youth and pleasure; Alcæus of Lesbos (611-580) wrote spirited lyrics on love, banquets, war, and adventure, and was an exile during the troubles of the State; Sappho, also of Lesbos (610), composed passionate love songs; Arion of Lesbos (600) was a choral poet; Solon (594), the lawgiver of Athens, made elegy the vehicle of martial and civic appeal; Theognis of Megara (540), is represented by 1400 verses of quaint moral, social, and political comment addressed to a young friend; Hipponax of Ephesus (540) was a bitter satirist in iambics; Phocylides of Miletus (540) and Xenophanes of Colophon (510) used elegy for morals and philosophy; Anacreon of Teos (530), courtier at Samos and Athens, was a poet of wine, women, and song; Simonides of Ceos (556-468) wrote elegies and lyrics on a variety of subjects, and was a great figure in the war poetry of Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylæ; Bacchylides of Syracuse was his nephew, and composed choral lyric; Pindar of Thebes (470) wrote in every variety of the lyric. The dates given are from Jebb's *Primer,* and represent his estimate of each author's *floruit.* Pindar and Sappho will receive separate comment.

TYRTÆUS (675 B.C.)

THE PATRIOT

Ne'er would I praise that man, nor deign to sing,
First in the race, or strongest at the ring,
Not though he boast a ponderous Cyclops' force,
Or rival Boreas in his rapid course,
Not though Aurora might his name adore,
Though Eastern riches swell his countless store,
Though power and splendor to his name belong,
And soft persuasion dwell upon his tongue,
Though all but god-like valor were his own:
My Muse is sacred to the brave alone;
Who can look carnage in the face, and go
Against the foremost warriors of the foe. . . .
He, pierced in front with many a gaping wound,
Lies, great and glorious, on the bloody ground,
From every eye he draws one general tear,
And a whole nation follows to his bier;
Illustrious youths sigh o'er his early doom,
And late posterity reveres his tomb. . . .
But if he sleep not with the mighty dead,

And living laurels wreathe his honored head,
By old, by young, adored, he gently goes
Down a smooth pathway to his long repose.
Unaltering friends still love his hairs of snow,
And rising elders in his presence bow.
Would ye, like him, the wondering world engage,
Draw the keen blades, and let the battle rage!

—H., in Bland's Collections.

ARCHILOCHUS (670 B.C.)

THE ABANDONED SHIELD

The foeman glories in my shield;
I left it in the battle-field;
I threw it down beside the wood,
Unscathed by scars, unstained by blood:
And let him glory, since from death
Escaped, I keep my forfeit breath.
I soon may find, at little cost,
As good a shield as that I've lost.

THE CAPTAIN

Boast me not your valiant captain,
Strutting fierce with measured stride,
Glorying in his well-trimmed beard, and
Waving ringlets' clustered pride.
Mine be he, who's short of stature,
Firm of foot and bended knee;
Heart of oak in limb and feature,
And of courage bold and free.

ON THE KNEES OF THE GODS

Leave the gods to order all things;
Often from the gulf of woe
They exalt the poor man, groveling
In the gloomy shades below;
Often turn again and prostrate
Lay in dust the loftiest head,
Dooming him through life to wander,
Reft of sense and wanting bread.

THE SUPREME MOMENT

Bows will not avail thee,
Darts and slings will fail thee,
When Mars tumultuous rages
On wide-embattled land:
Then with falchions clashing,
Eyes with fury flashing,
Man with man engages
In combat hand to hand. . . .

—J. H. Merivale.

MIMNERMUS (620 B.C.)

TO HIMSELF

Be young, my heart; others will come to birth
And I must die and be black earth.

—Alexander Lothian.

YOUTH AND AGE

Oh what is life by golden love unblest?
Better be mine the grave's eternal rest.
The furtive kiss, soft pledge and genial tie,
Are flowers of youth, that passing smile and die:
Old age succeeds, and dulls each finer sense,
When all we hope, at most, is reverence.
Age brings misfortune clearer to our sight,
Damps every joy and dims the cheerful light,
And scatters frowns, and thins the silvery hair,
Hateful to youth, unlovely to the fair.

—Robert Bland.

EVILS OF MORTALITY

We too as leaves that, in the vernal hours,
Greet the new sun, refreshed by fruitful showers,
Rejoice, exulting in our vigorous prime,
Nor good nor evil marks the noiseless time;
But round our birth the gloomy Fates preside,
And smile malignant on our fleeting pride;
One with cold age prepared to blast our bloom,
One armed with death to hide it in the tomb.
Our better moments smile and pass away,
E'en as the sun that shines and sets today;
When youth is flown, death only can assuage
And yield a refuge from the ills of age.
All mourn adversity—one, nobly bred,
Toils, a poor slave to him his bounty fed;
One, solitary, seeks the tomb's embrace
With no transmitter of his name and race;
While sick and faint, or racked by ceaseless fears,
Another journeys down the vale of years.

—Robert Bland.

THE UNWEARIED SUN FROM DAY TO DAY

For the Sun labors every day, nor ever
Do he or his fleet steeds know pleasing rest
From that bright hour when the rosy Morn,
Leaving her ocean-bed, mounts up to heaven.
For all across the sea, a lovely bed
Of precious gold, the work of Vulcan's hands,
Conveys the god; passing on rapid wings
Along the water, while he sleeps therein
From the bright region of th' Hesperides,
To th' Ethiopian shore, where his swift car
And fiery horses wait within their stalls
Till bright Aurora comes again and opes
Her rosy portals. Then Hyperion's son
Ascends again his swift untiring car.

—C. D. Yonge.

ALCÆUS (610 B.C.)

LET US DRINK

Why wait we for the torches' lights?
Now let us drink, while day invites.
In mighty flagons hither bring
The deep-red blood of many a vine,
That we may largely quaff, and sing
The praises of the god of wine,
The son of Jove and Semele,
Who gave the jocund wine to be
A sweet oblivion to our woes.
Fill, fill the goblet, one and two;
Let every brimmer, as it flows,
In sportive chase the last pursue.

THE STORM

Jove descends in sleet and snow,
Howls the vexed and angry deep;
Every stream forgets to flow,
Bound in winter's icy sleep.
Ocean wave and forest hoar
To the blast responsive roar.

Drive the tempest from your door,
Blaze on blaze your hearthstone piling,
And unmeasured goblets pour
Brimful, high with nectar smiling.
Then, beneath your poet's head
Be a downy pillow spread.

A WARRIOR'S HALL

Glitters with brass my mansion wide,
The roof is decked on every side
In martial pride;
With helmets ranged in order bright,
And plumes of horse-hair nodding white,
A gallant sight—
Fit ornament for warrior's brow—
And 'round the walls in goodly row
Refulgent glow
Stout greaves of brass like burnished gold,
And corselets there in many a fold
Of linen rolled;
And shields that in the battle fray
The routed losers of the day
Have cast away.
Eubœan falchions too are seen,
With rich embroidered belts between
Of dazzling sheen;
And gaudy surcoats piled around,
And spoils of chiefs in war renowned
May there be found.
These, and all else that here you see,
Are fruits of glorious victory
Achieved by me.

THOU TOO SAIL ON

Now here, now there, the wild waves sweep,
Whilst we, betwixt them o'er the deep
In shattered, tempest-beaten bark
With laboring ropes along are driven,
The billows dashing o'er our dark
Upheaved deck—in tatter riven
Our sails—whose yawning rents between
The raging sea and sky are seen.
Loose from their hold our anchors burst,
And then the third, the fatal wave,
Comes rolling onward like the first,
And doubles all our toil to save.

—J. H. Merivale.

SAPPHO (610 B.C.)

Sappho, of Mitylene, capital of the island of Lesbos, a little to the south of the Hellespont, the only great woman of Greece whose name has come down to us, was said by Strabo in the time of Augustus to be the most wonderful woman in history, and is still asserted to be not only one of the greatest of her sex but one of the first in all poetry. She is known as a poetess by two almost complete lyrics and by numerous fragments, whose freshness, passion, and rich beauty

warrant the claims of her admirers; and she gave its name to the Sapphic stanza. There is less agreement on the details of her life than on her excellence as a poetess. She lived about 600 B.C. in the midst of a brilliant society keenly appreciative of pleasure, and was in some way the teacher or trainer of Lesbian young women, her devotion to whom was so passionately expressed in verse that ancient satirists and scandalmongers assumed an unworthiness in her life. Greek comedy made her into the legendary Sappho who leaped from the Leucadian rock to heal herself of unrequited love for Phaon.

Mr. Leonard's fourteen translations, all but the first hitherto unpublished, render as nearly as possible the original sense, order, and rhythm, relying upon the sheer poetry of Sappho. They will appear in his complete translation. A few specimens by other hands are added, in some of which greater liberty has been assumed.

I

Deathless Aphrodite, throned in flowers,
Daughter of Zeus, O terrible enchantress,
With this sorrow, with this anguish, break my spirit,
Lady, not longer!

Hear anew the voice! O hear and listen!
Come, as in that island dawn thou camest,
Billowing in thy yokéd car to Sappho
Forth from thy father's

Golden house in pity! . . . I remember:
Fleet and fair thy sparrows drew thee, beating
Fast their wings above the dusky harvests,
Down the pale heavens,

Lighting anon! And thou, O blest and brightest,
Smiling with immortal eyelids, asked me:
'Maiden, what betideth thee? Or wherefore
Callest upon me?

'What is here the longing more than other,
Here in this mad heart? And who the lovely
One belovéd thou wouldst lure to loving?
Sappho, who wrongs thee?

'See, if now she flies, she soon must follow;
Yes, if spurning gifts, she soon must offer;
Yes, if loving not, she soon must love thee,
Howso unwilling. . . .'

Come again to me! O now! Release me!
End the great pang! And all my heart desireth
Now of fulfilment, fulfil! O Aphrodite,
Fight by my shoulder!

II

Peer of the golden gods is he to Sappho,
He, the happy man who sits beside thee,
Heark'ning so divinely close thy lovely
Speech and dear laughter.

This it was that made to flutter wildly
Heart of mine in bosom panting wildly! . . .
Oh! I need to see thee but a little,
When, as at lightning,

Voice within me stumbles, tongue is broken,
Tingles all my flesh with subtle fire,
Ring my ears with waterfalls and thunders,
Eyes are in midnight,

And a sweat bedews me like a shower,
Tremor hunts my body down and seizes,
Till, as one about to die, I linger
Paler than grass is. . . .

III

Stars, so bright about the moon on Lesbos,
How ye'll hide away your lovely fires,
Soon as at the full she greatly lighteth
Earth with her silver.

IV

Round about me hum the winds of autumn,
Cool between the apple boughs: and slumber,
Flowing from the quivering leaves to earthward,
Spreads as a river.

V

Come, our Aphrodite, queen of Cyprus!
Come, and in the golden goblets serve us
Wine of nectar, delicately watered
Only with joyance!

VI

Girls of mine, who made me great in Lesbos,
Gifting me with works of their own weaving . . .

VII

If heart's desire were toward the good and fair,
If tongue were laboring now no evil speech,
You'd talk before me upright as a tree,
With eyes unshamed as starlight.

VIII

Love, like a mountain-wind upon an oak,
Falling upon me, shakes me leaf and bough.

IX

Off in the twilight hung the low full moon,
And all the women stood before it grave,
As round an altar. Thus at holy times
The Cretan damsels dance melodiously
With delicate feet about the sacrifice,
Trampling the tender bloom of the soft grass.

X

The moon and seven Pleiades have set;
It is the midnight now; the hours go by;
And still I'm lying in my bed alone.

XI

Death shall be death forever unto thee,
Lady, with no remembrance of thy name
Then or thereafter; for thou gatherest not
The roses of Pieria, loving gold
Above the Muses. Even in Hades' House
Wander thou shalt unmarked, flitting forlorn
Among the shadowy, averted dead.

XII

Red and sweet as the apple that glows by itself in the tree-top,
Out on a twig in the tree-top alone, and forgot by the pickers—
No, not forgot, as I guess, but out of their reach at the harvest.

XIII

Fair and frail as the lily the shepherd folk in the mountains
Bruise under foot, as they pass, and it purples the ground with its flowers.

XIV

Ev'ning, thou bringest whatever the splendor of morning had scattered:
Sheep and the goat to the pinfold, and home the child to the mother.

—William Ellery Leonard.

XV

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost:

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horror thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sank, and died away.

—Ambrose Phillips.

XVI

Through orchard-plots with fragrance crowned
The clear cold fountain murmuring flows;
And forest leaves with rustling sound
Invite to soft repose.

—J. H. Merivale.

XVII

O Muse, who sitt'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee;
But, goddess, from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told
He lately learned and sang for me.

—Thomas Moore.

XVIII

Love shook me like the mountain breeze
Rushing down on the forest trees.

—Frederick Tennyson.

XIX

The silver moon is set;
The Pleiades are gone;
Half the long night is spent, and yet
I lie alone.
—J. H. Merivale.

XX

The Moon is gone
And the Pleiads set,
Midnight is nigh;
Time passes on,
And passes; yet
Alone I lie.
—J. M. Edmonds, in the Loeb Library.

XXI

Oh, my sweet mother, 'tis in vain,
I cannot weave as once I wove,
So wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love.
—Thomas Moore.

XXII

Then, as the broad moon rose on high,
The maidens stood the altar nigh;
And some in graceful measure
The well-loved spot danced round,
With lightsome footsteps treading
The soft and grassy ground.
—Moreton J. Walhouse.

XXIII

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
A-top on the topmost twig,—which the pluckers forgot, somehow,—
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.
—D. G. Rossetti.

XXIV

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden in the ground.
—D. G. Rossetti.

XXV

Death is an ill; the Gods at least think so,
Or else themselves had perished long ago.
—J. M. Edmonds, in the Loeb Library.

SOLON (594 B.C.)

JUSTICE

Short are the triumphs to injustice given:
Jove sees the end of all: like vapors driven
By early spring's impetuous blast, that sweeps
Along the billowy surface of the deeps,
Or, passing o'er the fields of tender green,
Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,
Till it reveals the clear celestial blue,
And gives the palace of the gods to view;
Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the skies,
Where not a cloud can form, nor vapor rise;
—Such is Jove's vengeance: not like human ire,
Blown in an instant to a scorching fire,
But slow and certain: though it long may lie
Wrapt in the vast concealment of the sky,
Yet never does the dread avenger sleep,
And though the sire escape, the son shall weep.

THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS

The force of snow and furious hail is sent
From swelling clouds that load the firmament.
Thence the loud thunders roar, and lightnings glare
Along the darkness of the troubled air.
Unmoved by storms, old ocean peaceful sleeps
Till the loud tempest swells the angry deeps;
And thus the state, in fell distraction tossed,
Oft by its noblest citizens is lost,
And oft a people, once secure and free,
Their own imprudence dooms to tyranny.
My laws have armed the crowd with useful might,
Have banished honors and unequal right,
Have taught the proud in wealth, and high in place,
To reverence justice, and abhor disgrace;
And given to both a shield, their guardian tower
Against ambitious aims and lawless power.
—M., in Bland's Collections.

THEOGNIS (540 B.C.)

OBSERVATIONS

Kurnus, these lines of mine, let them remain
Concealed and secret; a verse of such a strain
Betrays its author—all the world would know it!
'This is Theognis, the Megarian poet,
So celebrated and renowned in Greece!'
Yet some there are, forsooth, I cannot please;
Nor ever could contrive, with all my skill,
To gain the common liking and goodwill
Of these my fellow-citizens.—No wonder!
Not even he, the god that wields the thunder,
The sovereign all-wise, almighty Jove,
Can please them with his government above:
Some call for rainy weather, some for dry,
A discontented and discordant cry
Fills all the earth, and reaches to the sky. . . .

To rear a child is easy, but to teach
Morals and manners is beyond our reach;
To make the foolish wise, the wicked good,
That science never yet was understood.
The sons of Æsculapius, if their art
Could remedy a perverse and wicked heart,
Might earn enormous wages! But, in fact,
The mind is not compounded and compact
Of precept and example; human art
In human nature has no share or part. . . .

Our commonwealth preserves its former frame,
Our common people are no more the same:
They that in skins and hides were rudely dressed,
Nor dreamt of law, nor sought to be redressed
By rules of right, but in the days of old
Flocked to the town, like cattle to the fold,
Are now the brave and wise; and we the rest,
Their betters nominally, once the best,
Degenerate, debased, timid, and mean!
Who can endure to witness such a scene? . . .

I care not for a friend that at my board
Talks pleasantly; the friend that will afford
Faithful assistance with his purse and sword
In need or danger, let that friend be mine!
Fit for a bold and resolute design,
Not for a conversation over wine. . . .

Easy discourse with steady sense combined,
Are rare endowments in a single mind. . . .
Blessed, almighty Jove! With deep amaze
I view the world;—and marvel at thy ways!
All our devices, every subtle plan,
Each secret act, and all the thoughts of man,
Your boundless intellect can comprehend!
On your award our destinies depend.
How can you reconcile it to your sense
Of right and wrong, thus loosely to dispense
Your bounties on the wicked and the good?
How can your laws be known or understood?
When we behold a man faithful and just,
Humbly devout, true to his word and trust,
Dejected and oppressed;—whilst the profane,
And wicked, and unjust, in glory reign,
Proudly triumphant, flushed with power and gain,
What inference can human reason draw?
How can we guess the secret of the law,
Or choose the path approved by power divine?

—John Hookham Frere.

ANACREON (530 B.C.)

WHILE THE EVIL DAYS COME

Golden hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom.
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying.
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road;
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah, we can return no more!

—Thomas Moore.

ANACREONTICS

(Imitations of much later time)

THE BARD OF LOVE

I wish to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;
To echo, from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell,
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar;
But still, to martial strains unknown,

My lyre recurs to love alone.
Fired with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due:
With glowing strings, the epic strain
To Jove's great son I raise again;
Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arms the Hydra bleeds,
All, all in vain; my wayward lyre
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu, ye chiefs renowned in arms!
Adieu the clang of war's alarms!
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel;
Love, love alone my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

—Lord Byron.

ALL NATURE DRINKS

The black earth drinks the falling rain,
Trees drink the moistened earth again;
Ocean drinks the mountain gales;
Ocean's self the sun inhales;
And the sun's bright rays as soon
Are swallowed by the thirsty moon.
All Nature drinks—if I would sip,
Why dash the nectar from my lip?

—M., in Bland's Collections.

STUNG

Love a bee, that lurked among
Roses, saw not, and was stung;
Who for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Did to his fair mother hie;
And, 'Help,' cried he, 'ere I die;
A snake winged has bitten me,
Called by country-folks a bee.'
On which Venus—'If such smart
Little sting of bee impart,
How much greater is the pain
Which, whom thou hast stung, sustain.'

—T. Stanley.

THE CICADA

On your verdant throne elate,
Lovely insect, there in state,
Nectared dew you sip, and sing,
Like a little happy king.
All thou seest so blooming fine,
Lovely insect, all is thine,
Which the painted fields produce,
Or the soft-wing hours profuse.
Swains adore thy guiltless charms;
None thy blissful revel harms;
Thee, sweet prophet, all revere;
Thou foretellst the ripening year.
Thou by Muses art caressed,
Thou by golden Phœbus blessed;
He inspired thy tuneful voice;
Age ne'er interrupts thy joys.
Wisest offspring of the earth,
Thou for nothing car'st but mirth;
Free from pain, and flesh, and blood,
Thou'rt almost a little god.

—Addison.

MERRY WHILE WE LIVE

The laughing women call me old,
And bid me in the glass behold
The ruins of my former state;
But let the locks my temples bear
Be gray or black, I little care,
And leave it to the will of Fate.

Yet this I know—though Nature's call
Subjects me to the lot of all,
Still, as my ebbing days decline,
I'll make the most of my short hours,
Be bathed in odors, crowned with flowers,
And drown old care in floods of wine.

—M., in Bland's Collections.

SIMONIDES OF CEOS (480 B.C.)

THERMOPYLÆ

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

—Bowles.

A LULLABY AT SEA

When the wind resounding high
Blustered from the northern sky;
When the waves in stronger tide
Dashed against the vessel's side,
Her care-worn cheek with tears bedewed,
Her sleeping infant Danaë viewed;
And trembling still with new alarms,
Around him cast a mother's arms.

'My child, what woes doth Danaë weep!
But thy young limbs are wrapped in sleep.

In that poor nook all sad and dark,
While lightnings play around our bark,
Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose.
The howling wind, the raging sea,
No terror can excite in thee:
The angry surges wake no care,
That burst above thy long deep hair.
But couldst thou feel, what I deplore,
Then would I bid thee sleep the more.
Sleep on, sweet boy; stilled be the deep!
Oh! could I lull my woes to sleep!
Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
The baffled malice of my foe;
And may this child in future years
Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears.'

—Lord Denman.

AT THE EURYMEDON

Ne'er since that olden time, when Asia stood
First torn from Europe by the ocean flood,
Since hornéd Mars first poured on either shore
The storm of battle, and its wild uproar,
Hath man by sea and land such glory won,
As for the mighty deed this day was done.
By land the Medes in myriads press the ground;
By sea a hundred Tyrian ships are drowned,
With all their martial host; while Asia stands
Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands.

—J. H. Merivale.

BACCHYLIDES (450 B.C.)

PEACE ON EARTH

To mortal men Peace giveth these good things:
Wealth, and the flowers of honey-throated song;
The flame that springs
On carven altars from fat sheep and kine,
Slain to the gods in heaven; and, all day long,
Games for glad youths, and flutes, and wreaths, and circling wine.
Then in the steely shield swart spiders weave
Their web and dusky woof:
Rust to the pointed spear and sword doth cleave;
The brazen trump sounds no alarms;
Nor is sleep harried from our eyes aloof,
But with sweet rest my bosom warms:
The streets are thronged with lovely men and young,
And hymns in praise of boys like flames to heaven are flung.

—John Addington Symonds.

FOR A BOUNTIFUL HARVEST

To Zephyr, kindest wind that swells the grain,
Eudemus consecrates this humble fane;
For that he listened to his vows, and bore
On his soft wings the rich autumnal store.

—Robert Bland.

PINDAR (522–443 B.C.)

Pindar, the greatest lyric poet of antiquity, was born of noble Dorian blood at Cynoscephalæ, near Thebes, of which he was a citizen. He was a frequenter of the great festivals at Olympia and elsewhere, spent some time in youth at Athens, and probably visited the courts of Alexander of Macedon and Hiero of Syracuse. His poems included hymns to various deities, pæans to Apollo and Zeus, chorals to Dionysus, processionals, dirges, banquet and dance songs, encomiums, and odes of victory for winners in the national athletic contests at Olympia, Delphi, Nemea, and Corinth. Of the odes of victory, there survive fourteen Olympian odes, twelve Pythian, seven Nemean, and eleven Isthmian, ranging from 502 to 452, and celebrating victors from Thessaly, Thebes, Athens, Ægina, Corinth, Rhodes, Cyrene, and Sicily. Though not the poet of patriotism he was a national poet in the broader sense. The other poems are represented by many fragments.

In form, the normal Pindaric ode is a succession of strophe, antistrophe, and epode, usually repeated several times with absolute correspondence of meter. An English example may be seen in Gray's *Progress of Poesy*. In content, it consists of a beginning poetically alluding to the victor and the occasion, a middle containing an elaborated myth appropriate to the victor's family or city, and an end referring anew to personal circumstance. In execution, it was sung by a chorus of varying size, sometimes perhaps as many as fifty, in unison, accompanied by the lyre, or the lyre and the flute, and by rhythmic movement or dance on the part of the singers; the performance taking place in a temple or hall before the victor's house, or in the procession escorting the victor into the city on his return from the games. In character, its rush of flashing, changing, and audacious

imagery, its careering language, its color and brightness, the vividness with which it suggests the glories of speed, strength, and alertness, combine to make it an example of wonderful brilliance. We shall never appreciate its effect to the full. 'The glory of his song,' writes Jebb, 'has passed forever from the world with the sound of the rolling harmonies on which it once was borne, with the splendor of rushing chariots and athletic forms around which it threw its radiance, with the white-pillared cities by the Ægean or Sicilian sea in which it wrought its spell, with the beliefs or joys which it ennobled; but those who love his poetry, and who strive to enter into its high places, can still know that they breathe a pure and bracing air, and can still feel vibrating through a clear calm sky the strong pulse of the eagle's wings as he soars with steady eyes against the sun.'

The translation is by Abraham Moore.

OLYMPIAN I

To Hiero The Syracusian

Victor in the Horse-race

Strophe I

Water the first of elements we hold;
And, as the flaming fire at night
Glows with its own conspicuous light,
Above proud treasure shines transcendant gold:
But if, my soul, 'tis thy desire
For the Great Games to strike thy lyre,
Look not within the range of day
A star more genial to descry
Than yon warm sun, whose glittering ray
Dims all the spheres that gild the sky;
Nor loftier theme to raise thy strain
Than famed Olympia's crowded plain:
From whence, by gifted minstrels richly wove,
Th' illustrious hymn, at glory's call,
Goes forth to Hiero's affluent hall,
To hail his prosperous throne and sing
Saturnian Jove.

Antistrophe I

Hiero the just, that rules the fertile field,
Where fair Sicilia's pastures feed
Unnumber'd flocks, and for his meed
Culls the sweet flowers that all the virtues yield;
Nor less renown'd his hand essays
To wake the Muse's choicest lays,
Such as the social feast around
Full oft our tuneful band inspire—
But wherefore sleeps the thrilling sound?
Pluck from the peg thy Dorian lyre,
If Pisa's palms have charms for thee,
If Pherenicus' victory
Hath roused thee to the rapturous cares of song;
Tell us how swift the ungoaded steed
By Alpheus urged his furious speed,
And bore the distant prize from all the panting throng.

Epode I

Proud of his stud, the Syracusian king
Partook the courser's triumph. Through the plain
By Lydian Pelops won his praises ring—
Pelops of Neptune loved (whose watery reign
Bounds the wide earth, that trembles at his might),
Pelops, whose form the plastic Fate replaced,
And from the caldron bright
Drew forth with ivory shoulder graced.
Life teems with wonders: yet, in Reason's spite,
O'er the fond fascinating fiction, warm
From Fancy's pencil, hangs a charm
That more than Nature's self her painted dreams delight.

Strophe II

For Taste, whose softening hand hath power to give
Sweetness and grace to rudest things,
And trifles to distinction brings,
Makes us full oft the enchanting tale receive
In Truth's disguise as Truth. The day
Yet comes, Time's test, that tears away
The veil each flattering falsehood wears.
Beseems us then (for less the blame)
Of those that heed us from the spheres
Becoming marvels to proclaim.
Great son of Tantalus, thy fate
Not as the fablers I relate.
Thee with the Gods thy Sire's Sipylian guest,
When they in turn beneath his bower
Purest repast partook, the Power
That wields the Trident, seized, and ravished from the feast.

Antistrophe II

Desire his breast had conquered. Up he drove
His trembling prize of mortal mold
In radiant car with steeds of gold
To th' highest mansion of all-honored Jove;
With whom the Boy, from wondering Ide
Rapt long before, like place supplied.
Her Pelops lost, her vanished son
Soon roused the frantic mother's care;
No tidings came; the search begun
In mystery ended in despair.
Forthwith some envious foe was found
Whispering th' unseemly slander round,
How all into the bubbling caldron cast
Thy mangled limbs were seethed, and shred
In fragments on the table spread,
While circling Gods looked on and shared
th' abhorred repast.

Epode II

Far be from me and mine the thought profane,
That in foul feast celestials could delight!
Blasphemous tale! Detraction finds its bane
E'en in the wrong it works—If mortal wight
Heaven e'er hath honored, 'twas this Tantalus;
But soon from ill-digested greatness sprung
Presumption and abuse:
Thence from his towering fortunes flung
(Frightful reverse!) he fell. A ponderous rock
High o'er his head hung threatening (angry Jove
So judged him for his crimes above):
Where day and night he waits, dreading th' expected shock.

Strophe III

Thus doomed is he life's hopeless load to bear,
Torment unceasing! Three beside,
Delinquents there, like pains abide.
He from th' Immortals their ambrosial fare,
The nectarous flood that crowned their bowl,
To feast his earth-born comrades, stole;
Food, that, by their celestial grace,
Eternal youth to him had given.
Vain hope, that guilt by time or place
Can 'scape the searching glance of heaven!
For this the blameless Son once more
Back to man's short-lived race they bore;
There, when fresh youth its blooming flower had blown,
And round his chin th' umbrageous beard
Mature its manlier growth had reared,
From Pisa's Prince he sought, his nuptial couch to crown,

Antistrophe III

The famed Hippodamé; whose charms to gain,
The fond and furious father's pride,
At night's dark hour alone he hied
To the rough shore of the loud-bellowing main,
And called the Trident-sceptred God,
Whose form forthwith beside him stood:
'Oh! if th' endearing gifts,' said he,
'The Cyprian sea-born Queen bestows,
Have still, great Neptune, grace with thee,
Propitiate now thy suppliant's vows.
Arrest Œnomaüs' brazen spear,
To Elis guide my prompt career,
And bear me on thy swiftest chariot's wheel
Victorious to the goal; for he,
Slayer of suitors ten and three,
Still from his daughter's hope withholds the bridal seal.

Epode III

'Majestic Danger calls but for the brave,
Trusts not the dastard's arm: then why should man,
By life's hard lot predestined to the grave,
Waste in the dark th' unprofitable span,
And crouch in Age's corner unrenowned,
Heav'n's noblest gifts untasted? Power divine!
Grant thou th' event be crowned,
This peril shall at least be mine.'
Thus he, with zeal not unregarded, speeds
His ardent prayer. The God his prayer embraced,
Gave him his car with gold enchaced,
And roused th' unwearied plumes that winged the immortal steeds.

Strophe IV

Œnomaüs' power th' exulting youth o'erthrows:
The virgin spouse his arms entwine;
From whose soft intercourse, a line
By all the virtues nursed, six warriors rose.
Now in rich pomp and solemn state
His dust heroic honors wait.
Where Alpheus laves the hallowed glade,
His tomb its ample range displays,
And gifts by many a stranger laid
High on his crowded altar blaze;
But most from proud Olympia's drome,
On distant realms, on times to come,
Shines Pelops' fame. There Speed demands his crown,
Toil-mastering Strength the muscle strains,
And conquerors pass life's proud remains
On Virtue's tranquil couch, the slumber of renown.

Antistrophe IV

Such is the Champion's meed: the constant good,
That lives beyond the transient hour,
Of all that Heaven on man can shower,
Most fires his hope, most wakes his gratitude:
But now 'tis mine, the strain to raise,
And swell th' Equestrian Hero's praise,
To crown with loud Æolian song
A Prince, whose peer the spacious earth
Holds not its noblest chiefs among,
Boasts not in wisdom, power and worth,
A host more gifted, to display,
Through all the mazes of the lay.
Hiero, some guardian god thy fame sustains
And makes thee his peculiar care;
If long thy deeds his smiles shall share,
A loftier flight I'll soar, and warble sweeter strains.

Epode IV

Then high on Cronium's peak my post shall be;
There, as a poet's glance informs my soul,
First in the burning race thy steeds to see,
Thy bounding chariot whirl thee to the goal.
Then shall the Muse her strongest javelin fling;
'Bove all the ranks of greatness at the top
Shines the consummate king—
Beyond that height lift not thy hope.
Be thine in that bright station long to bear
Thy upright course; mine, with the conquering band,
To take my honorable stand,
And 'mong the bards of Greece the palm of genius wear.

PYTHIAN I

To Hiero The Ætnæan
Victor in the Chariot-race

Strophe I

Golden Lyre, Apollo's care,
Thy aid with violet tresses crowned,
Their emblem thee, the Muses share:
The bounding dance obeys, and joy pursues the sound.
Thy signal wakes the vocal choir,
When with the sweet preamble's lingering lay
Thy frame resumes its thrilling sway.
The lanced lightning's everlasting fire
Thou hast extinguished, while by thee
On Jove's own scepter lulled the Feathered King
Forgets his awful ministry,
And hangs from either flank the drooping wing:

Antistrophe I

Thou his beaked crest around
Hast poured the cloud of darkness soft,
And o'er his beaming eyeballs bound
The lock of thy sweet spell: slumbering he sits aloft
With ruffling plumes and heaving spine
Quelled by thy potent strain. The furious Mars
Aloof hath left the bristling spears,
And with thy soft mellifluous anodyne
Soothed his relentless heart; for even
The gods themselves thy searching shaft subdues
By skilled Latoïdes aimed in heaven,
Framed in the bosom of the swelling Muse.

EPODE I

But those, whom all-discerning Jove
Abides not, shudder at the sound
The chaste Pierian Damsels move,
On earth or in the restless wave,
Or where in durance underground
The god's presumptuous foe
Lies, hundred-headed Typhon; whom the cave
Far-famed by Tarsus bred, now stretched below
Where Cuma's beetling sea-cliffs frown;
While on his broad and shaggy breast
Sicilia's regions rest,
And hoary Ætna, pillar of the sphere,
With her bleak snows through all the year
Nursed in her angry arms, presses the monster down:

STROPHE II

Bursting from whose caverned side
The living fountains waste their way
Of unapproachable fire; whose tide
With clouds of smouldering fume bedims the sultry day;
Reddening at night th' inflamed flood
Rolls off the lifted rocks, and down the steep
Plunges beneath the bellowing deep.
Meanwhile that Serpent from his dungeon rude
Sends his dread fire-spouts to the air,
Vulcanian streams portentous to behold!
Strange e'en the traveler's tongue to hear
Of sights and sounds so dire the tale unfold:

ANTISTROPHE II

How on Ætna's burning base
Beneath her dark umbrageous head
Chained and immured the rugged place
Gores all his writhing bulk, that rues that restless bed.
Grant me, Great Jove, thy smiles to know,
Lord of this mountain, whose high front commands
In circuit wide th' abundant lands;
Graced with whose name the bordering state below
Shares its great founder's large renown,
By herald's voice at Pytho's listening games
Declared; while Hiero's chariot-crown,
A monarch's meed, th' inspiring note proclaims.

EPODE II

From heaven a fresh propitious gale
With ardent prayer the seaman craves,
To wing with speed his parting sail;
While Hope a prosperous course foretells
From that good presage o'er the waves:
Thus blest with omen fair
Of earliest fame, while Ætna's realm excels,
The Muse her future glories shall declare;
Her gorgeous feasts, her coursers proud,
Her choirs to chant the victor's lay—
O thou, whose radiant sway
Delos and Lycia rules; whose haunt is still
The mount that pours Castalia's rill;
Accept thy suppliant's prayer; her streets with heroes crowd.

STROPHE III

Good the gods alone dispense,
All arts, all worth from them we trace;
And Wit, and Might, and Eloquence
Are but the gifts divine of bounteous Nature's grace.
But thou this prince's praise to sing
Intent, as some the brazen javelin wield,
Urge not thy song beside the field,
But forward far, where rivals ne'er can fling.
Unchanging Fortune's golden shower,
With Virtue's goodlier boon, the cloudless mind,
Time on his state benignant pour,
And calm Oblivion shade the toils behind.

ANTISTROPHE III

Still shall Memory's rolls attest
The wars he waged, the fields he won,
While patient bravery nerved his breast;
What honors sent from heaven around their temples shone,
By Grecian hand ne'er plucked before,
To crown their wealth a glorious diadem.
His dauntless mind with pangs extreme,
Though racked, war's toil, like Philoctetes, bore:
Princes his aid with flattery sought,
And wooed, by Fortune pressed, his saving power.
'Twas thus th' Hellenian heroes brought
From Lemnian rocks, in Troy's disastrous hour,

Epode III

Pæan's brave son, with wasting wound,
Though weak and worn, whose fatal bow
Razed Priam's Ilion to the ground.
He closed the lingering toils of Greece,
With powerless frame advancing slow;
For such was Fate's decree.
Thus may some healing god henceforth increase
Great Hiero's weal, and Opportunity
Wait on his wish!—For young Dinomenes
Wake now, my Muse, thy cheering lyre,
And sing the conquering sire;
By sire like him quadrigal chaplets won
Grieve not, I ween, th' aspiring son;
Wake, then, for Ætna's king thy grateful minstrelsies.

Strophe IV

Blest with freedom, heav'n bestowed,
For him sage Hiero planned the place,
And building on th' Hyllæan code
Founded their polity. The free Pamphylian race,
From great Alcides sprung, that dwell
On the green skirts of high Taygetus,
Still hold th' Ægimian law, the Dorian use.
They from the cliffs of Pindus issuing fell
On sacked Amyclæ's prosperous plain,
By whose famed border the Tyndarean host
Their milk-white steeds illustrious train;
Such martial sires the tribes of Ætna boast.

Antistrophe IV

Mighty Jove, to those, that live
By fruitful Amena's murmuring tide,
Subjects and prince, like freedom give,
By Truth's unerring rule their faultless course to guide.
Inspired by thee, by practice sage,
His son's, his people's steps the sire shall lead
The tranquil paths of Peace to tread.
Bid, son of Saturn, the Phœnicians' rage
In calm domestic arts subside,
Yon Tuscan rout remember in retreat
Their comrade's groans on Cumæ's tide,
With tarnished ensigns strewed and foundering fleet.

Epode IV

Such was the wild promiscuous wreck
Wrought by the Syracusian stroke,
Whose captain from the towering deck
Dashed to the deep their vanquished throng,
And knapped in twain the barbarous yoke.
When Athens asks my praise,
From Salamis I'll date the swelling song;
Cithæron's field the Spartan's fame shall raise,
Where Persia's boasted archery fell:
But when, Dinomenes, the lyre
Thy conquering sons inspire,
Oh, then, from Himera's banks the glittering bough
I'll pluck to plant on Virtue's brow,
And bid those echoing shores their foes' disasters tell.

Strophe V

Wouldst thou foil the censurer's sneer,
Thy copious theme in narrowest pale
Confine; nor pall th' impatient ear
That throbs for fresh delights, and loathes the lengthening tale.
With forced applause, with grief profound,
The vulgar audience listens to the lays
That swell the prosperous stranger's praise:
Yet since the flatterer Envy's deadliest wound
Pains not the brave like Pity's tear,
Cling thou to Good; thy vessel's martial throng
With the sure helm of Justice steer
And on Truth's anvil steel thy guarded tongue;

Antistrophe V

Sparks of mischief struck from thee
Spread far and wide th' authentic flame:
Thousands observe thy sovereignty;
A thousand listening ears bear witness to thy shame.
If yet Fame's dulcet voice to hear
Thou long'st, still crowned to stand at Virtue's post,
Oh! shrink not from the worthless cost;
But, like a brave and liberal captain, spare
Thy spreading canvass to the wind.

Trust not, my friend, to Flattery's ill-bought
breath:
Glory, whose living lamp behind
Departed mortals gilds the shrine of death,

EPODE V

Bids History's pomp on Goodness wait;
And rouses the rewarding strain
To sound the triumphs of the great.
Still Crœsus lives for kindness blest:
On Phalaris, whose remorseless reign
The bull and torturing fire
Upheld, the curses of all ages rest:
Him nor the festive band, nor cheering
lyre,
Nor youths in sweet communion joined
With fond remembrance hail!—Above
The goodliest gifts of Jove
Fortune the first, Fame claims the second,
place;
The man whose grasp, whose filled embrace
Both Fame and Fortune holds, life's noblest
crown has twined.

ISTHMIAN III

TO MELISSUS OF THEBES

Victor in the Horse-race

STROPHE

The man, by fortune raised, that holds
Unflushed with pride his blameless
course,
Though glory's wreath his front enfolds,
Or wealth with power hath blessed his
stores,
His country's praise to deathless fame shall
give.
Yet but from thee th' exalted virtues
flow,
All-bounteous Jove! and they that
know,
And fear thy laws, rejoice and live;
While he that walks sin's wandering
way,
Ends not in bliss the changeful day.

ANTISTROPHE

Reward awaits the virtuous deed;
The brave command the grateful lyre;
For them th' applauding Graces lead,
And swell the loud triumphal choir.
Fortune on proud Melissus hath bestowed
The twofold boon, that glads his manly
breast;—
First in the cirque his waving crest
With Isthmian wreaths exulting glowed;
Now through the Lion's vale the name
Of Thebes his herald's shouts pro-
claim—

EPODE

Him master of the equestrian race
Proclaim; his deeds no kindred name
disgrace;
His grandsire's fame, 'mong charioteers of old,
Cleonymus, all tongues have told;
Told how from Labdacus, with affluence
crowned,
His mother's sires in happier days
The car quadrigal proudly drove.
But Time, as rolling seasons onward
move,
His altering hand on all things lays:
The sons of gods alone nor chance nor
change can wound.

III. HISTORY (550-350 B.C.)

Owing to the popularity of Homer and the convenience of hexameter and elegiac as vehicles for narrative and reflective content, and owing to the lack of national feeling among the separate and scattered little city-states composing the Greek world, the development of an artistic prose did not occur until four centuries after the perfection of the epic. The beginnings of a really literary prose were connected with philosophy and history; yet philosophy was slow to separate itself from verse expression, and we may give to the earliest writers of semi-historical tales, called logographers, among them Hecatæus of Miletus, author of *Genealogies* and *A Tour of the World,* the credit for representing the rise of literary narrative in prose. The universal interest and impulse necessary to its perfection were the nationalization of Greece which was effected by the common danger of the Persian wars, and the rise of Athens to spiritual leadership.

HERODOTUS (484–428 B.C.)

Herodotus, the father of history, born in Halicarnassus, a Greek city in Asia Minor, traveled in Egypt, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, in the Black Sea regions, and in Greece itself, resided at the island of Samos and in Athens, and in 443 went West with the colony that founded Thurii in southern Italy, where he lived until the time of his death. He is neither a scientific historian nor a profound observer, but he is a keenly interested and genial spectator of men and things and events, and in his nine digressive and somewhat formless books has set down in charmingly unforced and even negligent manner a great variety of matter which, trustworthy or untrustworthy, borrowed or of his own research, the result of observation or of hearsay, rarely fails in human interest. The unity of his work and its character as history are after all saved by his absorbing account, in the last five books, of the dramatic clash between Persia and Ionia whose last acts included Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, Platæa. The first book, on Crœsus of Lydia, Cyrus, and the rise of the Persian empire, the second, on the Persians and Egypt, the third, on Darius and the conquest of Babylon, and the fourth, on the Persians in Scythia and Libya, are the preface and introduction to an account of the greatest of all events in the history of Greece to his time, written by a man who has traveled much, has enjoyed it, is proud of it, and cannot withstand the traveler's temptation to tell of the wonders he has seen and heard.

The selections from Herodotus are reprinted from Mr. A. D. Godley's translation, by permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

HISTORY OF THE PERSIAN WARS

Introduction

What Herodotus the Halicarnassian has learnt by inquiry is here set forth: in order that so the memory of the past may not be blotted out from among men by time, and that great and marvelous deeds done by Greeks and foreigners and especially the reason why they warred against each other may not lack renown.

The Persian learned men say that the Phœnicians were the cause of the feud. . . . For my own part, I will not say that this or that story is true, but I will name him whom I myself know to have done unprovoked wrong to the Greeks, and so go forward with my history, and speak of small and great cities alike. For many states that were once great have now become small: and those that were great in my time were small formerly. Knowing therefore that human prosperity never continues in one stay, I will make mention alike of both kinds. . . .

THE STORY OF CRŒSUS, SOLON, AND CYRUS

For this reason, and to see the world, Solon left Athens and visited Amasis in Egypt and Crœsus at Sardis: and when he had come, Crœsus entertained him in his palace. Now on the third or fourth day after his coming Crœsus bade his servants lead Solon round among his treasures, and they showed him all that was there, the greatness and the prosperous state of it; and when he had seen and considered all, Crœsus when occasion served thus questioned him: 'Our Athenian guest, we have heard much of you, by reason of your wisdom and your wanderings, how that you have traveled far to seek knowledge and to see the world. Now therefore I am fain to ask you, if you have ever seen a man more blest than all his fellows.' So Crœsus inquired, supposing himself to be blest beyond all men. But Solon spoke the truth without flattery: 'Such an one, O King,' he said, 'I have seen—Tellus of Athens.' Crœsus wondered at this, and sharply asked Solon, 'How do you judge Tellus to be most blest?' Solon replied: 'Tellus' city was prosperous, and he was the father of noble sons, and he saw children born to all of them and their state well stablished; moreover, having then as much wealth as a man may among us, he crowned his life with a most glorious death: for in a battle between the Athenians and their neighbors at Eleusis he attacked and routed the enemy and most nobly there died; and the Athenians gave him public burial where he fell and paid him great honor.'

Now when Solon had admonished Crœsus by recounting the many ways in which Tellus was blest, the king further asked him whom he placed second after Tellus, thinking that assuredly the second prize at least would be his. Solon answered: 'Cleobis and Biton. These were Argives, and besides sufficient wealth they had such strength of body as I will show. Both were prizewinners; and this story too is related of them. There was a festival of Here toward among the Argives, and their mother must by all means be drawn to the temple by a yoke of oxen. But the oxen did not come in time from the fields; so the young men, being thus thwarted by lack of time, put themselves to the yoke and drew the carriage with their mother sitting thereon: for five and forty furlongs they drew it till they came to the temple. Having done this, and been seen by the assembly, they made a most excellent end of their lives, and the god showed by these men how that it was better for a man to die than to live. For the men of Argos came round and gave the youths joy of their strength, and so likewise did the women to their mother, for the excellence of her sons. She then in her joy at what was done and said, came before the image of the goddess and prayed that her sons Cleobis and Biton, who had done such great honor to the goddess, should be given the best boon that a man may receive. After the prayer the young men sacrificed and ate of the feast; then they lay down to sleep in the temple itself and never rose up more, but here ended their lives. Then the Argives made and set up at Delphi images of them because of their excellence.'

So Solon gave to Cleobis and Biton the second prize of happiness. But Crœsus said in anger, 'Guest from Athens! is our prosperity, then, held by you so worthless that you match us not even with common men?' 'Crœsus,' said Solon, 'you ask me concerning the lot of man; well I know how jealous is Heaven and how it loves to trouble us. In a man's length of days he may see and suffer many things that he much mislikes. For I set the limit of man's life at seventy years; in these seventy are days twenty-five thousand and two hundred, if we count not the intercalary month. But if every second year be lengthened by a month so that the seasons and the calendar may rightly accord, then the intercalary months are five and thirty, over and above the seventy years: and the days of these months are one thousand and fifty; so then all the days together of the seventy years are seen to be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty; and one may well say that no one of all these days is like another in that which it brings. Thus then, Crœsus, the whole of man is but chance. Now if I am to speak of you, I say that I see you very rich and the king of many men. But I cannot yet answer your question, before I hear that you have ended your life well. For he who is very rich is not more blest than he who has but enough for the day, unless fortune so attend him that he ends his life well, having all good things about him. Many men of great

wealth are unblest, and many that have no great substance are fortunate. Now the very rich man who is yet unblest has but two advantages over the fortunate man, but the fortunate man has many advantages over the rich but unblest: for this latter is the stronger to accomplish his desire and to bear the stroke of great calamity; but these are the advantages of the fortunate man, that though he be not so strong as the other to deal with calamity and desire, yet these are kept far from him by his good fortune, and he is free from deformity, sickness, and all evil, and happy in his children and his comeliness. If then such a man besides all this shall also end his life well, then he is the man whom you seek, and is worthy to be called blest; but we must wait till he be dead, and call him not yet blest, but fortunate. Now no one (who is but man) can have all these good things together, just as no land is altogether self-sufficing in what it produces: one thing it has, another it lacks, and the best land is that which has most; so too no single person is sufficient for himself: one thing he has, another he lacks; but whoever continues in the possession of most things, and at last makes a gracious end of his life, such a man, O King, I deem worthy of this title. We must look to the conclusion of every matter, and see how it shall end, for there are many to whom heaven has given a vision of blessedness, and yet afterwards brought them to utter ruin.'

So spoke Solon: Crœsus therefore gave him no largess, but sent him away as a man of no account, for he thought that man to be very foolish who disregarded present prosperity and bade him look rather to the end of every matter. . . .

So at the taking of the fortress a certain Persian, not knowing who Crœsus was, came at him with intent to kill him. Crœsus saw him coming, but by stress of misfortune he was past caring, and would as soon be smitten to death as not; but this dumb son, seeing the Persian coming, in his fear and his grief broke into speech and cried, 'Man, do not kill Crœsus!' This was the first word he uttered; and after that for all the days of his life he had power of speech.

So the Persians took Sardis and made Crœsus himself prisoner, he having reigned fourteen years and been besieged fourteen days, and, as the oracle foretold, brought his own great empire to an end. Having then taken him they led him to Cyrus. Cyrus had a great pyre built, on which he set Crœsus, bound in chains, and twice seven Lydian boys beside him: either his intent was to sacrifice these firstfruits to some one of his gods, or he desired to fulfil a vow, or it may be that, learning that Crœsus was a god-fearing man, he set him for this cause on the pyre, because he would fain know if any deity would save him from being burnt alive. It is related then that he did this; but Crœsus, as he stood on the pyre, remembered even in his evil plight how divinely inspired was that saying of Solon, that no living man was blest. When this came to his mind, having till now spoken no word, he sighed deeply and groaned, and thrice uttered the name of Solon. Cyrus heard it, and bade his interpreters ask Crœsus who was this on whom he called; they came near and asked him; Crœsus at first would say nothing in answer, but presently, being compelled, he said, 'It is one with whom I would have given much wealth that all sovereigns should hold converse.' This was a dark saying to them, and again they questioned him of the words which he spoke. As they were instant, and troubled him, he told them then how Solon, an Athenian, had first come, and how he had seen all his royal state and made light of it (saying thus and thus), and how all had happened to Crœsus as Solon said, though he spoke with less regard to Crœsus than to mankind in general and chiefly those who deemed themselves blest. While Crœsus thus told his story, the pyre had already been kindled and the outer parts of it were burning. Then Cyrus, when he heard from the interpreters what Crœsus said, repented of his purpose. He bethought him that he, being also a man, was burning alive another man who had once been as fortunate as himself; moreover, he feared the retribution, and it came to his mind that there was no stability in human affairs: wherefore he gave command to quench the burning fire with all speed and bring Crœsus and those with him down from the pyre. But his servants could not for all their endeavor now master the fire.

Then (so the Lydians relate), when Crœsus was aware of Cyrus' repentance and saw all men striving to quench the

fire but no longer able to check it, he cried aloud to Apollo, praying that if the god had ever been pleased with any gift of his offering he would now come to his aid and save him from present destruction. Thus with weeping he invoked the god: and suddenly in a clear and windless sky clouds gathered and a storm burst and there was a most violent rain, so that the pyre was quenched. Then indeed Cyrus perceived that Crœsus was a good man and one beloved of the gods; and bringing him down from the pyre, he questioned him, saying, 'What man persuaded you, Crœsus, to attack my country with an army, and be my enemy instead of my friend?' 'O King,' said Crœsus, 'it was I who did it, and brought thereby good fortune to you and ill to myself: but the cause of all was the god of the Greeks, in that he encouraged me to send my army. No man is so foolish as to desire war more than peace: for in peace sons bury their fathers, but in war fathers bury their sons. But I must believe that heaven willed all this so to be.'

So said Crœsus. Then Cyrus loosed him and set him near to himself and took much thought for him, and both he and all that were with him were astonished when they looked upon Crœsus. He for his part was silent, deep in thought. Presently he turned and said (for he saw the Persians sacking the city of the Lydians), 'O King, am I to say to you now what is in my mind, or keep silence?' Cyrus bidding him to say boldly what he would, Crœsus asked, 'Yonder multitude, what is this whereon they are so busily engaged?' 'They are plundering,' said Cyrus, 'your city and carrying off your possessions.' 'Nay,' Crœsus answered, 'not my city, nor my possessions; for I have no longer any share of all this; it is your wealth that they are ravishing.'

Cyrus thought upon what Crœsus said, and bidding the rest withdraw he asked Crœsus what fault he saw in what was being done. 'Since the gods,' replied the Lydian, 'have given me to be your slave, it is right that if I have any clearer sight of wrong done I should declare it to you. The Persians are violent men by nature, and poor withal; if then you suffer them to seize and hold great possessions, you may expect that he who has won most will rise in revolt against you. Now therefore do this, if what I say finds favor with you. Set men of your guard to watch all the gates; let them take the spoil from those who are carrying it out, and say that it must be paid as tithe to Zeus. Thus shall you not be hated by them for taking their wealth by force, and they for their part will acknowledge that you act justly, and will give up the spoil willingly.'

When Cyrus heard this he was exceedingly pleased, for he deemed the counsel good; and praising him greatly, and bidding his guards to act as Crœsus had counseled, he said: 'Crœsus, now that you, a king, are resolved to act and to speak aright, ask me now for whatever boon you desire forthwith.' 'Master,' said Crœsus, 'you will best please me if you suffer me to send these my chains to that god of the Greeks whom I chiefly honored, and to ask him if it be his custom to deceive those who serve him well.' Cyrus then asking him what was the meaning of this request, Crœsus repeated to him the tale of all his own intent, and the answers of the oracles, and more especially his offerings, and how it was the oracle that had heartened him to attack the Persians; and so saying he once more instantly entreated that he might be suffered to reproach the god for this. At this Cyrus smiled, and replied, 'This I will grant you, Crœsus, and what other boon soever you may at any time ask me.' When Crœsus heard this, he sent men of the Lydians to Delphi, charging them to lay his chains on the threshold of the temple, and to ask if the god were not ashamed that he had persuaded Crœsus to attack the Persians, telling him that he would destroy Cyrus' power; of which power (they should say, showing the chains) these were the firstfruits. Thus they should inquire; and further, if it were the manner of the Greek gods to be thankless.

When the Lydians came, and spoke as they were charged, the priestess (it is said) thus replied: 'None may escape his destined lot, not even a god. Crœsus hath paid for the sin of his ancestor of the fifth generation: who, being of the guard of the Heraclidæ, was led by the guile of a woman to slay his master, and took to himself the royal state of that master, whereto he had no right. And it was the desire of Loxias that the evil hap of Sardis should fall in the lifetime of Crœsus' sons, not his own, but he could

not turn the Fates from their purpose; yet did he accomplish his will and favor Crœsus in so far as they would yield to him: for he delayed the taking of Sardis for three years, and this let Crœsus know, that though he be now taken it is by so many years later than the destined hour. And further, Loxias saved Crœsus from the burning. But as to the oracle that was given him, Crœsus doth not right to complain concerning it. For Loxias declared to him that if he should lead an army against the Persians he would destroy a great empire. Therefore it behooved him, if he would take right counsel, to send and ask whether the god spoke of Crœsus' or of Cyrus' empire. But he understood not that which was spoken, nor made further inquiry: wherefore now let him blame himself. Nay, when he asked that last question of the oracle and Loxias gave him that answer concerning the mule, even that Crœsus understood not. For that mule was in truth Cyrus; who was the son of two persons not of the same nation, of whom the mother was the nobler and the father of lesser estate; for she was a Median, daughter of Astyages king of the Medians: but he was a Persian and under the rule of the Medians, and was wedded, albeit in all regards lower than she, to one that should be his sovereign lady.' Such was the answer of the priestess to the Lydians; they carried it to Sardis and told it to Crœsus; and when he heard it, he confessed that the sin was not the god's, but his own. And this is the story of Crœsus' rule, and of the first overthrow of Ionia.

Babylon

When Cyrus had brought all the mainland under his sway, he attacked the Assyrians. There are in Assyria many other great cities; but the most famous and the strongest was Babylon, where the royal dwelling had been set after the destruction of Ninus. Babylon was a city such as I will now describe. It lies in a great plain, and is in shape a square, each side an hundred and twenty furlongs in length; thus four hundred and eighty furlongs make the complete circuit of the city. Such is the size of the city of Babylon; and it was planned like no other city whereof we know. Round it runs first a fosse deep and wide and full of water, and then a wall of fifty royal cubits' thickness and two hundred cubits' height. The royal cubit is greater by three fingers' breadth than the common cubit.

Further, I must show where the earth was used as it was taken from the fosse and in what manner the wall was wrought. As they dug the fosse, they made bricks of the earth which was carried out of the place they dug, and when they had molded bricks enough they baked them in ovens; then using hot bitumen for cement and interposing layers of wattled reeds at every thirtieth course of bricks, they built first the border of the fosse and then the wall itself in the same fashion. On the top, along the edges of the wall, they built houses of a single chamber, facing each other, with space enough between for the driving of a four-horse chariot. There are an hundred gates in the circle of the wall, all of bronze, with posts and lintels of the same. There is another city, called Is, eight days' journey from Babylon, where is a little river, also named Is, a tributary stream of the river Euphrates; from the source of this river Is rise with the water many gouts of bitumen; and from thence the bitumen was brought for the wall of Babylon.

Thus then was this wall built; the city is divided into two parts; for it is cut in half by a river named Euphrates, a wide, deep, and swift river, flowing from Armenia and issuing into the Red Sea, The ends of the wall, then, on either side are built quite down to the river; here they turn, and hence a fence of baked bricks runs along each bank of the stream. The city itself is full of houses three and four stories high; and the ways which traverse it—those that run crosswise towards the river, and the rest—are all straight. Further, at the end of each road there was a gate in the riverside fence, one gate for each alley; these gates also were of bronze, and these too opened on the river.

These walls are the city's outer armor; within them there is another encircling wall, well-nigh as strong as the other, but narrower. In the midmost of one division of the city stands the royal palace, surrounded by a high and strong wall; and in the midmost of the other is still to this day the sacred enclosure of Zeus Belus, a square of two furlongs each way, with

gates of bronze. In the center of this enclosure a solid tower has been built, of one furlong's length and breadth; a second tower rises from this, and from it yet another, till at last there are eight. The way up to them mounts spirally outside all the towers; about halfway in the ascent is a halting place, with seats for repose, where those who ascend sit down and rest. In the last tower there is a great shrine; and in it a great and well-covered couch is laid, and a golden table set hard by. But no image has been set up in the shrine, nor does any human creature lie therein for the night, except one native woman, chosen from all women by the god, as say the Chaldæans, who are priests of this god.

The Nile

When the Nile is in flood, it overflows not only the Delta but also the lands called Libyan and Arabian, in places as far as two days' journey from either bank, and sometimes more than this, sometimes less. Concerning its nature, neither from the priests nor from any others could I learn anything. Yet I was zealous to hear from them why it is that the Nile comes down with a rising flood for an hundred days from the summer solstice, and when this tale of days is complete sinks again with a diminishing stream, so that the river is low for the whole winter till the summer solstice again. Concerning this matter none of the Egyptians could tell me anything, when I asked them what power the Nile has to be contrary in nature to all other rivers. Of the matters aforesaid I wished to know, and asked; also, why no airs blow from it as from every other stream.

But some of the Greeks, wishing to be notable for cleverness, put forward three opinions about this river; of which there are two that I would not even mention, save to show only what they are. One of these will have it that the etesian winds are the cause of the river being in flood, because they hinder the Nile from flowing out into the sea. But there are many times when the etesian winds do not blow, yet the Nile does the same as before. And further, if the etesian winds were the cause, then the other rivers which flow contrary to those winds should be affected in like manner even as is the Nile, and all the more, inasmuch as being smaller they have a weaker current. Yet there are many rivers in Syria and in Libya, which are nowise in the same case as the Nile.

The second opinion is less grounded on knowledge than that afore-mentioned, though it is more marvelous to the ear: by it, the river effects what it does because it flows from the Ocean, which flows round all the world.

The third opinion is the most plausible by far, yet is of all the most in error. It has no more truth in it than the others. According to this, the Nile flows from where snows melt; but it flows from Libya through the midst of Ethiopia, and issues out into Egypt; how then can it flow from snow, seeing that it comes from the hottest places to lands that are for the most part colder? nay, a man who can reason about such matters will find his chief proof, that there is no likelihood of the river's flowing from snow, in this—that the winds blowing from Libya and Ethiopia are hot. And the second proof is, that the country is ever without rain and frost; but after snow has fallen there must needs be rain within five days; so that were there snow there would be rain in these lands. And the third proof is, that the men of the country are black by reason of the heat. Moreover, kites and swallows live there all the year round, and cranes, flying from the wintry weather of Scythia, come every year to these places to winter there. Now, were there but the least fall of snow in this country through which the Nile flows and whence it rises, none of these things would happen, as necessity proves.

The opinion about the Ocean is grounded in obscurity and needs no disproof; for I know of no river of Ocean; and I suppose that Homer or some older poet invented this name and brought it into his poetry.

If, having condemned the opinions proposed, I must now set forth what I myself think about these obscure matters, I will show what I suppose to be the cause of the Nile being in flood in the summer. During the winter the sun is driven by the storms from his customary course and passes over the inland parts of Libya. Now to make the shortest conclusion, that is all that need be said; for to whatever country this god is nearest, or over it, it is to be thought that that land is the

thirstiest and that the rivers in it are diminished.

But stated at greater length, the truth is as I shall show. In his passage over the inland parts of Libya—the air being ever clear in that region, the land warm and the winds cool—the sun does what he was wont to do in the summer in passing through the middle of the heaven: he draws the water to himself, and having so drawn it, expels it away to the inland regions, and the winds catch it and scatter and dissolve it.

Cats, Crocodiles, and the Phœnix

There are many household animals; and there would be many more, were it not for what happens to the cats. When the females have kittened they will not consort with the males; and these seek them but cannot get their will of them; so their device is to steal and carry off and kill the kittens (but they do not eat what they have killed). The mothers, deprived of their young and desiring to have more will then consort with the males; for they are creatures that love offspring. And when a fire breaks out very strange things happen to the cats. The Egyptians stand round in a broken line, thinking more of the cats than of quenching the burning; but the cats slip through or leap over the men and spring into the fire. When this happens, there is great mourning in Egypt. Dwellers in a house where a cat has died a natural death shave their eyebrows and no more; where a dog has so died, the head and the whole body are shaven.

Dead cats are taken away into sacred buildings, where they are embalmed and buried, in the town of Bubastis; bitches are buried in sacred coffins by the townsmen, in their several towns; and the like is done with ichneumons. Shrewmice and hawks are taken away to Buto, ibises to the city of Hermes. There are but few bears, and the wolves are little bigger than foxes; both these are buried wherever they are found lying.

I will now show what kind of creature is the crocodile. For the four winter months it eats nothing. It has four feet, and lives both on land and in the water, for it lays eggs and hatches them out on land, and it passes the greater part of the day on dry ground, and the night in the river, the water being warmer than the air and dew. No mortal creature known to us grows from so small a beginning to such greatness; for its eggs are not much bigger than goose eggs, and the young crocodile is of a bigness answering thereto, but it grows to a length of seventeen cubits and more. It has eyes like pigs' eyes, and great teeth and tusks answering to the bigness of its body. It is the only animal that has no tongue. Nor does it move the lower jaw. It is the only creature that brings the upper jaw down upon the lower. It has also strong claws, and a scaly impenetrable hide on its back. It is blind in the water, but very keen of sight in the air. Since it lives in the water, its mouth is all full within of leeches. All birds and beasts flee from it, except only the sandpiper, with which it is at peace, because this bird does the crocodile a service; for whenever the crocodile comes ashore out of the water and then opens its mouth (and this it does for the most part to catch the west wind), the sandpiper goes into its mouth and eats the leeches; the crocodile is pleased by this service and does the sandpiper no harm.

Some of the Egyptians hold crocodiles sacred, others do not so, but treat them as enemies. The dwellers about Thebes and the lake Mœris deem them to be very sacred. There, in every place one crocodile is kept, trained to be tame; they put ornaments of glass and gold on its ears and bracelets on its forefeet, provide for it special food and offerings, and give the creatures the best of treatment while they live; after death the crocodiles are embalmed and buried in sacred coffins. But about Elephantine they are not held sacred, and are even eaten. The Egyptians do not call them crocodiles, but champsæ. The Ionians called them crocodiles, from their likeness to the lizards which they have in their walls.

There are many and various ways of crocodile hunting; I will write only of that one way which I think most worthy of mention:—The hunter baits a hook with a chine of pork, and lets it float into the midst of the river; he himself stays on the bank with a young live pig, which he beats. Hearing the cries of the pig, the crocodile goes after the sound, and meets the chine, which it swallows; then the hunters pull the line. When the crocodile

is drawn ashore, first of all the hunter smears its eyes over with mud; when this is done the quarry is very easily mastered, which, without that, is no light matter.

River horses are sacred in the province of Papremis, but not elsewhere in Egypt. For their outward form, they are four-footed, with cloven hoofs like oxen; their noses are blunt; they are maned like horses, with tusks showing, and have a horse's tail and a horse's neigh; their bigness is that of the biggest oxen. Their hide is so thick that when it is dried spearshafts are made of it.

Otters also are found in the river, which the Egyptians deem sacred; and they hold sacred that fish too which is called the scale-fish, and the eel. These, and the fox-goose among birds, are said to be sacred to the god of the Nile.

Another bird also is sacred; it is called the phœnix. I myself have never seen it, but only pictures of it; for the bird comes but seldom into Egypt, once in five hundred years, as the people of Heliopolis say. It is said that the phœnix comes when his father dies. If the picture truly shows his size and appearance, his plumage is partly golden and partly red. He is most like an eagle in shape and bigness. The Egyptians tell a tale of this bird's devices which I do not believe. He comes, they say, from Arabia bringing his father to the Sun's temple enclosed in myrrh, and there buries him. His manner of bringing is this: first he molds an egg of myrrh as heavy as he can carry, and when he has proved its weight by lifting it he then hollows out the egg and puts his father in it, covering over with more myrrh the hollow in which the body lies; so the egg being with his father in it of the same weight as before, the phœnix, after enclosing him, carries him to the temple of the Sun in Egypt. Such is the tale of what is done by this bird.

Death and Burial

The practice of medicine is so divided among them, that each physician is a healer of one disease and no more. All the country is full of physicians, some of the eye, some of the teeth, some of what pertains to the belly, and some of the hidden diseases.

They mourn and bury the dead as I will show. Whenever a man of note is lost to his house by death, all the womenkind of the house daub their faces or heads with mud; then, with all the women of their kin, they leave the corpse in the house, and roam about the city lamenting, with their garments girt round them and their breasts showing; and the men too lament in their place, with garments girt likewise. When this is done, they take the dead body to be embalmed.

There are men whose whole business this is and who have this special craft. These, when a dead body is brought to them, show the bringers wooden models of corpses, painted in exact imitation; the most perfect manner of embalming belongs, they say, to One whose name it were profane for me to speak in treating of such matters; the second way, which they show, is less perfect than the first, and cheaper, and the third is the least costly of all. Having shown these, they ask the bringers of the body in which fashion they desire to have it prepared. The bearers, having agreed in a price, go their ways, and the workmen, left behind in their place, embalm the body. If they do this in the most perfect way, they first draw out part of the brain through the nostrils with an iron hook, and inject certain drugs into the rest. Then, making a cut near the flank with a sharp knife of Ethiopian stone, they take out all the intestines, and clean the belly, rinsing it with palm wine and bruised spices; and presently, filling the belly with pure ground myrrh and cassia and any other spices, save only frankincense, they sew it up again. Having done this, they conceal the body for seventy days, embalmed in saltpeter; no longer time is allowed for the embalming; and when the seventy days are past they wash the body and wrap the whole of it in bandages of fine linen cloth, anointed with gum, which the Egyptians mostly use instead of glue; which done, they give back the dead man to his friends. These make a hollow wooden figure like a man, in which they enclose the corpse, shut it up, and preserve it safe in a coffin-chamber, placed erect against a wall.

This is how they prepare the dead who have wished for the most costly fashion; those whose wish was for the middle and less costly way are prepared in another fashion. The embalmers charge their

syringes with cedar oil and therewith fill the belly of the dead man, making no cut, nor removing the intestines, but injecting the drench through the anus and checking it from returning; then they embalm the body for the appointed days; on the last day they let the oil which they poured in pass out again. It has so great power that it brings away the inner parts and intestines all dissolved; the flesh is eaten away by the saltpeter, and in the end nothing is left of the body but skin and bone. Then the embalmers give back the dead body with no more ado.

When they use the third manner of embalming, which is the preparation of the poorer dead, they cleanse the belly with a purge, embalm the body for the seventy days and then give it back to be taken away.

The Pyramids

Till the time of Rhampsinitus Egypt (so the priests told me) was in all ways well governed and greatly prospered, but Cheops, who was the next king, brought the people to utter misery. For first he shut up all the temples, so that none could sacrifice there; and next, he compelled all the Egyptians to work for him, appointing to some to drag stones from the quarries in the Arabian mountains to the Nile: and the stones being carried across the river in boats, others were charged to receive and drag them to the mountains called Libyan. They worked in gangs of a hundred thousand men, each gang for three months. For ten years the people were afflicted in making the road whereon the stones were dragged, the making of which road was to my thinking a task but a little lighter than the building of the pyramid, for the road is five furlongs long and ten fathoms broad, and raised at its highest to a height of eight fathoms, and it is all of stone polished and carven with figures. The ten years aforesaid went to the making of this road and of the underground chambers on the hill whereon the pyramids stand; these the king meant to be burial-places for himself, and encompassed them with water, bringing in a channel from the Nile. The pyramid itself was twenty years in the making. Its base is square, each side eight hundred feet long, and its height is the same; the whole is of stone polished and most exactly fitted; there is no block of less than thirty feet in length.

This pyramid was made like a stairway with tiers, courses, or steps. When this, its first form, was completed, the workmen used levers made of short wooden logs to raise the rest of the stones; they heaved up the blocks from the ground on to the first tier of steps; when the stone had been so raised it was set on another lever that stood on the first tier, and a lever again drew it up from this tier to the next. It may be that there was a new lever on each tier of the steps, or perhaps there was but one lever, and that easily lifted, which they carried up to each tier in turn; I leave this uncertain, both ways being told me. But this is certain, that the upper part of the pyramid was the first finished off, then the next below it, and last of all the base and the lowest part. There are writings on the pyramid in Egyptian characters showing how much was spent on purges and onions and garlic for the workmen; and to my sure remembrance the interpreter when he read me the writing said that sixteen hundred talents of silver had been paid. Now if that is so, how much must needs have been expended on the iron with which they worked, and the workmen's food and clothing? seeing that the time aforesaid was spent in building, and the hewing and carrying of the stone and the digging out of the underground parts was, as I suppose, a business of long duration.

Marathon

And first, while they were yet in the city, the generals sent as a herald to Sparta Phidippides, an Athenian, and one, moreover, that was a runner of long distances and made that his calling. This man, as he said himself and told the Athenians, when he was in the Parthenian hills above Tegea, met with Pan; who, calling to Phidippides by name, bade him say to the Athenians, 'Why is it that ye take no thought for me, that am your friend, and ere now have oft been serviceable to you, and will be so again?' This story the Athenians believed to be true, and when their state won to prosperity they founded a temple of Pan beneath the Acropolis, and for that message sought the god's favor with yearly sacrifices and torch-races.

But now, at the time when he was sent by the generals and said that Pan had appeared to him, this Phidippides was at Sparta on the day after he left Athens; and he came before the rulers and said, 'Lacedæmonians, the Athenians entreat you to send them help, and not suffer a most ancient city of Hellas to be brought into bondage by foreigners; for even now Eretria has been enslaved, and Hellas is the weaker by the loss of a notable city.' Thus Phidippides gave the message wherewith he was charged, and the Lacedæmonians resolved to send help to the Athenians; but they could not do this immediately, being loath to break their law; for it was the ninth day of the first part of the month, and they would make no expedition (they said) on the ninth day, when the moon was not full.

So they waited for the full moon. As for the Persians, they were guided to Marathon by Hippias son of Pisistratus. . . .

But the counsels of the Athenian generals were divided; some advised that they should not fight, thinking they were too few to do battle with the Median army, and some, of whom was Miltiades, that they should. Now there was an eleventh that had a vote, namely, that Athenian who had been chosen as polemarch by lot,—for by old Athenian custom the polemarch voted among the generals,—and at this time the polemarch was Callimachus of Aphidnæ; so their counsels being divided and the worse opinion like to prevail, Miltiades betook himself to this man. 'Callimachus,' said he, 'it is for you to-day to choose, whether you will enslave Athens, or free her and thereby leave such a memorial for all posterity as was left not even by Harmodius and Aristogiton. For now is Athens in greater peril than ever since she was first a city; and if her people bow their necks to the Medes, their fate is certain, for they will be delivered over to Hippias; but if our city be saved, she may well grow to be the first of Greek cities. How then this can be brought about, and how it comes that the deciding voice in these matters is yours, I will now show you. We ten generals are divided in counsel, some bidding us to fight and some to forbear. Now if we forbear to fight, it is likely that some great schism will rend and shake the courage of our people till they make friends of the Medes; but if we join battle before some at Athens be infected by corruption, then let heaven but deal fairly with us, and we may well win in this fight. It is you that all this concerns; all hangs on you; for if you join yourself to my opinion, you make your country free and your city the first in Hellas; but if you choose the side of them that would persuade us not to fight, you will have wrought the very opposite of the blessings whereof I have spoken.'

By this plea Miltiades won Callimachus to be his ally; and with the polemarch's vote added it was resolved to fight. Thereafter the generals whose counsel was for fighting made over to Miltiades the day's right of leading that fell to each severally; he received it, but would not join battle till the day of his own leadership came round.

When his turn came, then were the Athenians arrayed for battle as I shall show: the right wing was commanded by Callimachus the polemarch; for it was then the Athenian custom, that the holder of that office should have the right wing. He being there captain, next to him came the tribes one after another in the order of their numbers; last of all the Platæans were posted on the left wing. Ever since that fight, when the Athenians bring sacrifices to the assemblies that are held at the five-yearly festivals, the Athenian herald prays that all blessings may be granted to Athenians and Platæans alike. But now, when the Athenians were arraying at Marathon, it so fell out that their line being equal in length to the Median, the middle part of it was but a few ranks deep, and here the line was weakest, each wing being strong in numbers.

Their battle being arrayed and the omens of sacrifice favoring, straightway the Athenians were let go and charged the Persians at a run. There was between the armies a space of not less than eight furlongs. When the Persians saw them come running they prepared to receive them, deeming the Athenians frenzied to their utter destruction, who being (as they saw) so few were yet charging them at speed, albeit they had no horsemen nor archers. Such was the imagination of the foreigners; but the Athenians, closing all together with the Persians, fought in memorable fashion; for they were the first Greeks, within my knowledge, who charged their enemies at a run, and the first who

endured the sight of Median garments and men clad therein; till then, the Greeks were affrighted by the very name of the Medes.

For a long time they fought at Marathon; and the foreigners overcame the middle part of the line, against which the Persians themselves and the Sacæ were arrayed; here the foreigners prevailed and broke the Greeks, pursuing them inland. But on either wing the Athenians and Platæans were victorious; and being so, they suffered the routed of their enemies to fly, and drew their wings together to fight against those that had broken the middle of their line; and here the Athenians had the victory, and followed after the Persians in their flight, hewing them down, till they came to the sea. There they called for fire and laid hands on the ships.

In this work was slain Callimachus the polemarch, after doing doughty deeds; there too died one of the generals, Stesilaus son of Thrasylaus; moreover, Cynegirus son of Euphorion fell there, his hand smitten off by an axe as he laid hold of a ship's poop, and many other famous Athenians.

Seven ships the Athenians thus won; with the rest the Persians pushed off from shore, and taking the Eretrian slaves from the island wherein they had left them, sailed round Sunium, hoping to win to the city before the Athenians' coming. There was an accusation rife at Athens that this plan arose from a device of the Alcmeonidæ, who, it was said, made a compact with the Persians and held up a shield for them to see when they were now on shipboard.

So they sailed round Sunium; but the Athenians marched back with all speed to defend their city, and outstripped the foreigners in their coming; they came from one precinct of Heracles at Marathon, and encamped in another at Cynosarges. The foreign fleet lay a while off Phalerum, which was then the Athenians' arsenal; there they anchored, and thence sailed away back to Asia.

In this fight at Marathon there were slain of the foreigners about six thousand four hundred men, and of the Athenians a hundred and ninety-two. These are the numbers of them that fell on both sides. And it fell out that a marvelous thing happened: a certain Athenian, Epizelus son of Cuphagoras, while he fought doughtily in the melée lost the sight of his eyes, albeit neither stabbed in any part nor shot, and for the rest of his life continued blind from that day. I heard that he told the tale of this mishap thus: a tall man-at-arms (he said) encountered him, whose beard spread all over his shield; this apparition passed Epizelus by, but slew his neighbor in the line. Such was the tale Epizelus told, as I heard.

Xerxes Crosses the Hellespont

Beginning then from Abydos they whose business it was made bridges across to that headland, the Phœnicians one of flaxen cables, and the Egyptians the second, which was of papyrus. From Abydos to the opposite shore it is a distance of seven furlongs. But no sooner had the strait been bridged than a great storm swept down and brake and scattered all that work.

When Xerxes heard of that, he was very angry, and gave command that the Hellespont be scourged with three hundred lashes, and a pair of fetters be thrown into the sea; nay, I have heard ere now that he sent branders with the rest to brand the Hellespont. This is certain, that he charged them while they scourged to utter words outlandish and presumptuous: 'Thou bitter water,' they should say, 'our master thus punishes thee, because thou didst him wrong albeit he had done thee none. Yea, Xerxes the king will pass over thee, whether thou wilt or no; it is but just that no man offers thee sacrifice, for thou art a turbid and a briny river.' Thus he commanded that the sea should be punished, and that they who had been overseers of the bridging of the Hellespont should be beheaded.

So this was done by those who were appointed to that thankless honor; and new masters of their craft set about making the bridges. The manner of their doing it was as I will show. That they might lighten the strain of the cables, they laid fifty-oared ships and triremes alongside of each other, three hundred and sixty to bear the bridge that was nearest to the Euxine sea, and three hundred and fourteen to bear the other; all lay obliquely to the line of the Pontus and parallel with the current of the Hellespont. Having so laid the ships alongside they let down

very great anchors, both from the end of the ship nearest the Pontus to hold fast against the winds blowing from within that sea, and from the other end, towards the west and the Ægean, to hold against the west and south winds. Moreover they left for passage an opening in the line of fifty-oared ships and triremes,—that so he that would might be able to voyage to the Pontus, or out of it. Having so done, they stretched the cables from the land, twisting them taut with wooden windlasses; and they did not as before keep the two kinds apart, but assigned for each bridge two cables of flax and four of papyrus. All these were of the same thickness and fair appearance, but the flaxen were heavier in their proportion, a cubit thereof weighing a talent. When the strait was thus bridged, they sawed balks of wood to a length equal to the breadth of the floating supports, and laid them in order on the taut cables, and having set them alongside they then made them fast. This done, they heaped brushwood on to the bridge, and when this was all laid in order they heaped earth on it and stamped it down; then they made a fence on either side, lest the beasts of burden and horses should be affrighted by the sight of the sea below them.

When the bridges and the work at Athos were ready, and the moles at the canal's entrances, that were built to prevent the surf from silting up the entrances of the digged passage, and the canal itself was reported to be now perfectly made, the army then wintered, and at the beginning of spring was ready and set forth from Sardis to march to Abydos. When they had set forth, the sun left his place in the heaven and was unseen, albeit the sky was without clouds and very clear, and the day was turned into night. When Xerxes saw and took note of that, he was moved to think upon it, and asked the Magians what the vision might signify. They declared to him, that the god was showing to the Greeks the desolation of their cities; for the sun (they said) was the prophet of the Greeks, as the moon was theirs. Xerxes rejoiced exceedingly to hear that, and kept on his march. . . .

All that day they made preparation for the crossing; and on the next they waited till they should see the sun rise, burning all kinds of incense on the bridges, and strewing the way with myrtle boughs. At sunrise, Xerxes poured a libation from a golden phial into the sea, praying to the sun that no such accident should befall him as to stay him from subduing Europe ere he should reach its farthest borders. After the prayer, he cast the phial into the Hellespont, and a golden bowl withal, and a Persian sword, that which they call 'acinaces.' As to these, I cannot rightly determine whether he cast them into the sea for offerings to the sun, or repented of his scourging of the Hellespont and gave gifts to the sea as atonement.

This done, they crossed over, the foot and horse all by the bridge nearest to the Pontus, and the beasts of burden and the train of service by the bridge towards the Ægean. In the van came the ten thousand Persians, all wearing garlands, and after them the mixed host of divers nations. All that day these crossed, and on the next, first the horsemen and they that bore their spears reversed; these also wore garlands. After them came the sacred horses and the sacred chariot, then Xerxes himself and the spearmen and the thousand horse, and after them the rest of the host. Meanwhile the ships put out and crossed to the opposite shore. But I have heard ere now, that the king crossed last of all.

Having passed over to Europe, Xerxes viewed his army crossing under the lash; seven days and seven nights it was in crossing, with never a rest. There is a tale that, when Xerxes had now crossed the Hellespont, a man of the Hellespont cried, 'O Zeus, why hast thou taken the likeness of a Persian man and changed thy name to Xerxes, leading the whole world with thee to remove Hellas from its place? For that thou mightest have done without these means.'

When all had passed over and they were ready for the road, a great portent appeared among them, whereof Xerxes took no account, though it was easy of interpretation: a mare gave birth to a hare. The meaning of it was easy to guess, being this: Xerxes was to march his army to Hellas with great pomp and pride, but to come back to the same place fleeing for his life. There was another portent, that was shown to him at Sardis: a mule gave birth to a mule, that had double privy parts, both male and female, the male above the other. But of neither sign did he take any account, and journeyed on, his land army with him.

THERMOPYLÆ

So those of the allies who were bidden to go went their ways in obedience to Leonidas, and the Thespians and Thebans alone stayed by the Lacedæmonians; the Thebans indeed against their will and desire, and kept there by Leonidas as hostages; but the Thespians remained with great goodwill. They refused to depart and leave Leonidas and his comrades, but remained there and died with him. Their general was Demophilus son of Diadromes.

Xerxes, having at sunrise offered libations, waited till about the hour of marketing and then made his assault, having been so advised by Epialtes; for the descent from the mountain is more direct and the way is much shorter than the circuit and the ascent. So the foreigners that were with Xerxes attacked; but the Greeks with Leonidas, knowing that they went to their death, advanced now much farther than before into the wider part of the strait. For ere now it was the wall of defence that they had guarded, and all the former days they had withdrawn themselves into the narrow way and fought there; but now they met their enemies outside the narrows, and many of the foreigners were there slain; for their captains came behind the companies with scourges and drove all the men forward with lashes. Many of them were thrust into the sea and there drowned, and more by far were trodden down bodily by each other, none regarding who it was that perished; for inasmuch as the Greeks knew that they must die by the hands of those who came round the mountain, they put forth the very utmost of their strength against the foreigners, in their recklessness and frenzy.

By this time the spears of the most of them were broken, and they were slaying the Persians with their swords. There in that travail fell Leonidas, fighting most gallantly, and with him other famous Spartans, whose names I have learnt for their great worth and desert, as I have learnt besides the names of all the three hundred. There too fell, among other famous Persians, Abrocomes and Hyperanthes, two sons of Darius by Phratagune daughter of Artanes. This Artanes was brother to King Darius, and son of Hystaspes who was the son of Arsames; and when he gave his daughter in marriage to Darius he dowered her with the whole wealth of his house, she being his only child.

So two brothers of Xerxes fell there in the battle; and there was a great struggle between the Persians and Lacedæmonians over Leonidas' body, till the Greeks of their valor dragged it away and four times put their enemies to flight. Nor was there an end of this melée till the men with Epialtes came up. When the Greeks were aware of their coming, from that moment the face of the battle was changed; for they withdrew themselves back to the narrow part of the way, and passing within the wall they took post, all save the Thebans, upon the hillock that is in the mouth of the pass, where now stands the stone lion in honor of Leonidas. In that place they defended themselves with their swords, as many as yet had such, ay and with fists and teeth; till the foreigners overwhelmed them with missile weapons, some attacking them in front and throwing down the wall of defence, and others standing around them in a ring.

Thus did the men of Lacedæmon and Thespiæ bear themselves. Yet the bravest of them all (it is said) was Dieneces, a Spartan, of whom a certain saying is reported: before they joined battle with the Medes, it was told Dieneces by a certain Trachinian that the enemies were so many, that when they shot with their bows the sun was hidden by the multitude of arrows; whereby being no whit dismayed, but making light of the multitude of the Medes, 'Our friend from Trachis,' quoth he, 'brings us right good news, for if the Medes hide the sun we shall fight them in the shade and not in the sunshine.'

This and other sayings of a like temper are recorded of Dieneces, whereby he is remembered. The next after him to earn the palm of valor were, it is said, two Lacedæmonian brothers, Alpheus and Maron, sons of Orsiphantus. The Thespian who gained most renown was one whose name was Dithyrambus, son of Harmatides.

All these, and they that died before any had departed at Leonidas' bidding, were buried where they fell, and there is an inscription over them, which is this:

> Four thousand warriors, flower of Pelops' land,
> Did here against three hundred myriads stand.

This is the inscription common to all; the Spartans have one for themselves:

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here obedient to their words we lie.

That is for the Lacedæmonians, and this for the seer:

Here fought and fell Megistias, hero brave,
Slain by the Medes, who crossed Spercheius' wave;
Well knew the seer his doom, but scorned to fly,
And rather chose with Sparta's king to die.

The inscriptions and the pillars were set there in their honor by the Amphictyons, except the epitaph of the diviner Megistias; that inscription was made for him for friendship's sake by Simonides son of Leoprepes.

Salamis

Being now wholly master of Athens, Xerxes sent a horseman to Susa to announce his present success to Artabanus. On the next day after the messenger was sent he called together the Athenian exiles who followed in his train, and bade them go up to the Acropolis and offer sacrifice after their manner, whether it was some vision seen of him in sleep that led him to give this charge, or that he repented of his burning of the temple. The Athenian exiles did as they were bidden.

I will now show wherefore I make mention of this: on that Acropolis there is a shrine of Erechtheus the Earthborn (as he is called), wherein is an olive tree, and a salt-pool, which (as the Athenians say) were set there by Poseidon and Athene as tokens of their contention for the land. Now it was so, that the olive tree was burnt with the temple by the foreigners; but on the day after its burning, when the Athenians bidden by the king to sacrifice went up to the temple, they saw a shoot of about a cubit's length sprung from the trunk; which thing they reported.

When it was told to the Greeks at Salamis what had befallen the Athenian Acropolis, they were so panic-struck that some of their captains would not wait till the matter whereon they debated should be resolved, but threw themselves aboard their ships and hoisted their sails for flight. Those that were left behind resolved that the fleet should fight to guard the Isthmus; and at nightfall they broke up from the assembly and embarked.

Themistocles then being returned to his ship, Mnesiphilus, an Athenian, asked him what was the issue of their counsels. Learning from him that their plan was to sail to the Isthmus and fight in defence of the Peloponnese, 'Then,' said Mnesiphilus, 'if they put out to sea from Salamis, your ships will have no country left wherefor to fight; for everyone will betake himself to his own city, and neither Eurybiades, nor any other man, will be able to hold them, but the armament will be scattered abroad; and Hellas will perish by unwisdom. Nay, if there be any means thereto, go now and strive to undo this plan, if haply you may be able to persuade Eurybiades to change his purpose and so abide here. . . .'

The Greeks, believing at last the tale of the Tenians, made ready for battle. It was now earliest dawn, and they called the fighting men to an assembly, wherein Themistocles made an harangue in which he excelled all others; the tenor of his words was to array all the good in man's nature and estate against the evil; and having exhorted them to choose the better, he made an end of speaking and bade them embark. Even as they so did, came the trireme from Ægina which had been sent away for the Sons of Æacus.

With that the Greeks stood out to sea in full force, and as they stood out the foreigners straightway fell upon them. The rest of the Greeks began to back water and beach their ships; but Aminias of Pallene, an Athenian, pushed out to the front and charged a ship; which being entangled with his, and the two not able to be parted, the others did now come to Aminias' aid and joined battle. This is the Athenian story of the beginning of the fight; but the Æginetans say that the ship which began it was that one which had been sent away to Ægina for the Sons of Æacus. This story also is told,—that they saw the vision of a woman, who cried commands loud enough for all the Greek fleet to hear, uttering first this reproach, 'Sirs, what madness is this? how long will you still be backing water?'

The Phœnicians (for they had the western wing, towards Eleusis) were arrayed opposite to the Athenians, and to the Lacedæmonians the Ionians, on the eastern wing, nearest to Piræus. Yet but few of them fought slackly, as Themistocles had bidden them, and the more part did not so. Many names I could record of ships' captains that took Greek ships; but I will speak of none save Theomestor son of Androdamas and Phylacus son of Histiæus, Samians both; and I make mention of these alone, because Theomestor was for this feat of arms made by the Persians despot of Samos, and Phylacus was recorded among the king's benefactors and given much land. These benefactors of the king are called in the Persian language, orosangæ.

Thus it was with these two; but the great multitude of the ships were shattered at Salamis, some destroyed by the Athenians and some by the Æginetans. For since the Greeks fought orderly and in array, but the foreigners were by now disordered and did nought of set purpose, it was but reason that they should come to such an end as befell them. Yet on that day they were and approved themselves by far better men than off Eubœa; all were zealous, and feared Xerxes, each man thinking that the king's eye was on him. . . .

The sea-fight being broken off, the Greeks towed to Salamis all the wrecks that were still afloat in those waters, and held themselves ready for another battle, thinking that the king would yet again use his ships that were left. But many of the wrecks were caught by a west wind and carried to the strand in Attica called Colias; so that not only was the rest of the prophecy fulfilled which had been uttered by Bacis and Musæus concerning that sea-fight, but also that which had been prophesied many years ago by an Athenian oracle-monger named Lysistratus, about the wrecks that were here cast ashore (the import of which prophecy no Greek had noted):

'Also the Colian dames shall roast their barley with oar-blades.'

But this was to happen after the king's departure.

When Xerxes was aware of the calamity that had befallen him, he feared lest the Greeks (by Ionian counsel or their own devising) might sail to the Hellespont to break his bridges, and he might be cut off in Europe and in peril of his life; and so he planned flight. But that neither the Greeks nor his own men might discover his intent, he essayed to build a mole across to Salamis, and made fast a line of Phœnician barges to be a floating bridge and a wall; and he made preparation for war, as though he would fight at sea again. The rest who saw him so doing were fully persuaded that he was in all earnestness prepared to remain there and carry on the war; but none of this deceived Mardonius, who had best experience of Xerxes' purposes.

While Xerxes did thus, he sent a messenger to Persia with news of his present misfortune. Now there is nothing mortal that accomplishes a course more swiftly than do these messengers, by the Persians' skilful contrivance. It is said that as many days as there are in the whole journey, so many are the men and horses that stand along the road, each horse and man at the interval of a day's journey; and these are stayed neither by snow nor rain nor heat nor darkness from accomplishing their appointed course with all speed. The first rider delivers his charge to the second, the second to the third, and thence it passes on from hand to hand, even as in the Greek torch-bearers' race in honor of Hephæstus. This riding-post is called in Persia, angareïon.

When the first message came to Susa, telling that Xerxes had taken Athens, it gave such delight to the Persians who were left at home that they strewed all the roads with myrtle boughs and burnt incense and gave themselves up to sacrificial feasts and jollity; but the second, coming on the heels of the first, so confounded them that they all rent their tunics, and cried and lamented without ceasing, holding Mardonius to blame; and it was not so much in grief for their ships that they did this as because they feared for Xerxes himself.

THUCYDIDES (471–400 B.C.)

Thucydides the Athenian, well educated, living in highly intellectual times, forty years old at the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war (431-404), smitten by the plague in 430 and recovering, in 424 commander of seven ships in an attempt to relieve Amphipolis in Thrace, because of his failure exiled for twenty years, associating, as he says, no less with Peloponnesians than with Athenians as he observed the course of events—was well qualified by experience for the writing of his eight famous books, not quite finished when death came upon him. To his experience were added a keenness of intellect, a philosophical earnestness, and a gift of rugged, concentrated, and vigorous expression that gave his work, in spite of its austere sobriety, a deeply emotional character. Thucydides is one of the gravest, the most impartial, the most impersonal, and the most reserved of historians, yet the story of the great war as it flows from his pen, with its panorama of operations yearly on land and sea, its characterizations of men and movements in the forty-one careful speeches placed in the mouths of representative figures, and, above all, its tragic turns of fortune, is one of the world's most moving narratives. It has none of the gossipy, inconsequential digression and sunny negligence that conciliate the reader of Herodotus. It has the stateliness and solemnity, the moral austerity, the vividness of action and speech, the catastrophic changes, the pathos, and the universality, of great tragedy. It is not only an assemblage of facts on which we may rely, and the first scientific history, but, because together with ordinary fact it takes account of the virtues and vices of mankind as determinant factors in history, it is a great human document, and has deserved its place as a model for the historian.

The translation by Charles Forster Smith, lifelong student and teacher of Thucydides, preserves admirably the gravity and reserve of the original, and is especially successful in the elevated passages. Loeb Library extracts are used with the consent of the translator.

THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

The Author's Introduction

Thucydides, an Athenian, wrote the history of the war waged by the Peloponnesians and the Athenians against one another. He began the task at the very outset of the war, in the belief that it would be great and noteworthy above all the wars that had gone before, inferring this from the fact that both powers were then at their best in preparedness for war in every way, and seeing the rest of the Hellenic race taking sides with one state or the other, some at once, others planning to do so. For this was the greatest movement that had ever stirred the Hellenes, extending also to some of the Barbarians, one might say even to a very large part of mankind. Indeed, as to the events of the period just preceding this, and those of a still earlier date, it was impossible to get clear information on account of lapse of time; but from evidence which, on pushing my inquiries to the furthest point, I find that I can trust, I think that they were not really great either as regards the wars then waged or in other particulars.

The Cause of the War

As to the speeches that were made by different men, either when they were about to begin the war or when they were already engaged therein, it has been difficult to recall with strict accuracy the words actually spoken, both for me as regards that which I myself heard, and for those who from various other sources have brought me reports. Therefore the speeches are given in the language in which, as it seemed to me, the several speakers would express, on the subjects under consideration, the sentiments most befitting the occasion, though at the same time I have adhered as closely as possible to the general sense of what was actually said. But as to the facts of the occurrences of the war, I have thought it my duty to give them, not as ascertained from any chance informant nor as seemed to me probable, but only after investigating with the greatest possible accuracy each detail, in the case both of the events in which I myself participated and of those regarding which I got my information from others. And the endeavor to ascertain these facts was a laborious task, because those who were eye-witnesses of the several events did not

give the same reports about the same things, but reports varying according to their championship of one side or the other, or according to their recollection. And it may well be that the absence of the fabulous from my narrative will seem less pleasing to the ear; but whoever shall wish to have a clear view both of the events which have happened and of those which will some day, in all human probability, happen again in the same or a similar way—for these to adjudge my history profitable will be enough for me. And, indeed, it has been composed, not as a prize-essay to be heard for the moment, but as a possession for all time.

The greatest achievement of former times was the Persian war, and yet this was quickly decided in two sea-fights and two land-battles. But the Peloponnesian war was protracted to a great length, and in the course of it disasters befell Hellas the like of which had never occurred in any equal space of time. Never had so many cities been taken and left desolate, some by the Barbarians, and others by Hellenes themselves warring against one another; while several, after their capture, underwent a change of inhabitants. Never had so many human beings been exiled, or so much human blood been shed, whether in the course of the war itself or as the result of civil dissensions. And so the stories of former times, handed down by oral tradition, but very rarely confirmed by fact, ceased to be incredible: about earthquakes, for instance, for they prevailed over a very large part of the earth and were likewise of the greatest violence; eclipses of the sun, which occurred at more frequent intervals than we find recorded of all former times; great droughts also in some quarters with resultant famines; and lastly—the disaster which wrought most harm to Hellas and destroyed a considerable part of the people —the noisome pestilence. For all these disasters fell upon them simultaneously with this war. And the war began when the Athenians and Peloponnesians broke the thirty years' truce, concluded between them after the capture of Eubœa. The reasons why they broke it and the grounds of their quarrel I have first set forth, that no one may ever have to inquire for what cause the Hellenes became involved in so great a war. The truest explanation, although it has been the least often advanced, I believe to have been the growth of the Athenians to greatness, which brought fear to the Lacedæmonians and forced them to war. But the reasons publicly alleged on either side which led them to break the truce and involved them in the war were as follows.

Athenians and Spartans Characterized

Then the Lacedæmonians sent out a summons to all the other allies who claimed to have suffered any wrong at the hands of the Athenians, and calling their own customary assembly bade them speak. Others came forward and stated their several complaints, and particularly the Megarians, who presented a great many other grievances, and chiefly this, that they were excluded from the harbors throughout the Athenian dominions and from the Athenian market, contrary to the treaty. Lastly the Corinthians, after they had first allowed the others to exasperate the Lacedæmonians, spoke as follows:—

'That spirit of trust which marks your domestic policy, O Lacedæmonians, and your relations with one another, renders you more mistrustful if we bring any charge against others, and thus while this quality gives you sobriety, yet because of it you betray a want of understanding in dealing with affairs abroad. For example, although we warned you time and again of the injury the Athenians were intending to do us, you refused to accept the information we kept giving you, but preferred to direct your suspicions against the speakers, feeling that they were actuated by their own private interests. And this is the reason why you did not act before we got into trouble, but it is only when we are in the midst of it that you have summoned these allies, among whom it is especially fitting that we should speak, inasmuch as we have the gravest accusations to bring, insulted as we have long been by the Athenians and neglected by you. And if they were wronging Hellas in some underhand way, you might have needed additional information on the ground of your ignorance; but as the case stands, what need is there of a long harangue, when you see that they have enslaved some of us and are plotting against others, notably against your own

allies, and that they have long been making their preparations with a view to the contingency of war? For otherwise they would not have purloined Corcyra, which they still hold in despite of us, and would not be besieging Potidæa—one of these being a most strategic point for operations on the Thracian coast, while the other would have furnished a very large fleet to the Peloponnesians.

'And the blame for all this belongs to you, for you permitted them in the first instance to strengthen their city after the Persian war, and afterwards to build their Long Walls, while up to this very hour you are perpetually defrauding of their freedom not only those who have been enslaved by them, but now even your own allies also. For the state which has reduced others to slavery does not in a more real fashion enslave them than the state which has power to prevent it, and yet looks carelessly on, although claiming as its preëminent distinction that it is the liberator of Hellas. And now at last we have with difficulty managed to come together, though even now without a clearly defined purpose. For we ought no longer to be considering whether we are wronged, but how we are to avenge our wrongs. For where men are men of action, it is with resolved plans against those who have come to no decision, it is at once and without waiting, that they advance. We know too by what methods the Athenians move against their neighbors—that it is here a little and there a little. And as long as they think that, owing to your want of perception, they are undetected, they are less bold; but once let them learn that you are aware but complaisant, and they will press on with vigor. For indeed, O Lacedæmonians, you alone of the Hellenes pursue a passive policy, defending yourselves against aggression, not by the use of your power, but by your intention to use it; and you alone propose to destroy your enemies' power, not at its inception, but when it is doubling itself. And yet you had the reputation of running no risks; but with you, it would seem, repute goes beyond reality. For example, the Persian, as we ourselves know, came from the ends of the earth as far as the Peloponnesus before your forces went forth to withstand him in a manner worthy of your power; and now you regard with indifference the Athenians who are not afar off, as the Persian was, but near at hand, and instead of attacking them yourselves, you prefer to ward them off when they attack, and incur hazard by joining in a struggle with opponents who have become far more powerful. Yet you know that the Barbarian failed mostly by his own fault, and that in our struggles with the Athenians themselves we have so far often owed our successes rather to their own errors than to any aid received from you; indeed, it is the hopes they have placed in you that have already ruined more than one state that was unprepared just because of trust in you. And let no one of you think that these things are said more out of hostile feeling than by way of complaint; for complaint is against friends that err, but accusation against enemies that have inflicted an injury.

'And besides, we have the right, we think, if any men have, to find fault with our neighbors, especially since the interests at stake for us are important. To these interests it seems to us at least that you are insensible, and that you have never even fully considered what sort of men the Athenians are with whom you will have to fight, and how very, how utterly, different they are from you. For they are given to innovation and quick to form plans and to put their decisions into execution, whereas you are disposed merely to keep what you have, to devise nothing new, and, when you do take action, not to carry to completion even what is indispensable. Again, they are bold beyond their strength, venturesome beyond their better judgment, and sanguine in the face of dangers; while your way is to do less than your strength warrants, to distrust even what your judgment is sure of, and when dangers come to despair of deliverance. Nay more, they are prompt in decision, while you are dilatory; they stir abroad, while you are perfect stay-at-homes; for they expect by absence from home to gain something, while you are afraid that, if you go out after something, you may imperil even what you have. If victorious over their enemies, they pursue their advantage to the utmost; if beaten, they fall back as little as possible. Moreover, they use their bodies in the service of their country as though they were the bodies of quite other men, but their minds as though they were wholly their own, so as to accomplish anything on her behalf. And

whenever they have conceived a plan but fail to carry it to fulfilment, they think themselves robbed of a possession of their own; and whenever they go after a thing and obtain it, they consider that they have accomplished but little in comparison with what the future has in store for them; but if it so happens that they try a thing and fail, they form new hopes instead and thus make up the loss. For with them alone is it the same thing to hope for and to attain when once they conceive a plan, for the reason that they swiftly undertake whatever they determine upon. In this way they toil, with hardships and dangers, all their life long; and least of all men they enjoy what they have because they are always seeking more, because they think their only holiday is to do their duty, and because they regard untroubled peace as a far greater calamity than laborious activity. Therefore if a man should sum up and say that they were born neither to have peace themselves nor to let other men have it, he would simply speak the truth.

'And yet, although you have such a state ranged against you, O Lacedæmonians, you go on delaying and forget that a peaceful policy suffices long only for those who, while they employ their military strength only for just ends, yet by their spirit show plainly that they will not put up with it if they are treated with injustice; whereas you practise fair dealing on the principle of neither giving offense to others nor exposing yourselves to injury in self-defense. But it would be difficult to carry out such a policy successfully if you had as neighbor a state just like yourselves; whereas now, as we have just shown, your practices are old-fashioned as compared with theirs. But in politics, as in the arts, the new must always prevail over the old. It is true that when a state is at peace the established practices are best left unmodified, but when men are compelled to enter into many undertakings there is need of much improvement in method. It is for this reason that the government of the Athenians, because they have undertaken many things, has undergone greater change than yours.

'Here, then, let your dilatoriness end; at this moment succor both the Potidæans and the rest of your allies, as you promised to do, by invading Attica without delay, that you may not betray your friends and kinsmen to their bitterest enemies, and drive the rest of us in despair to seek some other alliance. If we took such a course we should be committing no wrong either in the sight of the gods we have sworn by or of men of understanding; for treaties are broken not by those who when left unsupported join others, but by those who fail to succor allies they have sworn to aid. But if you mean to be zealous allies we will stay; for in that case we should be guilty of impiety if we changed our friends, nor should we find others more congenial. In view of these things, be well advised, and make it your endeavor that the Peloponnesian league shall be no weaker under your leadership than when you inherited it from your fathers. . . .'

But Archidamus their king, a man reputed to be both sagacious and prudent, came forward and spoke as follows:

'I have both myself, Lacedæmonians, had experience in my day of many wars, and I see men among you who are as old as I am; no one of them, therefore, is eager for war through lack of experience, as would be the case with most men, nor because he thinks it a good or a safe thing. And you would find that this war about which you are now deliberating is likely to prove no trifling matter, if one should reflect upon it soberly. For in a contest with the Peloponnesians or the neighboring states our power is of the same type with theirs and we can be upon them quickly at every point; but when opposed to men whose territory is far away, who besides are beyond all others experienced in seamanship and are best equipped in all other respects, with wealth both private and public, ships, horses, arms and a larger population than is to be found in any other single district in Hellas, who have, moreover, numerous allies subject to tribute—against such men why should we lightly take up arms? In what do we place our trust that we should attack them unprepared? In our ships? But there we are inferior; and if we train and make ourselves ready to encounter them, that will take time. In our wealth then? But in that respect we are still more deficient, neither having money in the treasury of the state nor finding it easy to raise money from our private resources by taxation.

'Perhaps some of us are emboldened by our superiority in hoplites and numbers, which enables us freely to invade and lay

waste their territory. But there is other territory in plenty over which they hold sway, and they will import by sea whatever they need. And if, on the other hand, we try to induce their allies to revolt, we shall have in addition to protect them with a fleet, since they are chiefly islanders. What then will be the character of the war we shall be waging? Unless we can either win the mastery on the sea or cut off the revenues by which they support their navy, we shall get the worst of it. And, if it comes to that, we can no longer even conclude an honorable peace, especially if it is believed that we rather than they began the quarrel. For we assuredly must not be buoyed up by any such hope as that the war will soon be over if we but ravage their territory. I fear rather that we shall even bequeath it to our children, so improbable it is that the Athenians, high spirited as they are, will either make themselves vassals to their land, or, like novices, become panic-stricken at the war. . . .

'And let no man think it pusillanimous that many states should hesitate to attack a single city. For they also have allies not less numerous than ours who pay tribute; and war is a matter not so much of arms as of money, for it is money alone that makes arms serviceable, especially when an inland opposes a maritime power. Let us therefore provide ourselves with money first, instead of being carried away prematurely by the eloquence of our allies; and, just as it is we who shall bear the greater part of the responsibility for the consequences, whether for good or evil, so let it be our task also calmly to get some forecast of them.

'And so be not ashamed of the slowness and dilatoriness for which they censure us most; for speed in beginning may mean delay in ending, because you went into the war without preparation, and, moreover, in consequence of our policy we have ever inhabited a city at once free and of fairest fame. And, after all, this trait in us may well be in the truest sense intelligent self-control, for by reason of it we alone do not become insolent in prosperity or succumb to adversity as much as others do; and when men try to goad us by praise into dangerous enterprises against our better judgment, we are not carried away by their flattery, or, if anyone goes so far as to attempt to provoke us to action by invective, we are none the more moved to compliance through vexation. Indeed, it is because of our orderly temper that we are brave in war and wise in counsel—brave in war, because self-control is the chief element in self-respect, and respect of self, in turn, is the chief element in courage; and wise in counsel, because we are educated too rudely to despise the laws and with too much severity of discipline to disobey them, and not to be so ultra-clever in useless accomplishments as to disparage our enemy's military preparations in brave words and then fail to go through with the business with corresponding deeds, but rather to consider that the designs of our neighbors are very much like our own and that what may befall from fortune cannot be determined by speeches. But it is our way always to make our preparations by deeds, on the presumption that we go against opponents who are wise in counsel; and we ought never to build our hopes on the chance that they are going to make mistakes, but on the belief that we ourselves are taking safe precautions. And we must not believe that man differs much from man, but that he is best who is trained in the severest discipline.

'These are the practices which our fathers bequeathed to us and we ourselves have maintained from the beginning to our profit; let us not abandon them, nor allow ourselves in a small portion of one day to be hurried into a decision which involves many lives, much money, many cities and a good name; but let us deliberate at our leisure. And this course is permitted to us more than to the supporters of the other view because of our strength. And send envoys to the Athenians to take up the question of Potidæa, and also to take up the matters wherein our allies claim that they are wronged. The chief reason for this is that they are ready to submit to arbitration, and it is not lawful to proceed forthwith against one who offers arbitration as though against a wrong-doer. But all the while prepare yourselves for the war. This decision will be best for yourselves and will inspire most fear in your foes.'

Thus spoke Archidamus, and finally Sthenelaidas, one of the ephors at that time, came forward and addressed the Lacedæmonians as follows:

'The long speeches of the Athenians I cannot understand; for though they in-

dulged in much praise of themselves, they nowhere denied that they are wronging our allies and the Peloponnesus. And yet, if they conducted themselves well against the Persians in former times but are now conducting themselves ill toward us, they deserve two-fold punishment, because they used to be good and have become bad. But we are the same now as we were then, and if we are in our right minds, we shall not permit our allies to be wronged or even put off avenging their wrongs, since they cannot longer put off suffering them. Others, indeed, may have money in abundance and ships and horses, but we have brave allies, and they must not be delivered over to the Athenians; nor must we seek redress by means of legal processes and words when it is not in word only that we ourselves are being injured, but we must avenge them speedily and with all our might. And let no man tell us that it befits us to deliberate when a wrong is being done us; nay, it befits rather those who intend to do us a wrong to deliberate a long time. Vote, therefore, Lacedæmonians, for the war as beseems the dignity of Sparta, and do not permit the Athenians to become too great; and let us not prove false to our allies, but let us with the favor of the gods go against the wrong-doer.'

When Sthenelaidas had thus spoken, he himself, since he was an ephor, put the vote to the assembly of the Lacedæmonians. Now in their voting they usually decide by shout and not by ballot, but Sthenelaidas said that he could not distinguish which shout was the louder, and wishing to make the assembly more eager for war by a clear demonstration of their sentiment, he said: 'Whoever of you, Lacedæmonians, thinks that the treaty has been broken and the Athenians are doing wrong, let him rise and go to yonder spot (pointing to a certain spot), and whoever thinks otherwise, to the other side.' Then they rose and divided, and those who thought the treaty had been broken were found to be in a large majority.

The Unburied Soldier

In the course of the same winter the Athenians, following the custom of their fathers, celebrated at the public expense the funeral rites of the first who had fallen in this war. The ceremony is as follows. The bones of the departed lie in state for the space of three days in a tent erected for that purpose, and each one brings to his own dead any offering he desires. On the day of the funeral coffins of cypress wood are borne on wagons, one for each tribe, and the bones of each are in the coffin of his tribe. One empty bier, covered with a pall, is carried in the procession for the missing whose bodies could not be found for burial. Any one who wishes, whether citizen or stranger, may take part in the funeral procession, and the women who are related to the deceased are present at the burial and make lamentation. The coffins are laid in the public sepulchre, which is situated in the most beautiful suburb of the city; there they always bury those fallen in war, except indeed those who fell at Marathon; for their valor the Athenians judged to be preëminent and they buried them on the spot where they fell. But when the remains have been laid away in the earth, a man chosen by the state, who is regarded as best endowed with wisdom and is foremost in public esteem, delivers over them an appropriate eulogy. After this the people depart. In this manner they bury; and throughout the war, whenever occasion arose, they observed this custom. Now over these, the first victims of the war, Pericles son of Xanthippus was chosen to speak. And when the proper time came, he advanced from the sepulchre and took his stand upon a platform which had been built high in order that his voice might reach as far as possible in the throng, and spoke as follows:

The Funeral Oration

'Most of those who have spoken here in the past have commended the law-giver who added this oration to our ceremony, feeling that it is meet and right that it should be spoken at their burial over those who have fallen in war. To me, however, it would have seemed sufficient, when men have proved themselves brave by valiant acts, by act only to make manifest the honors we render them—such honors as to-day you have witnessed in connection with these funeral ceremonies solemnized by the state—and not that the valor of many men should be hazarded on one man

to be believed or not according as he spoke well or ill. For it is a hard matter to speak in just measure on an occasion where it is with difficulty that belief in the speaker's accuracy is established. For the hearer who is cognizant of the facts and partial to the dead will perhaps think that scant justice has been done in comparison with his own wishes and his own knowledge, while he who is not so informed, whenever he hears of an exploit which goes beyond his own capacity, will be led by envy to think there is some exaggeration. And indeed eulogies of other men are tolerable only in so far as each hearer thinks that he too has the ability to perform any of the exploits of which he hears; but whatever goes beyond that at once excites envy and unbelief. However, since our forefathers approved of this practice as right and proper, I also, rendering obedience to the law, must endeavor to the best of my ability to satisfy the wishes and beliefs of each of you.

'I shall speak first of our ancestors, for it is right and at the same time fitting, on an occasion like this, to give them this place of honor in recalling what they did. For this land of ours, in which the same people have never ceased to dwell in an unbroken line of successive generations, they by their valor transmitted to our times a free state. And not only are they worthy of our praise, but our fathers still more; for they, adding to the inheritance which they received, acquired the empire we now possess and bequeathed it, not without toil, to us who are alive to-day. And we ourselves here assembled, who are now for the most part still in the prime of life, have further strengthened the empire in most respects and have provided our city with all resources, so that it is sufficient for itself both in peace and in war. The military exploits whereby our several possessions were acquired, whether in any case it were we ourselves or our fathers that valiantly repelled the onset of war, Barbarian or Hellenic, I will not recall, for I have no desire to speak at length among those who know. But I shall first set forth by what sort of training we have come to our present position, and with what political institutions and as the result of what manner of life our empire became great, and afterwards proceed to the praise of these men; for I think that on the present occasion such a recital will be not inappropriate and that the whole throng, both of citizens and of strangers, may with advantage listen to it.

'We live under a form of government which does not emulate the institutions of our neighbors; on the contrary, we are ourselves a model which some follow, rather than the imitators of other peoples. It is true that our government is called a democracy, because its administration is in the hands, not of the few, but of the many; yet while as regards the law all men are on an equality for the settlement of their private disputes, as regards the value set on them it is as each man is in any way distinguished that he is preferred to public honors, not because he belongs to a particular class, but because of personal merits; nor, again, on the ground of poverty is a man barred from a public career by obscurity of rank if he but has it in him to do the state a service. And not only in our public life are we liberal, but also as regards our freedom from suspicion of one another in the pursuits of every-day life; for we do not feel resentment at our neighbor if he does as he likes, nor yet do we put on sour looks which, though harmless, are painful to behold. But while we thus avoid giving offense in our private intercourse, in our public life we are restrained from lawlessness chiefly through reverent fear, for we render obedience to those in authority and to the laws, and especially to those laws which are ordained for the succor of the oppressed and those which, though unwritten, bring upon the transgressor a disgrace which all men recognize.

'Moreover, we have provided for the spirit many relaxations from toil: we have games and sacrifices regularly throughout the year and homes fitted out with good taste and elegance; and the delight we each day find in these things drives away sadness. And our city is so great that all the products of all the earth flow in upon us, and ours is the happy lot to gather in the good fruits of our own soil with no more home-felt security of enjoyment than we do those of other lands.

'We are also superior to our opponents in our system of training for warfare, and this in the following respects. In the first place, we throw our city open to all the world and we never by exclusion acts debar any one from learning or seeing anything which an enemy might profit by

observing if it were not kept from his sight; for we place our dependence, not so much upon prearranged devices to deceive, as upon the courage which springs from our own souls when we are called to action. And again, in the matter of education, whereas they from early childhood by a laborious discipline make pursuit of manly courage, we with our unrestricted mode of life are none the less ready to meet any equality of hazard. And here is the proof: When the Lacedæmonians invade our territory they do not come alone but bring all their confederates with them, whereas we, going by ourselves against our neighbors' territory, generally have no difficulty, though fighting on foreign soil against men who are defending their own homes, in overcoming them in battle. And in fact our united forces no enemy has ever yet met, not only because we are constantly attending to the needs of our navy, but also because on land we send our troops on many enterprises; but if they by chance engage with a division of our forces and defeat a few of us, they boast that they have repulsed us all, and if the victory is ours, they claim that they have been beaten by us all. If, then, by taking our ease rather than by laborious training and depending on a courage which springs more from manner of life than compulsion of laws, we are ready to meet dangers, the gain is all ours, in that we do not borrow trouble by anticipating miseries which are not yet at hand, and when we come to the test we show ourselves fully as brave as those who are always toiling; and so our city is worthy of admiration in these respects, as well as in others.

'For we are lovers of beauty yet with no extravagance and lovers of wisdom yet without weakness. Wealth we employ rather as an opportunity for action than as a subject for boasting; and with us it is not a shame for a man to acknowledge poverty, but the greater shame is for him not to do his best to avoid it. And you will find united in the same persons an interest at once in private and in public affairs, and in others of us who give attention chiefly to business, you will find no lack of insight into political matters. For we alone regard the man who takes no part in public affairs, not as one who minds his own business, but as good for nothing, and we Athenians decide public questions for ourselves or at least endeavor to arrive at a sound understanding of them, in the belief that it is not debate that is a hindrance to action, but rather not to be instructed by debate before the time comes for action. For in truth we have this point also of superiority over other men, to be most daring in action and yet at the same time most given to reflection upon the ventures we mean to undertake; with other men, on the contrary, boldness means ignorance and reflection brings hesitation. And they would rightly be adjudged most courageous who, realizing most clearly the pains no less than the pleasures involved, do not on that account turn away from danger. Again, in nobility of spirit, we stand in sharp contrast to most men; for it is not by receiving kindness, but by conferring it, that we acquire our friends. Now he who confers the favor is a firmer friend, in that he is disposed, by continued goodwill toward the recipient, to keep the feeling of obligation alive in him; but he who owes it is more listless in his friendship, knowing that when he repays the kindness it will count, not as a favor bestowed, but as a debt repaid. And, finally, we alone confer our benefits without fear of consequences, not upon a calculation of the advantage we shall gain, but with confidence in the spirit of liberality which actuates us.

'In a word, then, I say that our city as a whole is the school of Hellas, and that, as it seems to me, each individual amongst us could in his own person, with the utmost grace and versatility, prove himself self-sufficient in the most varied forms of activity. And that this is no mere boast inspired by the occasion, but actual truth, is attested by the very power of our city, a power which we have acquired in consequence of these qualities. For Athens alone among her contemporaries, when put to the test, is superior to the report of her, and she alone neither affords to the enemy who comes against her cause for irritation at the character of the foe by whom he is defeated, nor to her subject cause for complaint that his masters are unworthy. Many are the proofs which we have given of our power and assuredly it does not lack witnesses, and therefore we shall be the wonder not only of the men of to-day but of after times; we shall need no Homer to sing our praise nor

any other poet whose verses may perhaps delight for the moment but whose presentation of the facts will be discredited by the truth. Nay, we have compelled every sea and every land to grant access to our daring, and have everywhere planted everlasting memorials both of evil to foes and of good to friends. Such, then, is the city for which these men nobly fought and died, deeming it their duty not to let her be taken from them; and it is fitting that every man who is left behind should suffer willingly for her sake.

'It is for this reason that I have dwelt upon the greatness of our city; for I have desired to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who do not enjoy such privileges in like degree, and at the same time to let the praise of these men in whose honor I am now speaking be made manifest by proofs. Indeed, the greatest part of their praise has already been spoken; for when I lauded the city, that was but the praise wherewith the brave deeds of these men and men like them have already adorned her; and there are not many Hellenes whose fame would be found, like theirs, evenly balanced with their deeds. And it seems to me that such a death as these men died gives proof enough of manly courage, whether as first revealing it or as affording its final confirmation. Aye, even in the case of those who in other ways fell short of goodness, it is but right that the valor with which they fought for their country should be set before all else; for they have blotted out evil with good and have bestowed a greater benefit by their service to the state than they have done harm by their private lives. And no one of these men either so set his heart upon the continued enjoyment of wealth as to become a coward, or put off the dreadful day, yielding to the hope which poverty inspires, that if he could but escape it he might yet become rich; but, deeming the punishment of the foe to be more desirable than these things, and at the same time regarding such a hazard as the most glorious of all, they chose, accepting the hazard, to be avenged upon the enemy and to relinquish these other things, trusting to hope the still obscure possibilities of success, but in action, as to the issue that was before their eyes, confidently relying upon themselves. And then when the moment of combat came, thinking it better to defend themselves and suffer death rather than to yield and save their lives, they fled, indeed, from the shameful word of dishonor, but with life and limb stood stoutly to their task, and in the brief instant ordained by fate, at the crowning moment not of fear but of glory, they passed away.

'And so these men then bore themselves after a manner that befits our city; but you who survive, though you may pray that it be with less hazard, should resolve that you will have a spirit to meet the foe which is no whit less courageous; and you must estimate the advantage of such a spirit not alone by a speaker's words, for he could make a long story in telling you—what you yourselves know as well as he—all the advantages that are to be gained by warding off the foe. Nay rather you must daily fix your gaze upon the power of Athens and become lovers of her, and when the vision of her greatness has inspired you, reflect that all this has been acquired by men of courage who knew their duty and in the hour of conflict were moved by a high sense of honor, who, if ever they failed in any enterprise, were resolved that at least their country should not find herself deserted by their valor, but freely sacrificed to her the fairest offering it was in their power to give. For they gave their lives for the common weal, and in so doing won for themselves the praise which grows not old and the most distinguished of all sepulchres—not that in which they lie buried, but that in which their glory survives in everlasting remembrance, celebrated on every occasion which gives rise to word of eulogy or deed of emulation. For the whole world is the sepulchre of famous men, and it is not the epitaph upon monuments set up in their own land that alone commemorates them, but also in lands not their own there abides in each breast an unwritten memorial of them, planted in the heart rather than graven on stone. Do you, therefore, now make these men your examples, and judging freedom to be happiness and courage to be freedom, be not too anxious about the dangers of war. For it is not those that are in evil plight who have the best excuse for being unsparing of their lives, for they have no hope of better days, but rather those who run the risk, if they continue to live, of the opposite reversal of

fortune, and those to whom it makes the greatest difference if they suffer a disaster. For to a manly spirit more bitter is humiliation associated with cowardice than death when it comes unperceived in close company with stalwart deeds and public hopes.

'Wherefore, I do not commiserate the parents of these men, as many of you as are present here, but will rather try to comfort them. For they know that their lives have been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and it is to be accounted good fortune when men win, even as these now, a most glorious death—and you a like grief—and when life has been meted out to them to be happy in no less than to die in. It will be difficult, I know, to persuade you of the truth of this, when you will constantly be reminded of your loss by seeing others in the enjoyment of blessings in which you too once took delight; and grief, I know, is felt, not for the want of the good things which a man has never known, but for what is taken away from him after he has once become accustomed to it. But those of you who are still of an age to have offspring should bear up in the hope of other children; for not only to many of you individually will the children that are born hereafter be a cause of forgetfulness of those who are gone, but the state also will reap a double advantage—it will not be left desolate and it will be secure. For they cannot possibly offer fair and impartial counsel who, having no children to hazard, do not have an equal part in the risk. But as for you who have passed your prime, count as gain the greater portion of your life during which you were fortunate and remember that the remainder will be short; and be comforted by the fair fame of these your sons. For the love of honor alone is untouched by age, and when one comes to the ineffectual period of life it is not "gain" as some say, that gives the greater satisfaction, but honor.

'But for such of you here present as are sons and brothers of these men, I see the greatness of the conflict that awaits you —for the dead are always praised—and even were you to attain to surpassing virtue, hardly would you be judged, I will not say their equals, but even a little inferior. For there is envy of the living on account of rivalry, but that which has been removed from our path is honored with a good-will that knows no antagonism.

'If I am to speak also of womanly virtues, referring to those of you who will henceforth be in widowhood, I will sum up all in a brief admonition: Great is your glory if you fall not below the standard which nature has set for your sex, and great also is hers of whom there is least talk among men whether in praise or in blame.

'I have now spoken, in obedience to the law, such words as I had that were fitting, and those whom we are burying have already in part also received their tribute in our deeds; besides, the state will henceforth maintain their children at the public expense until they grow to manhood, thus offering both to the dead and to their survivors a crown of substantial worth as their prize in such contests. For where the prizes offered for virtue are greatest, there are found the best citizens. And now, when you have made due lament, each for his own dead, depart.'

Such were the funeral ceremonies that took place during this winter, the close of which brought the first year of this war to an end.

The Great Plague

At the very beginning of summer the Peloponnesians and their allies, with two-thirds of their forces as before, invaded Attica, under the command of Archidamus, son of Zeuxidamus, king of the Lacedæmonians, and establishing themselves proceeded to ravage the country. And before they had been many days in Attica the plague began for the first time to show itself among the Athenians. It is said, indeed, to have broken out before in many places, both in Lemnos and elsewhere, though no pestilence of such extent nor any scourge so destructive of human lives is on record anywhere. For neither were physicians able to cope with the disease, since they at first had to treat it without knowing its nature, the mortality among them being greatest because they were most exposed to it, nor did any other human art avail. And the supplications made at sanctuaries, or appeals to oracles and the like, were all futile, and at last men desisted from them, overcome by the calamity.

The disease began, it is said, in Ethiopia beyond Egypt, and then descended into Egypt and Libya and spread over the greater part of the King's territory. Then it suddenly fell upon the city of Athens, and attacked first the inhabitants of the Peiræus, so that the people there even said that the Peloponnesians had put poison in their cisterns; for there were as yet no public fountains there. But afterwards it reached the upper city also, and from that time the mortality became much greater. Now any one, whether physician or layman, may, each according to his personal opinion, speak about its probable origin and state the causes which, in his view, were sufficient to have produced so great a departure from normal conditions: but I shall describe its actual course, explaining the symptoms, from the study of which a person should be best able, having knowledge of it beforehand, to recognize it if it should ever break out again. For I had the disease myself and saw others sick of it. . . .

Such, then, was the general nature of the disease; for I pass over many of the unusual symptoms, since it chanced to affect one man differently as compared with another. And while the plague lasted there were none of the usual complaints, though if any did occur it ended in this. Sometimes death was due to neglect, but sometimes it occurred in spite of careful nursing. And no one remedy was found, I may say, which was sure to bring relief to those applying it—for what helped one man hurt another—and no constitution, as it proved, was of itself sufficient against it, whether as regards physical strength or weakness, but it carried off all without distinction, even those tended with all medical care. And the most dreadful thing about the whole malady was not only the despondency of the victims, when they once became aware that they were sick, for their minds straightway yielded to despair and they gave themselves up for lost instead of resisting, but also the fact that they became infected by nursing one another and died like sheep. And this caused the heaviest mortality; for if, on the one hand, they were restrained by fear from visiting one another, the sick perished uncared for, so that many houses were left empty through lack of anyone to do the nursing; or if, on the other hand, they visited the sick, they perished, especially those who made any pretensions to goodness. For these made it a point of honor to visit their friends without sparing themselves at a time when the very relatives of the dying, overwhelmed by the magnitude of the calamity, were growing weary even of making their lamentations. But still it was more often those who had recovered who had pity for the dying and the sick, because they had learnt what it meant and were themselves by this time confident of immunity; for the disease never attacked the same man a second time, at least not with fatal results. And they were not only congratulated by everybody else, but themselves, in the excess of their joy at the moment, cherished also a fond fancy with regard to the rest of their lives that they would never be carried off by any other disease.

But in addition to the trouble under which they already labored, the Athenians suffered further hardship owing to the crowding into the city of the people from the country districts; and this affected the new arrivals especially. For since no houses were available for them and they had to live in huts that were stifling in the hot season, they perished in wild disorder. Bodies of dying men lay one upon another, and half-dead people rolled about in the streets and, in their longing for water, near all the fountains. The temples, too, in which they had quartered themselves were full of the corpses of those who had died in them; for the calamity which weighed upon them was so overpowering that men, not knowing what was to become of them, became careless of all law, sacred as well as profane. And the customs which they had hitherto observed regarding burial were all thrown into confusion, and they buried their dead each one as he could. And many resorted to shameless modes of burial because so many members of their households had already died that they lacked the proper funeral materials. Resorting to other people's pyres, some, anticipating those who had raised them, would put on their own dead and kindle the fire; others would throw the body they were carrying upon one which was already burning and go away.

In other respects also the plague first introduced into the city a greater lawlessness. For where men hitherto practised

concealment, that they were not acting purely after their pleasure, they now showed a more careless daring. They saw how sudden was the change of fortune in the case both of those who were prosperous and suddenly died, and of those who before had nothing but in a moment were in possession of the property of the others. And so they resolved to get out of life the pleasures which could be had speedily and would satisfy their lusts, regarding their bodies and their wealth alike as transitory. And no one was eager to practise self-denial in prospect of what was esteemed honor, because everyone thought that it was doubtful whether he would live to attain it, but the pleasure of the moment and whatever was in any way conducive to it came to be regarded as at once honorable and expedient. No fear of gods or law of men restrained; for, on the one hand, seeing that all men were perishing alike, they judged that piety and impiety came to the same thing, and, on the other, no one expected that he would live to be called to account and pay the penalty of his misdeeds. On the contrary, they believed that the penalty already decreed against them, and now hanging over their heads, was a far heavier one, and that before this fell it was only reasonable to get some enjoyment out of life.

Such then was the calamity that had befallen them by which the Athenians were sore pressed, their people dying within the walls and their land being ravaged without. And in their distress they recalled, as was natural, the following verse which their older men said had long ago been uttered:

'A Dorian war shall come and pestilence with it.'

A dispute arose, however, among the people, some contending that the word used in the verse by the ancients was not λοιμός, 'pestilence,' but λιμός, 'famine,' and the view prevailed at the time that 'pestilence' was the original word; and quite naturally, for men's recollections conformed to their sufferings. But if ever another Dorian war should visit them after the present war and a famine happened to come with it, they would probably, I fancy, recite the verse in that way.

The Fleet Departs for Syracuse

After that, when it was already midsummer, the departure for Sicily was made. Orders had been given beforehand for most of the allies, as well as for the provision-ships and smaller boats and all the rest of the armament that went with them, to assemble at Corcyra, with the intention that from there they should all cross the Ionian Gulf to the promontory of Iapygia in one body. But the Athenians themselves and the allies that were present went down to the Peiræus at dawn on a day appointed and proceeded to man the ships for the purpose of putting to sea. And with them went down also the general throng, everyone, we may almost say, that was in the city, both citizens and strangers, the natives to send off each their own, whether friends or kinsmen or sons, going at once in hope and with lamentations—hope that they would make conquests in Sicily, lamentations that they might never see their friends again, considering how long was the voyage from their own land on which they were being sent.

And at this crisis, when under impending dangers they were now about to take leave of one another, the risks came home to them more than when they were voting for the expedition; but still their courage revived at the sight of their present strength because of the abundance of everything they saw before their eyes. The strangers on the other hand and the rest of the multitude had come for a spectacle, in the feeling that the enterprise was noteworthy and surpassing belief.

For this first armament that sailed for Sicily was the costliest and most splendid, belonging to a single city and with a purely Hellenic force, that had ever up to that time set sail. In number of ships, however, and of hoplites the expedition against Epidaurus under Pericles, and the same one afterwards under Hagnon against Potidæa, was not inferior; for in that voyage four thousand Athenian hoplites and three hundred knights and one hundred triremes had participated, and from Lesbos and Chios fifty triremes, and allied troops besides in large numbers. But they had set off for a short voyage with a poor equipment; whereas this expedition, as one likely to be of long duration, was fitted

out for both kinds of service, according as there might be need of either, with ships and also with land-forces. The fleet was built up at great expense on the part both of the trierarchs and of the city: the state giving a drachma per day for each sailor and furnishing sixty empty warships and forty transports, with crews to man them of the very best; the trierarchs giving bounties to the thranitæ or uppermost bench of the sailors in addition to the pay from the state, and using, besides, figure-heads and equipments that were very expensive; for each one strove to the utmost that his own ship should excel all others both in fine appearance and in swiftness of sailing. The land-forces were picked out of the best lists, and there was keen rivalry among the men in the matter of arms and personal equipment. And so it came about that among themselves there was emulation, wherever each was assigned to duty, and the whole thing seemed more like a display of wealth and power before the rest of the Hellenes than an undertaking against enemies. For if one had reckoned the public expenditure on the part of the state and the private outlay of those who made the expedition—on the part of the city, both what it had already advanced and what it was sending in the hands of the generals, and on the part of private individuals whatever a man had expended on his own person or, if trierarch, on his ship, and what they were going to spend still, and, besides, the money we may suppose that everyone, even apart from the pay he received from the state, provided for himself as traveling expenses, counting upon an expedition of long duration, and all the articles for barter and sale merchant or soldier took with him on the voyage—it would have been found that many talents in all were taken from the city. And the fame of the armament was noised abroad, not less because of amazement at its boldness and the splendor of the spectacle than on account of its overwhelming force as compared with those whom they were going against; and also because it was the longest voyage from home as yet attempted and undertaken with the highest hopes for the future as compared with their present resources.

When the ships had been manned and everything had at last been put aboard which they were to take with them on the voyage, the trumpeter proclaimed silence, and they offered the prayers that were customary before putting out to sea, not ship by ship but all together, led by a herald, the mariners as well as the officers throughout the whole army making libations with golden and silver cups from wine they had mixed. And the rest of the throng of people on the shore, both the citizens and all others present who wished the Athenians well, also joined in the prayers. And when they had sung the pæan and had finished the libations, they put off, and sailing out at first in single column they then raced as far as Ægina. The Athenian fleet, then, was pressing on to reach Corcyra, where the rest of the armament of the allies was assembling.

The Defeat at Syracuse

But the Syracusans and their allies, who had already put out with about the same number of ships as before, were now on guard at the exit with a squadron of them and also round the rest of the harbor, their purpose being to fall upon the Athenians simultaneously from all directions; and at the same time their troops on land came up to help them wherever the Athenians' ships put to shore. In command of the Syracusan fleet were Sicanus and Agatharchus, each having a wing of the main fleet, while Pythen and the Corinthians held the center. Now when the Athenian fleet drew near the barrier they charged and in the first onset had the better of the ships stationed there, and they set about trying to break the chains which fastened the boats together; but afterwards, when the Syracusans and their allies bore down upon them from all directions, the battle no longer raged next to the barrier only, but was becoming general all over the harbor. And it was obstinately fought, beyond any of the battles that had gone before. For on both sides much zeal was shown on the part of the sailors to make the charge whenever the order was given, and on the part of the pilots much pitting of skill against skill and mutual rivalry; and the marines took good care, whenever ship collided with ship, that the service on deck should not fall short of the skill of the rest; and everyone was eager to show himself foremost at the post of duty to which he had himself been assigned. And since many ships had come

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into the conflict in a small space—for never did so many ships fight in so small a space, both sides together falling little short of two hundred—attacks with the beak were few because it was not possible to back water or to break through the line. But chance collisions were more frequent, as ship fell foul of ship in the attempt to flee or in making a charge upon another ship. And as long as a ship was bearing down, the men on the decks of the opposing ship used against it javelins and arrows and stones without stint; but when they came to close quarters, the marines fought hand to hand in the attempt of each side to board the ships of the other. And it happened in many places, on account of the narrowness of the space, that while the ships of one side were ramming the enemy they were also being rammed themselves, and that two ships, sometimes even more, had unavoidably got entangled about one; it also devolved upon the pilots to make defence on one side and plan attack on the other, not at one point at a time, but at many points and in every direction; and the great din arising from the collision of many ships not only caused consternation, but also prevented the men from hearing the orders of their boatswains. For there was constant exhortation and shouting on the part of the boatswains on either side, both in carrying out their duties and as the rivalry of the moment inspired them; on the Athenian side they shouted to their men to force the passage out, and, if they would win a safe return to their fatherland, now, if ever hereafter, to set themselves zealously to the task; on the side of the Syracusans and their allies they cried that it would be glorious to prevent the enemy's escape, and, by winning the victory, to exalt the honor each of his own native land. Moreover, the generals on each side, if they saw any ship in any part of the field drawing back when it was not absolutely necessary to do so, would call out the name of the trierarch and demand, the Athenian generals whether they were withdrawing because they considered the land of bitterest foes to be now more their own than the sea which Athens had acquired with no little toil, and the Syracusan, whether, when they knew clearly that the Athenians were eager to escape no matter how, they would themselves flee before men who were in flight.

And the armies on the shore on both sides, so long as the fighting at sea was evenly balanced, underwent a mighty conflict and tension of mind, the men of Sicily being anxious to enhance the glory they had already won, while the invaders were afraid that they might fare even worse than at present. For the Athenians their all was staked upon their fleet, and their fear for the outcome like unto none they had ever felt before; and on account of the different positions which they occupied on the shore they necessarily had different views of the fighting. For since the spectacle they were witnessing was near at hand and not all were looking at the same point at the same time, if one group saw the Athenians prevailing anywhere, they would take heart and fall to invoking the gods not to rob them of their safe return; while those whose eyes fell upon a portion that was being defeated uttered shrieks of lamentation, and by the mere sight of what was going on were more cowed in spirit than the men who were actually fighting. Others, again, whose gaze was fixed on some part of the field where the battle was evenly balanced, on account of the long-drawn uncertainty of the conflict were in a continual state of most distressing suspense, their very bodies swaying, in the extremity of their fear, in accord with their opinion of the battle; for always they were within a hair's breadth of escaping or of perishing. And in the same Athenian army one might hear, so long as the combatants were fighting on equal terms, every kind of cry at the same time—wailing, shouting, 'We are winning,' 'We are beaten,' and all the divers kinds of cries that a great army in great danger would be constrained to utter. The men also on board the Athenian ships were affected in a similar way, until at last the Syracusans and their allies, after the fighting had been maintained a long time, routed the Athenians and pressing on triumphantly, with loud cries and exhortations, pursued them to the land. Thereupon as regards the naval force such ships as had not been captured in deep water were driven to shore, some to one place, some to another, and the men tumbled out of the ships and rushed for the camp; as for the army on land, their emotions were no longer at variance, but with one impulse all broke forth into wailing and groaning, being scarcely able to bear

what was happening, and ran along the shore, some to the ships, in order to help their comrades, some to what remained of their wall, in order to guard it; while still others, and these the greater number, were now concerned only about themselves and how they might be saved. And at the moment there reigned a consternation greater than any had felt before. These men had now suffered a fate not unlike that which they had themselves inflicted upon the Lacedæmonians at Pylos; for when their fleet had been destroyed there, the men who had crossed over to the island were also as good as lost to them. And so at the present time the Athenians could have no hope of getting safely away by land unless something quite extraordinary should happen.

The battle having been thus stubbornly fought and many men and ships lost on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies were victorious and gathered up their wrecks and their dead and after that sailed home and set up a trophy. The Athenians, however, were so affected by the magnitude of their present ills that they did not even give a thought to wrecks or dead, or ask leave to take them up, but were planning an immediate retreat during the night. But Demosthenes went to Nicias and proposed that they should man once more what remained of their fleet and force their way out, if they could, at daybreak, saying that a larger number of seaworthy ships still were left to them than to the enemy; for there yet remained to the Athenians about sixty, but to their opponents less than fifty. Nicias agreed to this proposal, and the general desired to man the ships at once; but the sailors refused to embark, because they were utterly dejected by their defeat and felt that it was no longer possible for them to win. So they were now unanimously of the opinion that they must make their retreat by land.

The End of the Expedition

At length, when the dead now lay in heaps one upon the other in the river, and the army had perished utterly, part in the river, and part—if any got safely across—at the hands of the cavalry, Nicias surrendered himself to Gylippus, having more confidence in him than in the Syracusans; and he bade him and the Lacedæmonians do with himself whatever they pleased, but to stop slaughtering the rest of the soldiers. Whereupon Gylippus at last gave orders to make prisoners; and those of the survivors who had not been secretly appropriated by the Syracusan soldiers—and these were many—were brought in a body to Syracuse alive. They also sent men in pursuit of the three hundred who had got through the guards the night before, and captured them. Now that part of the army which was collected into the common stock was not large, but that which was secretly taken by the soldiers was large, and all Sicily was filled with them, inasmuch as they had not been taken by capitulation, as had the force under Demosthenes. Besides, no small number had been killed; for the slaughter at the river had been very great—in fact, not inferior to any in this Sicilian war. And in the other frequent encounters which occurred on the march not a few had lost their lives. Notwithstanding all this, many escaped, some at the time, others afterwards, having become slaves and then making their escape; and the refuge for these was Catana.

When the forces of the Syracusans and their allies had been brought together, they took with them as many of the captives as they could and the booty and returned to the city. All the rest of the prisoners they had taken of the Athenians and their allies they sent down into the stone-quarries, thinking it the safest way to keep them; but Nicias and Demosthenes they put to the sword, though against the wish of Gylippus. For he thought that it would be a glorious achievement if, in addition to his other successes, he could bring the generals of the enemy home to the Lacedæmonians. And it so happened that the one, Demosthenes, was regarded by the Lacedæmonians as their bitterest foe, on account of what had taken place on the island of Sphacteria and at Pylos; the other, for the same reason, as a very good friend; for Nicias had eagerly desired that the Lacedæmonian prisoners taken on the island should be released, when he urged the Athenians to make peace. For these reasons the Lacedæmonians were friendly towards him, and it was not least on that account that he trusted in Gylippus and surrendered himself to him. But it was said that some of the Syracusans were afraid, seeing that they had been in com-

munication with him, lest, if he were subjected to torture on that account, he might make trouble for them in the midst of their success; and others, especially the Corinthians, were afraid, lest, as he was wealthy, he might by means of bribes make his escape and cause them fresh difficulties; they therefore persuaded their allies and put him to death. For this reason, then, or for a reason very near to this, Nicias was put to death—a man who, of all the Hellenes of my time, least deserved to meet with such a calamity, because of his course of life that had been wholly regulated in accordance with virtue.

The prisoners in the stone-quarries were at first treated harshly by the Syracusans. Crowded as they were in large numbers in a deep and narrow place, at first the sun and the suffocating heat caused them distress, there being no roof; while the nights that followed were, on the contrary, autumnal and cold, so that the sudden change engendered illness. Besides, they were so cramped for space that they had to do everything in the same place; moreover, the dead were heaped together upon one another, some having died from wounds or because of the change in temperature or like causes, so that there was a stench that was intolerable. At the same time they were oppressed by both hunger and thirst—the Syracusans having for eight months given them each only a half-pint of water and a pint of food a day; and of all the other ills which men thrown into such a place would be likely to suffer there was none that did not befall them. Now for some seventy days they lived in this way all together; then all the rest, except the Athenians and any Siceliots and Italiots that had joined the expedition, were sold. The total number of prisoners taken, though it is difficult to speak with accuracy, was nevertheless not fewer than six thousand.

This event proved to be the greatest of all that happened in the course of the war, and, as it seems to me, of all Hellenic events of which we have record—for the victors most splendid, for the vanquished most disastrous. For the vanquished, beaten utterly at every point and having suffered no slight ill in any respect—having met, as the saying goes, with utter destruction—land-force and fleet and everything perished, and few out of many came back home.

Such was the course of events in Sicily.

XENOPHON (About 430–354 B.C.)

The work of Xenophon, country gentleman of Attica; devoted pupil of Socrates; participator in the Greek mercenary expedition of 401 under Cyrus in the fruitless attempt to dethrone the latter's brother Artaxerxes of Persia; returned adventurer unwelcome at Athens; soldier in the Spartan army against Persia in 396 and against the Athenians in 394; for twenty years landholder and writer near Olympia, where Sparta had rewarded him with an estate, can hardly be called history, though it is of distinct historical interest. It comprises the *Apology,* the *Memorabilia,* the *Symposium,* and the *Œconomicus,* all in memory of Socrates; the *Anabasis,* his account of the Persian expedition; the *Hellenica,* a sequel to Thucydides; the *Cyropædia,* or *Education of Cyrus the Great;* the *Hiero,* a dialogue between Simonides of Ceos and Hiero of Syracuse on the life of the ruler; the *Constitution of Sparta,* in praise of Lacedæmon; the *Cynegeticus,* a treatise on hunting; and treatises on horsemanship and cavalry tactics. He is called the earliest writer of the essay. His wide and varied experiences, covering much time and space in an important era, his interest in human character and conduct and his appreciation of human motives, his genial and somewhat simple nature, his easy expression, make him one of the pleasantest and most illuminating of the ancient authors.

ANABASIS

Preparations for the Campaign

Of Darius and Parysatis were born two sons, the elder Artaxerxes, and the younger Cyrus. After Darius had fallen sick, and suspected that the end of his life was approaching, he was desirous that both of his sons should attend him. The elder then happened to be present; Cyrus he sent for from the province of which he had made him satrap. He had also appointed him commander of all the forces that muster in the plain of Castolus.

Cyrus accordingly went up, taking with him Tissaphernes, as a friend, and having also with him three hundred heavy-armed Greeks, and Xenias of Parrhasia, their captain.

But when Darius was dead, and Artaxerxes was placed upon the throne, Tissaphernes brought an accusation against Cyrus before his brother, saying that he was plotting against him. Artaxerxes was induced to give credit to it, and had Cyrus arrested with the intention of putting him to death; but his mother, having begged his life, sent him back to his province.

When Cyrus had departed, after being thus in danger and disgrace, he began to consider by what means he might cease to be subject to his brother, and make himself king, if he could, in his stead. Parysatis, their mother, was well disposed toward Cyrus, as she loved him better than Artaxerxes, who was on the throne. Whatever messengers from the king came to visit him, he let none of them go till he had inclined them to be friends to himself, rather than the monarch. He also paid such attention to the barbarians that were with him, that they were in a condition to take the field, and well inclined toward himself. His Greek force he collected as secretly as he could, that he might surprise the king as little prepared as possible.

In the Desert

Cyrus now advanced through Arabia, having the Euphrates on his right, five days' march through the desert, a distance of thirty-five parasangs. In this region the ground was entirely a plain, level as the sea. It was covered with wormwood, and whatever other kinds of shrub or reed grew on it, were all odoriferous as perfumes. But there were no trees. There were wild animals, however, of various kinds; the most numerous were wild asses; there were also many ostriches, as well as bustards and antelopes; and these animals the horsemen of the army sometimes hunted. The wild asses, when any one pursued them, would start forward

a considerable distance, and then stand still; (for they ran much more swiftly than the horse;) and again, when the horse approached, they did the same; and it was impossible to catch them, unless the horsemen, stationing themselves at intervals, kept up the pursuit with a succession of horses. The flesh of those that were taken resembled venison, but was more tender. An ostrich no one succeeded in catching; and those horsemen who hunted that bird, soon desisted from the pursuit; for it far outstripped them in its flight, using its feet for running, and its wings, raising them like a sail. The bustards might be taken, if a person started them suddenly; for they fly but a short distance, like partridges, and soon tire. Their flesh is very delicious.

Marching through this region, they came to the river Mascas, the breadth of which is a plethrum. Here was a large deserted city, of which the name was Corsote, and which was entirely surrounded by the Mascas. Here they staid three days, and furnished themselves with provisions.

Thence he proceeded, thirteen days' march through the desert, a distance of ninety parasangs, still keeping the Euphrates on the right, and arrived at a place called the Gates. In this march many of the beasts of burden perished of hunger; for there was neither grass, nor any sort of tree, but the whole country was completely bare. The inhabitants, who quarried and fashioned millstones near the river, took them to Babylon, and sold them, and lived upon corn which they bought with the money.

Corn, too, failed the army, and it was not possible to buy any, except in the Lydian market among Cyrus's Barbarian troops.

The Death of Cyrus

When this flight of the enemy took place, Cyrus's six hundred became dispersed in the eagerness of pursuit; only a very few remaining with him, chiefly those who were called 'partakers of his table.'

While accompanied by these, he perceived the king and the close guard around him; when he immediately lost his self-command, and exclaiming, 'I see the man,' rushed upon him, struck him on the breast, and wounded him through the breast-plate, as Ctesias, the physician, relates, stating that he himself dressed the wound. As Cyrus was in the act of striking, some one hit him violently with a javelin under the eye; and how many of those about the king were killed, (while they thus fought, the king, and Cyrus, and their respective followers in defense of each), Ctesias relates; for he was with him; on the other side, Cyrus himself was killed and eight of his principal officers lay dead upon his body. Artapates, the most faithful servant to him of all his scepter-bearers, when he saw Cyrus fall, is said to have leaped from his horse, and thrown himself upon the body of his master; and some say, that the king ordered some one to kill him on the body of Cyrus; but others relate, that he drew his cimeter, and killed himself upon the body; for he had a golden cimeter by his side, and also wore a chain and bracelets, and other ornaments, like the noblest of the Persians; since he was honored by Cyrus for his attachment and fidelity to him.

The Character of Clearchus

The generals who were thus made prisoners, were taken up to the king, and put to death by being beheaded.

One of them, Clearchus, by the general consent of all who were acquainted with him, appears to have been a man well qualified for war, and extremely fond of military enterprise . . . who, when he might have lived in peace without disgrace or loss, chose war in preference; when he might have spent his time in idleness, voluntarily underwent toil for the sake of military adventure; and when he might have enjoyed riches in security, chose rather, by engaging in warfare, to diminish their amount. He was indeed led by inclination to spend his money in war, as he might have spent it in pursuits of gallantry, or any other pleasure; to such a degree was he fond of war. He appears also to have been qualified for military undertakings, as he liked perilous adventure, was ready to march day and night against the enemy, and was possessed of great presence of mind in circumstances of difficulty, as those who were with him on all such occasions were universally ready to acknowledge.

For commanding troops he was said to be qualified in as great a degree as was consistent with his temper; for he was

excelled by no one in ability to contrive how an army might have provisions, and to procure them; and he was equally fitted to impress on all around him the necessity of obeying Clearchus.

This he effected by severity; for he was of a stern countenance and harsh voice; and he always punished violently, and sometimes in anger, so that he occasionally repented of what he had done. He punished too on principle, for he thought that there could be no efficiency in an army undisciplined by chastisement. He is also reported to have said that a soldier ought to fear his commander more than the enemy, if he would either keep guard well, or abstain from doing injury to friends, or march without hesitation against foes. In circumstances of danger, accordingly, the soldiers were willing to obey him implicitly, and wished for no other leader; for they said that the sternness in his countenance then assumed an appearance of cheerfulness, and that what was severe in it seemed undauntedness against the enemy; so that it appeared indicative of safety, and not of austerity. But when they were out of danger, and were at liberty to betake themselves to other chiefs, they deserted him in great numbers; for he had nothing attractive in him, but was always forbidding and repulsive, so that the soldiers felt toward him as boys toward their master. Hence it was, that he never had any one who followed him out of friendship and attachment to his person; though such as followed him from being appointed to the service by their country, or from being compelled by want or other necessity, he found extremely submissive to him. And when they began under his command to gain victories over the enemy, there were many important circumstances that concurred to render his troops excellent soldiers; for their perfect confidence against the enemy had its effect, and their dread of punishment from him rendered them strictly observant of discipline. Such was his character as a commander. But he was said to have been by no means willing to be commanded by others. When he was put to death, he was about fifty years of age.

Cold, Snow, and Hunger

Hence they proceeded three days' journey through a desert tract of country, a distance of fifteen parasangs, to the river Euphrates, and passed it without being wet higher than the middle. The sources of the river were said not to be far off. From hence they advanced three days' march, through much snow and a level plain, a distance of fifteen parasangs; the third day's march was extremely troublesome, as the north wind blew full in their faces, completely parching up everything and benumbing the men. One of the augurs, in consequence, advised that they should sacrifice to the wind; and a sacrifice was accordingly offered; when the vehemence of the wind appeared to every one manifestly to abate. The depth of the snow was a fathom; so that many of the baggage-cattle and slaves perished with about thirty of the soldiers. They continued to burn fires through the whole night, for there was plenty of wood at the place of encampment. But those who came up late could get no wood; those therefore who had arrived before, and had kindled fires, would not admit the late comers to the fire unless they gave them a share of the corn or other provisions that they had brought. Thus they shared with each other what they respectively had. In the places where the fires were made, as the snow melted, there were formed large pits that reached down to the ground; and here there was accordingly opportunity to measure the depth of the snow.

From hence they marched through snow the whole of the following day, and many of the men contracted the *bulimia*. Xenophon, who commanded in the rear, finding in his way such of the men as had fallen down with it, knew not what disease it was. But as one of those acquainted with it told him that they were evidently affected with *bulimia*, and that they would get up if they had something to eat, he went round among the baggage, and, wherever he saw anything eatable, he gave it out, and sent such as were able to run to distribute it among those diseased, who, as soon as they had eaten, rose up and continued their march. As they proceeded, Cheirisophus came, just as it grew dark, to a village, and found, at a spring in front of the rampart, some women and girls belonging to the place fetching water. The women asked them who they were; and the interpreter answered, in the Persian language, that they were people going

from the king to the satrap. They replied that he was not there, but about a parasang off. However, as it was late, they went with the water-carriers within the rampart, to the head man of the village; and here Cheirisophus, and as many of the troops as could come up, encamped; but of the rest, such as were unable to get to the end of the journey, spent the night on the way without food or fire; and some of the soldiers lost their lives on that occasion. Some of the enemy too, who had collected themselves into a body, pursued our rear, and seized any of the baggage-cattle that were unable to proceed, fighting with one another for the possession of them. Such of the soldiers, also, as had lost their sight from the effects of the snow, or had had their toes mortified by the cold, were left behind. It was found to be a relief to the eyes against the snow, if the soldiers kept something black before them on the march, and to the feet, if they kept constantly in motion, and allowed themselves no rest, and if they took off their shoes in the night; but as to such as slept with their shoes on, the straps worked into their feet, and the soles were frozen about them; for when their old shoes had failed them, shoes of raw hides had been made by the men themselves from the newly skinned oxen. From such unavoidable sufferings, some of the soldiers were left behind, who, seeing a piece of ground of a black appearance, from the snow having disappeared there, conjectured that it must have melted; and it had in fact melted in the spot from the effect of a fountain, which was sending up vapor in a woody hollow close at hand. Turning aside thither, they sat down and refused to proceed further.

The Sea, the Sea!

On the fifth day they came to the mountain; and the name of it was Theches. When the men who were in the front had mounted the height, and looked down upon the sea, a great shout proceeded from them; and Xenophon and the rear-guard, on hearing it, thought that some new enemies were assailing the front, for in the rear, too, the people from the country that they had burned were following them, and the rear-guard, by placing an ambuscade, had killed some, and taken others prisoners, and had captured about twenty shields made of raw ox-hides with the hair on. But as the noise still increased, and drew nearer, and as those who came up from time to time kept running at full speed to join those who were continually shouting, the cries becoming louder as the men became more numerous, it appeared to Xenophon that it must be something of very great moment. Mounting his horse, therefore, and taking with him Lycius and the cavalry, he hastened forward to give aid, when presently they heard the soldiers shouting, 'The sea, the sea!' and cheering on one another. They then all began to run, the rear-guard as well as the rest, and the baggage-cattle and horses were put to their speed; and when they had all arrived at the top, the men embraced one another, and their generals and captains, with tears in their eyes. Suddenly, whoever it was that suggested it, the soldiers brought stones, and raised a large mound, on which they laid a number of raw ox-hides, staves, and shields taken from the enemy. The shields the guide himself hacked in pieces, and exhorted the rest to do the same.

—J. S. Watson.

THE EDUCATION OF CYRUS

Cyrus a Great Ruler

The thought once occurred to us how many republics have been overthrown by people who preferred to live under any form of government other than a republican, and again, how many monarchies and how many oligarchies in times past have been abolished by the people. We reflected, moreover, how many of those individuals who have aspired to absolute power have either been deposed once for all and that right quickly; or if they have continued in power, no matter for how short a time, they are objects of wonder as having proved to be wise and happy men. Then, too, we had observed, we thought, that even in private homes some people who had rather more than the usual number of servants and some also who had only a very few were nevertheless, though nominally masters, quite unable to assert their authority over even those few.

And in addition to this, we reflected that cowherds are the rulers of their cat-

tle, that grooms are the rulers of their horses, and that all who are called herdsmen might properly be regarded as the rulers of the animals over which they are placed in charge. Now we noticed, as we thought, that all these herds obeyed their keepers more readily than men obey their rulers. For the herds go wherever their keeper directs them and graze in those places to which he leads them and keep out of those from which he excludes them. They allow their keeper, moreover, to enjoy, just as he will, the profits that accrue from them. And then again, we have never known of a herd conspiring against its keeper, either to refuse obedience to him or to deny him the privilege of enjoying the profits that accrue. At the same time, herds are more intractable to strangers than to their rulers and those who derive profit from them. Men, however, conspire against none sooner than against those whom they see attempting to rule over them.

Thus, as we meditated on this analogy, we were inclined to conclude that for man, as he is constituted, it is easier to rule over any and all other creatures than to rule over men. But when we reflected that there was one Cyrus, the Persian, who reduced to obedience a vast number of men and cities and nations, we were then compelled to change our opinion and decide that to rule men might be a task neither impossible nor even difficult, if one should only go about it in an intelligent manner. At all events, we know that people obeyed Cyrus willingly, although some of them were distant from him a journey of many days, and others of many months; others, although they had never seen him, and still others who knew well that they never should see him. Nevertheless they were all willing to be his subjects.

But all this is not so surprising after all, so very different was he from all other kings, both those who have inherited their thrones from their fathers and those who have gained their crowns by their own efforts; the Scythian king, for instance, would never be able to extend his rule over any other nation besides his own, although the Scythians are very numerous, but he would be well content if he could maintain himself in power over his own people; so the Thracian king with his Thracians, the Illyrian with his Illyrians, and so also all other nations, we are told. Those in Europe, at any rate, are said to be free and independent of one another even to this day. But Cyrus, finding the nations in Asia also independent in exactly the same way, started out with a little band of Persians and became the leader of the Medes by their full consent and of the Hyrcanians by theirs; he then conquered Syria, Assyria, Arabia, Cappadocia, both Phrygias, Lydia, Caria, Phœnicia, and Babylonia; he ruled also over Bactria, India, and Cilicia; and he was likewise king of the Sacians, Paphlagonians, Magadidæ, and very many other nations, of which one could not even tell the names; he brought under his sway the Asiatic Greeks also; and, descending to the sea, he added both Cyprus and Egypt to his empire.

He ruled over these nations, even though they did not speak the same language as he, nor one nation the same as another; for all that, he was able to cover so vast a region with the fear which he inspired, that he struck all men with terror and no one tried to withstand him; and he was able to awaken in all so lively a desire to please him, that they always wished to be guided by his will. Moreover, the tribes that he brought into subjection to himself were so many that it is a difficult matter even to travel to them all, in whatever direction one begin one's journey from the palace, whether toward the east or the west, toward the north or the south.

Believing this man to be deserving of all admiration, we have therefore investigated who he was in his origin, what natural endowments he possessed, and what sort of education he had enjoyed, that he so greatly excelled in governing men. Accordingly, what we have found out or think we know concerning him we shall now endeavor to present.

Education in Persia

The boys go to school and spend their time in learning justice; and they say that they go there for this purpose, just as in our country they say that they go to learn to read and write. And their officers spend the greater part of the day in deciding cases for them. For, as a matter of course, boys also prefer charges against one another, just as men do, of theft, rob-

bery, assault, cheating, slander, and other things that naturally come up; and when they discover any one committing any of these crimes, they punish him; and they punish also any one whom they find accusing another falsely. And they bring one another to trial also charged with an offence for which people hate one another most but go to law least, namely, that of ingratitude; and if they know that any one is able to return a favor and fails to do so, they punish him also severely. For they think that the ungrateful are likely to be most neglectful of their duty toward their gods, their parents, their country, and their friends; for it seems that shamelessness goes hand in hand with ingratitude; and it is that, we know, which leads the way to every moral wrong.

They teach the boys self-control also; and it greatly conduces to their learning self-control that they see their elders also living temperately day by day. And they teach them likewise to obey the officers; and it greatly conduces to this also that they see their elders implicitly obeying their officers. And besides, they teach them self-restraint in eating and drinking; and it greatly conduces to this also that they see that their elders do not leave their posts to satisfy their hunger until the officers dismiss them; and the same end is promoted by the fact that the boys do not eat with their mothers but with their teachers, from the time the officers so direct. Furthermore, they bring from home bread for their food, cress for a relish, and for drinking, if any one is thirsty, a cup to draw water from the river. Besides this, they learn to shoot and to throw the spear.

This, then, is what the boys do until they are sixteen or seventeen years of age, and after this they are promoted from the class of boys and enrolled among the young men.

Now the young men in their turn live as follows: for ten years after they are promoted from the class of boys they pass the nights, as we said before, about the government buildings. This they do for the sake of guarding the city and of developing their powers of self-control; for this time of life, it seems, demands the most watchful care. And during the day, too, they put themselves at the disposal of the authorities, if they are needed for any service to the state. Whenever it is necessary, they all remain about the public buildings. But when the king goes out hunting, he takes out half the garrison; and this he does many times a month. Those who go must take bows and arrows and, in addition to the quiver, a saber or bill in its scabbard; they carry along also a light shield and two spears, one to throw, the other to use in case of necessity in a hand-to-hand encounter. They provide for such hunting out of the public treasury; and as the king is their leader in war, so he not only takes part in the hunt himself but sees to it that the others hunt, too. The state bears the expense of the hunting for the reason that the training it gives seems to be the best preparation for war itself. For it accustoms them to rise early in the morning and to endure both heat and cold, and it gives them practice in taking long tramps and runs, and they have to shoot or spear a wild beast whenever it comes in their way. And they must often whet their courage when one of the fierce beasts shows fight; for, of course, they must strike down the animal that comes to close quarters with them, and they must be on their guard against the one that threatens to attack them. In a word, it is not easy to find any quality required in war that is not required also in the chase.

When they go out hunting they carry along a lunch, more in quantity than that of the boys, as is proper, but in other respects the same; but they would never think of lunching while they are busy with the chase. If, however, for some reason it is necessary to stay longer on account of the game or if for some other reason they wish to continue longer on the chase, then they make their dinner of this luncheon and hunt again on the following day until dinner time; and these two days they count as one, because they consume but one day's provisions. This they do to harden themselves, in order that, if ever it is necessary in war, they may be able to do the same. Those of this age have for relish the game that they kill; if they fail to kill any, then cresses. Now, if any one thinks that they do not enjoy eating, when they have only cresses with their bread, or that they do not enjoy drinking when they drink only water, let him remember how sweet barley bread and wheaten bread taste when one is

hungry, and how sweet water is to drink when one is thirsty.

The divisions remaining at home, in their turn, pass their time shooting with the bow and hurling the spear and practising all the other arts that they learned when they were boys, and they continually engage in contests of this kind with one another. And there are also public contests of this sort, for which prizes are offered; and whatever division has the greatest number of the most expert, the most manly, and the best disciplined young men, the citizens praise and honor not only its present chief officer but also the one who trained them when they were boys. And of the youths who remain behind, the authorities employ any that they may need, whether for garrison duty or for arresting criminals or for hunting down robbers, or for any other service that demands strength or dispatch.

Such, then, is the occupation of the youths. And when they have completed their ten years, they are promoted and enrolled in the class of the mature men.

Cyrus and His Grandfather

Such was the education that Cyrus received until he was twelve years old or a little more; and he showed himself superior to all the other boys of his age both in mastering his tasks quickly and in doing everything in a thorough and manly fashion. It was at this period of his life that Astyages sent for his daughter and her son; for he was eager to see him, as he had heard from time to time that the child was a handsome boy of rare promise. Accordingly, Mandane herself went to her father and took her son Cyrus with her.

As soon as she arrived and Cyrus had recognized in Astyages his mother's father, being naturally an affectionate boy he at once kissed him, just as a person who had long lived with another and long loved him would do. Then he noticed that his grandfather was adorned with pencilings beneath his eyes, with rouge rubbed on his face, and with a wig of false hair—the common Median fashion. For all this is Median, and so are their purple tunics, and their mantles, the necklaces about their necks; and the bracelets on their wrists, while the Persians at home even to this day have much plainer clothing and a more frugal way of life. So, observing his grandfather's adornment and staring at him, he said: 'Oh mother, how handsome my grandfather is!' And when his mother asked him which he thought more handsome, his father or his grandfather, Cyrus answered at once: 'Of the Persians, mother, my father is much the handsomest; but of the Medes, as far as I have seen them either on the streets or at court, my grandfather here is the handsomest by far.'

Then his grandfather kissed him in return and gave him a beautiful dress to wear and, as a mark of royal favor, adorned him with necklaces and bracelets; and if he went out for a ride anywhere, he took the boy along upon a horse with a gold-studded bridle, just as he himself was accustomed to go. And as Cyrus was a boy fond of beautiful things and eager for distinction, he was pleased with his dress and greatly delighted at learning to ride; for in Persia, on account of its being difficult to breed horses and to practise horsemanship because it is a mountainous country, it was a very rare thing even to see a horse.

And then again, when Astyages dined with his daughter and Cyrus, he set before him dainty side-dishes and all sorts of sauces and meats, for he wished the boy to enjoy his dinner as much as possible, in order that he might be less likely to feel homesick. And Cyrus, they say, observed: 'How much trouble you have at your dinner, grandfather, if you have to reach out your hands to all these dishes and taste of all these different kinds of food!'

'Why so?' said Astyages. 'Really now, don't you think this dinner much finer than your Persian dinners?'

'No, grandfather,' Cyrus replied to this; 'but the road to satiety is much more simple and direct in our country than with you; for bread and meat take us there; but you, though you make for the same goal as we, go wandering through many a maze, up and down, and only arrive at last at the point that we long since have reached.'

'But, my boy,' said Astyages, 'we do not object to this wandering about; and you also,' he added, 'if you taste, will see that it is pleasant.'

'But, grandfather,' said Cyrus, 'I observe that even you are disgusted with these viands.'

'And by what, pray, do you judge, my

boy,' asked Astyages, 'that you say this?'

'Because,' said he, 'I observe that when you touch bread, you do not wipe your hand on anything; but when you touch any of these other things you at once cleanse your hand upon your napkin, as if you were exceedingly displeased that it had become soiled with them.'

'Well then, my boy,' Astyages replied to this, 'if that is your judgment, at least regale yourself with meat, that you may go back home a strong young man.' And as he said this, he placed before him an abundance of meat of both wild and domestic animals.

And when Cyrus saw that there was a great quantity of meat, he said: 'And do you really mean to give me all this meat, grandfather, to dispose of as I please?'

'Yes, by Zeus,' said he, 'I do.'

Thereupon Cyrus took some of the meat and proceeded to distribute it among his grandfather's servants, saying to them in turn: 'I give this to you, because you take so much pains to teach me to ride; to you, because you gave me a spear, for at present this is all I have to give; to you, because you serve my grandfather so well; and to you, because you are respectful to my mother.' He kept on thus, while he was distributing all the meat that he had received.

'But,' said Astyages, 'are you not going to give any to Sacas, my cupbearer, whom I like best of all?' Now Sacas, it seems, chanced to be a handsome fellow who had the office of introducing to Astyages those who had business with him and of keeping out those whom he thought it not expedient to admit.

And Cyrus asked pertly, as a boy might do who was not yet at all shy, 'Pray, grandfather, why do you like this fellow so much?'

And Astyages replied with a jest: 'Do you not see,' said he, 'how nicely and gracefully he pours the wine?' Now the cupbearers of those kings perform their office with fine airs; they pour in the wine with neatness and then present the goblet, conveying it with three fingers, and offer it in such a way as to place it most conveniently in the grasp of the one who is to drink.

'Well, grandfather,' said he, 'bid Sacas give me the cup, that I also may deftly pour for you to drink and thus win your favor, if I can.'

And he bade him give it. And Cyrus took the cup and rinsed it out well, exactly as he had often seen Sacas do, and then he brought and presented the goblet to his grandfather, assuming an expression somehow so grave and important, that he made his mother and Astyages laugh heartily. And Cyrus himself also with a laugh sprang up into his grandfather's lap and kissing him said: 'Ah, Sacas, you are done for; I shall turn you out of your office; for in other ways,' said he, 'I shall play the cupbearer better than you and besides I shall not drink up the wine myself.'

Now, it is a well known fact that the kings' cupbearers, when they proffer the cup, draw off some of it with the ladle, pour it into their left hand, and swallow it down—so that, if they should put poison in, they may not profit by it.

Thereupon Astyages said in jest: 'And why, pray, Cyrus, did you imitate Sacas in everything else but did not sip any of the wine?'

'Because, by Zeus,' said he, 'I was afraid that poison had been mixed in the bowl. And I had reason to be afraid; for when you entertained your friends on your birthday, I discovered beyond a doubt that he had poured poison into your company's drink.'

'And how, pray,' said he, 'did you discover that, my son?'

'Because, by Zeus,' said he, 'I saw that you were unsteady both in mind and in body. For in the first place you yourselves kept doing what you never allow us boys to do; for instance, you kept shouting, all at the same time, and none of you heard anything that the others were saying; and you fell to singing, and in a most ridiculous manner at that, and though you did not hear the singer, you swore that he sang most excellently; and though each one of you kept telling stories of his own strength, yet if you stood up to dance, to say nothing of dancing in time, why, you could not even stand up straight. And all of you quite forgot—you, that you were king; and the rest, that you were their sovereign. It was then that I also for my part discovered, and for the first time, that what you were practising was your boasted "equal freedom of speech"; at any rate, never were any of you silent.'

'But, my boy,' Astyages said, 'does not your father get drunk, when he drinks?'

'No, by Zeus,' said he.

'Well, how does he manage it?'

'He just quenches his thirst and thus suffers no further harm.'

Abradatas and Panthea

Early on the following day Cyrus was sacrificing, and the rest of the army, after breakfasting and pouring libations, proceeded to array themselves with many fine tunics and corselets and helms. And they armed their horses also with frontlets and breastplates; the saddle-horses also they armed with thigh-pieces and the chariot teams with side-armor. And so the whole army flashed with bronze and was resplendent in purple.

And Abradatas's chariot with its four poles and eight horses was adorned most handsomely; and when he came to put on his linen corselet, such as they used in his country, Panthea brought him one of gold, also a helmet, arm-pieces, broad bracelets for his wrists—all of gold—and a purple tunic that hung down in folds to his feet, and a helmet-plume of hyacinth dye. All these she had had made without her husband's knowledge, taking the measure for them from his armor. And when he saw them he was astonished and turning to Panthea, he asked: 'Tell me, wife, you did not break your own jewels to pieces, did you, to have this armor made for me?'

'No, by Zeus,' answered Panthea, 'at any rate, not my most precious jewel; for you, if you appear to others as you seem to me, shall be my noblest jewel.'

With these words, she began to put the armor on him, and though she tried to conceal them, the tears stole down her cheeks.

And when Abradatas was armed in his panoply he looked most handsome and noble, for he had been favored by nature and, even unadorned, was well worth looking at; and taking the reins from his groom he was now making ready to mount his chariot. But at this moment Panthea bade all who stood near to retire and then she said: 'Abradatas, if ever any woman loved her husband more than her own life, I think you know that I, too, am such a one. Why then, should I tell of these things one by one? For I think that my conduct has given you better proof of it than any words I now might say. Still, with the affection that you know I have for you, I swear to you by my love for you and yours for me that, of a truth, I would far rather go down into the earth with you, if you approve yourself a gallant soldier, than live disgraced with one disgraced: so worthy of the noblest lot have I deemed both you and myself. And to Cyrus I think we owe a very large debt of gratitude, because, when I was his prisoner and allotted to him, he did not choose to keep me either as his slave or as a freewoman under a dishonorable name, but took me and kept me for you as one would a brother's wife. And then, too, when Araspas, who had been charged with my keeping, deserted him, I promised him that if he would let me send to you, a far better and truer friend than Araspas would come to him, in you.'

Thus she spoke; and Abradatas, touched by her words, laid his hand upon her head and lifting up his eyes toward heaven prayed, saying: 'Grant me, I pray, almighty Zeus, that I may show myself a husband worthy of Panthea and a friend worthy of Cyrus, who has shown us honor.'

As he said this, he mounted his car by the doors in the chariot-box. And when he had entered and the groom closed the box, Panthea, not knowing how else she could now kiss him good-bye, touched her lips to the chariot-box. And then at once his chariot rolled away, but she followed after, unknown to him, until Abradatas turned round and saw her and said: 'Have a brave heart, Panthea, and farewell! And now go back.'

Then the eunuchs and maid-servants took her and conducted her to her carriage, where they bade her recline, and hid her completely from view with the hood of the carriage. And the people, beautiful as was the sight of Abradatas and his chariot, had no eyes for him, until Panthea was gone. . . .

And Abradatas also lost no more time, but shouting, 'Now, friends, follow me,' he swept forward, showing no mercy to his horses but drawing blood from them in streams with every stroke of the lash. And the rest of the chariot-drivers also rushed forward with him. And the opposing chariots at once broke into flight before them; some, as they fled, took up their dismounted fighting men, others left theirs behind.

But Abradatas plunged directly through them and hurled himself upon the Egyptian phalanx; and the nearest of those who were arrayed with him also joined in the charge. Now, it has been demonstrated on many other occasions that there is no stronger phalanx than that which is composed of comrades that are close friends; and it was shown to be true on this occasion. For it was only the personal friends and mess-mates of Abradatas who pressed home the charge with him, while the rest of the charioteers, when they saw that the Egyptians with their dense throng withstood them, turned aside after the fleeing chariots and pursued them. But in the place where Abradatas and his companions charged, the Egyptians could not make an opening for them because the men on either side of them stood firm; consequently, those of the enemy who stood upright were struck in the furious charge of the horses and overthrown, and those who fell were crushed to pieces by the horses and the wheels, they and their arms; and whatever was caught in the scythes—everything, arms and men, was horribly mangled.

As in this indescribable confusion the wheels bounded over the heaps of every sort, Abradatas and others of those who went with him into the charge were thrown to the ground, and there, though they proved themselves men of valor, they were cut down and slain. . . .

And when he had called to him certain of his aides who were present, Cyrus said: 'Tell me, has any one of you seen Abradatas? For I wonder why, in view of the fact that he used often to come to us, he is now nowhere to be seen.'

'Sire,' answered one of the aides, 'he is no longer alive, but he fell in the battle as he hurled his chariot against the ranks of the Egyptians, while the rest, they say, all but himself and his companions, turned aside when they saw the dense host of the Egyptians. And even now his wife, I am told, has taken up his body for burial, placed it in the carriage in which she herself used to ride, and brought it to some place here by the river Pactolus. And his eunuchs and servants, so they say, are digging a grave upon a certain hill for his dead body. But his wife, they say, has decked her husband with what she possessed and now sits upon the ground, holding his head in her lap.'

Upon hearing this, Cyrus smote his thigh, mounted his horse at once, and rode with a regiment of cavalry to the scene of sorrow. He left orders for Gadatas and Gobryas to follow him with the most beautiful ornaments they could get for the man who had fallen beloved and brave. And he ordered those who had in charge the herds that were taken with the army to bring both cattle and horses and many sheep besides to the place where they should hear that he was, that he might sacrifice them in honor of Abradatas.

And when he saw the lady sitting upon the ground and the corpse lying there, he wept over his loss and said: 'Alas, O brave and faithful soul, hast thou then gone and left us?' And with the words he clasped his hand, and the dead man's hand came away in his grasp; for the wrist had been severed by a saber in the hands of an Egyptian. And Cyrus was still more deeply moved at seeing this; and the wife wept aloud; but taking the hand from Cyrus, she kissed it and fitted it on again as best she could and said: 'The rest of his limbs also you will find in the same condition, Cyrus; but why should you see it? And I am in no small degree to blame that he has suffered so, and you, Cyrus, perhaps not less than I. For it was I that, in my folly, urged him to do his best to show himself a worthy friend to you; and as for him, I know that he never had a thought of what might happen to him, but only of what he could do to please you. And so,' she said, 'he has indeed died a blameless death, while I who urged him to it sit here alive!'

For some time Cyrus wept in silence and then he said aloud: 'Well, lady, he indeed has met the fairest of ends, for he has died in the very hour of victory; but do you accept these gifts from me'—for Gobryas and Gadatas had come with many beautiful ornaments—'and deck him with them. And then, let me assure you that in other ways also he shall not want for honors, but many hands shall rear to him a monument worthy of us, and sacrifice shall be made over it, such as will befit a man so valiant.

'And you,' he continued, 'shall not be left friendless, but on account of your goodness and all your worth, I shall show you all honor; and besides, I will commend to you some one to escort you to the place where you yourself desire to go. Only

let me know to whom you wish to be conducted.'

'Ah, Cyrus,' Panthea answered, 'do not fear; I shall never hide from you who it is to whom I wish to go.'

When he had said this, Cyrus went away, his heart full of pity for the woman, as he thought what a husband she had lost, and for the man, that he must leave such a wife and never see her more. The lady then desired the eunuchs to retire, 'until,' she said, 'I have bewailed my husband here, as I desire.' But her nurse she told to stay with her, and she charged her to cover her and her husband, when she, too, was dead, with the same cloak. The nurse, however, pleaded earnestly with her not to do so; but when her prayers proved of no avail and she saw her mistress becoming angered, she sat down and burst into tears. Panthea then drew out a dagger, with which she had provided herself long before, and plunged it into her heart, and laying her head upon her husband's bosom she breathed her last.

The Taking of Babylon

At last the ditches were completed. Then, when he heard that a certain festival had come round in Babylon, during which all Babylon was accustomed to drink and revel all night long, Cyrus took a large number of men, just as soon as it was dark, and opened up the heads of the trenches at the river. As soon as that was done, the water flowed down through the ditches in the night, and the bed of the river, where it traversed the city, became passable for men.

When the problem of the river was thus solved, Cyrus gave orders to his Persian colonels, infantry and cavalry, to marshal their regiments two abreast and come to him, and the rest, the allies, to follow in their rear, drawn up as before. They came, according to orders, and he bade his aids, both foot and horse, get into the dry channel of the river and see if it was possible to march in the bed of the river. And when they brought back word that it was, he called together the generals of both infantry and cavalry and spoke as follows:

'My friends,' said he, 'the river has made way for us and given us an entrance into the city. Let us, therefore, enter in with dauntless hearts, fearing nothing and remembering that those against whom we are now to march are the same men that we have repeatedly defeated, and that, too, when they were all drawn up in battle line with their allies at their side, and when they were all wide awake and sober and fully armed; whereas now we are going to fall upon them at a time when many of them are asleep, many drunk, and none of them in battle array. And when they find out that we are inside the walls, in their panic fright they will be much more helpless still than they are now.

'But if any one is apprehensive of that which is said to be a source of terror to those invading a city—namely, that the people may go up on the house-tops and hurl down missiles right and left, you need not be in the least afraid of that; for if any do go up upon their houses, we have a god on our side, Hephæstus. And their porticoes are very inflammable, for the doors are made of palm-wood and covered with bituminous varnish which will burn like tinder; while we, on our side, have plenty of pine-wood for torches, which will quickly produce a mighty conflagration; we have also plenty of pitch and tow, which will quickly spread the flames everywhere, so that those upon the house-tops must either quickly leave their posts or quickly be consumed.

'But come, to arms! and with the help of the gods I will lead you on. And do you, Gadatas and Gobryas, show the streets, for you are familiar with them. And when we get inside the walls, lead us by the quickest route to the royal palace.'

'Aye,' answered Gobryas and his staff, 'in view of the revelry, it would not be at all surprising if the gates leading to the palace were open, for all the city is feasting this night. Still, we shall find a guard before the gates, for one is always posted there.'

'We must lose no time, then,' said Cyrus. 'Forward, that we may catch the men as unprepared as we can.'

When these words were spoken, they advanced. And of those they met on the way, some fell by their swords, some fled back into their houses, some shouted to them; and Gobryas and his men shouted back to them, as if they were fellow-revelers. They advanced as fast as they could and were soon at the palace. And Gobryas and Gadatas and their troops

found the gates leading to the palace locked, and those who had been appointed to attack the guard fell upon them as they were drinking by a blazing fire, and without waiting they dealt with them as with foes. But, as a noise and tumult ensued, those within heard the uproar, and at the king's command to see what the matter was, some of them opened the gates and ran out. And when Gadatas and his men saw the gates open they dashed in in pursuit of the others as they fled back into the palace, and dealing blows right and left they came into the presence of the king; and they found him already risen with his dagger in his hand. And Gadatas and Gobryas and their followers overpowered him; and those about the king perished also, one where he had sought some shelter, another while running away, another while actually trying to defend himself with whatever he could.

Cyrus then sent the companies of cavalry around through the streets and gave them orders to cut down all whom they found out of doors, while he directed those who understood Assyrian to proclaim to those in their houses that they should stay there, for if any one should be caught outside, he would be put to death.

While they were thus occupied, Gadatas and Gobryas came up; and first of all they did homage to the gods, seeing that they had avenged themselves upon the wicked king, and then they kissed Cyrus's hands and his feet with many tears of joy.

The Last Words of Cyrus

'And do you think that the honors paid to the dead would continue, if their souls had no part in any of them? I am sure I do not; nor yet, my sons, have I ever convinced myself of this—that only as long as it is contained in a mortal body is the soul alive, but when it has been freed from it, is dead; for I see that it is the soul that endues mortal bodies with life, as long as it is in them. Neither have I been able to convince myself of this—that the soul will want intelligence just when it is separated from this unintelligent body; but when the spirit is set free, pure and untrammeled by matter, then it is likely to be most intelligent. And when man is resolved into his primal elements, it is clear that every part returns to kindred matter, except the soul; that alone cannot be seen, either when present or when departing.

'Consider again,' he continued, 'that there is nothing in the world more nearly akin to death than is sleep; and the soul of man at just such times is revealed in its most divine aspect and at such times, too, it looks forward into the future; for then, it seems, it is most untrammeled by the bonds of the flesh.

'Now if this is true, as I think it is, and if the soul does leave the body, then do what I request of you and show reverence for my soul. But if it is not so, and if the soul remains in the body and dies with it, then at least fear the gods, eternal, all-seeing, omnipotent, who keep this ordered universe together, unimpaired, ageless, unerring, indescribable in its beauty and its grandeur; and never allow yourselves to do or purpose anything wicked or unholy.

'Next to the gods, however, show respect also to all the race of men as they continue in perpetual succession; for the gods do not hide you away in darkness, but your works must ever live on in the sight of all men; and if they are pure and untainted with unrighteousness, they will make your power manifest among all mankind. But if you conceive any unrighteous schemes against each other, you will forfeit in the eyes of all men your right to be trusted. For no one would be able any longer to trust you—not even if he very much desired to do so—if he saw either of you wronging that one who has the first claim to the other's love.

'Now, if I am giving you sufficient instructions as to what manner of men you ought to be one towards the other—well and good; if not, then you must learn it from the history of the past, for this is the best source of instruction. For, as a rule, parents have always been friends to their children, brothers to their brothers; but ere now some of them have been at enmity one with another. Whichever, therefore, of these two courses you shall find to have been profitable, choose that, and you would counsel well.

'But of this, perhaps, enough.

'Now as to my body, when I am dead, my sons, lay it away neither in gold nor in silver nor in anything else, but commit it to the earth as soon as may be. For what is more blessed than to be united with the earth, which brings forth and nourishes all things beautiful and all things

good? I have always been a friend to man, and I think I should gladly now become a part of that which does him so much good.

'But I must conclude,' he said; 'for my soul seems to me to be slipping away from those parts of my body, from which, as it appears, it is wont to begin its departure. So if any one wishes to take my hand or desires to look into my face while I yet live, let him come near; but after I have covered myself over, I beg of you, my children, let no one look upon my body, not even yourselves.

'Invite, however, all the Persians and our allies to my burial, to joy with me in that I shall henceforth be in security such that no evil can ever again come nigh me, whether I shall be in the divine presence or whether I shall no longer have any being; and to all those who come show all the courtesies that are usual in honor of a man that has been blessed of fortune, and then dismiss them.

'Remember also this last word of mine,' he said: 'if you do good to your friends, you will also be able to punish your enemies. And now farewell, my children, and say farewell to your mother as from me. And to all my friends, both present and absent, I bid farewell.'

After these words, he shook hands with them all, covered himself over, and so died.

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ŒCONOMICUS; or, HOME ECONOMICS

Households and Management

I once heard Socrates also discoursing on the management of a household, after the following manner: 'Tell me,' said he, 'Critobulus, is domestic management the name of an art, as that of healing, or of working in brass, or of building?' 'It appears so to me,' said Critobulus. 'And as we can specify concerning these arts, what is the business of each, can we also specify concerning domestic management, what is its business?' 'It appears, at least,' said Critobulus, 'that it is the business of a good householder to regulate his house well.' 'And as to another man's house,' said Socrates, 'if the owner should intrust it to him, might he not be able, if he pleased, to regulate it as well as his own? He who is skilled in building can do for another equally well what he can do for himself; and surely he who is skilled in domestic management may act similarly.' 'It appears so to me, Socrates.' 'Is it possible then,' said Socrates, 'for one who knows this art, and happens to have no property of his own, to earn money by managing the house of another, as an architect earns money by building a house?' 'Yes, doubtless,' said Critobulus, 'he might earn a large sum of money, if, taking a house under his charge, he can fulfil the duties which it requires, and augment the value of it by adding largely to its resources.'

'But what is it that the term house gives us to understand? Is it the same as the mere building, or is whatever a man possesses, besides the mere building, included under the term house?' 'It seems to me,' replied Critobulus, 'that everything a person has, even though it be not in the same country with the possessor, is comprehended under the term house, or personal property. . . .'

Ischomachus Talks with His Young Wife

'And as to what you asked me besides, Socrates, I assuredly do not spend my life indoors; for,' added he, 'my wife is quite capable herself of managing what is to be done in my house.' 'But,' said I, 'Ischomachus, I would very gladly be permitted to ask you whether you instructed your wife yourself, so that she might be qualified as she ought to be, or whether, when you received her from her father and mother, she was possessed of sufficient knowledge to manage what belongs to her.' 'And how, my dear Socrates,' said he, 'could she have had sufficient knowledge when I took her, since she came to my house when she was not fifteen years old, and had spent the preceding part of her life under the strictest restraint, in order that she might see as little, hear as little, and ask as few questions as possible? Does it not appear to you to be quite sufficient, if she did but know, when she came, how to take wool and make a garment, and had seen how to apportion the tasks of spinning among the maid-servants? for as

to what concerns the appetite, Socrates,' added he, 'which seems to me a most important part of instruction both for a man and for a woman, she came to me extremely well instructed.' 'But as to other things, Ischomachus,' said I, 'did you yourself instruct your wife, so that she should be qualified to attend to the affairs belonging to her?' 'Not, indeed,' replied Ischomachus, 'until I had offered sacrifice, and prayed that it might be my fortune to teach, and hers to learn, what would be best for both of us.' 'Did your wife, then,' said I, 'join with you in offering sacrifice, and in praying for these blessings?' 'Certainly,' answered Ischomachus, 'and she made many vows to the gods that she would be such as she ought to be, and showed plainly that she was not likely to disregard what was taught her.' 'In the name of the gods, Ischomachus, tell me,' said I, 'what you began to teach her first; for I shall have more pleasure in hearing you give this account, than if you were to give me a description of the finest gymnastic or equestrian games.' 'Well, then, Socrates,' returned Ischomachus, 'when she grew familiarized and domesticated with me, so that we conversed freely together, I began to question her in some such way as this: 'Tell me, my dear wife, have you ever considered with what view I married you, and with what object your parents gave you to me? For that there was no want of other persons with whom we might have shared our respective beds must, I am sure, be evident to you as well as to me. But when I considered for myself, and your parents for you, whom we might select as the best partner for a house and children, I preferred you, and your parents, as it appears, preferred me, out of those who were possible objects of choice. If, then, the gods should ever grant children to be born to us, we shall then consult together, with regard to them, how we may bring them up as well as possible; for it will be a common advantage to both of us to find them of the utmost service as supporters and maintainers of our old age. At present, however, this is our common household; for I deposit all that I have as in common between us, and you put everything that you have brought into our common stock. Nor is it necessary to consider which of the two has contributed the greater share; but we ought to feel assured that whichsoever of us is the better manager of our common fortune will give the more valuable service.' To these remarks, Socrates, my wife replied, 'In what respect could I coöperate with you? What power have I? Everything lies with you. My duty, my mother told me, was to conduct myself discreetly.' 'Yes, by Jupiter, my dear wife,' replied I, 'and my father told me the same. But it is the part of discreet people, as well husbands as wives, to act in such a manner that their property may be in the best possible condition, and that as large additions as possible may be made to it by honorable and just means.'

The Morality and Hygiene of Cosmetics

'On hearing that his wife had made him such a reply,' proceeded Socrates, 'I said, 'By Juno, Ischomachus, you show us that your wife is possessed of a manly understanding.' 'And accordingly,' returned Ischomachus, 'I wish to give you other instances of her extreme nobleness of mind, in matters in which she complied with my wishes after hearing them only once.' 'Of what nature were they?' said I; 'pray tell us; for it is a far greater pleasure to hear of the merit of a living woman, than if Zeuxis were to exhibit to me the most beautiful representation of a woman in a painting.' Ischomachus then proceeded to say, 'Seeing her one day, Socrates, painted over with a great deal of white lead, that she might appear still fairer than she really was, and with a great deal of vermilion, that her complexion might seem more rosy than its natural hue, and having on high-heeled shoes, that she might seem tall beyond her real stature, 'Tell me,' said I, 'my dear wife, whether you would consider me, as a sharer of my fortunes with you, more worthy of your love, if I should show you what I really possessed, and should neither boast that I have more than really belongs to me, nor conceal any portion of what I have; or if, on the contrary, I should endeavor to deceive you by saying that I have more than is really mine, and by showing you counterfeit money, and necklaces of gilt wood, and purple garments of a fading color, pretending that they are of the true quality?' She instantly replying, said, 'Hush! may you never act in such a way; for if you were to do so, I could never

love you from my heart.' 'Then,' said I, 'my dear wife, were we not united that we might have personal intimacy with one another?' 'People say so at least,' replied she. 'Whether, then,' said I, 'should I seem, as an intimate associate, more worthy of your love, if, in presenting my person to you, I should take care, by paying due attention to it, that it be healthy and strong, and should by that means appear to you, as would really be the case, of a good complexion, or if, on the contrary, I should paint myself with vermilion, tinge my eyelids with purple, and then present myself before you, and associate with you, deceiving you all the time, and offering you vermilion to see and touch instead of my own natural skin?' 'Certainly,' replied she, 'I should not touch vermilion with greater pleasure than I should touch yourself, nor should I look upon purple dye with greater pleasure than on your own color, nor should I see your eyes painted with greater pleasure than in their natural condition.' 'Consider accordingly that I also, my dear wife,' Ischomachus said that he told her, 'am not better pleased with the color of white lead and red dye than with your own; but as the gods have made horses the most beautiful objects of contemplation to horses, oxen to oxen, and sheep to sheep, so men think that the human body in its natural state is the most agreeable object of contemplation to men. Such deceits may indeed impose, to a certain extent, on comparative strangers, without being discovered; but if those who live together in intimacy attempt to deceive one another, they must certainly be found out; for they will either expose themselves when they rise from their beds, before they make their toilet, or they will be detected by perspiration, or will be unmasked by tears, or will, assuredly, be betrayed in bathing.' 'And what in the name of the gods,' said I, 'did she answer to these remarks?' 'Her only answer was,' said he, 'that she never afterwards practised any such art, but took care to appear in a natural and becoming manner. She even asked me if I could recommend her any course by which she might render herself really good looking, and not merely make herself be thought so. I then, my dear Socrates,' continued he, 'advised her not to sit continually like a slave, but to take upon herself, with the help of the gods, to preside at the loom like a mistress, and to teach others what she knew better than they, and to learn what she did not know so well; I recommended her also to overlook the bread-maker, to attend to the housekeeper as she was measuring out her articles, and to go about and examine whether everything was in the place in which it ought to be; for such occupations, it appeared to me, would be at once a discharge of her duties and a means of exercise. I told her, too, that it would be good exercise to wet and knead the bread, and to shake out and put up the clothes and bed-coverings. I assured her that if she thus exercised herself she would take her food with a better appetite, would enjoy better health, and would assume a more truly excellent complexion. A wife's look, indeed, when it seems, compared with that of a servant, more pure and healthy, and when she is dressed more becomingly, is something attractive to a husband, especially when a desire of pleasing him, instead of serving him from compulsion, is manifested. But women who are always seated to keep up their dignity, cause themselves to be numbered among such as are decked out merely for show, and appear under false colors. And now, Socrates,' added he, 'my wife regulates her conduct, be assured, as I taught her, and as I now tell you.'

—J. S. Watson.

IV. DRAMA (534–250 B.C.)

TRAGEDY (534–405 B.C.)

Greek tragedy originated early in the sixth century B.C. from the liturgy of Dionysus, god of wine and of vegetation in general, somewhat as modern drama arose from the Christian liturgy, by the expansion of a detail first into sung or chanted dialogue, and finally into costumed acting. The beginning, according to Aristotle, was in the dithyramb, or choral hymn sung at the altar of Dionysus. The evolution of tragedy had progressed so far by 534 B.C. that when the Greater or City Dionysiac Festival was instituted a contest in tragic drama was established by the Athenian state as one of its main features. Its path to perfection and the end of original production was marked by the names of Epigenes and Thespis, about 536, two of the earliest contributors to its art, Phrynichus, 512-476, who introduced female characters in the chorus parts and elaborated the choric dance, Chœrilus, who invented masks and improved the costumes, Æschylus, who added a second actor and increased the action, Sophocles, who added the third actor and refined the proportion of the choral interlude to the acted parts, and Euripides, who liberalized dramatic content by the humanization of plot, character, and sentiment.

A tragedy was composed of (1) the prologue, all the action up to the appearance of the chorus; (2) the parode, or chorus entry and song; (3) the episodes, or action; (4) the choral interludes, odes sung by a rhythmically moving chorus of twelve to fifteen, who sustained the part of the city's elders, priests, women, or other characteristic group; and (5) the exode, or final scene, at the end of which the stage was empty. Three tragedies, sometimes forming a trilogy on the same subject, were performed each day for three days at the Greater Dionysia, about Easter time, in the theater on the south slope of the Acropolis, the fourth day being given to comedy. A jury awarded first and second prizes.

ÆSCHYLUS (525–456 B.C.)

Æschylus, Athenian, soldier of Marathon, actor, traveler, courtier, wrote some eighty tragedies, of which *The Persians, The Seven Against Thebes, Prometheus Bound, The Suppliants, Agamemnon, The Libation-pourers,* and *The Eumenides* survive. His plays, especially *Agamemnon,* are distinguished by characters of heroic stature, by sublimity of sentiment and language, and by beauty of lyric parts. There is a Hebrew quality in the religious thought of *Agamemnon,* and a Shakespearean amplitude in its characters.

AGAMEMNON

The scene is before Agamemnon's palace at Argos in the dead of night. Ten years have passed since the expedition sailed for Troy, the tidings of the city's capture are instantly expected by the watchman on the roof, who dreads what may occur when the King returns home, where not everybody has remained faithful to him. The other characters are Queen Clytæmnestra, a Herald, Cassandra, Ægisthus, the queen's paramour, the Chorus of Argive elders. The text of the play, somewhat reduced, is here reprinted with the permission of the publishers, George Routledge and Sons, from the translation of E. H. Plumptre.

WATCHMAN

I ask the Gods a respite from these toils,
This keeping at my post the whole year round,
Wherein, upon the Atreidæ's roof reclined,
Like dog, upon my elbow, I have learnt
To know night's goodly company of stars,
And those bright lords that deck the firmament,
And winter bring to men, and harvest-tide;
And now I watch for sign of beacon-torch,
The flash of fire that bringeth news from Troïa,

And tidings of its capture. So prevails
A woman's manly-purposed, hoping heart;
And when I keep my bed of little ease,
Drenched with the dew, unvisited by dreams,
(For fear, instead of sleep, my comrade is,
So that in sound sleep ne'er I close mine eyes,)
And when I think to sing a tune, or hum,
(My medicine of song to ward off sleep,)
Then weep I, wailing for this house's chance,
No more, as erst, right well administered.
Well! may I now find blest release from toils,
When fire from out the dark brings tidings good.—
[*Springs up suddenly.*
Hail! thou torch-bearer of the night, that shedd'st
Light as of morn, and bringest full array
Of many choral bands in Argos met,
Because of this success. Hurrah! hurrah!
So clearly tell I Agamemnon's queen,
With all speed rising from her couch to raise
Shrill cry of triumph o'er this beacon-fire
Throughout the house, since Ilion's citadel
Is taken, as full well that bright blaze shows.
I, for my part, will dance my prelude now;
For I shall score my lord's new turn of luck,
This beacon-blaze may throw of triple six.
Well, would that I with this mine hand may touch
The dear hand of our king when he comes home!
As to all else, the word is 'Hush!' An ox
Rests on my tongue; had the house a voice
'Twould tell too clear a tale. I'm fain to speak
To those who know, forget with those who know not. [*Exit*

Enter Chorus of twelve Argive elders, chanting as they march

Lo! the tenth year now is passing
Since, of Priam great avengers,
Menelaos, Agamemnon,
Double-throned and doubled-sceptred,
Power from sovran Zeus deriving—
Mighty pair of the Atreidæ—
Raised a fleet of thousand vessels
Of the Argives from our country,
Potent helpers in their warfare,
Shouting cry of Ares fiercely;
E'en as vultures shriek who hover,
Wheeling, whirling o'er their eyrie,
In wild sorrow for their nestlings,
With their oars of stout wings rowing,
Having lost the toil that bound them
To their callow fledglings' couches.
But on high One,—or Apollo,
Zeus, or Pan,—the shrill cry hearing,
Cry of birds that are his clients,
Sendeth forth on men transgressing,
Erinnys, slow but sure avenger;
So against young Alexandros
Atreus' sons the great King sendeth,
Zeus, of host and guest protector:
He, for bride with many a lover,
Will to Danai give and Troïans
Many conflicts, men's limbs straining,
When the knee in dust is crouching,
And the spear-shaft in the onset
Of the battle snaps asunder.
But as things are now, so are they,
So, as destined, shall the end be.
Nor by tears, nor yet libations
Shall he soothe the wrath unbending
Caused by sacred rites left fireless.
We, with old frame little honored,
Left behind that host are staying,
Resting strength that equals childhood's
On our staff: for in the bosom
Of the boy, life's young sap rushing,
Is of old age but the equal;
Ares not as yet is found there:
And the man in age exceeding,
When the leaf is sere and withered,
Goes with three feet on his journey;
Not more Ares-like than boyhood,
Like a day-seen dream he wanders.

Enter Clytæmnestra, *followed by a procession of torch-bearers*

Ch. Thou, of Tyndareus the daughter,
Queen of Argos, Clytæmnestra,
What has happened? what news cometh?
What perceiving, on what tidings
Leaning, dost thou put in motion
All this solemn, great procession?
Of the Gods who guard the city,
Those above and those beneath us,
Of the heaven, and of the market,
Lo! with thy gifts blaze the altars;
And through all the expanse of Heaven
Here and there, the torch-fire rises,
With the flowing, pure persuasion
Of the holy unguent nourished,
And the chrism rich and kingly
From the treasure-store's recesses.
Telling what of this thou canst tell,
What is right for thee to utter,
Be a healer of my trouble,
Trouble now my soul disturbing,
While anon fond hope displaying

Sacrificial signs propitious,
Wards off care that no rest knoweth,
Sorrow mind and heart corroding. . . .
[*The Queen passes*

O Zeus—whate'er He be,
If that Name please Him well,
By that on Him I call:
Weighing all other names I fail to guess
Aught else but Zeus, if I would cast aside,
Clearly, in every deed,
From off my soul this idle weight of care.

Nor He who erst was great,
Full of the might to war,
Avails now; He is gone;
And He who next came hath departed too,
His victor meeting; but if one to Zeus,
High triumph-praise should sing,
His shall be all the wisdom of the wise;

Yea, Zeus, who leadeth men in wisdom's way,
And fixeth fast the law,
That pain is gain;
And slowly dropping on the heart in sleep
Comes woe-recording care,
And makes the unwilling yield to wiser thoughts:
And doubtless this too comes from grace of Gods,
Seated in might upon their awful thrones.

And then of those Achæan ships the chief,
The elder, blaming not
Or seer or priest;
But tempered to the fate that on him smote. . . .
When that Achæan host
Were vexed with adverse winds and failing stores,
Still kept where Chalkis in the distance lies,
And the vexed waves in Aulis ebb and flow;

And breezes from the Strymon sweeping down,
Breeding delays and hunger, driving forth
Our men in wandering course,
On seas without a port.
Sparing nor ships, nor rope, nor sailing gear,
With doubled months wore down the Argive host;
And when, for that wild storm,
Of one more charm far harder for our chiefs
The prophet told, and spake of Artemis,
In tone so piercing shrill,
The Atreidæ smote their staves upon the ground,
And could not stay their tears.

And then the old king lifted up his voice,
And spake, 'Great woe it is to disobey;—
Great too to slay my child,
The pride and joy of home,
Polluting with the streams of maiden's blood
Her father's hands upon the altar steps.
What course is free from ill?
How lose my ships and fail of mine allies?
'Tis meet that they with strong desire should seek
A rite the winds to soothe,
E'en though it be with blood of maiden pure;
May all end well at last!'

So when he himself had harnessed
To the yoke of Fate unbending,
With a blast of strange, new feeling,
Sweeping o'er his heart and spirit,
Aweless, godless, and unholy,
He his thoughts and purpose altered
To full measure of all daring,
(Still base counsel's fatal frenzy,
Wretched primal source of evils,
Gives to mortal hearts strange boldness,)
And at last his heart he hardened
His own child to slay as victim,
Help in war that they were waging,
To avenge a woman's frailty,
Victim for the good ship's safety.

All her prayers and eager callings,
On the tender name of Father,
All her young and maiden freshness,
They but set at nought, those rulers,
In their passion for the battle.
And her father gave commandment
To the servants of the Goddess,
When the prayer was o'er, to lift her,
Like a kid, above the altar,
In her garments wrapt, face downwards,—
Yea, to seize with all their courage,
And that o'er her lips of beauty
Should be set a watch to hinder
Words of curse against the houses,
With the gag's strength silence-working.

And she upon the ground
Pouring rich folds of veil in saffron dyed,
Cast at each one of those who sacrificed
A piteous glance that pierced,
Fair as a pictured form;
And wishing,—all in vain,—
To speak; for oftentimes
In those her father's hospitable halls

She sang, a maiden pure with chastest song,
And her dear father's life
That poured its threefold cup of praise, to God,
Crowned with all choicest good,
She with a daughter's love
Was wont to celebrate.

What then ensued mine eyes
Saw not, nor may I tell, but Calchas' arts
Were found not fruitless. Justice turns the scale
For those to whom through pain
At last comes wisdom's gain.
But for our future fate,
Since help for it is none,
Good-bye to it before it comes, and this
Has the same end as wailing premature;
For with to-morrow's dawn
It will come clear; may good luck crown our fate! . . .

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA

Ch. I come, O Clytæmnestra, honoring
Thy majesty: 'tis meet to pay respect
To a chief's wife, the man's throne empty left:
But whether thou hast heard good news, or else
In hopes of tidings glad dost sacrifice,
I fain would hear, yet will not silence blame.

Cl. May Morning, as the proverb runs, appear
Bearing glad tidings from his mother Night!
Joy thou shalt learn beyond thy hope to hear;
For Argives now have taken Priam's city.

Ch. What? Thy words sound so strange they flit by me.

Cl. The Achæans hold Troïa. Speak I clear enough?

Ch. Joy creeps upon me, drawing forth my tears.

Cl. Of loyal heart thine eyes give token true.

Ch. What witness sure hast thou of these events?

Cl. Full clear (how else?) unless the God deceive.

Ch. Reliest thou on dreams or visions seen?

Cl. I place no trust in mind weighed down with sleep.

Ch. Hath then some wingless omen charmed thy soul?

Cl. My mind thou scorn'st, as though 'twere but a girl's.

Ch. What time has passed since they the city sacked?

Cl. This very night, the mother of this morn.

Ch. What herald could arrive with speed like this?

Cl. Hephæstos flashing forth bright flames from Ida:
Beacon to beacon from that courier-fire
Sent on its tidings; Ida to the rock
Hermæan named, in Lemnos: from the isle
The height of Athos, dear to Zeus, received
A third great torch of flame, and lifted up,
So as on high to skim the broad sea's back,
The stalwart fire rejoicing went its way;
The pine-wood, like a sun, sent forth its light
Of golden radiance to Makistos' watch;
And he, with no delay, nor unawares
Conquered by sleep, performed his courier's part:
Far off the torch-light, to Eurîpos' straits
Advancing, tells it to Messapion's guards:
They, in their turn, lit up and passed it on,
Kindling a pile of dry and aged heath.
Still strong and fresh the torch, not yet grown dim,
Leaping across Asôpos' plain in guise
Like a bright moon, towards Kithæron's rock,
Roused the next station of the courier flame.
And that far-traveled light the sentries there
Refused not, burning more than all yet named:
And then the light swooped o'er Gorgôpis' lake,
And passing on to Ægiplanctos' mount,
Bade the bright fire's due order tarry not;
And they, enkindling boundless store, send on
A mighty beard of flame, and then it passed
The headland e'en that looks on Saron's gulf,
Still blazing. On it swept, until it came
To Arachnæan heights, the watch-tower near;
Then here on the Atreidæ's roof it swoops,
This light, of Ida's fire no doubtful heir.
Such is the order of my torch-race games;
One from another taking up the course,
But here the winner is both first and last;
And this sure proof and token now I tell thee,
Seeing that my lord hath sent it me from Troïa.

Ch. I to the Gods, O Queen, will pray hereafter,
But fain would I hear all thy tale again,
E'en as thou tell'st, and satiate my wonder.

Cl. This very day the Achæans Troïa hold.
I trow full diverse cry pervades the town:

Pour in the same vase vinegar and oil,
And you would call them enemies, not friends;
And so from conquerors and from captives now
The cries of varied fortune one may hear.
For these, low-fallen on the carcases
Of husbands and of brothers, children too
By aged fathers, mourn their dear ones' death,
And that with throats that are no longer free.
And those the hungry toil of sleepless guard,
After the battle, at their breakfast sets;
Not billeted in order fixed and clear,
But just as each his own chance fortune grasps,
They in the captive houses of the Troïans
Dwell, freed at last from all the night's chill frosts,
And dews of heaven, for now, poor wretches, they
Will sleep all night without the sentry's watch;
And if they reverence well the guardian Gods
Of that new-conquered country, and their shrines,
Then they, the captors, will not captured be.
Ah! let no evil lust attack the host,
Conquered by greed, to plunder what they ought not:
For yet they need return in safety home,
Doubling the goal to run their backward race.
But should the host come sinning 'gainst the Gods,
Then would the curse of those that perishèd
Be watchful, e'en though no quick ill might fall.
Such thoughts are mine, mere woman though I be.
May good prevail beyond all doubtful chance!
For I have got the blessing of great joy. . . .
[*Exit*

The Chorus sings of Helen

Ch. She, leaving to her countrymen at home
Wild din of spear and shield and ships of war,
And bringing, as her dower,
To Ilion doom of death,
Passed very swiftly through the palace gates,
Daring what none should dare;
And many a wailing cry
They raised, the minstrel prophets of the house,
'Woe for that kingly home!
Woe for that kingly home and for its chiefs!
Woe for the marriage-bed and traces left
Of wife who loved her lord!'
There stands he silent; foully wronged and yet
Uttering no word of scorn,
In deepest woe perceiving she is gone;
And in his yearning love
For one beyond the sea,
A ghost shall seem to queen it o'er the house;
The grace of sculptured forms
Is loathèd by her lord,
And in the penury of life's bright eyes
All Aphroditè's charm
To utter wreck has gone.

And phantom shades that hover round in dreams
Come full of sorrow, bringing vain delight;
For vain it is, when one
Sees seeming shows of good,
And gliding through his hands the dream is gone,
After a moment's space,
On wings that follow still
Upon the path where sleep goes to and fro.
Such are the woes at home
Upon the altar hearth, and worse than these.
But on a wider scale for those who went
From Hellas' ancient shore,
A sore distress that causeth pain of heart
Is seen in every house.
Yea, many things there are that touch the quick:
For those whom each did send
He knoweth; but, instead
Of living men, there come to each man's home
Funeral urns alone,
And ashes of the dead.

For Ares, trafficking for golden coin
The lifeless shapes of men,
And in the rush of battle holding scales,
Sends now from Ilion
Dust from the funeral pyre,
A burden sore to loving friends at home,
And bitterly bewailed,
Filling the brazen urn
With well-smoothed ashes in the place of men;
And with high praise they mourn
This hero skilled and valiant in the fight,
And that who in the battle nobly fell,
All for another's wife:
And other words some murmur secretly;
And jealous discontent
Against the Atreidæ, champions in the suit,

Creeps on all stealthily;
And some around the wall,
In full and goodly form have sepulture
There upon Ilion's soil,
And their foes' land inters its conquerors. . . .

A Herald is seen approaching

Ch. Soon we shall know the sequence of the torches
Light-giving, and of all the beacon-fires,
If they be true; or if, as 'twere a dream,
This sweet light coming hath beguiled our minds.
I see a herald coming from the shore,
With olive boughs o'ershadowed, and the dust,
Dry sister-twin of mire, announces this,
That neither without voice, nor kindling blaze
Of wood upon the mountains, he will signal
With smoke from fire, but either he will come,
With clear speech bidding us rejoice, or else—
The word opposed to this I much mislike.
Nay, may good issue good beginnings crown!
Who for our city utters other prayers,
May he himself his soul's great error reap!
H. Hail, soil of this my Argive fatherland.
Now in the light of the tenth year I reach thee,
Though many hopes are shattered, gaining one.
For never did I think in Argive land
To die, and share the tomb that most I craved.
Now hail! thou land; and hail! thou light of day:
Zeus our great ruler, and thou Pythian king,
No longer darting arrows from thy bow.
Full hostile wast thou by Scamandros' banks,
Now be thou Saviour, yea, and Healer found,
O king Apollo! and the Gods of war,
These I invoke; my patron Hermes too,
Dear herald, whom all heralds reverence,—
Those heroes, too, that sent us,—graciously
To welcome back the host that war has spared.
Hail, O ye royal dwellings, home beloved!
Ye solemn thrones, and Gods who face the sun!
If e'er of old, with cheerful glances now
After long time receive our king's array.
For he is come, in darkness bringing light
To you and all, our monarch, Agamemnon.
Salute him with all grace; for so 'tis meet,
Since he hath dug up Troïa with the spade
Of Zeus the Avenger, and the plain laid waste;
Fallen their altars and the shrines of Gods;
The seed of all the land is rooted out,
This yoke of bondage casting over Troïa,
Our chief, the elder of the Atreidæ, comes,
A man full blest and worthiest of high honor
Of all that are. For neither Paris' self,
Nor his accomplice city now can boast
Their deed exceeds its punishment. For he,
Found guilty on the charge of rape and theft,
Hath lost his prize and brought his father's house,
With lands and all, to waste and utter wreck;
And Priam's sons have double forfeit paid.
Ch. Joy, joy, thou herald of the Achæan host!
H. All joy is mine: I shrink from death no more.
Ch. Did love for this thy fatherland so try thee?
H. So that mine eyes weep tears for very joy.
Ch. Disease full sweet then this ye suffered from . . .
H. How so? When taught, I shall thy meaning master.
Ch. Ye longed for us who yearned for you in turn.
H. Say'st thou this land its yearning host yearned o'er?
Ch. Yea, so that oft I groaned in gloom of heart.
H. Whence came these bodings that an army hates?
Ch. Silence I've held long since a charm for ill.
H. How, when your lords were absent, feared ye any?
Ch. To use thy words, death now would welcome be.
H. Good is the issue; but in so long time
Some things, one well might say, have prospered well,
And some give cause for murmurs. Save the Gods,
Who free from sorrow lives out all his life?
For should I tell of toils, and how we lodged
Full hardly, seldom putting in to shore,
And then with couch full hard. . . . What gave us not
Good cause for mourning? What ill had we not
As daily portion? And what passed on land,
That brought yet greater hardship: for our beds

Were under our foes' walls, and meadow mists
From heaven and earth still left us wringing wet,
A constant mischief to our garments, making
Our hair as shaggy as the beasts'. And if
One spoke of winter frosts that killed the birds,
By Ida's snow-storms made intolerable,
Or heat, when Ocean in its noontide couch
Windless reclined and slept without a wave. . . .
But why lament o'er this? Our toil is past;
Past too is theirs who in the warfare fell,
So that no care have they to rise again.
Why should I count the number of the dead,
Or he that lives mourn o'er a past mischance?
To change and chance I bid a long Farewell:
With us, the remnant of the Argive host,
Good fortune wins, no ills as counterpoise.
So it is meet to this bright sun we boast,
Who travel homeward over land and sea:
'The Argive host who now have captured Troïa,
These spoils of battle to the Gods of Hellas
Hang on their pegs, enduring prize and joy.'
Hearing these things we ought to bless our country
And our commanders; and the grace of Zeus
That wrought this shall be honored. My tale's told.

Ch. Thy words o'ercome me, and I say not nay;
To learn good keeps youth's freshness with the old.
'Tis meet these things should be a special care
To Clytæmnestra and the house, and yet
That they should make me sharer in their joy.

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA

Cl. I long ago for gladness raised my cry,
When the first fiery courier came by night,
Telling of Troïa taken and laid waste:
And then one girding at me spake, 'Dost think,
Trusting in beacons, Troïa is laid waste?
This heart elate is just a woman's way.'
In words like these they made me out distraught;
Yet still I sacrificed, and with a strain
Shrill as a woman's, they, now here, now there,
Throughout the city hymns of blessing raised
In shrines of Gods, and lulled to gentle sleep
The fragrant flame that on the incense fed.
And now why need'st thou lengthen out thy words?
I from the king himself the tale shall learn;
And that I show all zeal to welcome back
My honored lord on his return (for what
Is brighter joy for wife to see than this,
When God has brought her husband back from war,
To open wide her gates?) tell my lord this,
'To come with all his speed, the city's idol;
And 'may he find a faithful wife at home,
Such as he left her, noble watch-dog still
For him, and hostile to his enemies;
And like in all things else, who has not broken
One seal of his in all this length of time.'
No pleasure have I known, nor scandal ill
With any other more than . . . stains on bronze.
Such is my vaunt, and being full of truth,
Not shameful for a noble wife to speak. . . .

[*Exit*

H. It is not meet a day of tidings good
To mar with evil news. Apart for each
Is special worship. But when courier brings
With louring face the ills men pray against,
And tells a city that its host has fallen,
That for the State there is a general wound,
That many a man from many a home is driven,
As banned by double scourge that Ares loves,
Woe doubly-barbed, Death's two-horse chariot this . . .
When with such griefs as freight a herald comes,
'Tis meet to chant the Erinnyes' dolorous song;
But for glad messenger of good deeds wrought
That bring deliverance, coming to a town
Rejoicing in its triumph, . . . how shall I
Blend good with evil, telling of a storm
That smote the Achæans, not without God's wrath?
For they a compact swore who erst were foes,
Ocean and Fire, and their pledges gave,
Wrecking the ill-starred army of the Argives;
And in the night rose ill of raging storm:
For Thrakian tempests shattered all the ships,
Each on the other. Some thus crashed and bruised,
By the storm stricken and the surging foam

Of wind-tost waves, soon vanished out of sight,
Whirled by an evil pilot. And when rose
The sun's bright orb, behold, the Ægæan sea
Blossomed with wrecks of ships and dead Achæans.
And as for us and our uninjured ship,
Surely 'twas some one stole or begged us off,
Some God, not man, presiding at the helm;
And on our ship with good will Fortune sat,
Giver of safety, so that nor in haven
Felt we the breakers, nor on rough rock-beach
Ran we aground. But when we had escaped
The hell of waters, then in clear, bright day,
Not trusting in our fortune, we in thought
O'er new ills brooded of our host destroyed,
And eke most roughly handled. And if still
Breathe any of them they report of us
As having perished. How else should they speak?
And we in our turn deem that they are so.
God send good ending! Look you, first and chief,
For Menelaos' coming; and indeed,
If any sunbeam know of him alive
And well, by help of Zeus who has not willed
As yet to blot out all the regal race,
Some hope there is that he'll come back again.
Know, hearing this, that thou the truth hast heard.

[*Exit*

Ch. Who was it named her with such wondrous truth?
(Could it be One unseen,
In strange prevision of her destined work,
Guiding the tongue through chance?)
Who gave that war-wed, strife-upstirring one
The name of Helen, ominous of ill?
For all too plainly she
Hath been to men, and ships,
And towers, as doom of Hell.
From bower of gorgeous curtains forth she sailed
With breeze of Zephyr Titan-born and strong;
And hosts of many men,
Hunters that bore the shield,
Went on the track of those who steered their boat
Unseen to leafy banks of Simois,
On her account who came,
Dire cause of strife with bloodshed in her train. . . .
There lives an old saw, framed in ancient days,
In memories of men, that high estate
Full-grown brings forth its young, nor childless dies,
But that from good success
Springs to the race a woe insatiable.
But I, apart from all,
Hold this my creed alone:
For impious act it is that offspring breeds,
Like to their parent stock:
For still in every house
That loves the right their fate for evermore
Rejoiceth in an issue fair and good.

But Recklessness of old
Is wont to breed another Recklessness,
Sporting its youth in human miseries,
Or now, or then, whene'er the fixed hour comes:
That in its youth, in turn,
Doth full-flushed Lust beget,
And that dread demon-power unconquerable,
Daring that fears not God,—
Two curses black within the homes of men,
Like those that gendered them.

But Justice shineth bright
In dwellings that are dark and dim with smoke,
And honors life law-ruled,
While gold-decked homes conjoined with hands defiled
She with averted eyes
Hath left, and draweth near
To holier things, nor worships might of wealth,
If counterfeit its praise;
But still directeth all the course of things
Towards its destined goal. . . .

AGAMEMNON *is seen approaching in his chariot, followed by another chariot, in which* CASSANDRA *is standing, carrying her prophet's wand in her hand, and by a great train of soldiers bearing trophies.*

Ag. First Argos, and the Gods who guard the land,
'Tis right to greet; to them in part I owe
This my return, and vengeance that I took
On Priam's city. Not on hearsay proof
Judging the cause, with one consent the Gods
Cast in their votes into the urn of blood
For Ilion's ruin and her people's death;
I' the other urn Hope touched the rim alone,

Still far from being filled full. And even yet
The captured city by its smoke is seen,
The incense clouds of Atè live on still;
And, in the act of dying with its prey,
From richest store the dust sends savors sweet. . . .
And now will I to home and household hearth
Move on, and first give thanks unto the Gods
Who led me forth, and brought me back again.
Since Victory follows, long may she remain!

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA, *followed by female attendants carrying purple tapestry*

Cl. Ye citizens, ye Argive senators,
I will not shrink from telling you the tale
Of wife's true love. As time wears on one drops
All over-shyness. Not learning it from others,
I will narrate my own unhappy life,
The whole long time my lord at Ilion stayed.
For first, that wife should sit at home alone
Without her husband is a monstrous grief,
Hearing full many an ill report of him,
Now one and now another coming still,
Bringing news home, worse trouble upon bad.
Yea, if my lord had met as many wounds
As rumor told of, floating to our house,
He had been riddled more than any net;
And had he died, as tidings still poured in,
Then he, a second Geryon with three lives,
Had boasted of a threefold coverlet
Of earth above, (I will not say below him,)
Dying one death for each of those his forms;
And so, because of all these ill reports,
Full many a noose around my neck have others
Loosed by main force, when I had hung myself.
And for this cause no son is with me now,
Holding in trust the pledges of our love,
As he should be, Orestes. Wonder not;
For now a kind ally doth nurture him,
Strophios the Phokian, telling me of woes
Of twofold aspect, danger on thy side
At Ilion, and lest loud-voiced anarchy
Should overthrow thy council, since 'tis still
The wont of men to kick at those who fall.
No trace of guile bears this excuse of mine;
As for myself, the fountains of my tears
Have flowed till they are dry, no drop remains,
And mine eyes suffer from o'er-late repose,
Watching with tears the beacons set for thee,
Left still unheeded. And in dreams full oft
I from my sleep was startled by the gnat
With thin wings buzzing, seeing in the night
Ills that stretched far beyond the time of sleep.
Now, having borne all this, with mind at ease,
I hail my lord as watch-dog of the fold,
The stay that saves the ship, of lofty roof
Main column-prop, a father's only child,
Land that beyond all hope the sailor sees,
Morn of great brightness following after storm,
Clear-flowing fount to thirsty traveler.
Yes, it is pleasant to escape all straits:
With words of welcome such as these I greet thee;
May jealous Heaven forgive them! for we bore
Full many an evil in the past; and now,
Dear husband, leave thy car, nor on the ground,
O King, set thou the foot that Ilion trampled.
Why linger ye, ye maids, whose task it was
To strew the pathway with your tapestries?
Let the whole road be straightway purple-strown,
That Justice lead to home he looked not for.
All else my care, by slumber not subdued,
Will with God's help work out what fate decrees.

Ag. O child of Leda, guardian of my home,
Thy speech hath with my absence well agreed—
For long indeed thou mad'st it—but fit praise
Is boon that I must seek at other hands.
I pray thee, do not in thy woman's fashion
Pamper my pride, nor in barbaric guise
Prostrate on earth raise full-mouthed cries to me;
Make not my path offensive to the Gods
By spreading it with carpets. They alone
May claim that honor; but for mortal men
To walk on fair embroidery, to me
Seems nowise without peril. So I bid you
To honor me as man, and not as God.
Apart from all foot-mats and tapestry
My fame speaks loudly; and God's greatest gift
Is not to err from wisdom. We must bless
Him only who ends life in fair estate.
Should I thus act throughout, good hope were mine.

Cl. Nay, say not this my purposes to thwart.
Ag. Know I change not for the worse my purpose.
Cl. In fear, perchance, thou vowèd'st thus to act.
Ag. If any, I, with good ground spoke my will.
Cl. What think'st thou Priam, had he wrought such deeds . . . ?
Ag. Full gladly he, I trow, had trod on carpets.
Cl. Then shrink not thou through fear of men's dispraise.
Ag. And yet a people's whisper hath great might.
Cl. Who is not envied is not enviable.
Ag. 'Tis not a woman's part to crave for strife.
Cl. True, yet the prosperous e'en should sometimes yield.
Ag. Dost thou then prize that victory in the strife?
Cl. Nay, list; with all good-will yield me this boon.
Ag. Well, then, if thou wilt have it so, with speed
Let some one loose my buskins (servants they
Doing the foot's true work), and as I tread
Upon these robes sea-purpled, may no wrath
From glance of Gods smite on me from afar!
Great shame I feel to trample with my foot
This wealth of carpets, costliest work of looms;
So far for this. This stranger [*pointing to* CASSANDRA] lead thou in
With kindliness. On him who gently wields
His power God's eye looks kindly from afar.
None of their own will choose a bondslave's life;
And she, the chosen flower of many spoils,
Has followed with me as the army's gift.
But since I turn, obeying thee in this,
I'll to my palace go, on purple treading.
Cl. There is a sea,—and who shall drain it dry?
Producing still new store of purple juice,
Precious as silver, staining many a robe.
And in our house, with God's help, O my king,
'Tis ours to boast our palace knows no stint.
Trampling of many robes would I have vowed,
Had that been ordered me in oracles,
When for my lord's return I then did plan
My votive gifts. For while the root lives on,
The foliage stretches even to the house,
And spreads its shade against the dog-star's rage;
So when thou comest to thy hearth and home,
Thou show'st that warmth hath come in winter time;
And when from unripe clusters Zeus matures
The wine, then is there coolness in the house,
If the true master dwelleth in his home.
Ah, Zeus! the All-worker, Zeus, work out for me
All that I pray for; let it be thy care
To look to what Thou purposest to work.

Exeunt AGAMEMNON, *walking on the tapestry,* CLYTÆMNESTRA, *and her attendants*

Ch. Why thus continually
Do haunting phantoms hover at the gate
Of my foreboding heart?
Why floats prophetic song, unbought, unbidden?
Why doth no steadfast trust
Sit on my mind's dear throne,
To fling it from me as a vision dim?
Long time hath passed since stern-ropes of our ships
Were fastened on the sand, when our great host
Of those that sailed in ships
Had come to Ilion's towers:

And now from these mine eyes
I learn, myself reporting to myself,
Their safe return; and yet
My mind within itself, taught by itself,
Chanteth Erinnys' dirge,
The lyreless melody,
And hath no strength of wonted confidence.
Not vain these inner pulses, as my heart
Whirls eddying in breast oracular.
I, against hope, will pray
It prove false oracle. . . .

Re-enter CLYTÆMNESTRA

Cl. [*to* CASSANDRA, *who has remained in the chariot during the choral ode*]

Thou too—I mean Cassandra—go within;
Since Zeus hath made it thine, and not in wrath,
To share the lustral waters in our house,
Standing with many a slave the altar nigh
Of Zeus, who guards our goods. Now get thee down
From out this car, nor look so over proud.
They say that e'en Alcmena's son endured

Being sold a slave, constrained to bear the yoke:
And if the doom of this ill chance should come,
Great boon it is to meet with lords who own
Ancestral wealth. But whoso reap full crops
They never dared to hope for, these in all,
And beyond measure, to their slaves are harsh:
From us thou hast what usage doth prescribe.
Ch. So ends she, speaking words full clear to thee:
And seeing thou art in the toils of fate,
If thou obey, thou wilt obey; and yet,
Perchance, obey thou wilt not.
Cl. Nay, but unless she, like a swallow, speaks
A barbarous tongue unknown, I speaking now
Within her apprehension, bid obey.
Ch. [*to* CASSANDRA, *still standing motionless*] Go with her. What she bids is now the best;
Obey her: leave thy seat upon this car.
Cl. I have no leisure here to stay without:
For as regards our central altar, there
The sheep stand by as victims for the fire;
For never had we hoped such thanks to give:
If thou wilt do this, make no more delay;
But if thou understandest not my words,
Then wave thy foreign hand in lieu of speech.
[CASSANDRA *shudders, but makes no sign*
Ch. The stranger seems a clear interpreter
To need. Her look is like a captured deer's.
Cl. Nay, she is mad, and follows evil thoughts,
Since, leaving now her city, newly captured,
She comes, and knows not how to take the curb,
Ere she foam out her passion in her blood.
I will not bear the shame of uttering more.
[*Exit*
Ch. And I—I pity her, and will not rage:
Come, thou poor sufferer, empty leave thy car;
Yield to thy doom, and handsel now the yoke.
[CASSANDRA *leaves the chariot, and bursts into a cry of wailing*
Ca. Woe! woe, and well-a-day! Apollo! O Apollo!
Ch. Why criest thou so loud on Loxias?
The wailing cry of mourner suits not him. . . .
Ca. Ah me! O daring one! what work'st thou here,
Who having in his bath
Tended thy spouse, thy lord, then . . . How tell the rest?
For quick it comes, and hand is following hand,
Stretched out to strike the blow.
Ch. Still I discern not; after words so dark
I am perplexed with thy dim oracles.

Ca. Ah, horror, horror! What is this I see?
Is it a snare of Hell?
Nay, the true net is she who shares his bed,
Who shares in working death.
Ha! let the Band insatiable in hate
Howl for the race its wild exulting cry
O'er sacrifice that calls
For death by storm of stones. . . .

Ah, for the doom of clear-voiced nightingale!
The Gods gave her a body bearing wings,
And life of pleasant days
With no fresh cause to weep:
But for me waiteth still
Stroke from the two-edged sword.
Ch. From what source hast thou these dread agonies
Sent on thee by thy God,
Yet vague and little meaning; and thy cries
Dire with ill-omened shrieks
Dost utter as a chant,
And blendest with them strains of shrillest grief?
Whence treadest thou this track
Of evil-boding path of prophecy?

Ca. Woe for the toil and trouble, toil and trouble
Of city that is utterly destroyed!
Woe for the victims slain
Of herds that roamed the fields,
My father's sacrifice to save his towers!
No healing charm they brought
To save the city from its present doom:
And I with hot thoughts wild myself shall cast
Full soon upon the ground.

Ch. This that thou utterest now
With all before agrees.
Some Power above dooms thee with purpose ill,
Down-swooping heavily,
To utter with thy voice

Sorrows of deepest woe and bringing death.
And what the end shall be
Perplexes in the extreme.
Ca. Nay, now no more from out of maiden veils
My oracle shall glance, like bride fresh wed;
But seems as though 'twould rush with speedy gales
In full, clear brightness to the morning dawn;
So that a greater war than this shall surge
Like wave against the sunlight. Now I'll teach
No more in parables. Bear witness ye,
As running with me, that I scent the track
Of evil deeds that long ago were wrought:
For never are they absent from this house,
That choral band which chants in full accord,
Yet no good music; good is not their theme.
And now, as having drunk men's blood, and so
Grown wilder, bolder, see, the revelling band,
Erinnyes of the race, still haunt the halls,
Not easy to dismiss. And so they sing,
Close cleaving to the house, its primal woe,
And vent their loathing in alternate strains
On marriage-bed of brother ruthless found
To that defiler. Miss I now, or hit,
Like archer skilled? or am I seeress false,
A babbler vain that knocks at every door?
Yea, swear beforehand, ere I die, I know
(And not by rumor only) all the sins
Of ancient days that haunt and vex this house.
Ch. How could an oath, how firm soe'er confirmed,
Bring aught of healing? Lo, I marvel at thee,
That thou, though born far off beyond the sea,
Should'st tell an alien city's tale as clear
As though thyself had stood by all the while.
Ca. The seer Apollo set me to this task.
Ch. Was he a God, so smitten with desire?
Ca. There was a time when shame restrained my speech.
Ch. True; they who prosper still are shy and coy.
Ca. He wrestled hard, breathing hot love on me.
Ch. And were ye one in act whence children spring?
Ca. I promised Loxias, then I broke my vow.
Ch. Wast thou e'en then possessed with arts divine?
Ca. E'en then my country's woes I prophesied.
Ch. How wast thou then unscathed by Loxias' wrath?
Ca. I for that fault with no man gained belief.
Ch. To us, at least, thou seem'st to speak the truth.
Ca. [*wildly, as in an ecstasy.*] Ah, woe is me! Woe's me! Oh, ills on ills!
Again the dread pang of true prophet's gift
With preludes of great evil dizzies me.
See ye those children sitting on the house
In fashion like to phantom forms of dreams?
Infants who perished at their own kin's hands,
Their palms filled full with meat of their own flesh,
Loom on my sight, the heart and entrails bearing,
(A sorry burden that!) on which of old
Their father fed. And in revenge for this,
I say a lion, dwelling in his lair,
With not a spark of courage, stay-at-home,
Plots 'gainst my master, now he's home returned,
(Yes, mine—for still I must the slave's yoke bear;)
And the ship's ruler, Ilion's conqueror,
Knows not what things the tongue of that lewd bitch
Has spoken and spun out in welcome smooth,
And, like a secret Atè, will work out
With dire success: thus 'tis she plans: the man
Is murdered by the woman. By what name
Shall I that loathèd monster rightly call?
An Amphisbæna? or a Skylla dwelling
Among the rocks, the sailors' enemy?
Hades' fierce raging mother, breathing out
Against her friends a curse implacable?
Ah, how she raised her cry, (oh, daring one!)
As for the rout of battle, and she feigns
To hail with joy her husband's safe return!
And if thou dost not credit this, what then?
What will be will. Soon, present, pitying me
Thou'lt own I am too true a prophetess.
Ch. Thyestes' banquet on his children's flesh
I know and shudder at, and fear o'ercomes me,
Hearing not counterfeits of fact, but truths;
Yet in the rest I hear and miss my path.
Ca. I say thou'lt witness Agamemnon's death.

Ch. Hush, wretched woman, close those lips of thine!
Ca. For this my speech no healing God's at hand.
Ch. True, if it must be; but may God avert it!
Ca. Thou utterest prayers, but others murder plot.
Ch. And by what man is this dire evil wrought?
Ca. Sure, thou hast seen my bodings all amiss.
Ch. I see not his device who works the deed.
Ca. And yet I speak the Hellenic tongue right well.
Ch. So does the Pythian, yet her words are hard.
Ca. [*In another frenzy.*] Ah me, this fire! It comes upon me now!
Ah me, Apollo, wolf-slayer! woe is me!
This biped lioness who takes to bed
A wolf in absence of the noble lion,
Will slay me, wretched me. And, as one
Mixing a poisoned draught, she boasts that she
Will put my price into her cup of wrath,
Sharpening her sword to smite her spouse with death,
So paying him for bringing me. Oh, why
Do I still wear what all men flout and scorn,
My wand and seeress wreaths around my neck?
Thee, ere myself I die I will destroy: [*breaks her wand*]
Perish ye thus: [*casting off her wreaths*] I soon shall follow you. . . .
So I these gates of Hades now address,
And pray for blow that bringeth death at once,
That so with no fierce spasm, while the blood
Flows in calm death, I then may close mine eyes. . . .
[*Goes toward the door of the palace*
Ch. What cometh now? What fear oppresseth thee?
Ca. The house is tainted with the scent of death.
Ch. How so? This smells of victims on the hearth.
Ca. Nay, it is like the blast from out a grave.
Ch. No Syrian ritual tell'st thou for our house.
Ca. Well then I go, and e'en within will wail
My fate and Agamemnon's. And for me,
Enough of life. Ah, friends! Ah! not for nought
I shrink in fear, as bird shrinks from the brake.
When I am dead do ye this witness bear,
When in revenge for me, a woman, Death
A woman smites, and man shall fall for man
In evil wedlock wed. This friendly office,
As one about to die, I pray you do me. . . .
[*Enters palace*
Ch. 'Tis true of all men that they never set
A limit to good fortune; none doth say,
As bidding it depart,
And warding it from palaces of pride,
'Enter thou here no more.'
To this our lord the Blest Ones gave to take
Priam's city; and he comes
Safe to his home and honored by the Gods;
But if he now shall pay
The forfeit of blood-guiltiness of old,
And, dying, so work out for those who died,
By his own death another penalty,
Who then of mortal men,
Hearing such things as this,
Can boast that he was born
With fate from evil free?
Ag. [*from within.*] Ah, me! I am struck down with deadly stroke.
Ch. Hush! who cries out with deadly stroke sore smitten?
Ag. Ah me, again! struck down a second time! [*Dies*

Ch. By the king's groans I judge the deed is done, . . .

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA *from the palace, in robes with stains of blood, followed by soldiers and attendants. The open doors show the corpses of* AGAMEMNON *and* CASSANDRA, *the former lying in a silvered bath.*

Cl. Though many words before to suit the time
Were spoken, now I shall not be ashamed
The contrary to utter: How could one
By open show of enmity to foes
Who seemed as friends, fence in the snares of death
Too high to be o'erleapt? But as for me,
Not without forethought for this long time past,
This conflict comes to me from triumph old
Of his, though slowly wrought. I stand where I

Did smite him down, with all my task well done.
So did I it, (the deed deny I not,)
That he could nor avert his doom nor flee:
I cast around him drag-net as for fish,
With not one outlet, evil wealth of robe:
And twice I smote him, and with two deep groans
He dropped his limbs: And when he thus fell down
I gave him yet a third, thank-offering true
To Hades of the dark, who guards the dead.
So fallen, he gasps out his struggling soul,
And breathing forth a sharp, quick gush of blood,
He showers dark drops of gory rain on me,
Who no less joy felt in them than the corn,
When the blade bears, in glad shower given of God.
Since this is so, ye Argive elders here,
Ye, as ye will, may hail the deed, but I
Boast of it. And were't fitting now to pour
Libation o'er the dead, 'twere justly done,
Yea more than justly; such a goblet full
Of ills hath he filled up with curses dire
At home, and now has come to drain it off.

Ch. We marvel at the boldness of thy tongue
Who o'er thy husband's corpse speak'st vaunt like this.

Cl. Ye test me as a woman weak of mind;
But I with dauntless heart to you that know
Say this, and whether thou dost praise or blame,
Is all alike:—here Agamemnon lies,
My husband, now a corpse, of this right hand,
As artist just, the handiwork: so stands it. . . .

Ch. Yea, thou art stout of heart, and speak'st big words;
And maddened is thy soul
As by a murderous hate;
And still upon thy brow
Is seen, not yet avenged,
The stain of blood-spot foul;
And yet it needs must be,
One day thou, reft of friends,
Shalt pay the penalty of blow for blow.

Cl. Now hear thou too my oaths of solemn dread:
By my accomplished vengeance for my child,
By Atè and Erinnys, unto whom
I slew him as a victim, I look not
That fear should come beneath this roof of mine,
So long as on my hearth Ægisthos kindles
The flaming fire, as well disposed to me
As he hath been aforetime. He to us
Is no slight shield of stoutest confidence.
There lies he, [*pointing to the corpse,*] one who foully wronged his wife,
The darling of the Chryseïds at Troïa;
And there [*pointing to* CASSANDRA] this captive slave, this auguress,
His concubine, this seeress trustworthy,
Who shared his bed, and yet was as well known
To the sailors as their benches! . . . They have fared
Not otherwise than they deserved: for he
Lies as you see. And she who, like a swan,
Has chanted out her last and dying song,
Lies close to him she loved, and so has brought
The zest of a new pleasure to my bed. . . .

Enter ÆGISTHOS.

Æ. Hail, kindly light of day that vengeance brings!
Now I can say the Gods on high look down,
Avenging men, upon the woes of earth,
Since lying in the robes the Erinnyes wove
I see this man, right welcome sight to me,
Paying for deeds his father's hand had wrought.
Atreus, our country's ruler, this man's father,
Drove out my sire Thyestes, his own brother,
(To tell the whole truth,) quarreling for rule,
An exile from his country and his home.
And coming back a suppliant on the hearth,
The poor Thyestes found a lot secure,
Nor did he, dying, stain the soil with blood,
There in his home. But this man's godless sire,
Atreus, more prompt than kindly in his deeds,
On plea of keeping festal day with cheer,
To my sire banquet gave of children's flesh,
His own. The feet and finger-tips of hands
He, sitting at the top, apart concealed;
And straight the other, in his blindness taking
The parts that could not be discerned, did eat
A meal which, as thou see'st, perdition works
For all his kin. And learning afterwards
The deed of dread, he groaned and backward fell,
Vomits the feast of blood, and imprecates
On Pelops' sons a doom intolerable,
And makes the o'erturning of the festive board,

With fullest justice, as a general curse,
That so might fall the race of Pleisthenes.
And now thou see'st how here accordingly
This man lies fallen; I, of fullest right,
The weaver of the plot of murderous doom.
For me, a babe in swaddling-clothes, he banished
With my poor father, me, his thirteenth child;
And Vengeance brought me back, of full age grown:
And e'en far off I wrought against this man,
And planned the whole scheme of this dark device.
And so e'en death were now right good for me,
Seeing him into the nets of Vengeance fallen.
Ch. I honor not this arrogance in guilt,
Ægisthos. Thou confessest thou hast slain
Of thy free will our chieftain here,—that thou
Alone did'st plot this murder lamentable;
Be sure, I say, thy head shall not escape
The righteous curse a people hurls with stones.
Æ. Dost thou say this, though seated on the bench
Of lowest oarsmen, while the upper row
Commands the ship? But thou shalt find, though old,
How hard it is at such an age to learn,
When the word is, 'keep temper.' But a prison
And fasting pains are admirably apt,
As prophet-healers even for old age.
Dost see, and not see this? Against the pricks
Kick not, lest thou perchance should'st smart for it.

Cl. Nay, let us not do other evil deeds,
Thou dearest of all friends. An ill-starred harvest
It is to have reaped so many. Enough of woe:
Let no more blood be shed: Go thou—[*to the Chorus*]—go ye,
Ye aged sires, to your allotted homes,
Ere ye do aught amiss and dree your weird:
This that we have done ought to have sufficed;
But should it prove we've had enough of ills,
We will accept it gladly, stricken low
In evil doom by heavy hand of God.
This is a woman's counsel, if there be
That deigns to hear it.
Æ. But that these should fling
The blossoms of their idle speech at me,
And utter words like these, so tempting Fate,
And fail of counsel wise, and flout their master . . . . !
Ch. It suits not Argives on the vile to fawn.
Æ. Be sure, hereafter I will hunt thee down.
Ch. Not so, if God should guide Orestes back.
Æ. Right well I know how exiles feed on hopes.
Ch. Prosper, wax fat, do foul wrong—'tis thy day.
Æ. Know thou shalt pay full price for this thy folly.
Ch. Be bold, and boast, like cock beside his mate.
Cl. Nay, care not thou for these vain howlings; I
And thou together, ruling o'er the house,
Will settle all things rightly. [*Exeunt*

SOPHOCLES (495–406 B.C.)

Sophocles participated in the public life of Athens as military, financial, and religious functionary, and was one of the oligarchy which assumed the government in 411 during the discouragements following the failure of the Syracusan expedition and favored a peace with Sparta. Of attractive person and genial temperament, a skilful writer and an inventive playwright, he was for sixty years the favorite of Athens, and wrote about one hundred plays, of which seven survive: *Œdipus the King, Œdipus at Colonus, Antigone, Ajax, Electra, Philoctetes,* and *The Women of Trachis.* His tragedies are characterized by purity and finish of language, beautiful regularity in the choral odes, ideal proportion of lyric to episodic parts, concentration and unity, idealism in sentiment, and an easy sureness in both plot and execution. *Œdipus the King* is probably the world's most perfectly constructed and most finished tragedy.

Œdipus the King is here reprinted with the consent of the publishers, George Routledge and Sons, from the translation of E. H. Plumptre.

ŒDIPUS THE KING

The oracle having declared that if a son were born to them the king would die by his hand, Laius and Jocasta, the king and queen of Thebes, exposed their babe to die on the mountains. Picked up by a shepherd, he was reared by Polybus and Merope of Corinth as a son, until, grown to manhood and led to suspect his parentage, he inquired of the god at Delphi and was told that he should slay his father and marry his mother. Turning his back forever on Corinth in order to escape this destiny, he met and killed his father Laius in a quarrel on the highway, and went on to Thebes, where his wit enabled him to rescue the state from the persecution of the sphinx, and where he married the queen his mother. At the opening of the play, Œdipus has been king for many years and has sons and daughters approaching maturity. A plague is on the state, and the queen's brother Creon has been sent to Delphi to consult as to the cause and the remedy.

The scene is at an altar before the palace, where suppliant priests and boys are gathered.

Enter ŒDIPUS.

Œ. Why sit ye here, my children, youngest brood
Of Cadmos famed of old, in solemn state,
Your hands thus wreathèd with the suppliants' boughs?
And all the city reeks with incense smoke,
And all re-echoes with your hymns and groans;
And I, my children, counting it unmeet
To hear report from others, I have come
Myself, whom all name Œdipus the Great.—
Do thou, then, agèd Sire, since thine the right
To speak for these, tell clearly how ye stand,
In terror or submission; speak to me
As willing helper. Heartless should I be
To see you prostrate thus, and feel no ruth.

Priest. Yea, Œdipus, thou ruler of my land,
Thou seest our age, who sit as suppliants, bowed
Around thine altars; some as yet too weak
For distant flight, and some weighed down with age,
Priest, I, of Zeus, and these the chosen youth:
And in the market-places of the town
The people sit and wail, with wreath in hand,
By the two shrines of Pallas, or the grave,
Where still the seer Ismenos prophesies,
For this our city, as thine eyes may see,
Is sorely tempest-tossed, nor lifts its head
From out the surging sea of blood-flecked waves,
All smitten in the ripening blooms of earth,
All smitten in the herds that graze the fields,
Yea, and in timeless births of woman's fruit:
And still the God, fire-darting Pestilence,
As deadliest foe, upon our city swoops,
And desolates the home where Cadmos dwelt,
And Hades dark grows rich in sighs and groans.
It is not that we deem of thee as one

Equaled with Gods in power, that we sit here,
These little ones and I, as suppliants prone;
But, judging thee, in all life's shifting scenes,
Chiefest of men, yea, and of chiefest skill
In communings with Heaven. For thou did'st come
And freed'st this city, named of Cadmos old,
From the sad tribute which of yore we paid
To that stern songstress, all untaught of us,
And all unprompted; but by gift of God,
Men think and say, thou did'st our life upraise.
And now, dear Œdipus, most honored lord,
We pray thee, we thy suppliants, find for us
Some succor, whether voice of any God,
Or any man brings knowledge to thy soul;
For still I see, with those whom life has trained
To long-tried skill, the issues of their thoughts
Live and are mighty. Come then, noblest one,
Raise up our city; come, take heed to it;
As yet this land, for all thy former zeal,
Calls thee its saviour: do not give us cause
So to remember this thy reign, as men
Who, having risen, then fall low again;
But raise our state to safety. Omens good
Were then with thee; thou did'st thy work, and now
Be equal to thyself! If thou wilt rule,
As thou dost sway, this land wherein we dwell,
'Twere better far to rule o'er living men
Than o'er a realm dispeopled. Nought avails,
Or tower or ship, when men are not within.

Œ. O children, wailing loud, ye come with wish
Well-known, not unknown; well I know that ye
Are smitten, one and all, with taint of plague,
And yet though smitten, none that taint of plague
Feels, as I feel it. Each his burden bears,
His own and not another's; but my heart
Mourns for the state, for you, and for myself;
And, lo, ye wake me not as plunged in sleep,
But find me weeping, weeping many tears,
And treading many paths in wandering thought;
And that one way of health I, seeking, found,
This have I acted on. Menœkeus' son,
Creon, my kinsman, have I sent to seek
The Pythian home of Phœbus, there to learn
The words or deeds wherewith to save the state;
And even now I measure o'er the time,
And ask, 'How fares he?' grieving, for he stays,
Most strangely, far beyond the appointed day;
But when he comes, I should be base indeed,
Failing to do whate'er the God declares.

Pr. Well hast thou spoken! And these bring me word,
That Creon comes advancing on his way.

Œ. O king Apollo, may he come with chance
That brings deliverance, as his looks are bright.

Pr. If one may guess, he's glad. He had not come
Crowned with rich wreaths of fruitful laurel else.

Œ. Soon we shall know. Our voice can reach him now.
Say, prince, our well-beloved, Menœkeus' son,
What sacred answer bring'st thou from the God?

Enter Creon.

Cr. A right good answer! E'en our evil plight,
If all goes well, may end in highest good.

Œ. What were the words? Nor full of eager hope,
Nor trembling panic, list I to thy speech.

Cr. I, if thou wish, am ready, these being by,
To tell thee all, or go within the gates.

Œ. Speak out to all. I sorrow more for them
Than for the woe which touches me alone.

Cr. I then will speak what from the God I heard:
King Phœbos bids us chase the plague away
(The words were plain) now cleaving to our land,
Nor cherish guilt which still remains unhealed.

Œ. But with what rites? And what the deed itself?

Cr. Or drive far off, or blood for blood repay;
That guilt of blood is blasting all the state.

Œ. But whose fate is it that He pointeth to?

Cr. Once, O my king, ere thou did'st guide our state,

Our sovereign Laios ruled o'er all the land.
Œ. So have I heard, for him I never saw.
Cr. Now the God clearly bids us, he being dead,
To take revenge on those who shed his blood.
Œ. Yes; but where are they? How to track the course
Of guilt all shrouded in the doubtful past?
Cr. In this our land, so said He; those who seek
Shall find; unsought, we lose it utterly.
Œ. Was it at home, or in the field, or else
In some strange land that Laios met his doom?
Cr. He went, so spake he, pilgrim-wise afar,
And never more came back as forth he went.
Œ. Was there no courier, none who shared his road,
Who knew what, learning, one might turn to good?
Cr. Dead were they all, save one who fled for fear,
And he knew nought to tell but one small fact.
Œ. [*Interrupting.*] And what was that? One fact might teach us much,
Had we but one small starting-point of hope.
Cr. He used to tell that robbers fell on him,
Not man for man, but with outnumbering force.
Œ. How could the robber e'er have dared this deed,
Unless some bribe from hence had tempted him?
Cr. So men might think; but Laios having died,
There was no helper for us in our ills.
Œ. What ill then hindered, when your sovereignty
Had fallen thus, from searching out the truth?
Cr. The Sphinx, with her dark riddle, bade us look
At nearer facts, and leave the dim obscure.
Œ. Well, be it mine to track them to their source.
Right well hath Phœbos, and right well hast thou,
Shown for the dead your care, and ye shall find,
As is most meet, in me a helper true,
Aiding at once my country and the God.
It is not for the sake of friends remote,
But for mine own, that I dispel this pest;
For he that slew him, whosoe'er he be,
Will wish, perchance, with such a blow to smite
Me also. Helping him, I help myself.
And now, my children, rise with utmost speed
From off these steps, and raise your suppliant boughs;
And let another call my people here,
The race of Cadmos, and make known that I
Will do my taskwork to the uttermost:
So, as God wills, we prosper, or we fail.
Pr. Rise then, my children, 'twas for this we came,
For these good tidings which those lips have brought,
And Phœbos, who hath sent these oracles,
Pray that He come to save, and heal our plague.

[*Exeunt* CREON, *Priest, and Suppliants.*

Enter Chorus of Theban Citizens.

Ch. O word of Zeus, glad-voiced, with what intent
From Pytho, bright with gold,
Cam'st thou to Thebes, our city of high fame?
For lo! I faint for fear,
Through all my soul I quiver in suspense,
(Hear, Io Pæan! God of Delos, hear!)
In brooding dread, what doom, of present growth,
Or as the months roll on, thy hand will work;
Tell me, O deathless Voice, thou child of golden hope!

Thee first, Zeus-born Athena, thee I call,
Divine and deathless One,
And next thy sister, Goddess of our land,
Our Artemis, who sits,
Queen of our market, on encircled throne;
And Phœbos, the far-darter! O ye Three,
Shine on us, and deliver us from ill!
If e'er before, when storms of woe oppressed,
Ye stayed the fiery tide, O come and help us now!

Ah me, ah me, for sorrows numberless
Press on my soul;
And all the host is smitten, and our thoughts
Lack weapons to resist.
For increase fails of fruits of goodly earth,
And women sink in childbirth's wailing pangs,
And one by one, as flit
The swift-winged birds through air,

So, flitting to the shore of Him who dwells
Down in the darkling West,
Fleeter than mightiest fire,
Thou see'st them passing on.

Yea, numberless are they who perish thus;
And on the earth,
Still breeding plague, unpitied infants lie,
Cast out all ruthlessly;
And wives and mothers, grey with hoary age,
Some here, some there, by every altar mourn,
With woe and sorrow crushed,
And chant their wailing plaint.
Clear thrills the sense their solemn Pæan cry,
And the sad anthem song;
Hear, golden child of Zeus,
And send us bright-eyed help. . . .

Œ. Thou prayest, and for thy prayers, if thou wilt hear
My words, and treat the dire disease with skill,
Thou shalt find help and respite from thy pain,—
My words, which I, a stranger to report,
A stranger to the deed, will now declare:
For I myself should fail to track it far,
Finding no trace to guide my steps aright.
But now, as I have joined you since the deed,
A citizen with citizens, I speak
To all the sons of Cadmos. Lives there one
Who knows of Laios, son of Labdacos,
The hand that slew him; him I bid to tell
His tale to me; and should it chance he shrinks
From raking up the charge against himself,
Still let him speak; no heavier doom is his
Than to depart uninjured from the land;
Or, if there be that knows an alien arm
As guilty, let him hold his peace no more;
I will secure his gain and thanks beside.
But if ye hold your peace, if one through fear,
Or for himself, or friend, shall hide this thing,
What then I purpose let him hear from me:
That man I banish, whosoe'er he be,
From out this land whose power and throne are mine;
And none may give him shelter, none speak to him,
Nor join with him in prayers and sacrifice,
Nor give him share in holy lustral stream;
But all shall thrust him from their homes, declared
Our curse and our pollution, as but now
The Pythian God's prophetic word has shown:
With acts like this, I stand before you here,
A helper to the God and to the dead.
All this I charge you do, for mine own sake,
And for the God's, and for this land that pines,
Barren and god-deserted. Wrong 'twould be
E'en if no voice from heaven had urged us on,
That ye should leave the stain of guilt uncleansed,
Your noblest chief, your king himself, being slain.
Yea, rather, seek and find. And since I reign,
Wielding the might his hand did wield before,
Filling his couch, and calling his wife mine,
Yea, and our offspring too, but for the fate
That fell on his, had grown in brotherhood;
But now an evil chance on his head swooped;
And therefore will I strive my best for him,
As for my father, and will go all lengths
To seek and find the murderer, him who slew
The son of Labdacos, and Polydore,
And earlier Cadmos, and Agenor old;
And for all those who hearken not, I pray
The Gods to give them neither fruit of earth,
Nor seed of woman, but consume their lives
With this dire plague, or evil worse than this.
And for the man who did the guilty deed,
Whether alone he lurks, or leagued with more,
I pray that he may waste his life away,
For vile deeds, vilely dying; and for me,
If in my house, I knowing it, he dwells,
May every curse I spake on my head fall. . . .

Ch. Fain would I speak the thoughts that second stand.

Œ. Though there be third, shrink not from speaking out.

Ch. One man I know, a prince whose insight deep
Sees clear as princely Phœbos, and from him,
Teiresias, one might learn, O king, the truth.

Œ. That too is done. No loiterer I in this,
For I, on Creon's hint, two couriers sent
To summon him, and wonder that he comes not.

Ch. Old rumors are there also, dark and dumb.

Œ. And what are they? I weigh the slightest word.

Ch. 'Twas said he died by some chance traveler's hand.
Œ. I, too, heard that. But none the eye-witness sees.
Ch. If yet his soul be capable of awe,
Hearing thy curses, he will shrink from them.
Œ. Words fright not him, who doing, knows no fear.
Ch. Well, here is one who'll put him to the proof.
For lo! they bring the seer inspired of God,
With whom alone of all men truth abides.

Enter TEIRESIAS, *blind and guided by a boy.*

Œ. Teiresias! thou whose mind embraceth all,
Told or untold, of heaven or paths of earth;
Thou knowest, although thou see'st not, what a pest
Dwells on us, and we find in thee, O prince,
Our one deliverer, yea, our only help.
For Phœbos (if the couriers told thee not)
Sent back this word to us, who sent to ask,
That this one way was open to escape
From this fell plague,—if those who Laios slew,
We in our turn discovering should slay,
Or drive them forth as exiles from the land.
Thou, therefore, grudge not either sign from birds,
Or any other path of prophecy;
But save the city, save thyself, save me;
Save from the curse the dead has left behind;
On thee we hang. To use our means, our power,
In doing good, is noblest service owned.
T. Ah me! ah me! how dread is wisdom's gift,
When no good issue waiteth on the wise!
I knew it all too well, and then forgot,
Or else I had not on this journey come.
Œ. What means this? How despondingly thou com'st!
T. Let me go home! for thus thy lot shalt thou,
And I mine own, bear easiest, if thou yield.
Œ. No loyal words thou speak'st, nor true to Thebes
Who reared thee, holding back this oracle.
T. I see thy lips speak words that profit not:
And lest I too a like fault should commit . . .
Œ. Now, by the Gods, unless thy reason fails,
Refuse us not, who all implore thy help.
T. Ah! Reason fails you all, but ne'er will I
Say what thou bidd'st, lest I thy troubles show.
Œ. What mean'st thou, then? Thou know'st and wilt not tell,
But wilt betray us, and the state destroy?
T. I will not pain myself nor thee. Why, then,
All vainly question? Thou shalt never know.
Œ. Oh, basest of the base! (for thou would'st stir
A heart of stone;) and wilt thou never tell,
But still abide relentless and unmoved?
T. My mood thou blamest, but thou dost not know
What dwelleth with thee while thou chidest me.
Œ. And who would not feel anger, hearing words
Like those with which thou dost the state insult?
T. Well! come they will, though I should hold my peace.
Œ. If come they must, thy duty is to speak.
T. I speak no more. So, if thou wilt, rage on,
With every mood of wrath most desperate.
Œ. Yes; I will not refrain, so fierce my wrath,
From speaking all my thought. I think that thou
Did'st plot the deed, and do it, though the blow
Thy hands, it may be, dealt not. Had'st thou seen,
I would have said it was thy deed alone.
T. And has it come to this? I charge thee, hold
To thy late edict, and from this day forth
Speak not to me, nor yet to these, for thou,
Thou art the accursèd plague-spot of the land.
Œ. Art thou so shameless as to vent such words,
And dost thou think to 'scape scot-free for this?
T. I have escaped. The strength of truth is mine.
Œ. Who prompted thee? This comes not from thine art.
T. 'Twas thou. Thou mad'st me speak against my will.
Œ. What say'st thou? Speak again, that I may know.

T. Did'st thou not know before? Or dost thou try me?
Œ. I could not say I knew it. Speak again.
T. I say thou art the murderer whom thou seek'st.
Œ. Thou shalt not twice revile, and go unharmed.
T. And shall I tell thee more to stir thy rage?
Œ. Say what thou pleasest. 'Twill be said in vain.
T. I say that thou, in vilest intercourse
With those that dearest are, dost blindly live,
Nor see'st the depth of evil thou hast reached.
Œ. And dost thou think to say these things unscathed?
T. I doubt it not, if truth retain her might.
Œ. That might is not for thee; thou can'st not claim it,
Blind in thine ears, thy reason, and thine eyes.
T. How wretched thou, thus hurling this reproach!
Such, all too soon, will all men hurl at thee.
Œ. In one long night thou liv'st, and can'st not hurt,
Or me, or any man who sees the light.
T. 'Tis not thy doom to owe thy fall to me;
Apollo is enough, be His the task.
Œ. Are these devices Creon's, or thine own?
T. It is not Creon harms thee, but thyself.
Œ. O wealth, and sovereignty, and noblest skill
Surpassing skill in life so envy-fraught,
How great the ill-will dogging all your steps!
If for the sake of kingship, which the state
Hath given, unasked for, freely in mine hands,
Creon the faithful, found my friend throughout,
Now seeks with masked attack to drive me forth,
And hires this wizard, plotter of foul schemes,
A vagrant mountebank, whose sight is clear
For pay alone, but in his art stone-blind.
Is it not so? When wast thou true seer found?
Why, when the monster with her song was here,
Spak'st thou no word our countrymen to help?
And yet the riddle lay above the ken
Of common men, and called for prophet's skill.
And this thou show'dst thou had'st not, nor by bird,
Nor any God made known; but then I came,
I, Œdipus, who nothing know, and slew her,
With mine own counsel winning, all untaught
By flight of birds. And now thou would'st expel me,
And think'st to take thy stand by Creon's throne.
But, as I think, both thou and he that plans
With thee, will hunt this mischief to your cost;
And but that I must think of thee as old,
Thou had'st learnt wisdom, suffering what thou plann'st.
Ch. Far as we dare to guess, we think his words,
And thine, O Œdipus, in wrath are said.
Not such as these we need, but this to see,
How best to solve the God's great oracles.
T. King though thou be, I claim an equal right
To make reply. That power, at least, is mine:
For I am not thy slave, but Loxias';
Nor shall I stand on Creon's patronage:
And this I say, since thou my blindness mock'st,
That thou, though seeing, failest to perceive
Thy evil plight, nor where thou liv'st, nor yet
With whom thou dwellest. Know'st thou even this,
Whence thou art sprung? All ignorant thou sinn'st
Against thine own, beneath, and on the earth:
And soon a two-edged Curse from sire and mother,
With foot of fear, shall chase thee forth from us,
Now seeing all things clear, then all things dark.
And will not then each creek repeat thy wail,
Each valley of Kithæron echoing ring,
When thou discern'st the marriage, fatal port,
To which thy prosp'rous voyage brought thy bark?
And other ills, in countless multitude,
Thou see'st not yet, shall make thy lot as one
With sire's and child's. Vent forth thy wrath then loud,

On Creon, and my speech. There lives not man
Whose life shall waste more wretchedly than thine.
Œ. Can this be longer borne! Away with thee!
A curse light on thee! Wilt thou not depart?
Wilt thou not turn and from this house go back?
T. I had not come, had'st thou not called me here.
Œ. I knew not thou would'st speak so foolishly;
Else I had hardly fetched thee to my house.
T. We then, so seems it thee, are fools from birth,
But, unto those who gave thee birth, seem wise.
[*Turns to go.*
Œ. [*Starting forward.*] What? Stay thy foot. What mortal gave me birth?
T. This day shall give thy birth, and work thy doom.
Œ. What riddles dark and dim thou lov'st to speak.
T. Yes. But thy skill excels in solving such.
Œ. Scoff thou at that in which thou'lt find me strong.
T. And yet this same success has worked thy fall.
Œ. I little care, if I have saved the state.
T. Well, then, I go. Do thou, boy, lead me on!
Œ. Let him lead on. Most hateful art thou near;
Thou can'st not pain me more when thou art gone.
T. I go then, having said the things I came
To say. No fear of thee compels me. Thine
Is not the power to hurt me. And I say,
This man whom thou dost seek with hue-and-cry,
As murderer of Laios, he is here,
In show an alien sojourner, but in truth
A homeborn Theban. No delight to him
Will that discovery bring. Blind, having seen,
Poor, having rolled in wealth,—he, with a staff
Feeling his way, to a strange land shall go!
And to his sons shall he be seen at once
Father and brother, and of her who bore him
Husband and son, sharing his father's bed,
His father's murd'rer. Go thou then within,
And brood o'er this, and, if thou find'st me fail,
Say that my skill in prophecy is gone.
[*Exeunt* Œdipus *and* Teiresias

Ch. Who was it that the rock oracular
Of Delphi spake of, working
With bloody hands of all dread deeds most dread?
Time is it now for him,
Swifter than fastest steed to bend his flight;
For, in full armor clad,
Upon him darts, with fire
And lightning flash, the radiant Son of Zeus,
And with Him come in train
The dread and awful Powers,
The Destinies that fail not of their aim. . . .

Fearfully, fearfully the augur moves me.
Nor answering, aye nor no!
And what to say I know not, but float on,
And hover still in hopes,
And fail to scan things present or to come.
For not of old, nor now,
Learnt I what cause of strife at variance set
The old Labdakid race
With him, the child and heir of Polybos,
Nor can I test the tale,
And take my stand against the well-earned fame
Of Œdipus, my lord,
As champion of the old Labdakid race,
For deaths obscure and dark! . . .

Enter Creon.

Cr. I come, ye citizens, as having learnt
Our sovereign, Œdipus, accuses me
Of dreadful things I cannot bear to hear.
For if, in these calamities of ours,
He thinks he suffers wrongly at my hands,
In word or deed, aught tending to his hurt,
I set no value on a life prolonged,
While this reproach hangs on me; for its harm
Affects not slightly, but is direst shame,
If through the town my name as villain rings,
By thee and by my friends, a villain called.
Ch. But this reproach, it may be, came from wrath
All hasty, rather than from calm, clear mind.
Cr. And who informed him that the seer, seduced
By my devices, spoke his lying words?
Ch. The words were said, but with what mind I know not.
Cr. And was it with calm eyes and judgment calm,

This charge was brought against my name and fame?
Ch. I cannot say. To what our rulers do
I close my eyes. But here he comes himself.

Enter ŒDIPUS.

Œ. Ho, there! is't thou? And does thy boldness soar
So shameless as to come beneath my roof,
When thou, 'tis clear, dost plot against my life,
And seek'st to rob me of my sovereignty?
Is it, by all the Gods, that thou hast seen
Or cowardice or folly in my soul,
That thou hast laid thy plans? Or thoughtest thou
That I should neither see thy sinuous wiles,
Nor, knowing, ward them off? This scheme of thine,
Is it not wild, backed nor by force nor friends,
To seek the power which force and wealth must grasp?
Cr. Dost know what thou wilt do? For words of thine
Hear like words back, and as thou hearest, judge.
Œ. Cunning of speech art thou. But I am slow
Of thee to learn, whom I have found my foe.
Cr. Of this, then, first, hear what I have to speak. . . .
Œ. But this, then, say not, that thou art not vile.
Cr. If that thou thinkest self-willed pride avails,
Apart from judgment, know thou art not wise.
Œ. If that thou think'st, thy kinsman injuring,
To do it unchastised, thou art not wise.
Cr. In this, I grant, thou speakest right; but tell,
What form of injury hast thou to endure?
Œ. Did'st thou, or did'st thou not, thy counsel give,
Some one to send to fetch this reverend seer?
Cr. And even now by that advice I hold!
Œ. How long a time has passed since Laios chanced . . . [*Pauses.*
Cr. Chanced to do what? I understand not yet.
Œ. Since he was smitten with the deadly blow?
Cr. The years would measure out a long, long tale.
Œ. And was this seer then practising his art?
Cr. Full wise as now, and equal in repute.
Œ. Did he at that time say a word of me?
Cr. Not one, while I, at any rate, was by.
Œ. What? Held ye not your quest upon the dead?
Cr. Of course we held it, but we nothing heard.
Œ. How was it he, this wise one, spoke not then?
Cr. I know not, and, not knowing, hold my peace.
Œ. Thy deed thou know'st, and with clear mind could'st speak!
Cr. What is't! I'll not deny it, if I know.
Œ. Were he not leagued with thee he ne'er had talked
Of felon deed by me on Laios done.
Cr. If he says this, thou know'st it. I of thee
Desire to learn, as thou hast learnt of me.
Œ. Learn then; on me no guilt of blood shall rest.
Cr. Well, then,—my sister? dost thou own her wife?
Œ. I cannot meet this question with denial.
Cr. Rul'st thou this land in equal right with her?
Œ. Her every wish she doth from me receive.
Cr. And am not I co-equal with you twain?
Œ. Yes; and just here thou show'st thyself false friend.
Cr. Not so, if thou would'st reason with thyself,
As I will reason. First reflect on this;
Supposest thou that one would rather choose
To reign with fears than sleep untroubled sleep,
His power being equal? I, for one, prize less
The name of king than deeds of kingly power;
And so would all who learn in wisdom's school.
Now without fear I have what I desire. . . .
Why then should I leave this to hunt for that?
My mind, retaining reason, ne'er could act
The villain's part. I was not born to love
Such thoughts, nor join another in the act;
And as a proof of this, go thou thyself,
And ask at Pytho whether I brought back,
In very deed, the oracles I heard.
And if thou find me plotting with the seer,
In common concert, not by one decree,

But two, thine own and mine, put me to death.
But charge me not with crime on shadowy proof. . . .
Ch. To one who fears to fall, his words seem good;
O king, swift counsels are not always safe.
Œ. But when a man is swift in wily schemes,
Swift must I be to baffle plot with plot;
And if I stand and wait, he wins the day,
And all my state to rack and ruin goes.
Cr. What seek'st thou, then? to drive me from the land?
Œ. Not so. I seek thy death, not banishment.
Cr. When thou show'st first what grudge I bear to thee.
Œ. And say'st thou this defying, yielding not?
Cr. I see your mind is gone.
Œ. My right I mind.
Cr. Mine has an equal claim.
Œ. Nay, thou art vile.
Cr. And if thy mind is darkened . . . . ?
Œ. Still obey!
Cr. Nay, not a tyrant king.
Œ. O country mine!
Cr. That country, too, is mine, not thine alone.
Ch. Cease, O my princes! In good time I see
Jocasta coming hither from the house;
And it were well with her to hush this brawl.

Enter JOCASTA.

J. Why, O ye wretched ones, this strife of tongues
Raise ye in your unwisdom, nor are shamed,
Our country suffering, private griefs to stir?
Come thou within; and thou, O Creon, go;
Bring not a trifling sore to mischief great!
Cr. My sister! Œdipus thy husband claims
The right to do me one of two great wrongs,
To thrust me from my fatherland, or slay me.
Œ. 'Tis even so, for I have found him, wife,
Against my life his evil wiles devising.
Cr. May I ne'er prosper, but accursèd die,
If I have done the things he says I did!
J. Oh, by the Gods, believe him, Œdipus!
Respect his oath, which calls the Gods to hear;
And reverence me, and these who stand by thee.
Ch. Hearken, my king! Be calmer, I implore!
Œ. What wilt thou that I yield?
Ch. Oh, have respect
To one not weak before, who now is strong,
In this his oath.
Œ. And know'st thou what thou ask'st?
Ch. I know right well.
Œ. Say on, then, what thou wilt.
Ch. Hurl not to shame, on grounds of mere mistrust,
The friend on whom no taint of evil hangs.
Œ. Know then that, seeking this, thou seek'st, in truth,
To work my death, or else my banishment.
Ch. Nay, by the Sun-God, Helios, chief of Gods!
May I, too, die, of God and man accursed,
If I wish aught like this! But on my soul,
Our wasting land dwells heavily; ills on ills
Still coming, new upon the heels of old.
Œ. Let him depart then, even though I die,
Or from my country be thrust forth in shame:
Thy face, not his, I view with pitying eye;
For him, whate'er he be, is nought but hate.
Cr. Thou'rt loth to yield, 'twould seem, and wilt be vexed
When this thy wrath is over: moods like thine
Are fitly to themselves most hard to bear.
Œ. Wilt thou not go, and leave me?
Cr. I will go,
By thee misjudged, but known as just by these. [*Exit.*
Ch. Why, lady, art thou slow to lead him in?
J. I fain would learn how this sad chance arose.
Ch. Blind haste of speech there was, and wrong will sting.
J. From both of them?
Ch. Yea, both.
J. And what said each?
Ch. Enough for me, enough, our land laid low,
It seems, to leave the quarrel where it stopped.
Œ. See'st thou, thou good in counsel, what thou dost,
Slighting my cause, and toning down thy zeal?
Ch. My chief, not once alone I spoke,
Unwise, unapt for wisdom should I seem,
Were I to turn from thee aside,
Who, when my country rocked in storm,
Did'st right her course. Ah! if thou can'st,

Steer her well onward now.
J. Tell me, my king, what cause of fell debate
Has bred this discord, and provoked thy soul.
Œ. Thee will I tell, for thee I honor more
Than these. 'Twas Creon and his plots against me.
J. Say then, if clearly thou can'st tell the strife.
Œ. He says that I am Laios' murderer.
J. Of his own knowledge, or by some one taught?
Œ. A scoundrel seer suborning. For himself,
He takes good care to free his lips from blame.
J. Leave now thyself, and all thy thoughts of this,
And list to me, and learn how little skill
In art prophetic mortal man may claim;
And of this truth, I'll give thee one short proof.
There came to Laios once an oracle,
(I say not that it came from Phœbus' self,
But from his servants,) that his fate was fixed
By his son's hand to fall—his own and mine;
And him, so rumor runs, a robber band
Of aliens slay, where meet the three great roads.
Nor did three days succeed the infant's birth,
Before, by other hands, he cast him forth,
Piercing his ankles, on a lonely hill.
Here, then, Apollo failed to make the boy
His father's murderer; nor by his son's hands,
Doom that he dreaded, did our Laios die;
Such things divining oracles proclaimed;
Therefore regard them not. Whate'er the God
Desires to search He will himself declare.
Œ. [*Trembling.*] Ah, as but now I heard thee speak, my queen,
Strange whirl of soul, and rush of thoughts o'ercome me.
J. What vexing care bespeaks this sudden change?
Œ. I thought I heard thee say that Laios fell,
Smitten to death where meet the three great roads.
J. So was it said, and still the rumors hold.
Œ. Where was the spot in which this matter passed?
J. They call the country Phocis, and the roads
From Delphi and from Daulia there converge.
Œ. And what the interval of time since then?
J. But just before thou camest to possess
And rule this land the tidings reached our city.
Œ. Great Zeus! what fate hast thou decreed for me?
J. What thought is this, my Œdipus, of thine?
Œ. Ask me not yet, but Laios, tell of him,
His build, his features, and his years of life.
J. Tall was he, and the white hairs snowed his head,
And in his form not much unlike to thee.
Œ. Woe, woe is me! so seems it I have plunged
All blindly into curses terrible.
J. What sayest thou? I fear to look at thee.
Œ. I tremble lest the seer has seen indeed:
But thou can'st clear it, answering yet once more.
J. And I too fear, yet what thou ask'st I'll tell.
Œ. Went he in humble guise, or with a troop
Of spearmen, as becomes a man that rules?
J. Five were they altogether, and of them
One was a herald, and one chariot bore him.
Œ. Woe! woe! 'tis all too clear. And who was he
That told these tidings to thee, O my queen?
J. A servant who alone escaped with life.
Œ. And does he chance to dwell among us now?
J. Not so; for from the time when he returned,
And found thee bearing sway, and Laios dead,
He, at my hand, a suppliant, implored
This boon, to send him to the distant fields
To feed his flocks, as far as possible
From this our city. And I sent him forth;
For though a slave, he might have claimed yet more.
Œ. Ah! could we fetch him quickly back again!
J. That may well be. But why dost thou wish this?
Œ. I fear, O queen, that words best left unsaid
Have passed these lips, and therefore wish to see him.

J. Well, he shall come. But some small claim have I,
O king, to learn what touches thee with woe.
Œ. Thou shalt not fail to learn it, now that I
Have gone so far in bodings. Whom should I
More than to thee tell all the passing chance?
I had a father, Polybos of Corinth,
And Merope of Doris was my mother,
And I was held in honor by the rest
Who dwelt there, till this accident befel,
Worthy of wonder, of the heat unworthy
It roused within me. Thus it chanced: A man
At supper, in his cups, with wine o'ertaken,
Reviles me as a spurious changeling boy;
And I, sore vexèd, hardly for that day
Restrained myself. And when the morrow came
I went and charged my father and my mother
With what I thus had heard. They heaped reproach
On him who stirred the matter, and I soothed
My soul with what they told me; yet it teased,
Still vexing more and more; and so I went,
Unknown to them, to Pytho, and the God
Sent me forth shamed, unanswered in my quest;
And other things He spake, dread, dire, and dark,
That I should join in wedlock with my mother,
Beget a brood that men should loathe to look at,
Be murderer of the father that begot me.
And, hearing this, I straight from Corinth fled,
The stars thenceforth the land-marks of my way,
And fled where never more mine eyes might see
The shame of those dire oracles fulfilled;
And as I went I reached the spot where he,
This king, thou tell'st me, met the fatal blow.
And now, O lady, I will tell the truth.
Wending my steps that way where three roads meet,
There met me first a herald, and a man
Like him thou told'st of, riding on his car,
Drawn by young colts. With rough and hasty force
They drove me from the road,—the driver first,
And that old man himself; and then in rage
I strike the driver, who had turned me back,
And when the old man sees it, watching me
As by the chariot side I passed, he struck
My forehead with a double-pointed goad.
But we were more than quits, for in a trice
With this right hand I struck him with my staff,
And he rolls backward from his chariot's seat.
And then I slay them all. And if it chance
That Laios and this stranger are akin,
What man more wretched than this man who speaks?
What man more harassed by the vexing Gods?
He whom none now, or alien, or of Thebes,
May welcome to their house, or speak to him,
But thrust him forth an exile. And 'twas I,
None other, who against myself proclaimed
These curses. And the bed of him that died
I with my hands, by which he fell, defile.
Am I not born to evil, all unclean?
If I must flee, yet still in flight my doom
Is never more to see the friends I love,
Nor tread my country's soil; or else to bear
The guilt of incest, and my father slay,
Yea Polybos, who begat and brought me up.
Would not a man say right who said that here
Some cruel God was pressing hard on me?
Not that, not that, at least, thou Presence, pure
And awful, of the Gods; may I ne'er look
On such a day as that, but far away
Depart unseen from all the haunts of men,
Before such great pollution comes on me.
Ch. We, too, O king, are grieved, yet hope thou on,
Till thou hast asked the man who then was by.
Œ. And this indeed is all the hope I have,
Waiting until that shepherd-slave appear.
J. And when he comes, what ground for hope is there?
Œ. I'll tell thee. Should he now repeat the tale
Thou told'st me, I, at least, stand free from guilt.
J. What special word was that thou heard'st from me?
Œ. Thou said'st he told that robbers slew his lord,

And should he give their number as the same
Now as before, it was not I who slew him,
For one man could not be the same as many,
But if he speak of one man, all alone,
Then, all too plain, the deed cleaves fast to me.
J. But know, the thing was said, and clearly said,
And now he cannot from his word draw back.
Not I alone, but the whole city, heard it;
And should he now retract his former tale,
Not then, my husband, will he rightly show
The death of Laios, who, as Loxias told,
By my son's hands should die; and yet, poor boy,
He killed him not, but perished long ago,
So I, at least, for all their oracles,
Will never more cast glance or here, or there.
Œ. Thou reasonest well. Yet send a messenger
To fetch that peasant. Be not slack in this.
J. I will make haste. But let us now go in;
I would do nothing that displeaseth thee.
[*Exeunt*

Ch. O that 'twere mine to keep
An awful purity,
In words and deeds whose laws on high are set
Through heaven's clear æther spread,
Whose birth Olympos boasts,
Their one, their only sire,
Whom man's frail flesh begat not,
Nor in forgetfulness
Shall lull to sleep of death;
In them our God is great,
In them He grows not old for evermore.

But pride begets the mood
Of wanton, tyrant power;
Pride filled with many thoughts, yet filled in vain,
Untimely, ill-advised,
Scaling the topmost height,
Falls to the abyss of woe,
Where step that profiteth
It seeks in vain to take.
I ask our God to stay
The labors never more
That work our country's good;
I will not cease to call on God for aid.

Enter JOCASTA, *followed by Attendants.*

J. Princes of this our land, across my soul
There comes the thought to go from shrine to shrine
Of all the Gods, these garlands in my hand,
And waving incense; for our Œdipus
Vexes his soul too wildly with all woes,
And speaks not as a man should speak who scans
New issues by experience of the old,
But hangs on every breath that tells of fear.
And since I find that my advice avails not,
To thee, Lykeian King, Apollo, first
I come,—for thou art nearest,—suppliant
With these devotions, trusting thou wilt work
Some way of healing for us, free from guilt;
For now we shudder, all of us, seeing him,
The good ship's pilot, stricken down with fear.

Enter MESSENGER.

M. May I inquire of you, O strangers, where
To find the house of Œdipus the king,
And, above all, where he is, if ye know?
Ch. This is the house, and he, good sir, within,
And here stands she, the mother of his children.
M. Good fortune be with her and all her kin,
Being, as she is, his true and honored wife.
J. Like fortune be with thee, my friend. Thy speech,
So kind, deserves no less. But tell me why
Thou comest, what thou hast to ask or tell.
M. Good news to thee, and to thy husband, lady.
J. What is it, then? and who has sent thee here?
M. I come from Corinth, and the news I'll tell
May give thee joy. How else? Yet thou may'st grieve.
J. What is the news that has this twofold power?
M. The citizens that on the Isthmus dwell
Will make him sovereign. So the rumor ran.
J. What! Does old Polybos hold his own no more?
M. Nay, nay. Death holds him in his sepulchre.
J. What say'st thou? Polybos, thy king, is dead?
M. If I speak false, I bid you take my life.
J. Go, maiden, at thy topmost speed, and tell
Thy master this. Now, oracles of Gods,
Where are ye now? Long since my Œdipus

Fled, fearing lest his hand should slay the man;
And now he dies by fate, and not by him.

Enter ŒDIPUS.

Œ. Mine own Jocasta, why, O dearest one,
Why hast thou sent to fetch me from the house?
J. List this man's tale, and, when thou hearest, see
The plight of those the God's dread oracles.
Œ. Who then is this, and what has he to tell?
J. He comes from Corinth, and he brings thee word
That Polybos thy father lives no more.
Œ. What say'st thou, friend? Tell me thy tale thyself.
M. If I must needs report the story clear,
Know well that he has gone the way of death.
Œ. Was it by plot, or chance of some disease?
M. An old man's frame a little stroke lays low.
Œ. By some disease, 'twould seem, he met his death.
M. Yes, that, and partly worn by lingering age.
Œ. Ha! ha! Why now, my queen, should we regard
The Pythian hearth oracular, or birds
In mid-air crying? By their auguries,
I was to slay my father. And he dies,
And the grave hides him; and I find myself
Handling no sword; . . . unless for love of me
He pined away, and so I caused his death.
So Polybos is gone, and bears with him,
To Hades 'whelmed, those worthless oracles.
J. Did I not tell thee this long time ago?
Œ. Thou did'st, but I was led away by fears.
J. Dismiss them, then, for ever from thy thoughts!
Œ. And yet that 'incest'; must I not fear that?
J. Why should we fear, when chance rules everything,
And foresight of the future there is none;
'Tis best to live at random, as one can.
But thou, fear not that marriage with thy mother:
Many ere now have dreamt of things like this,
But who cares least about them bears life best.
Œ. Right well thou speakest all things, save that she
Still lives that bore me, and I can but fear,
Seeing that she lives, although thou speakest well.
J. And yet great light comes from thy father's grave.
Œ. Great light I own; yet while she lives I fear.
M. Who is this woman about whom ye fear?
Œ. 'Tis Merope, old sir, who lived with Polybos.
M. And what leads you to think of her with fear?
Œ. A fearful oracle, my friend, from God.
M. Can'st tell it? or must others ask in vain?
Œ. Most readily: for Loxias said of old
That I should with my mother wed, and then
With mine own hands should spill my father's blood.
And therefore Corinth long ago I left,
And journeyed far, right prosperously I own;—
And yet 'tis sweet to see one's parents' face.
M. And did this fear thy steps to exile lead?
Œ. I did not wish to take my father's life.
M. Why, then, O king, did I, with good-will come,
Not free thee from this fear that haunts thy soul?
Œ. Yes, and for this thou shalt have worthy thanks.
M. For this, indeed, I chiefly came to thee;
That I on thy return might prosper well.
Œ. And yet I will not with a parent meet.
M. 'Tis clear, my son, thou know'st not what thou dost.
Œ. What is't? By all the Gods, old man, speak out.
M. If 'tis for them thou fearest to return.
Œ. I fear lest Phœbos prove himself too true.
M. Is it lest thou should'st stain thy soul through them?
Œ. This self-same fear, old man, for ever haunts me,
M. And know'st thou not there is no cause for fear?
Œ. Is there no cause if I was born their son?

M. None is there. Polybos was nought to thee.
Œ. What say'st thou? Did not Polybos beget me?
M. No more than he thou speak'st to; just as much.
Œ. How could a father's claim become as nought?
M. Well, neither he begat thee nor did I.
Œ. Why then did he acknowledge me as his?
M. He at my hands received thee as a gift.
Œ. And could he love another's child so much?
M. Yes; for his former childlessness wrought on him.
Œ. And gav'st thou me as foundling or as bought?
M. I found thee in Kithæron's shrub-grown hollow.
Œ. And for what cause did'st travel thitherwards?
M. I had the charge to tend the mountain flocks.
Œ. Wast thou a shepherd, then, and seeking hire?
M. E'en so, my son, and so I saved thee then.
Œ. What evil plight then did'st thou find me in?
M. The sinews of thy feet would tell that tale.
Œ. Ah, me! why speak'st thou of that ancient wrong?
M. I freed thee when thy insteps both were pierced.
Œ. A foul disgrace I had in swaddling-clothes.
M. Thus from this chance there came the name thou bearest.
Œ. [*Starting.*] Who gave the name, my father or my mother?
M. I know not. He who gave thee better knows.
Œ. Did'st thou then take me from another's hand,
Not finding me thyself?
M. Not I, indeed;
Another shepherd made a gift of thee.
Œ. Who was he? Know'st thou how to point him out?
M. They called him one of those that Laios owned.
Œ. Mean'st thou the former sovereign of this land?
M. E'en so. He fed the flocks of him thou nam'st.
Œ. And is he living still that I might see him?
M. You, his own countrymen, should know that best.
Œ. Is there of you who stand and listen here
One who has known the shepherd that he tells of,
Or seeing him upon the hills or here?
If so, declare it; 'tis full time to know.
Ch. I think that this is he whom from the fields
But now thou soughtest. But Jocasta here
Could tell thee this with surer word than I.
Œ. Think'st thou, my queen, the man whom late we sent for
Is one with him of whom this stranger speaks?
J. [*With forced calmness.*] Whom did he speak of?
Care not thou for it,
Nor even wish to keep his words in mind.
Œ. I cannot fail, once getting on the scent,
To track at last the secret of my birth.
J. Ah, by the Gods, if that thou valuest life
Inquire no more. My misery is enough.
Œ. Take heart; though I should prove thrice base-born slave,
Born of thrice base-born mother, thou art still
Free from all stain.
J. Yet, I implore thee, pause!
Yield to my counsels, do not do this deed.
Œ. I may not yield, nor fail to search it out.
J. And yet best counsels give I, for thy good.
Œ. What thou call'st best has long been grief to me.
J. May'st thou ne'er know, ill-starred one, who thou art!
Œ. Will some one bring that shepherd to me here?
Leave her to glory in her high descent.
J. Woe! woe! ill-fated one! my last word this,
This only, and no more for evermore.
[*Rushes out.*
Ch. Why has thy queen, O Œdipus, gone forth
In her wild sorrow rushing? Much I fear
Lest from such silence evil deeds burst out.
Œ. Burst out what will; I seek to know my birth,
Low though it be, and she perhaps is shamed

(For, like a woman, she is proud of heart)
At thoughts of my low birth; but I, who count
Myself the child of Fortune, fear no shame;
My mother she, and she has prospered me.
And so the months that span my life have made me
Both low and high; but whatsoe'er I be,
Such as I am I am, and needs must on
To fathom all the secret of my birth.

Ch. If the seer's gift be mine,
Or skill in counsel wise,
Thou, O Kithæron, by Olympos high,
When next our full moon comes,
Shalt fail not to resound
With cry that greets thee, fellow-citizen,
Mother and nurse of Œdipus;
And we will on thee weave our choral dance,
As bringing to our princes glad good news.
Hail, hail! O Phœbos, grant that what we do
May meet thy favoring smile.

Who was it bore thee, child,
Of Nymphs whose years are long,
Or drawing near the mighty Father, Pan,
Who wanders o'er the hills,
Or Loxias' paramour,
Who loves the high lawns of the pasturing flocks?
Or was it He who rules
Kyllene's height; or did the Bacchic god,
Whose dwelling is upon the mountain peaks,
Receive thee, gift of Heliconian nymphs,
With whom He loves to sport?

Œ. If I must needs conjecture, who as yet
Ne'er met the man, I think I see the shepherd,
Whom this long while we sought for. In his age
He this man matches. And I see besides,
My servants bring him. Thou perchance can'st speak
From former knowledge yet more certainly.

Ch. I know him, king, be sure; for this man stood,
If any, known as Laios' herdsman true.

Enter SHEPHERD.

Œ. Thee first I ask, Corinthian stranger, say,
Is this the man?

M. The very man thou seek'st.

Œ. Ho there! old man. Come hither, look on me,
And tell me all. Did Laios own thee once?

S. His slave I was, not bought, but reared at home.

Œ. What was thy work, or what thy mode of life?

S. Near all my life I followed with the flock.

Œ. And in what regions did'st thou chiefly dwell?

S. Now 'twas Kithæron, now on neighboring fields.

Œ. Know'st thou this man? Did'st ever see him there?

S. What did he do? Of what man speakest thou?

Œ. This man now present. Did ye ever meet?

S. I cannot say off-hand from memory.

M. No wonder that, my lord. But I'll remind him
Right well of things forgotten. Well I know
He needs must know when on Kithæron's fields,
He with a double flock, and I with one,
I was his neighbor during three half years,
From springtide till Arcturos rose; and I
In winter to mine own fold drove my flocks,
And he to those of Laios. [*To Shepherd.*] Answer me,
Speak I, or speak I not, the thing that was?

S. Thou speak'st the truth, although long years have passed.

M. Come, then, say on. Dost know thou gav'st me once
A boy, that I might rear him as my child?

S. What means this? Wherefore askest thou of that?

M. Here stands he, fellow! that same tiny boy.

S. A curse befall thee! Wilt not hold thy tongue?

Œ. Rebuke him not, old man; thy words need more
The language of rebuker than do his.

S. Say, good my lord, what fault do I commit?

Œ. This, that thou tell'st not of the child he asks for.

S. Yes, for he nothing knows, and wastes his pains.

Œ. For favor thou speak'st not, but shalt for pain. [*Strikes him.*

S. By all the Gods, hurt not an old man weak.

Œ. Will no one bind his hands behind his back?

S. Oh wretched me! And what then wilt thou learn?

Œ. Gav'st thou this man the boy of whom he asks?

S. I gave him. Would that I that day had died.
Œ. Soon thou wilt come to that if thou speak'st wrong.
S. Nay, much more shall I perish if I speak.
Œ. This fellow, as it seems, would tire us out.
S. Not so. I said long since I gave it him.
Œ. Whence came it? Was the child thine own or not?
S. Mine own 'twas not, from some one else I had it.
Œ. Which of our people, or from out what home?
S. Oh, by the Gods, my master, ask no more!
Œ. Thou diest if I question this again.
S. Some one it was of Laios' household born.
Œ. Was it a slave, or some one kin to him?
S. Ah me, I stand upon the very brink
Where most I dread to speak.
Œ. And I to hear:
And yet I needs must hear it, come what may.
S. The boy was said to be his son; but, she,
Thy queen within, could tell the whole truth best.
Œ. What! was it she who gave it?
S. Yea, O king!
Œ. And to what end?
S. To make away with it.
Œ. And dared a mother—?
S. Auguries dark she feared.
Œ. What were they?
S. E'en that he his sire should kill.
Œ. Why then did'st thou to this old man resign him?
S. I pitied him, O master, and I thought
That he would bear him to another land,
Whence he himself had come. But him he saved
For direst evil. For if thou be he
Whom this man speaks of, thou art evil-starred.
Œ. Woe! woe! woe! woe! all cometh clear at last.
O light, may this my last glance be on thee,
Who now am seen owing my birth to those
To whom I ought not, and with whom I ought not
In wedlock living, whom I ought not slaying.
[*Exit.*

Ch. Ah, race of mortal men,
How as a thing of nought
I count ye, though ye live;
For who is there of men
That more of blessing knows,
Than just a little while
To seem to prosper well,
And, having seemed, to fall?
With thee as pattern given,
Thy destiny, e'en thine,
Ill-fated Œdipus,
I count nought human blest. . . .

Time, who sees all things, he hath found thee out,
Against thy will, and long ago condemned
The wedlock none may wed,
Begetter and begotten.
Ah, child of Laios! would
I ne'er had seen thy face!
I mourn with wailing lips,
Mourn sore exceedingly.
'Tis simplest truth to say,
By thee from death I rose,
By thee in death I sleep.

Enter Second Messenger.

M. Ye chieftains, honored most in this our land
What deed ye now will hear of, what will see,
How great a wailing will ye raise, if still
Ye truly love the house of Labdacos!
For sure I think that neither Istros' stream
Nor Phasis' floods could purify this house,
Such horrors does it hold. But soon 'twill show
Evils self-chosen, not without free choice:
These self-sought sorrows ever pain men most.
Ch. The ills we knew before lacked nothing meet
For plaint and moaning. Now, what add'st thou more?
M. Quickest for me to speak, and thee to learn;
Our sacred queen Jocasta,—she is dead.
Ch. Ah, crushed with many sorrows! How and why?
M. Herself she slew. The worst of all that passed
I must omit, for none were there to see.
Yet, far as memory suffers me to speak,
That sorrow-stricken woman's end I'll tell;
For when to passion yielding, on she passed
Within the porch, straight to the couch she rushed,

Her bridal bed, with both hands tore her hair,
And as she entered, dashing through the doors,
Calls on her Laios, dead long years ago,
Remembering that embrace of long ago,
Which brought him death, and left to her who bore,
With his own son a hateful motherhood.
And o'er her bed she wailed, where she had borne
Spouse to her spouse, and children to her child;
And how she perished after this I know not; . . .
For Œdipus struck in with woeful cry,
And we no longer looked upon her fate,
But gazed on him as to and fro he rushed.
For so he raves, and asks us for a sword,
Wherewith to smite the wife that wife was none,
The womb polluted with accursèd births,
Himself, his children,—so, as thus he raves,
Some spirit shows her to him (none of us,
Who stood hard by had done so): with a shout
Most terrible, as some one led him on,
Through the two gates he leapt, and from the wards
He slid the hollow bolt, and rushes in;
And there we saw his wife had hung herself,
By twisted cords suspended. When her form
He saw, poor wretch! with one wild, fearful cry,
The twisted rope he loosens, and she fell,
Ill-starred one, on the ground. Then came a sight
Most fearful. Tearing from her robe the clasps,
All chased with gold, with which she decked herself,
He with them struck the pupils of his eyes,
With words like these—'Because they had not seen
What ills he suffered and what ills he did,
They in the dark should look, in time to come,
On those whom they ought never to have seen,
Nor know the dear ones whom he fain had known.'
With such like wails, not once or twice alone,
Raising his eyes, he smote them, and the balls,
All bleeding, stained his cheek, nor poured they forth
Gore drops slow trickling, but the purple shower
Fell fast and full, a pelting storm of blood.
Such were the ills that sprang from both of them,
Not on one only, wife and husband both.
His ancient fortune, which he held of old,
Was truly fortune: but for this day's doom
Wailing and woe, and death and shame, all forms
That man can name of evil, none have failed.

Ch. What rest from suffering hath the poor wretch now?

M. He calls to us to ope the bolts, and show
To all in Thebes his father's murderer,
His mother's . . . Foul and fearful were the words
He spoke; I dare not speak them. Then he said
That he would cast himself adrift, nor stay
At home accursèd, as himself had cursed.
Some stay he surely needs, or guiding hand,
For greater is the ill than he can bear,
And this he soon will show thee, for the bolts
Of the two gates are opening, and thou'lt see
A sight to touch e'en hatred's self with pity.

The doors of the Palace are thrown open, and ŒDIPUS *is seen within.*

Ch. Oh, fearful sight for men to look upon!
Most fearful of all woes
I hitherto have known! What madness strange
Has come on thee, thou wretched one?
What Power with one fell swoop,
Ills heaping upon ills,
Than greatest greater yet,
Has marked thee for its prey? . . .

Œ. Ah, woe! ah, woe! ah, woe!
Woe for my misery! . . .
Dread Power, with crushing might
Thou leaped'st on my head. . . .

Ch. O man of fearful deeds, how could'st thou bear
Thine eyes to outrage? What Power stirred thee to it?

Œ. Apollo, oh, my friends, the God, Apollo,
Who worketh out all these, my bitter woes:
Yet no man's hand but mine has smitten them.
What need for me to see,
When nothing's left that's sweet to look upon?

Ch. Too truly dost thou speak the thing that is.

Œ. Yea, what remains to see,
Or what to love, or hear,
With any touch of joy?
Lead me away, my friends, with utmost speed
Lead me away, the foul polluted one,
Of all men most accursed,
Most hateful to the Gods.
Ch. Ah, wretched one, alike in soul and doom,
I fain could wish that I had never known thee.
Œ. Ill fate be his who from the fetters freed
The child upon the hills,
And rescued me from death,
And saved me,—thankless boon!
Ah! had I died but then,
Nor to my friends nor me had been such woe.
Ch. I, too, could fain wish that.
Œ. Yes; then I had not been
My father's murderer:
Nor had men pointed to me as the man
Wedded with her who bore him.
But now all godless, born of impious stock,
In incest joined with her who gave me birth;—
Yea, if there be an evil worse than all,
It falls on Œdipus!
Ch. I may not say that thou art well-advised,
For better wert thou dead than living blind.
Œ. Persuade me not, nor counsel give to show
That what I did was not the best to do. . . .
Yea, if I could but stop the stream of sound,
And dam mine ears against it, I would do it,
Sealing my carcase vile, that I might live
Both blind, and hearing nothing. Sweet 'twould be
To keep my soul beyond the reach of ills.
Why, O Kithæron, did'st thou shelter me,
Nor kill me out of hand? I had not shown,
In that case, all men whence I drew my birth.
O Polybos, and Corinth, and the home
Of old called mine, how strange a growth ye reared,
All fair outside, all rotten at the core;
For vile I stand, descended from the vile.
Ye threefold roads and thickets half concealed,
The copse, the narrow pass where three ways meet,
Which at my hands did drink my father's blood,
Remember ye, what deeds I did in you,
What, hither come, I did?—O marriage rites
That gave me birth, and, having borne me, gave
To me in turn an offspring, and ye showed
Fathers, and sons, and brothers, all in one,
Mothers, and wives, and daughters, hateful names,
All foulest deeds that men have ever done.
But, since, where deeds are evil, speech is wrong,
With utmost speed, by all the Gods, or slay me,
Or drive me forth, or hide me in the sea,
Where never more your eyes may look on me. . . .
But with utmost speed
Convey me in; for nearest kin alone
Can meetly see and hear their kindred's ills.
Ch. The man for what thou need'st is come in time,
Creon, to counsel, and to act, for now
He in thy stead is left our state's one guide.
Œ. Ah, me! what language shall I hold to him,
What trust at his hands claim? In all the past
I showed myself to him most vile and base.

Enter CREON.

Cr. I have not come, O Œdipus, to scorn,
Nor to reproach thee for thy former crimes.
Œ. Oh, by the Gods! since thou, beyond my hopes,
Dost come all noble unto me all base,
One favor grant. I seek thy good, not mine.
Cr. And what request seek'st thou so wistfully?
Œ. Cast me with all thy speed from out this land,
Where nevermore a man may speak to me!
Cr. Be sure, I would have done so, but I wished
To learn what now the God will bid us do.
Œ. The oracle was surely clear enough
That I the parricide, the pest, should die.
Cr. So ran the words. But in our present need
'Tis better to learn surely what to do.
Œ. And will ye ask for one so vile as I?
Cr. Yea, thou, too, now would'st trust the voice of God.
Œ. And this I charge thee, yea, and supplicate;
For her within, provide what tomb thou wilt,

For for thine own most meetly thou wilt care;
But never let this city of my fathers
Be sentenced to receive me as its guest. . . .
But for my two poor girls, all desolate,
To whom my table never brought a meal
Without my presence, but whate'er I touched
They still partook of with me;—care for these;
Yea, let me touch them with my hands, and weep
With them my sorrows. Grant it, O my prince,
O born of noble nature!
Could I but touch them with my hands, I feel
Still I should have them mine, as when I saw.

Enter ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE.

What say I? What is this?
Do I not hear, ye Gods, their dear, loved tones,
Broken with sobs, and Creon, pitying me,
Hath sent the dearest of my children to me?
Is it not so?

Cr. It is so. I am he who gives thee this,
Knowing the joy thou had'st in them of old.

Œ. A blessing on thee! May the Powers on high
Guard thy path better than they guarded mine!
Where are ye, O my children? Come, oh, come
To these your brother's hands, that now have brought
Your father's once bright eyes to this fell pass,
Who, O my children, blind and knowing nought,
Became your father e'en by her who bore me.
I weep for you (for sight is mine no more),
Picturing in mind the sad and dreary life
Which waits you at men's hands in years to come. . . .
Unwedded, childless. Thou, Menœkeus' son,
Since thou alone art left a father to them,
(For we their parents perish utterly),
Suffer them not to wander husbandless,
Nor let thy kindred beg their daily bread,
Nor make them sharers with me in my woe. . . .

Cr. Enough of tears. Go thou within the house.

Œ. I needs must yield, however hard it be.

Cr. In their right season all things prosper best.

Œ. Know'st thou my wish?

Cr. Speak and I then shall know.

Œ. That thou should'st send me far away from home.

Cr. Thou askest what the Gods alone can give.

Œ. As for the Gods, above all men they hate me.

Cr. And therefore it may chance thou gain'st thy wish.

Œ. And dost thou promise?

Cr. When I mean them not, I am not wont to utter idle words.

Œ. Lead me, then, hence.

Cr. Go thou, but leave the girls.

Œ. Ah, take them not from me!

Cr. Thou must not think
To hold the sway in all things all thy life:
The sway thou had'st did not abide with thee.

Ch. Ye men of Thebes, behold this Œdipus,
Who knew the famous riddle and was noblest,
Whose fortune who saw not with envious glances?
And, lo! in what a sea of direst trouble
He now is plunged. From hence the lesson learn ye,
To reckon no man happy till ye witness
The closing day; until he pass the border
Which severs life from death, unscathed by sorrow.

EURIPIDES (480–405 B.C.)

Euripides, born on the day of Salamis, incipient athlete and painter, philosopher and friend of Socrates, author of over ninety dramas and victor only five times, died at Amphipolis after withdrawal from Athens and a residence at the court of Macedon. Nineteen of his plays survive, among which the favorites include *Alcestis, Medea, The Trojan Women, Electra, Hecuba, The Bacchantes, Hippolytus,* and *Iphigenia among the Taurians.* As examples of high art, they do not reach the level of Sophocles and Æschylus, and their author was attacked by the conservatives of his generation on the ground of moral and religious innovation, but the tenderness and depth of his humanity, together with a simplicity and picturesqueness of language, counteracted the charge, and gave him a place in the hearts of men which he has never ceased to hold. It was said long ago that Æschylus represented men as divine beings, Sophocles as idealized human beings, and Euripides as they really were. Mrs. Browning's verses are a fuller statement of his power:

> Our Euripides the human,
> With his droppings of warm tears,
> And his touchings of things common
> Till they rose to meet the spheres.

Alcestis is not Euripides' best or most tragic play, but because of its beauty in theme and sentiment it is not far from being his most attractive play, and it is the more profitably chosen to represent him because Robert Browning's analysis and interpretation of it in *Balaustion's Adventure* brings to the surface a wealth of spiritual meaning.

ALCESTIS

The scene is before the palace of Admetus, king of Pheræ and favored of Apollo, who in bygone days during his banishment to earth found the king a friend and protector. At the behest of the god, the Fates have granted Admetus the privilege of living beyond the natural term of life, but on condition that a member of his family shall offer to die in his place. All have refused but Alcestis, his wife, and the day and hour for her sacrifice have arrived. Apollo and Orcus appear in the prologue, and the other characters are Hercules, Pheres the father of the king, Attendants, and the Chorus of Pheræan neighbors.

APOLLO.

Thy royal house, Admetus, yet again
I visit, where a slave among thy slaves
Thy table, though a god, I deigned to praise;
To this compelled by Jove, who slew my son,
The healing sage, launching against his breast
The flaming thunder; hence enraged I killed
The Cyclops, that prepared his fiery bolts.
For this a penal task my vengeful sire
Assigned me, to a mortal doomed a slave
Perforce; I hither came, and fed his herds,
Who friendly entertained me, guarding then,
And to this day, his hospitable house.
Holy the house, and holy is its lord,
The son of Pheres; him from death I saved
The Fates beguiling; for those ancient powers
Assented that Admetus should escape
Death then approaching, would some other go,
Exchanged for him, to the dark realms beneath.
His friends, his father, e'en the aged dame
That gave him birth, were asked in vain; not one
Was found, his wife except; for him she willed
To die, and view no more th' ethereal light.
She in the house, supported in their arms,
Now sighs out her last breath: for she must die.
And this the fate-appointed day: for this,
Dear as it is, I leave the friendly mansion,
Lest there pollution find me. But I see
Orcus advancing near, priest of the dead;

He to the house of Pluto will conduct her;
Observant of the stated time he comes,
True to the day when she perforce must die.

ORCUS, APOLLO.

O. Why art thou here? Why dost thou make this house
Thy haunt, Apollo? Thou dost wrong, again,
Th' infernal realms defrauding of their honors,
Torn from them, or delayed. Sufficed it not
T' have snatched Admetus from his doom, the Fates
With fraudful arts deluding? Now again,
Armed with thy bow, why dost thou guard his wife,
Daughter of Pelias, bound by solemn vow,
Saving her husband's life, to die for him?

A. Fear not; thy right I reverence and just claim.

O. What means thy bow, if thou revere the right?

A. It ever is my wont to bear these arms.

O. Ay, and unjustly to defend this house.

A. I mourn th' afflictions of the man I love.

O. Wouldst thou defraud me of this second dead?

A. The first by violence I took not from thee.

O. How on earth then walks he now alive?

A. Ransomed by her, for whom thou now art come.

O. And I will lead her to the realms below.

A. Take her: I know not if I might persuade thee.

O. Him, whom I ought, to seize; for that prepared.

A. No: but t' involve in death ripe, lingering age.

O. Full well I understand thy speech and zeal.

A. May then Alcestis to that age be spared?

O. No: honor, be assured, delights e'en me.

A. Thou canst but take a single life, no more.

O. Greater my glory when the youthful die.

A. More sumptuous obsequies await her age.

O. This were a law in favor of the rich.

A. What secret meaning hath thy wisdom here?

O. They with their wealth would purchase to die old.

A. Wilt thou not then indulge me with this grace?

O. Not I indeed: go to: thou knowest my manners.

A. Hostile to mortals, hateful to the gods.

O. Thou canst not have all that thou shouldst not have.

A. Yet, ruthless as thou art, soon wilt thou cease
This contest; such a man to Pheres' house
Comes, to the frozen continent of Thrace
Sent by Eurystheus for the savage steeds
Yoked to the tyrant's car. He, in this house
A welcome guest t' Admetus, will by force
Take his wife from thee; and no thanks from me
Will be thy due; yet what I now entreat
Then thou wilt yield, and I shall hate thee still.

O. Say what thou wilt, nothing the more for that
Shalt thou from me obtain: this woman goes,
Be sure of that, to Pluto's dark domain.
I go, and with this sword assert my claim,
For sacred to th' infernal gods that head,
Whose hair is hallowed, by this charmèd blade.

Enter CHORUS, *in Two Parts.*

1. Before this royal mansion all is still:
What may this melancholy silence mean?
2. And not a friend is nigh, from whom to learn
Whether we ought to wail the queen now dead,
Or lives she yet, yet sees the light of heaven,
For conjugal affection justly deemed
By me, by all, the noblest of her sex.
1. Hear you a cry, hear you a clash of hands
Within, or lamentations for the dead?
2. Not e'en a servant holds his station here
Before the gates. O, 'midst this awful gloom
Appear, bright Pæan, and dispel the storm!
1. If she were dead, they would not be thus silent;
Nor could the body vanish from the house.
2. Whence is thy confidence? My fears o'ercome me.
1. A wife so honored would Admetus bear
Without due pomp in silence to her tomb?
2. Nor vase of fountain water do I see
Before the doors, as custom claims, to bathe

The corse; and none hath on the portal placed
His locks, in solemn mourning for the dead
Usually shorn; nor does the younger train
Of females raise their sorrowing voices high.
1. Yet this the fatal day, when she must leave
The light of heaven.
2. Why dost thou mention this?
O, thou hast touched my heart, hast touched my soul.
1. When on the good afflictions fall, to grieve
Becomes the man that hath been prized as honest.

CHORUS.

In vain, our pious vows are vain:
Make we the flying sail our care,
The light bark bounding o'er the main,
To what new realm shall we repair?
To Lycia's hallowed strand?
Or where in solitary state,
'Midst thirsty deserts wild and wide
That close him round on ev'ry side,
Prophetic Ammon holds his awful seat?
What charm, what potent hand
Shall save her from the realms beneath?
He comes, the ruthless tyrant Death:
I have no priest, no altar more,
Whose aid I may implore.

O that the son of Phœbus now
Lived to behold th' ethereal light!
Then might she leave the seats below,
Where Pluto reigns in cheerless night.
The Sage's potent art,
Till thund'ring Jove's avenging power
Hurled his red thunders at his breast,
Could from the yawning gulf release
To the sweet light of life the dead restore.
Who now shall aid impart?
To ev'ry god at ev'ry shrine
The king hath paid the rites divine:
But vain his vows, his pious care;
And ours is dark despair.

Enter FEMALE ATTENDANT.

Ch. But of the female train one from the house
Comes bathed in tears: what tidings shall I hear?
To weep, if aught of ill befalls thy lords,
Becomes thee: I would know if yet she lives,
Or sinks beneath the ruthless power of death.

At. As living I may speak of her, and dead.
Ch. Living and dead at once, how may that be?
At. E'en now she sinks in death, and breathes her last.
Ch. Unhappy king, of what a wife bereft!
At. Nor knows our lord his suffering, ere it comes.
Ch. Is there no hope then yet to save her life?
At. Th' inevitable day of fate is come.
Ch. Have you prepared what the sad case requires?
At. Each honor that may grace her obsequies.
Ch. Illustrious in her death, the best of wives:
The sun in his wide course sees not her equal.
At. The best of wives indeed; who will gainsay it?
What could the brightest pattern of her sex
Do more? What greater proof give of the honor
She bears her husband, than a ready will
To die for him! This all the city knows.
How in the house she hath demeaned herself
Will claim thy admiration. When she knew
The destined day was come, in fountain water
She bathed her lily-tinctured limbs, then took
From her rich chests of odorous cedar formed
A splendid robe, and her most radiant dress;
Thus gorgeously arrayed she stood before
The hallowed flames, and thus addressed her prayer:
'O queen, I go to the infernal shades,
Yet, ere I go, with reverence let me breathe
My last request—Protect my orphan children,
Make my son happy with the wife he loves,
And wed my daughter to a noble husband:
Nor let them, like their mother, to the tomb
Untimely sink, but in their native land
Be blest through lengthened life to honored age.'
Then to each altar in the royal house
She went, and crowned it, and addressed her vows,
Plucking the myrtle bough: nor tear, nor sigh
Came from her, neither did th' approaching ill
Change the fresh beauties of her vermeil cheek.

Her chamber then she visits, and her bed;
There her tears flowed, and thus she spoke:
'O bed,
To which my wedded lord, for whom I die,
Led me a virgin bride, farewell! To thee
No blame do I impute, for me alone
Hast thou destroyed. Disdaining to betray
Thee, and my lord, I die. To thee shall come
Some other woman, not more chaste, perchance
More happy.' As she lay, she kissed the couch,
And bathed it with a flood of tears: that passed,
She left her chamber, then returned, and oft
She left it, oft returned, and on the couch
Fondly, each time she entered, cast herself.
Her children, as they hung upon her robes
Weeping, she raised, and clasped them to her breast
Each after each, as now about to die.
Each servant through the house burst into tears
In pity of their mistress; she to each
Stretched her right hand; nor was there one so mean
To whom she spoke not, and admitted him
To speak to her again. Within the house
These are our griefs. Admetus must have died,
Have perished; but escaping is immersed
In sorrows, which his heart shall ne'er forget.
Ch. Well may the groan burst from him, thus to lose
A wife with every excellence adorned.
At. He weeps indeed, and in his arm supports
His much-loved wife, entreats her not to leave him,
Asking impossibilities. She wastes
And fades with her disease; her languid limbs
Supporting on his hand, yet while some breath
Of life remains she wishes to behold
The radiance of the sun, 'tis her last view,
As never before to see his golden orb.
I go to tell them thou art here: not all
Bear to their lords that firm unshaken faith
T' attend them in their ills; but thou of old
Hast to this house approved thyself a friend.
Ch. Supreme of gods, is there no remedy
To these afflictions, from the storms of fate
No refuge to our lords? Some means of safety
Hast thou assigned? Or must these locks be shorn,
And sorrow robe me in her sable weeds?
At. Too plain, my friends, too plain: yet to the gods
Breathe we our vows, for great their power to save.
O royal Pæan, for Admetus' ills
Find some relief; assist him, O assist him!
As thou before didst save him, save him now
From death; repress the tyrant's murd'rous haste! [*Exit*
Ch. Alas, alas! Woe, woe is me! Thou son
Of Pheres, wilt thou bear to live, deprived
Of such a wife? Will not despair unsheath
The self-destroying sword? Will it not find
Some means of violent death? This day thy wife—
Dear should I say? nay, dearest to thy soul—
Shalt thou see dead. But she comes forth, and with her
Her husband. Groan, thou land of Pheres, raise
The cry of mourning; for the best of women
Wastes with disease, and drooping to the earth
Sinks to th' infernal Pluto's dreary realms. . . .

Enter ALCESTIS, ADMETUS, EUMELUS.

Al. Thou sun, and thou fair light of day, ye clouds
That in quick eddies whirl along the sky!
Ad. Sees thee and me most wretched, yet in nought
Offending 'gainst the gods that thou shouldst die.
Al. O earth, ye tow'red roofs, thou bridal bed
Raised in Iolcos, my paternal seat!
Ad. O thou poor sufferer, raise thee, leave me not;
Entreat the powerful gods to pity thee.
Al. I see the two-oared boat, the Stygian barge;
And he, that wafts the dead, grasps in his hand
His pole, and calls me, 'Why dost thou delay?
Haste thee; thou lingerest; all is ready here.
Charon impatient speeds me to begone.'
Ad. A melancholy voyage this to me.
O thou unhappy, what a fate is ours!
Al. He drags me, some one drags me to the gates

That close upon the dead; dost thou not see him,
How stern he frowns beneath his gloomy brows,
Th' impetuous Pluto? What wouldst thou with me?
Off, let me go! Ah, what a dreary path,
Wretched, most wretched, must I downwards tread!
Ad. To thy friends mournful, most to me, and these
Thy children, who with me this sorrow share.
Al. No longer hold me up, hold me no longer;
Here lay me down: I have not strength to stand:
Death is hard by, dark night creeps o'er my eyes.
My children, O my children, now no more,
Your mother is no more: farewell! May you
More happy see the golden light of heaven!
Ad. Ah, what a mournful word is this! To me
Than any death more painful. By the gods,
Forsake me not. Shouldst thou be taken from me,
I were no more; in thee I live; thy love,
Thy sweet society my soul reveres.
Al. Thou seest, Admetus, what to me the Fates
Assign; yet, ere I die, I wish to tell thee
What lies most near my heart. I honored thee,
And in exchange for thine my forfeit life
Devoted; now I die for thee, though free
Not to have died, but from Thessalia's chiefs
Preferring whom I pleased in royal state
To have lived happy here: I had no will
To live bereft of thee with these poor orphans;
I die without reluctance, though the gifts
Of youth are mine to make life grateful to me.
Yet he that gave thee birth, and she that bore thee,
Deserted thee, though well it had beseemed them
With honor to have died for thee, t' have saved
Their son with honor, glorious in their death.
They had no child but thee, they had no hope
Of other offspring shouldst thou die; and I
Might thus have lived, thou mightst have lived, till age
Crept slowly on, nor wouldst thou heave the sigh
Thus of thy wife deprived, nor train alone
Thy orphan children. But some god appointed
It should be thus: thus be it. Thou to me
Requite this kindness; never shall I ask
An equal retribution, nothing bears
A value high as life: yet my request
Is just, thou wilt confess it; for thy love
To these our children equals mine, thy soul
If wisdom tempers. In their mother's house
Let them be lords: wed not again, to set
A stepdame o'er my children, some base woman
That wants my virtues; she through jealousy
Will work against their lives, because to thee
I bore them: do not this, I beg thee do not;
For to the offspring of a former bed
A stepdame comes sharp as a serpent's tooth.
My son, that holds endearing converse with thee,
Hath in his father a secure protection.
But who, my daughter, shall with honor guide
Thy virgin years? What woman shalt thou find,
New-wedded to thy father, whose vile arts
Will not with slanderous falsehoods taint thy name,
And blast thy nuptials in youth's freshest bloom?
For never shall thy mother see thee led
A bride, nor at thy throes speak comfort to thee,
Then present when a mother's tenderness
Is most alive: for I must die; the ill
Waits not a day, but quickly shall I be
Numbered amongst the dead. Farewell, be happy;
And thou, my husband, mayst with honor boast
Thou hast been wedded to a virtuous wife;
And you, my children, glory in your mother.
Ch. Fear not: I boldly pledge my faith that this
He will perform, if reason holds her seat.
Ad. This shall be done, let not such fears disturb thee,
It shall be done; for living thou wast mine,
And dead thou only shalt be called my wife.
Never in thy dear place Thessalian bride
Shall call me husband: no, nor other woman,
Though from a line of ancient kings she draws
Her noble blood, and boasts each peerless grace
Of native beauty. I am blest with children,

Nor wish I more; in these I pray the gods
I may have joy, since all my joy in thee
Is lost. This mourning not one single year,
But to my life's last period, shall be borne.
How hateful are my parents! for their words
Alone were friendly, not their deeds; whilst thou,
Paying the dearest forfeit for my life,
Hast saved me. Shall I ever cease to mourn,
Deprived of such a wife? Hence I renounce
The feast, the cheerful guest, the flow'ry wreath
And song that used to echo through my house.
For never will I touch the lyre again,
Nor to the Libyan flute's sweet measures raise
My voice: with thee all my delights are dead.
Thy beauteous figure, by the artist's hand
Skilfully wrought, shall in my bed be laid;
By that reclining, I will clasp it to me,
And call it by thy name, and think I hold
My dear wife in my arms, and have her yet,
Though now no more I have her: cold delight
I ween; yet thus th' affliction of my soul
Shall I relieve, and visiting my dreams
Shalt thou delight me; for to see a friend
Is grateful to the soul, come when he will,
Though an unreal vision of the night. . . .
But there await me till I die; prepare
A mansion for me, as again with me
To dwell; for in thy tomb will I be laid
In the same cedar, by thy side composed;
For ev'n in death I will not be disjoined
From thee, who hast alone been faithful to me.

Ch. For her dear sake thy sorrows will I share
As friend with friend; and she is worthy of it.

Al. You hear, my children, what your father's words
Have promised, not to wed another woman
To your discomfort, nor dishonor me.

Ad. I now repeat it; firm shall be my faith.

Al. On this, receive thy children from my hands.

Ad. A much-loved gift, and from a much-loved hand.

Al. Be now, instead of me, a mother to them.

Ad. If they lose thee, it must indeed be so.

Al. When I should live, I sink among the dead.

Ad. Ah me, what shall I do bereft of thee!

Al. Time will abate thy grief, the dead is nothing.

Ad. O lead me, by the gods, lead me down with thee.

Al. Enough, it is enough that I die for thee.

Ad. O fate, of what a wife dost thou deprive me!

Al. A heavy weight hangs on my darkened eye.

Ad. If thou forsake me, I am lost indeed.

Al. As one that is no more I now am nothing.

Ad. Ah, raise thy face: do not forsake thy children.

Al. It must be so perforce: farewell, my children!

Ad. Look on them, but a look!

Al. I am no more.

Ad. How dost thou? Wilt thou leave us then?

Al. Farewell!

Ad. And what a wretch, what a lost wretch am I!

Ch. She's gone; thy wife, Admetus, is no more.

Eu. O my unhappy fate!
My mother sinks to the dark realms of night,
Nor longer views this golden light;
But to the ills of life exposed
Leaves my poor orphan state.
Her eyes, my father, see, her eyes are closed,
And her hand nerveless falls.
Yet hear me, O my mother, hear my cries,
It is thy son that calls,
Who prostrate on the earth breathes on thy lips his sighs.

Ad. On one that hears not, sees not: I and you
Must bend beneath affliction's heaviest load.

Eu. Ah, she hath left my youth:
My mother, my dear mother, is no more,
Left me my sufferings to deplore;
Who shall my sorrows soothe?
Thou too, my sister, thy full share shalt know
Of grief, thy heart to rend.
Vain, O my father, vain thy nuptial vows,
Brought to this speedy end;
For, when my mother died, in ruin sunk thy house.

Ch. Admetus, thou perforce must bear these ills:
Thou'rt not the first, nor shalt thou be the last
Of mortal men, to lose a virtuous wife:
For know, death is a debt we all must pay.

Ad. I know it well; not unawares this ill

Falls on me; I foresaw, and mourned it long.
But I will bear the body hence; attend:
And, whilst you wait, raise with alternate voice
The pæan to the ruthless god that rules.
Below: and through my realms of Thessaly
I give command that all in solemn grief
For this dear woman shear their locks, and wear
The sable garb of mourning; from your steeds,
Whether in pairs they whirl the car, or bear
Single the rider's rein, their waving manes
Cut close; nor through the city be the sound
Of flute or lyre for twelve revolving moons.
Never shall I entomb one dearer to me,
Or one more kind: these honors from my hands
She merits, for she only died for me.

[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

Immortal bliss be thine,
Daughter of Pelias in the realms below,
Immortal pleasures round thee flow,
Though never there the sun's bright beams shall shine.
Be the black-browed Pluto told,
And the Stygian boatman old,
Whose rude hands grasp the oar, the rudder guide,
The dead conveying o'er the tide,
Let him be told, so rich a freight before
His light skiff never bore;
Tell him that o'er the joyless lakes
The noblest of her sex her dreary passage takes. . . .

When, to avert his doom,
His mother in the earth refused to lie;
Nor would his ancient father die
To save his son from an untimely tomb;
Though the hand of time had spread
Hoar hairs o'er each aged head;
In youth's fresh bloom, in beauty's radiant glow,
The darksome way thou daredst to go,
And for thy youthful lord's to give thy life.
Be mine so true a wife;
Though rare the lot: then should I prove
Th' indissoluble bond of faithfulness and love.

Enter HERCULES.

H. Ye strangers, citizens of Pheræ, say
If I shall find Admetus in the house.

Ch. There is the son of Pheres, Hercules.
But what occasion, tell us, brought thee hither
To Thessaly; to Pheræ why this visit?

H. A toil imposed by the Tirynthian king.

Ch. And whither roving? On what journey bound?

H. For the four steeds that whirl the Thracian's car.

Ch. How to be won; art thou a stranger there?

H. A stranger, never on Bistonian ground.

Ch. These horses are not won without strong contest.

H. The toil, whate'er it be, I could not shun.

Ch. He must be slain, or death awaits thee there.

H. Not the first contest this I have essayed.

Ch. Shouldst thou o'ercome their lord, what is the prize?

H. His coursers to Eurystheus I shall lead.

Ch. No slight task in their mouths to place the curb.

H. I shall, though from their nostrils they breathe fire.

Ch. With their fierce jaws they rend the flesh of men.

H. So feeds the mountain savage, not the horse.

Ch. Their mangers shalt thou see all stained with blood.

H. From whom does he that bred them draw his race?

Ch. From Mars this king of golden-shielded Thrace.

H. How is this toil assigned me by my fate,
In enterprise so hazardous and high
Engaged, that always with the sons of Mars
I must join battle? With Lycaon first,
With Cygnus next; now with these furious steeds
And their proud lord another contest waits me:
But never shall Alcmena's son be seen
To tremble at the fierceness of a foe.

Ch. But, see, the sceptred ruler of this land,
Admetus, from his house advances to thee.

Enter ADMETUS.

Ad. Hail, son of Jove, of Perseus' noble blood.

H. Hail thou, Admetus, king of Thessaly.
Ad. I am no stranger to thy friendly wishes.
H. Why are thy locks in sign of mourning shorn?
Ad. 'Tis for one dead, whom I must this day bury.
H. The god avert thy mourning for a child!
Ad. My children, what I had, live in my house.
H. Thy aged father, haply he is gone.
Ad. My father lives, and she that bore me lives.
H. Lies then thy wife Alcestis 'mongst the dead?
Ad. Of her I have in double wise to speak.
H. As of the living speakst thou, or the dead?
Ad. She is, and is no more: this grief afflicts me.
H. This gives no information, dark thy words.
Ad. Knowst thou not then the destiny assigned her?
H. I know that she submits to die for thee.
Ad. To this assenting is she not no more?
H. Lament her not too soon; await the time.
Ad. She's dead; one soon to die is now no more.
H. It differs wide to be, or not to be.
Ad. Such are thy sentiments, far other mine.
H. But wherefore are thy tears? What friend is dead?
Ad. A woman; of a woman made I mention.
H. Of foreign birth, or one allied to thee?
Ad. Of foreign birth, but to my house most dear.
H. How in thy house then did she chance to die?
Ad. Her father dead, she came an orphan hither.
H. Would I had found thee with no grief oppressed.
Ad. With what intent dost thou express thee thus?
H. To seek some other hospitable hearth.
Ad. Not so, O king; come not so great an ill.
H. To those that mourn a guest is troublesome.
Ad. Dead are the dead: but enter thou my house.
H. Shame that with those who weep a guest should feast.
Ad. We have apartments separate, to receive thee.
H. Permit me to depart, much will I thank thee.
Ad. It must not be; no, to another house
Thou must not turn aside. Go thou before;
Ope those apartments of the house which bear
A different aspect; give command to those
Whose charge it is to spread the plenteous table,
And bar the doors between: the voice of woe
Unseemly heard afflicts the feasting guest.
Ch. What wouldst thou do, Admetus? Such a grief
Now lying heavy on thee, canst thou bear
T' admit a guest? Doth this bespeak thee wise?
Ad. If from my house or city I should drive
A coming guest, wouldst thou commend me more?
Thou wouldst not: my affliction would not thus
Be less, but more unhospitable I;
And to my former ills this further ill
Be added, I should hear my mansion called
The stranger-hating house. Besides, to me
His hospitable doors are always open,
Whene'er I tread the thirsty soil of Argos.
Ch. Why didst thou then conceal thy present grief,
A stranger friend arriving, as thou sayst?
Ad. My gate he would not enter, had he known
Of my affliction aught: yet acting thus
Some may perchance deem me unwise, nor hold me
Worthy of praise; yet never shall my house
Know to dishonor or reject a guest.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Yes, liberal house, with princely state
To many a stranger, many a guest
Oft hast thou oped thy friendly gate,
Oft spread the hospitable feast.
Beneath thy roof Apollo deigned to dwell,
Here strung his silver-sounding shell,
And mixing with thy menial train
Deigned to be called the shepherd of the plain:
And as he drove his flocks along,
Whether the winding vale they rove,
Or linger in the upland grove,
He tuned the pastoral pipe or rural song. . . .

Hence is thy house, Admetus, graced
With all that Plenty's hand bestows,
Near the sweat-streaming current placed
That from the lake of Bœbia flows.
Far to the west extends the wide domain,
Rich-pastured mead and cultured plain;
Its bound, the dark Molossian air,
Where the Sun stations his unharnessed car,
And stretching to his eastern ray,
Where Pelion rising in his pride
Frowns o'er th' Ægean's portless tide,
Reaches from sea to sea thy ample sway. . . .

Enter Admetus.

Ad. Ye citizens of Pheræ, present here,
Benevolent to me, my dead adorned
With every honor, the attendant train
Are bearing to the tomb and funeral pyre.
Do you, for ancient usage so requires,
Address her as she takes her last sad way.
Ch. Thy father Pheres! See, his aged foot
Advances; his attendants in their hands
Bear gorgeous presents, honors to the dead.

Enter Pheres.

P. I come, my son, joint sufferer in thy griefs;
For thou hast lost a good and virtuous wife,
None will gainsay it; but thou must perforce
Endure this, though severe. These ornaments
Receive, and let her go beneath the earth:
These honors are her due, since for thy life
She died, my son; nor would she I should be
Childless, nor suffered me bereft of thee
To waste in grief my sad remains of life.
The life of all her sex hath she adorned
With added luster by this generous deed.
O thou, that hast preserved my son, and raised
Our sinking glories, hail! E'en in the house
Of Pluto be thou blest! Such marriages
Pronounce I good; others of little worth.
Ad. Thou comest not to these obsequies by me
Invited, nor thy presence do I deem
Friendly. She never in thy ornaments
Shall be arrayed, nor wants she aught of thine
To grace her funeral rites. Then was the time
To show thy social sorrow, when my life
The Fates demanded: thou couldst stand aloof,
Old as thou art, and give a younger up
To die; and wouldst thou now bewail her death?
Art thou my father? No; nor she, who says
She brought me forth, my mother, though so called;
But the base offspring of some slave thy wife
Stole me, and put me to her breast. Thy deeds
Show what thou art by plain and evident proof:
And never can I deem myself thy son,
Who passest all in mean and abject spirit.
At such an age, just trembling on the verge
Of life, that wouldst not—nay, thou daredst not—die
For thine own son: but you could suffer her,
Though sprung from foreign blood. With justice then
Her only as my father must I deem,
Her only as my mother; yet this course
Mightst thou have run with glory, for thy son
Daring to die; brief was the space of life
That could remain to thee. I then had lived
My destined time; she too had lived, nor thus
Of her forsaken should I wail my loss. . . .
Ch. Forbear; enough the present weight of woe.
My son, exasperate not a father's mind.
P. Me as some worthless Lydian dost thou rate,
My son, or Phrygian slave bought with thy gold?
Dost thou not know I am Thessalian born,
Of a Thessalian father, truly free?
Opprobrious are thy words, reviling me
With youthful insolence, not quitted so.
I gave thee birth, thence lord of my fair house;
I gave thee nurture, that indeed I owed thee,
But not to die for thee: such law from nature
Received I not, that fathers for their sons
Should die, nor does Greece know it. For thyself,
Whether misfortune press thee, or thy state
Be happier, thou wast born: thou hast from me
Whate'er behoves thee: o'er an ample realm
Thou now art king, and I shall leave thee more,
A large extent of lands; for from my father
These I received. In what then have I wronged thee?
Or what deprived thee? Die not thou for me,
Nor I for thee. Is it to thee a joy

To view the light of heaven? and dost thou think
Thy father joys not in it? Long I deem
The time below? But little is the space
Of life, yet pleasant. Thou, devoid of shame,
Hast struggled not to die, and thou dost live
Passing the bounds of life assigned by fate,
By killing her. My mean and abject spirit
Thou dost rebuke, O thou most timid wretch,
Vanquished e'en by a woman, who for thee,
Her young and beauteous husband, freely died.
A fine device that thou mightst never die,
Couldst thou persuade who at the time might be
Thy wife to die for thee; yet canst thou load
Thy friends with vile reproach, if they decline
To do it, base and timid as thou art.
But hold thy peace; and think, if life be dear
To thee, it must be dear to all. On us,
If thou wilt throw reproaches, thou shalt hear
Enough of thy ill deeds, and nothing false.

Ch. Too much of ill already hath been spoken:
Forbear, old man, nor thus revile thy son.

Ad. Say what thou wilt, I have declared my thoughts:
But if it gives thee pain to hear the truth,
Much it behoved thee not to wrong me thus.

P. Had I died for thee, greater were the wrong.

Ad. Is death alike then to the young and old?

P. With one life ought we live, and not with two.

Ad. Mayst thou then live a greater age than Jove!

P. And dost thou, nothing injured, curse thy parents?

Ad. I saw thee fondly coveting long life.

P. Her, that died for thee, wilt thou not entomb?

Ad. These are the tokens of thy abject spirit.

P. By us she died not, that thou wilt not say.

Ad. Ah, mayst thou some time come to want my aid!

P. Wed many wives, that more may die for thee.

Ad. On thee be that reproach, thou wouldst not die.

P. Sweet is this light of heaven, sweet is this light.

Ad. Base is thy thought, unworthy of a man.

P. Would it not joy thee to entomb my age?

Ad. Die when thou wilt, inglorious wilt thou die.

P. An ill report will not affect me dead.

Ad. Alas, alas, how shameless is old age!

P. She was not shameless, but thou foundst her mad.

Ad. Begone, and suffer me t' entomb the dead.

P. I go; thou shalt entomb her, as thyself
Her murderer. Look for vengeance from her friends.
Acastus is no man, if his hands fail
Dearly t' avenge on thee his sister's blood.

Ad. Why get thee gone, thou and thy worthy wife;
Grow old together, as you well deserve,
Childless, your son yet living; never more
Meet me beneath this roof. Go! Were it decent
To interdict thee by the herald's voice,
I would forbid thee ever set thy foot
Within this mansion of thy ancestors,
But let us go, since we must bear our ill,
And place her body on the funeral pyre.

Ch. O thou unhappy, nobly daring woman,
Most generous, brightest excellence, farewell!
Courteous my Hermes and th' infernal king
Receive thee: in those realms if aught of grace
Awaits the virtuous, be those honors thine,
And be thy seat nigh Pluto's royal bride.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ATTENDANT.

At. To many a guest ere now, from various realms
Arriving, in this mansion have I spread
The hospitable feast; but at this hearth
A viler than this stranger never shared
The bounty of Admetus: though he saw
My lord oppressed with grief, it checked him not,
He boldly entered; nor with sober cheer
Took the refreshment offered, though he knew
Th' affliction of the house. If what he would
We brought not on the instant, he enforced
His harsh commands; and, grasping in his hands
A goblet wreathed with ivy, filled it high
With the grape's purple juice, and quaffed it off

Untempered, till the glowing wine inflamed him;
Then, binding round his head a myrtle wreath,
Howls dismal discord; two unpleasing strains
We heard, his harsh notes, who in nought revered
Th' afflictions of Admetus, and the voice
Of sorrow through the family that wept
Our mistress; yet our tearful eyes we showed not,
Admetus so commanded, to the guest.
My office bids me wait, and in the house
Receive this stranger, some designing knave,
Or ruffian robber: she meantime is borne
Out of the house, nor did I follow her,
Nor stretched my hand lamenting my lost mistress:
She was a mother to me, and to all
My fellow-servants; from a thousand ills
She saved us, with her gentleness appeasing
Our lord when angry: justly do I hate
This stranger then, who came amidst our grief.

Enter HERCULES.

H. You fellow, why that grave and thoughtful look?
Ill it becomes a servant's countenance
To frown on strangers, whom he should receive
With cheerfulness. A good friend of thy lord
Is present: all the welcome he can get
From thee, a sullen and contracted brow,
Mourning a loss that touches not this house.
Come hither, that thou mayst be wiser, friend;
Knowst thou the nature of all mortal things?
Not thou, I ween; how shouldst thou? Hear from me
By all of human race death is a debt
That must be paid, and none of mortal men
Knows whether till to-morrow life's short space
Shall be extended: such the dark events
Of fortune; never to be learned, nor traced
By any skill. Instructed thus by me
Bid pleasure welcome, drink, the life allowed
From day to day esteem thine own, all else
Fortune's. To Venus chief address thy vows—
Of all the heavenly powers she, gentle queen,
Kindest to man, and sweetest: all besides
Reckless let pass, and listen to my words,
If thou seest reason in them, as I think
Thou dost: then bid excessive grief farewell,
And drink with us; master these present ills,
And bind thy brows with garlands; well I know
The circling bowl will waft thy spirits to bliss,
Now sunk in dark and sullen melancholy.
Since we are mortal, be our minds intent
On mortal things; to all the grave, whose brows
With cares are furrowed, let me judge for thee,
Life is no life, but a calamity.

At. These things we know; but what becomes us now
Ill suits with festal revelry and mirth.

H. A woman dies, one unrelated; check
Thy grief: the lords of this fair mansion live.

At. Live! Knowst thou not th' afflictions of this house?

H. Unless thy lord in something hath deceived me.

At. Liberal his mind, too liberal to the guest.

H. No: for a stranger dead he hath done well.

At. No stranger, but a near domestic loss.

H. Is it some sorrow which he told not me?

At. Go thou with joy; ours are our lord's afflictions.

H. These are not words that speak a foreign loss.

At. If such, thy revelry had not displeased me.

H. Then by my friendly host I much am wronged.

At. Thy coming was unseasonable; this house
Wanted no guest: thou seest our locks all shorn,
Our grief and sable vests.

H. Who then is dead?
One of his children, or his aged father?

At. His wife Alcestis, stranger, is no more.

H. What sayst thou? And e'en so could you receive me?

At. It shamed him to reject thee from his house.

H. O wretch, of what a wife art thou bereft!

At. Not she alone, we all are lost with her.

H. I might have thought this when I saw his eye
Flowing with tears, his locks shorn off, and grief

Marked on his face: but he persuaded me,
Saying that one of foreign birth he mourned,
And bore her to the tomb: unwillingly
Ent'ring these gates I feasted in the house,
My hospitable friend with such a grief
Oppressed; nay more, I reveled, and my head
With garlands shaded: but the fault was thine,
Who didst not tell me that a woe like this
Thy house afflicted. But inform me where
She is interred: where shall I find her tomb?
At. Right in the way that to Larissa leads
Without the city wilt thou find her tomb.
H. Now my firm heart, and thou, my daring soul,
Show what a son the daughter of Electryon,
Alcmena of Tiryntha, bore to Jove.
This lady, new in death, behoves me save,
And, to Admetus rend'ring grateful service,
Restore his lost Alcestis to his house.
This sable-vested tyrant of the dead
My eye shall watch, not without hope to find him
Drinking th' oblations nigh the tomb. If once
Seen from my secret stand I rush upon him,
These arms shall grasp him till his panting sides
Labor for breath; and who shall force him from me,
Till he gives back this woman? Should I fail
To seize him there, as coming not to taste
The spilt blood's thickening foam, I will descend
To the drear house of Pluto and his queen,
Which the sun never cheers, and beg her thence,
Assured that I shall lead her back, and place her
In my friend's hands, whose hospitable heart
Received me in his house, nor made excuse,
Though pierced with such a grief; this he concealed
Through generous thoughts and reverence to his friend.
Who in Thessalia bears a warmer love
To strangers? Who, through all the realms of Greece?
It never shall be said this generous man
Received in me a base and worthless wretch.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ADMETUS.

Ad. Ah me! Ah me! How mournful this approach!
How hateful to my sight this widowed house!
Ah, whither shall I go? where shall I rest?
What shall I say? or what forbear to say?
How may I sink beneath this weight of woe?
To misery was I born, wretch that I am;
I envy now the dead, I long for them,
Long to repose me in that house. No more
With pleasure shall I view the sun's fair beams,
No more with pleasure walk upon this earth:
So dear an hostage death has rent from me,
And yielded to th' infernal king his prey.
Ch. Go forward, yet go forward; to thy house
Retire.
Ad. Ah me!
Ch. Thy sufferings do indeed
Demand these groans.
Ad. O miserable me!
Ch. Thy steps are set in sorrow, well I know,
But all thy sorrow nought avails the dead.
Ad. Wretch that I am!
Ch. To see thy wife no more,
No more to see her face, is grief indeed.
Ad. O, thou hast touched on that which deepest wounds
My mind: what greater ill can fall on man
Than of a faithful wife to be deprived?
O that I ne'er had wedded, in the house
Had ne'er dwelt with her! The unmarried state
I envy, and deem those supremely blest
Who have no children; in one single life
To mourn is pain that may be well endured.
To see our children wasting with disease,
To see death ravaging our nuptial bed,
This is not to be borne, when we might pass
Our lives without a child, without a wife.
Ch. Fate comes, resistless Fate.
Ad. Unhappy me!
Ch. But to thy sorrows wilt thou put no bounds?
Ad. Woe, woe, woe, woe!
Ch. A ponderous weight indeed
To bear, yet bear them. Thou art not the first
That lost a wife: misery, in different forms
To different men appearing, seizes all.
Ad. Ye lasting griefs, ye sorrows for our friends
Beneath the earth! Ah, why did ye restrain me?
I would have cast myself into the tomb,
The gaping tomb, and lain in death with her,
The dearest, best of women; there for one
Pluto had coupled two most faithful souls,
Together passing o'er th' infernal lake.
Ch. I had a friend, by birth allied to me,

Whose son, and such a son as claimed his tears,
Died in the prime of youth, his only child;
Yet with the firmness of a man he bore
His grief, though childless, and declining age
Led him with hasty steps to hoary hairs.
Ad. Thou goodly mansion, how shall I endure
To enter thee, how dwell beneath thy roof,
My state thus sunk! Ah me, how changed from that,
When 'midst the pines of Pelion blazing round,
And hymeneal hymns, I held my way,
And led my loved Alcestis by her hand:
The festal train with many a cheerful shout
Saluted her, now dead, and me, and hailed
Our union happy, as descended each
From generous blood and high-born ancestry.
Now for the nuptial song, the voice of woe—
For gorgeous robes, this black and mournful garb—
Attends me to my halls, and to my couch,
Where solitary sorrow waits me now.
Ch. This sorrow came upon thee 'midst a state
Of happiness, a stranger thou to ills:
Yet is thy life preserved: thy wife is dead,
Leaving thy love; is there aught new in this?
Many hath death reft of their wives before.
Ad. My friends, I deem the fortune of my wife
Happier than mine, though otherwise it seems;
For never more shall sorrow touch her breast,
And she with glory rests from various ills.
But I, who ought not live, my destined hour
O'erpassing, shall drag on a mournful life,
Late taught what sorrow is. How shall I bear
To enter here? To whom shall I address
My speech? Whose greeting renders my return
Delightful? Which way shall I turn? Within
In lonely sorrow shall I waste away,
As widowed of my wife I see my couch,
The seats deserted where she sate, the rooms
Wanting her elegance. Around my knees
My children hang, and weep their mother lost:
These too lament their mistress now no more.
This is the scene of misery in my house:
Abroad, the nuptials of Thessalia's youth
And the bright circles of assembled dames
Will but augment my grief: ne'er shall I bear
To see the loved companions of my wife.
And if one hates me, he will say, 'Behold
The man, who basely lives, who dared not die,
But, giving through the meanness of his soul
His wife, avoided death, yet would be deemed
A man: he hates his parents, yet himself
Had not the spirit to die.' These ill reports
Cleave to me: why then wish for longer life,
On evil tongues thus fallen, and evil days?

CHORUS.

My vent'rous foot delights
To tread the Muses' arduous heights;
Their hallowed haunts I love t' explore,
And listen to their lore:
Yet never could my searching mind
Aught, like necessity, resistless find;
No herb of sovereign power to save,
Whose virtues Orpheus joyed to trace,
And wrote them in the rolls of Thrace;
Nor all that Phœbus gave,
Instructing the Asclepian train,
When various ills the human frame assail,
To heal the wound, to soothe the pain,
'Gainst her stern force avail. . . .

And now, with ruin pleased,
On thee, O king, her hands have seized,
And bound thee in her iron chain:
Yet her fell force sustain.
For from the gloomy realms of night
No tears recall the dead to life's sweet light;
No virtue, though to heaven allied,
Saves from th' inevitable doom:
Heroes and sons of gods have died,
And sunk into the tomb.
Dear, whilst our eyes her presence blest,
Dear, in the gloomy mansions of the dead;
Most generous she, the noblest, best
Who graced thy nuptial bed. . . .

Enter HERCULES.

H. I would speak freely to my friend, Admetus,
Nor what I blame keep secret in my breast.
I came to see thee amidst thy ills, and thought
I had been worthy to be proved thy friend.
Thou toldst me not the obsequies prepared
Were for thy wife, but in thy house receivdst me
As if thou grievdst for one of foreign birth.

I bound my head with garlands, to the gods
Pouring libations in thy house with grief
Oppressed. I blame this: yes, in such a state
I blame this: yet I come not in thine ills
To give thee pain; why I return in brief
Will I unfold. This woman from my hands
Receive to thy protection, till returned
I bring the Thracian steeds, having there slain
The proud Bistonian tyrant; should I fail,
Be that mischance not mine, for much I wish
Safe to revisit thee, yet should I fail,
I give her to the safeguard of thy house.
For with much toil she came into my hands.
To such as dare contend some public games,
Which well deserved my toil, I find proposed,
I bring her thence, she is the prize of conquest;
For slight assays each victor led away
A courser; but for those of harder proof
The conqueror was rewarded from the herd,
And with some female graced: victorious there,
A prize so noble it were base to slight.
Take her to thy protection, not by stealth
Obtained, but the reward of many toils;
The time perchance may come when thou wilt thank me.
Ad. Not that I slight thy friendship, or esteem thee
Other than noble, wished I to conceal
My wife's unhappy fate; but to my grief
It had been added grief, if thou hadst sought
Elsewhere the rites of hospitality;
Suffice it that I mourn ills which are mine.
This woman, if it may be, give in charge,
I beg thee, king, to some Thessalian else,
That hath not cause like me to grieve; in Pheræ
Thou mayst find many friends; call not my woes
Fresh to my memory; never in my house
Could I behold her but my tears would flow;
To sorrow add not sorrow; now enough
I sink beneath its weight. Where should her youth
With me be guarded? for her gorgeous vests
Proclaim her young; if mixing with the men
She dwell beneath my roof, how shall her fame,
Conversing with the youths, be kept unsullied?
It is not easy to restrain the warmth
Of that intemperate age; my care for thee
Warns me of this. Or if from them removed
I hide her in th' apartments late my wife's,
How to my bed admit her? I should fear
A double blame; my citizens would scorn me
As light, and faithless to the kindest wife
That died for me, if to her bed I took
Another blooming bride; and to the dead
Behoves me pay the highest reverence
Due to her merit. And thou, lady, know,
Whoe'er thou art, that form, that shape, that air
Resembles my Alcestis. By the gods,
Remove her from my sight. It is too much,
I cannot bear it: when I look on her,
Methinks I see my wife; this wounds my heart,
And calls the tears fresh gushing from my eyes.
This is the bitterness of grief indeed.
Ch. I cannot praise thy fortune; but behoves thee
To bear with firmness what the gods assign.
H. O that from Jove I had the power to bring
Back from the mansions of the dead thy wife
To heaven's fair light, that grace achieving for thee!
Ad. I know thy friendly will. But how can this
Be done? The dead return not to this light.
H. Check then thy swelling griefs; with reason rule them.
Ad. How easy to advise, but hard to bear!
H. What would it profit shouldst thou always groan?
Ad. I know it; but I am in love with grief.
H. Love to the dead calls forth the ceaseless tear.
Ad. O, I am wretched more than words can speak.
H. A good wife hast thou lost, who can gainsay it?
Ad. Never can life be pleasant to me more.
H. Thy sorrow now is new, time will abate it.
Ad. Time, sayst thou? Yes, the time that brings me death.
H. Some young and lovely bride will bid it cease.
Ad. No more: what sayst thou? Never could I think—
H. Wilt thou still lead a lonely, widowed life?
Ad. Never shall other woman share my bed.

H. And think'st thou this will aught avail the dead?
Ad. This honor is her due, where'er she be.
H. This hath my praise, though near allied to frenzy.
Ad. Praise me, or not, I ne'er will wed again.
H. I praise thee that thou'rt faithful to thy wife.
Ad. Though dead, if I betray her may I die!
H. Well, take this noble lady to thy house.
Ad. No, by thy father Jove let me entreat thee.
H. Not to do this would be the greatest wrong.
Ad. To do it would with anguish rend my heart.
H. Let me prevail; this grace may find its meed.
Ad. O that thou never hadst received this prize!
H. Yet in my victory thou art victor with me.
Ad. 'Tis nobly said: yet let this woman go.
H. If she must go, she shall: but must she go?
Ad. She must, if I incur not thy displeasure.
H. There is a cause that prompts my earnestness.
Ad. Thou hast prevailed, but much against my will.
H. The time will come when thou wilt thank me for it.
Ad. Well, if I must receive her, lead her in.
H. Charge servants with her! No, that must not be.
Ad. Lead her thyself then, if thy will incline thee.
H. No, to thy hand alone will I commit her.
Ad. I touch her not; but she hath leave to enter.
H. I shall entrust her only to thy hand.
Ad. Thou dost constrain me, king, against my will.
H. Venture to stretch thy hand, and touch the stranger's.
Ad. I touch her, as I would the headless Gorgon.
H. Hast thou her hand?
Ad. I have.
H. Then hold her safe.
Hereafter thou wilt say the son of Jove
Hath been a generous guest: view now her face,
See if she bears resemblance to thy wife,
And thus made happy bid farewell to grief.
Ad. O gods, what shall I say? 'Tis marvelous,
Exceeding hope. See I my wife indeed?
Or doth some god distract me with false joy?
H. In very deed dost thou behold thy wife.
Ad. See that it be no phantom from beneath.
H. Make not thy friend one that evokes the shades.
Ad. And do I see my wife, whom I entombed?
H. I marvel not that thou art diffident.
Ad. I touch her; may I speak to her as living?
H. Speak to her; thou hast all thy heart could wish.
Ad. Dearest of women, do see I again
That face, that person? This exceeds all hope:
I never thought that I should see thee more.
H. Thou hast her; may no god be envious to thee.
Ad. O, be thou blest, thou generous son of Jove!
Thy father's might protect thee! Thou alone
Hast raised her to me; from the realms below
How hast thou brought her to the light of life?
H. I fought with him that lords it o'er the shades.
Ad. Where with the gloomy tyrant didst thou fight?
H. I lay in wait, and seized him at the tomb.
Ad. But wherefore doth my wife thus speechless stand?
H. It is not yet permitted that thou hear
Her voice addressing thee, till from the gods
That rule beneath she be unsanctified
With hallowed rites, and the third morn return.
But lead her in: and as thou'rt just in all
Besides, Admetus, see thou reverence strangers.
Farewell: I go t' achieve the destined toil
For the imperial son of Sthenelus.
Ad. Abide with us, and share my friendly hearth.
H. That time will come again; this demands speed.
Ad. Success attend thee; safe mayst thou return.
Now to my citizens I give in charge,
And to each chief, that for this blest event

They institute the dance, let the steer bleed,
And the rich altars, as they pay their vows,
Breathe incense to the gods; for now I rise
To better life, and grateful own the blessing.
Ch. With various hand the gods dispense our fates:
Now showering various blessings, which our hopes
Dared not aspire to; now controlling ills
We deemed inevitable; thus the god
To these hath given an end exceeding thought.
Such is the fortune of this happy day.

—M. Wodhull.

COMEDY (465–250 B.C.)

Comedy had its origin in the comus, or procession of Dionysus, as tragedy in the dithyramb. Being of lighter and less dignified nature, it was not until about 465, or seventy years after tragedy, that it was adopted by the state and became part of the great spring festivals. The significant names in its history are Epicharmus of Sicily, 540-450, who probably reduced to more artistic and literary form a hitherto rude style of play, Sophron of Syracuse, the writer of the coarse type of comedy called the mime, Susarion of Attica, who between 581 and 562 received a prize for contributions whose nature is uncertain, and three predecessors of Aristophanes who were the first important writers after the state adopted comedy, Eupolis, Crates, and Cratinus. The titles of the earlier plays, which resemble the titles of Aristophanes, show them to have been of a fantastic and a satiric tendency. Aristophanes, about 454-388, developed both tendencies, and brought to perfection this type, which is called Old Comedy. It was succeeded by Middle Comedy, in which the objects of satire were very infrequently personal or contemporary, and New Comedy, which held the mirror up to fourth and third century Athenian manners.

ARISTOPHANES (454–388 B.C.)

Aristophanes, aristocrat and conservative, keen-witted, and a highly gifted poetic genius, developed both the fantasy and the satire of Old Comedy, but without relieving it of the coarseness bequeathed by his predecessors. Eleven of the forty or more plays survive which kept him popular in Athens for two score years. Three are ludicrous representations of women acting in affairs of court and state, three, *The Acharnians, Peace,* and *The Knights,* are plays on the war question, two, *The Wasps* and *The Birds,* are satires on Athenian weaknesses, *The Clouds* is an attack on Socrates and the new teaching, *The Frogs* is a satire on Euripides in which Æschylus does not go entirely free, and *Plutus* is an allegory on riches. Aristophanes was an inspired fun-maker, but his genius for exquisite poetry was not second to his wit.

THE BIRDS

The scene is in a wild country place. Two Athenians, whose names are Talkover and Hopeful, tired of the ways of the city, have left it in search of a refuge among the birds. The chorus consists of twenty-four fantastic figures representing birds. The play is best described as a poetic and satiric extravaganza.

John Hookham Frere's admirable translation of the play is here used, with a few omissions.

Euelpides (*speaking to his Jackdaw.*)

Right on, do ye say? to the tree there in the distance?

Peisthetairus (*speaking first to his Raven, and then to his companion.*)

Plague take ye! Why, this creature calls us back!

E. What use can it answer tramping up and down?
We're lost, I tell ye: our journey's come to nothing.

P. To think of me traveling a thousand stadia
With a Raven for my adviser!

E. Think of me too,
Going at the instigation of a Jackdaw,
To wear my toes and my toenails to pieces!

P. I don't know even the country, where we've got to.

E. And yet you expect to find a country here,
A country for yourself!

P. Truly, not I. . . .

E. Oh dear! We're come to ruin, utter ruin!

P. Then go that way, can't ye?—'the Road to Ruin!'

E. He has brought us to a fine pass, that crazy fellow,
Philocrates the poulterer; he pretended
To enable us to find where Tereus lives;
The King that was, the Hoopoe that is now;
Persuading us to buy these creatures of him,
That Raven there for three-pence, and this other,
This little Tharrelides of a Jackdaw,—
He charged a penny for: but neither of 'em
Are fit for anything but to bite and scratch.
(*Speaking to his Jackdaw*)
Well, what are ye after now? gaping and poking!
You've brought us straight to the rock. Where would you take us?
There's no road here!
P. No, none, not even a path.
E. Nor don't your Raven tell us anything?
P. She's alter'd somehow—she croaks differently.
E. But which way does she point? What does she say?
P. Say? Why, she says, she'll bite my fingers off.
E. Well, truly it's hard upon us, hard indeed,
To go with our own carcasses to the crows,
And not be able to find 'em after all.
For our design, most excellent spectators. . . .
We have deem'd it fitting to betake ourselves
To these our legs, and make our person scarce.
Not through disgust or hatred or disdain
Of our illustrious birthplace, which we deem
Glorious and free; with equal laws ordain'd
For fine and forfeiture and confiscation;
With taxes universally diffused;
And suits and pleas abounding in the Courts.
For grasshoppers sit only for a month
Chirping upon the twigs; but our Athenians
Sit chirping and discussing all the year,
Perch'd upon points of evidence and law.
Therefore we trudge upon our present travels,
With these our sacrificial implements,
To seek some easier unlitigious place,
Meaning to settle there and colonize.
Our present errand is in search of Tereus,
(The Hoopoe that is now) to learn from him
If in his expeditions, flights, and journeys,
He ever chanced to light on such a spot.
P. Holloh!
E. What's that?
P. My raven here points upwards.
—Decidedly!
E. Aye, and here's my Jackdaw, too,
Gaping as if she saw something above.—
Yes,—I'll be bound for it; this must be the place:
We'll make a noise, and know the truth of it.
P. Then 'kick against the rock.'
E. Knock you your head
Against the rock!—and make it a double knock!
P. Then fling a stone at it!
E. With all my heart,
Holloh, there!
P. What do you mean with your Holloh?
You should cry Hoop for a Hoopoe.
E. Well, then, Hoop!
Hoop and holloh, there!—Hoopoe, Hoopoe, I say!
Trochilus. What's here? Who's bawling there?
Who wants my master?
[*The door is opened, and both parties start at seeing each other.*
E. Oh mercy, mighty Apollo! what a beak!
T. Out! out upon it! a brace of bird-catchers!
E. No, no; don't be disturb'd; think better of us.
T. You'll both be put to death.
E. But we're not men.
T. Not men! what are ye? what do ye call yourselves?
E. The fright has turn'd me into a Yellow-Hammer.
T. Poh! Stuff and nonsense!
E. I can prove it to ye.
Search!
T. But your comrade here, what bird is he?
P. I'm changed to a Golden Pheasant just at present.
E. Now tell me, in heaven's name, what creature are ye?
T. I'm a Slave Bird.
E. A slave! how did it happen?
Were you made prisoner by a fighting cock?
T. No. When my master made himself a Hoopoe,
He begg'd me to turn bird to attend upon him.
E. Do birds, then, want attendance?
T. Yes, of course;
In his case, having been a man before,
He longs occasionally for human diet,
His old Athenian fare: pilchards for instance,—
Then I must fetch the pilchards; sometimes porridge;
He calls for porridge, and I mix it for him.
E. Well, you're a dapper waiter, a didapper;
But didapper, I say, do step within there,

And call your master out.
T. But just at present
He's taking a little rest after his luncheon,
Some myrtle berries and a dish of worms.
E. No matter, call him here; we wish to speak to him.
T. He'll not be pleased, I'm sure; but notwithstanding,
Since you desire it, I'll make bold to call him.
[*Exit.*
P. (*looking after him.*) Confound ye, I say, you've frighten'd me to death.
E. He has scared away my Jackdaw; it's flown away.
P. You let it go yourself, you coward.
E. Tell me.
Have you not let your Raven go?
P. Not I.
E. Where is it then?
P. Flown off of its own accord.
E. You did not let it go! you're a brave fellow!
THE HOOPOE (*from within.*) Open the door, I say let me go forth.
[THE ROYAL HOOPOE *appears with a tremendous beak and crest.*
E. O Hercules, what a creature! What a plumage!
And a triple tier of crests; what can it be!
H. Who call'd? who wanted me?
E. May the heavenly powers!—
—Confound ye! I say (*aside.*)
H. You mock at me, perhaps,
Seeing these plumes.—But, stranger, you must know
That once I was a man.
E. We did not laugh
At you, Sir.
H. What, then, were you laughing at?
E. Only that beak of yours seem'd rather odd.
H. It was your poet Sophocles that reduced me
To this condition with his tragedies.
E. What are you, Tereus? Are you a bird, or what?
H. A Bird.
E. Then where are all your feathers?
H. Gone.
E. In consequence of an illness?
H. No; the Birds
At this time of the year leave off their feathers.
But you! what are ye? Tell me.
E. Mortal men.
H. What countrymen?
E. Of the country of the Triremes.
H. Jurymen, I suppose?
E. Quite the reverse,
We're anti-jurymen.
H. Does that breed still
Continue amongst you?
E. Some few specimens
You'll meet with here and there in country places.
H. And what has brought you here? What was your object?
E. We wish'd to advise with you.
H. With me! For what?
E. Because you were a man: the same as us;
And found yourself in debt: the same as us;
And did not like to pay: the same as us;
And after that, you changed into a bird,
And ever since have flown and wander'd far
Over the lands and seas, and have acquired
All knowledge that a bird or man can learn.
Therefore we come, as suppliants, to beseech
Your favor and advice to point us out
Some comfortable country, close and snug,
A country like a blanket or a rug,
Where we might fairly fold ourselves to rest.
H. Do you wish then for a greater state than Athens?
E. Not greater, but more suitable for us. . . .
H. Well, what kind of a town would suit ye?
E. Why, such a kind of town as this, for instance,
A town where the importunities and troubles
Are of this sort. Suppose a neighbor calls
Betimes in the morning with a sudden summons:
'Now, don't forget,' says he, 'for heaven's sake,
To come to me to-morrow; bring your friends,
Children, and all, we've wedding cheer at home.
Come early, mind ye, and if you fail me now,
Don't let me see your face when I'm in trouble.'
H. So you're resolved to encounter all these hardships!
(*To* PEISTHETAIRUS.) And what say you?
P. My fancy's much the same.
H. How so?
P. To find a place of the same sort. . . .
H. Aye! You're in love, I see, with difficulties
And miseries. Well, there's a city, in fact,
Much of this sort; one that I think might suit ye,

Near the Red Sea.
E. No, no! not near the sea;
Lest I should have the Salaminian galley
Arriving some fine morning with a summons
Sent after me, and a pursuivant to arrest me.
But could not you tell us of some Grecian city?
H. Why, there's in Elis there, the town of Lepreum.
E. No, no! No Lepreums; nor no lepers neither.
No leprosies for me. Melanthius
Has given me a disgust for leprosies. . . .
But tell me, among the birds here, how do ye find it?
What kind of an existence?
H. Pretty fair;
Not much amiss. Time passes smoothly enough;
And money is out of the question. We don't use it.
E. You've freed yourselves from a great load of dross.
H. We've our field sports. We spend our idle mornings
With banqueting and collations in the gardens,
With poppy-seeds and myrtle.
E. So your time
Is pass'd like a perpetual wedding-day.
[PEISTHETAIRUS *breaks out as from a profound reflective reverie.*
P. Hah! What a power is here; what opportunities!
If I could only advise you. I see it all!
The means for an infinite empire and command!
H. And what would you have us do? What's your advice?
P. Do! what would I have ye do? Why, first of all
Don't flutter and hurry about all open-mouth'd
In that undignified way. With us for instance,
At home, we should cry out, 'What creature's that?'
And Teleas would be the first to answer:
'A mere poor creature, a weak restless animal,
A silly bird, that's neither here nor there.'
H. Yes, Teleas might say so. *It would be like him.*
But tell me, what would you have us do?
P. (*emphatically.*) Concentrate;
—Bring all your birds together. Build a city.
H. The Birds! How could we build a city? Where?
P. Nonsense. You can't be serious. What a question!
Look down.
H. I do.
P. Look up now.
H. So I do.
P. Now turn your neck round.
H. I should sprain it though.
P. Come, what d'ye see?
H. The clouds and sky;—that's all.
P. Well, that we call the pole and the atmosphere;
And would it not serve you birds for a metropole?
H. Pole? Is it call'd a pole?
P. Yes, that's the name.
Philosophers of late call it the pole;
Because it wheels and rolls itself about,
As it were, in a kind of roly-poly way.
Well, there then, you may build and fortify,
And call it your Metropolis,—your Acropolis.
From that position you'll command mankind,
And keep them in utter thorough subjugation:
Just as you do the grasshoppers and locusts.
And if the gods offend you, you'll blockade 'em,
And starve 'em to a surrender.
H. In what way?
P. Why thus. Your atmosphere is placed, you see,
In a middle point, just betwixt earth and heaven.
A case of the same kind occurs with us.
Our people in Athens, if they send to Delphi
With deputations, offerings, or what not,
Are forced to obtain a pass from the Bœotians:
Thus when mankind on earth are sacrificing,
If you should find the gods grown mutinous
And insubordinate, you could intercept
All their supplies of sacrificial smoke.
H. By the earth and all its springs! springs and nooses!
Odds, nets and snares! this is the cleverest notion:
And I could find it in my heart to venture,
If the other Birds agree to the proposal.
P. But who must state it to them?
H. You yourself,
They'll understand ye, I found them mere barbarians,
But living here a length of time amongst them,
I have taught them to converse and speak correctly.
P. How will you summon them?

H. That's easy enough;
I'll just step into the thicket here hard by,
And call my Nightingale. She'll summon them.
And when they hear her voice, I promise you
You'll see them all come running here pell-mell.
P. My dearest, best of Birds! don't lose a moment,
I beg, but go directly into the thicket;
Nay, don't stand here, go call your Nightingale.

[*Exit* HOOPOE.

SONG *from behind the scene, by the* HOOPOE.

Awake! awake!
Sleep no more my gentle mate!
With your tiny tawny bill,
Wake the tuneful echo shrill,
On vale or hill;
Or in her airy rocky seat,
Let her listen and repeat
The tender ditty that you tell,
The sad lament,
The dire event,
To luckless Itys that befell.
Thence the strain
Shall rise again,
And soar amain,
Up to the lofty palace gate,
Where mighty Apollo sits in state
In Jove's abode, with his ivory lyre,
Hymning aloud to the heavenly choir.
While all the gods shall join with thee
In a celestial symphony.

[*A solo on the flute, the Nightingale's call.*

P. Oh, Jupiter! the dear delicious bird!
With what a lovely tone she swells and falls,
Sweetening the wilderness with delicate air.
E. Hist!
P. What?
E. Be quiet, can't ye?
P. What's the matter?
E. The Hoopoe is just preparing for a song.
H. Hoop! hoop!
Come in a troop,
Come at a call,
One and all,
Birds of a feather,
All together.
Birds of an humble gentle bill
Smooth and shrill,
Dieted on seeds and grain,
Rioting on the furrow'd plain,
Pecking, hopping,
Picking, popping,
Among the barley newly sown.
Birds of bolder louder tone,
Lodging in the shrubs and bushes,
Mavises and Thrushes,
On the summer berries browsing,
On the garden fruits carousing,
All the grubs and vermin smouzing.
You that in an humbler station,
With an active occupation,
Haunt the lowly watery mead,
Warring against the native breed,
The gnats and flies, your enemies;
In the level marshy plain
Of Marathon pursued and slain.

You that in a squadron driving
From the seas are seen arriving,
With the Cormorants and Mews
Haste to land and hear the news!
All the feather'd airy nation,
Birds of every size and station,
Are convened in convocation.
For an envoy queer and shrewd
Means to address the multitude,
And submit to their decision
A surprising proposition,
For the welfare of the state.
Come in a flurry,
With a hurry-scurry,
Hurry to the meeting and attend to the debate.

E. How they thicken, how they muster,
How they clutter, how they cluster!
Now they ramble here and thither,
Now they scramble altogether.
What a fidgetting and clattering!
What a twittering and chattering!
Don't they mean to threaten us? What think ye?
P. Yes, methinks they do.
E. They're gaping with an angry look against us both.
P. It's very true.
Ch. Where is He, the Magistrate that assembled us to deliberate?
H. Friends and comrades, here am I, your old associate and ally.
Ch. What have ye to communicate for the benefit of the state?
H. A proposal safe and useful, practicable, profitable,
Two projectors are arrived here, politicians shrewd and able.
Ch. Whee! whaw! where! where!

What? what? what? what? what?
H. I repeat it—human envoys are arrived, a steady pair,
To disclose without reserve a most stupendous huge affair.
Ch. Chief, of all that ever were, the worst, the most unhappy one!
Speak, explain!
H. Don't be alarm'd!
Ch. Alas, alas! what have you done?
H. I've received a pair of strangers, who desired to settle here.
Ch. Have you risk'd so rash an act?
H. I've done it, and I persevere.
Ch. But where are they?
H. Near beside you; near as I am; very near.
Ch. Oùt, alàs! oùt, alàs!
We are betràyd, crùelly betray'd
To a calàmitous end.
Our còmrade and our friènd,
Our compànion in the fièlds and in the pàstures
Is the aùthor of all our mìseries and disàsters,
Our àncient sàcred làws and sòlemn oàth!
Tràngrèssing bòth!
Trèasonably delìvering us as a prìze
To our hòrrible immemòrial enemiès.
To a detèstable race
Exècrably base!
For the Bird our Chief, hereafter he must answer to the state;
With respect to these intruders, I propose, without debate,
On the spot to tear and hack them.
E. There it is, our death and ruin!
Ah, the fault was all your own, you know it; it was all your doing;
You that brought me here, and why?
P. Because I wanted an attendant.
E. Here to close my life in tears.
P. No, that's a foolish fear, depend on't.
E. Why a foolish fear?
P. Consider; when you're left without an eye,
It's impossible in nature; how could you contrive to cry?
Ch. Form in rank, form in rank;
Then move forward and outflank.
Let me see them overpower'd,
Hack'd, demolish'd, and devour'd,
Neither earth, nor sea, nor sky,
Nor woody fastnesses on high,
Shall protect them if they fly.
Where's the Captain? what detains him? what prevents us to proceed?
On the right there, call the Captain! let him form his troop and lead.
E. There it is; where can I fly?
P. Sirrah, be quiet; wait a bit.
E. What, to be devour'd amongst them!
P. Will your legs or will your wit
Serve to escape them?
E. I can't tell.
P. But I can tell; do as you're bid;
Fight we must. You see the pot just there before ye; take the lid
And present it for a shield; the spit will serve you for a spear;
With it you may scare them off, or spike them if they venture near.
E. What can I find to guard my eyes?
P. Why, there's the very thing you wish,
Two vizard helmets ready made, the cullender and skimming dish.
E. What a clever, capital, lucky device, sudden and new!
Nicias, with all his tactics, is a simpleton to you.
Ch. Steady, Birds! present your beaks! in double time, charge and attack!
Pounce upon them, smash the pot-lid, clapperclaw them, tear and hack.
H. Tell me, most unworthy creatures, scandal of the feather'd race,
Must I see my friends and kinsmen massacred before my face?
Ch. What, do you propose to spare them? Where will your forbearance cease,
Hesitating to destroy destructive creatures such as these?
H. Enemies they might have been; but here they come, with fair design,
With proposals of advice, for your advantage and for mine.
Ch. Enemies time out of mind! they that have spilt our fathers' blood,
How should they be friends of ours, or give us counsel for our good?
H. Friendship is a poor adviser; politicians deep and wise
Many times are forced to learn a lesson from their enemies. . . .
Ch. We're agreed to grant a hearing; if an enemy can teach
Anything that's wise or useful, let him prove it in his speech.
P. (*aside.*) Let's retire a pace or two; you see the change in their behavior.
H. Simple justice I require, and I request it as a favor.
Ch. Faith and equity require it, and the nation hitherto

Never has refused to take direction and advice from you.
P. (*aside.*) They're relenting by degrees; Recover arms and stand at ease.
Ch. Back to the rear! resume your station,
Ground your wrath and indignation,
Sheathe your fury, stand at ease!
While I proceed to question these:
What design has brought them here?
Hoh, there, Hoopoe! can't he hear?
H. What's your question?
Ch. Who are these?
H. Strangers from the land of Greece.
Ch. What design has brought them thence? What's their errand or pretence?
H. They come here simply with a view
To settle and reside with you;
Here to remain and here to live.
Ch. What is the reason that they give?
H. A project marvelous and strange.
Ch. Will it account for such a change,
Coming here so vast a distance?
Does he look for our assistance
To serve a friend or harm a foe?
H. Mighty plans he has to show
(Hinted and proposed in brief)
For a power beyond belief;
Ocean, earth, he says, and air,
All creation everywhere,
Everything that's here or there,
An empire and supremacy
Over all beneath the sky
Is attainable by you,
Your just dominion and your due.
Ch. Tell us, was he fool or mad?
H. No, believe me, grave and sad.
Ch. Did his reasons and replies
Mark him as discreet and wise?
H. With a force, a depth, a reach
Of judgment; a command of speech;
An invention, a facility,
An address, a volubility,
More than could be thought believable;
'Tis a varlet inconceivable!
Ch. Let us hear him! let us hear him!
Bid him begin! for raised on high
Our airy fancy soars; and I
Am rapt in hope, ready to fly.

[*The King Hoopoe now gives some orders in a pacific spirit, directing that all warlike weapons be removed and hung up at the back of the chimney as before. Peace is proclaimed, the armament is dissolved by proclamation, and the Chorus recommence singing.*]

H. (*to the* Chorus.) Here you, take these same arms, in the name of Heaven,
And hang them quietly in the chimney-corner; (*turning to* Peisthetairus),
And you, communicate your scheme, exhibiting
Your proofs and calculations—the discourse
Which they were call'd to attend to.
P. No, not I,
By Jove! unless they agree to an armistice;
Such as the little poor baboon, our neighbor,
The sword cutler, concluded with his wife;
That they shan't bite me, or take unfair advantage
In any way.
Ch. We won't.
P. Well, swear it then!
Ch. We swear, by our hope of gaining the first prize
With the general approval and consent
Of the whole audience, and of all the judges—
And if we fail, may the reproach befall us,
Of gaining it only by the casting vote.
Herald. Hear ye, good people all! the troops are order'd
To take their arms within doors; and consult
On the report and entry to be made
Upon our journal of this day's proceedings.

Ch. Since time began
The race of man
Has ever been deceitful, faithless ever.
Yet may our fears be vain!
Speak therefore and explain:
If in this realm of ours,
Your clearer intellect, searching and clever,
Has noticed means or powers
Unknown and undetected,
In unambitious indolence neglected.
Guide and assist our ignorant endeavor:
You, for your willing aid and ready wit,
Will share with us the common benefit.

Now speak to the business and be not afraid,
The Birds will adhere to the truce that we made.
P. I'm fill'd with the subject and long to proceed—
My rhetorical leaven is ready to knead.—
Boy, bring me a crown and a basin and ewer.
E. Why, what does he mean? Are we banqueting, sure?
P. A rhetorical banquet I mean; and I wish
To serve them at first with a sumptuous dish,

To astound and delight them. The grief and compassion
That oppresses my mind on beholding a nation,
A people of sovereigns!
Ch. Sovereigns we!
P. Of all the creation! of this man and me,
And of Jupiter too; for observe that your birth
Was before the old Titans, and Saturn and Earth.
Ch. And Earth!
P. I repeat it.
Ch. That's wonderful news!
P. Your wonder implies a neglect to peruse
And examine old Æsop, from whom you might gather
That the lark was embarrass'd to bury his father
On account of the then non-existence of Earth;
And how to repair so distressing a dearth,
He adopted a method unheard of and new.
Ch. If the story you quote is authentic and true,
No doubt can exist of our clear seniority,
And the gods must acknowledge our right to authority.
E. Your beaks will be worn with distinction and pride;
The woodpecker's title will scarce be denied;
And Jove the pretender will surely surrender.
P. Moreover, most singular facts are combined
In proof that the birds were adored by mankind:
For instance, the Cock was a sovereign of yore
In the empire of Persia, and ruled it before
Darius's time; and you all may have heard
That his title exists as the 'Persian bird.'
E. And hence you behold him stalk in pride,
Majestic and stout, with a royal stride,
With his turban upright, a privilege known
Reserved to kings and kings alone. . . .
P. Then the kite was the monarch of Greece heretofore—
H. Of Greece?
P. —and instructed our fathers of yore,
On beholding a kite, to fall down and adore.
E. Well, a thing that befell me, was comical quite,
I threw myself down on beholding a kite;
But turning my face up to stare at his flight,
With a coin in my mouth, forgetting my penny,
I swallow'd it down, and went home without any.
P. In Sidon and Egypt the Cuckoo was king;
They wait to this hour for the Cuckoo to sing;
And when he begins, be it later or early,
They reckon it lawful to gather their barley.
E. Ah, thence it comes our harvest cry,
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, to the passers-by. . . .
P. Thus far forth have I proved and shown
The power and estate that were once your own,
Now totally broken and overthrown:
And need I describe your present tribe,
Weak, forlorn, exposed to scorn,
Distress'd, oppress'd, never at rest,
Daily pursued with outrage rude,
With cries and noise of men and boys,
Screaming, hooting, pelting, shooting!
The fowler sets his traps and nets,
Twigs of bird-lime, loops, and snares,
To catch you kidnap'd unawares,
Even within the temple's pale.
They set you forth to public sale,
Paw'd and handled most severely;
And, not content with roasting merely,
In an insolent device,
Sprinkle you with cheese and spice;
With nothing of respect or favor,
Derogating from your flavor.
Or, for a further outrage, have ye
Soused in greasy sauce and gravy.

H. Sad and dismal is the story,
Human stranger, which you tell,
Of our fathers' ancient glory,
Ere the fated empire fell.

From the depth of degradation,
A benignant happy fate
Sends you to restore the nation,
To redeem and save the state.

I consign to your protection,
Able to preserve them best,
All my objects of affection,
My wife, my children, and my nest.

H. Explain then the method you mean to pursue
To recover our empire and freedom anew.
For thus to remain in dishonor and scorn,
Our life were a burthen no more to be borne.

P. Then I move, that the birds shall in common repair
To a centrical point, and encamp in the air;
And intrench and enclose it, and fortify there;
And build up a rampart impregnably strong,
Enormous in thickness, enormously long;
Bigger than Babylon, solid and tall,
With bricks and bitumen! a wonderful wall.
E. Bricks and bitumen! I'm longing to see
What a daub of a building the city will be!
P. As soon as the fabric is brought to an end,
A herald or envoy to Jove we shall send,
To require his immediate prompt abdication;
And if he refuses, or shows hesitation,
Or evades the demand, we shall further proceed,
With legitimate warfare, avow'd and decreed;
With a warning and notices, formally given,
To Jove, and all others residing in heaven,
Forbidding them ever to venture again
To trespass on our atmospheric domain,
With scandalous journeys, to visit a list
Of Alcmenas and Semeles; if they persist,
We warn them that means will be taken moreover
To stop their gallanting and acting the lover.
Another ambassador also will go
Dispatch'd upon earth, to the people below,
To notify briefly the fact of accession;
And enforcing our claims upon taking possession;
With orders in future, that every suitor,
Who applies to the gods with an offering made,
Shall begin with a previous offering paid
To a suitable Bird, of a kind and degree
That accords with the god, whosoever he be.
In Venus's fane, if a victim is slain,
First let a Sparrow be feasted with grain.
When gifts and oblations to Neptune are made,
To the Drake let a tribute of barley be paid. . . .
H. But Jove's thunder has wings; if he send but a volley,
Mankind for a time may abandon us wholly.
P. What then? we shall raise a granivorous troop,
To sweep their whole crops with a ravenous swoop:
If Ceres is able, perhaps she may deign
To assist their distress with a largess of grain.
E. No, no! she'll be making excuses, I warrant.
P. Then the Crows will be sent on a different errand,
To pounce all at once, with a sudden surprise,
On their oxen and sheep, to peck out their eyes,
And leave them stone-blind for Apollo to cure:
He'll try it; he'll work for his salary sure!
E. Let the cattle alone; I've two beeves of my own:
Let me part with them first, and then do your worst.
P. But, if men shall acknowledge your merit and worth,
As equal to Saturn, to Neptune, and Earth,
And to everything else, we shall freely bestow
All manner of blessings.
H. Explain them and show.
P. For instance: if locusts arrive to consume
All their hopes of a crop, when the vines are in bloom,
A squadron of Owls may demolish them all;
The Midges moreover, which canker and gall
The figs and the fruit, if the Thrush is employ'd,
By a single battalion will soon be destroy'd.
H. But wealth is their object; and how can we grant it?
P. We can point them out mines; and our help will be wanted
To inspect and direct navigation and trade;
Their voyages all will be easily made,
With a saving of time and a saving of cost;
And a seaman in future will never be lost.
H. How so?
P. We shall warn them: 'Now hasten to sail,
Now keep within harbor; your voyage will fail.'
E. How readily then will a fortune be made!
I'll purchase a vessel and venture on trade.
P. And old treasure conceal'd will again be reveal'd;
The Birds as they know it will readily show it.
'Tis a saying of old, 'My silver and gold
Are so safely secreted, and closely interr'd,

No creature can know it, excepting a Bird.'
E. I'll part with my vessel, I'll go not aboard;
I'll purchase a mattock and dig up a hoard.
H. We're clear as to wealth; but the blessing of health
Is the gift of the gods.
P. It will make no such odds:
If they're going on well, they'll be healthy still,
And none are in health that are going on ill.
H. But then for longevity; that is the gift
Of the gods.
P. But the Birds can afford them a lift,
And allow them a century, less or more.
H. How so?
P. From their own individual store,
They may reckon it fair, to allot them a share;
For old proverbs affirm, that the final term
Of a Raven's life exceeds the space
Of five generations of human race.
H. What need have we then for Jove as a king?
Surely the Birds are a better thing!
P. Surely! surely! First and most,
We shall economize the cost
Of marbled domes and gilded gates.
The Birds will live at cheaper rates,
Lodging, without shame or scorn,
In a maple or a thorn;
The most exalted and divine
Will have an olive for his shrine.
We need not run to foreign lands,
Or Ammon's temple in the sands;
But perform our easy vows
Among the neighboring shrubs and boughs;
Paying our oblations fairly
With a pennyworth of barley.
Ch. O best of all envoys, suspected before,
Now known and approved, and respected the more;
To you we resign the political lead,
Our worthy director in council and deed. . . .
H. That's well, but we've no time, by Jove! to loiter,
And dawdle and postpone like Nicias.
We should be doing something. First, however,
I must invite you to my roosting place,
This nest of mine, with its poor twigs and leaves.
And tell me what your names are?
P. Certainly;
My name is Peisthetairus.
H. And your friend?
E. Euelpides from Thria.
H. Well, you're welcome—
Both of ye.
P. We're obliged.
H. Walk in together.
P. Go first then, if you please.
H. No, pray move forward.
P. But bless me—stop, pray—just for a single moment—
Let's see—do tell me—explain—how shall we manage
To live with you—with a person wearing wings?
Being both of us unfledged? . . .
H. Oh! don't be alarm'd; we'll give you a certain root
That immediately promotes the growth of wings.
P. Come let's go in then; Xanthias, do you mind,
And Manodorus, follow with the bundles,
Ch. Holloh!
H. What's the matter?
Ch. Go in with your party,
And give them a jolly collation and hearty.
But the Bird to the Muses and Graces so dear,
The lovely, sweet Nightingale, bid her appear,
And leave her amongst us, to sport with us here.
P. O yes, by Jove! indeed, you must indulge them;
Do, do me the favor; call her from the thicket!
For heaven's sake—let me entreat you—bring her here,
And let us have a sight of her ourselves.
H. (*with grave good-breeding, implying a kind of rebuke to the fussy importunity into which* PEISTHETAIRUS *had fallen.*)
Since it is your wish and pleasure, it must be so;
Come here to the strangers, Procne! show yourself!
P. O Jupiter! what a graceful, charming bird!
What a beautiful creature it is!
E. I'll tell ye what;
I could find in my heart to rumple her feathers.
P. And what an attire she wears, all bright with gold!
E. Well, I should like to kiss her for my part.
P. You blockhead! With that beak she'd run you through. . . .

[*Exeunt.*

Ch. O lovely, sweet companion meet,
From morn to night my sole delight,
My little, happy, gentle mate,
You come, you come, O lucky fate!
Returning here with new delight,
To charm the sight, to charm the sight,
And charm the ear.
Come then, anew combine
Your notes in harmony with mine,
And with a tone beyond compare
Begin your Anapaestic air.

Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air),
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labor, and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky . . . We propose by and by,
(If you'll listen and hear), to make it all clear. . . .

Before the creation of Æther and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight.
Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm:
At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
By Night the primeval in secrecy laid—
A Mystical Egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatch'd, till time came about,
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars in his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd
To range his dominions on glittering pinions,
All golden and azure, and blooming and burnish'd:
He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses
Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatched
To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,
The primitive Birds: but the Deities all,
The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth
More tamely combined, of a temperate kind;
When chaotical mixture approach'd to a fixture. . . .
All lessons of primary daily concern
You have learnt from the Birds, and continue to learn,
Your best benefactors and early instructors:
We give you the warning of seasons returning.
When the Cranes are arranged, and muster afloat
In the middle air, with a creaking note,
Steering away to the Libyan sands,
Then careful farmers sow their lands;
The crazy vessel is haul'd ashore,
The sail, the ropes, the rudder, and oar
Are all unshipp'd, and housed in store.
The shepherd is warn'd, by the Kite reappearing,
To muster his flock, and be ready for shearing.
You quit your old cloak at the Swallow's behest,
In assurance of summer, and purchase a vest.
For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in fine
For every oracular temple and shrine,
The Birds are a substitute equal and fair,
For on us you depend, and to us you repair
For counsel and aid when a marriage is made,
A purchase, a bargain, a venture in trade:
Unlucky or lucky, whatever has struck ye,
An ox or an ass that may happen to pass,
A voice in the street, or a slave that you meet,
A name or a word by chance overheard,
If you deem it an omen, you call it a *Bird;*
And if birds are your omens, it clearly will follow
That birds are a proper prophetic Apollo.

Then take us as gods, and you'll soon find the odds,
We'll serve for all uses, as prophets and muses;
We'll give ye fine weather, we'll live here together;
We'll not keep away, scornful and proud, a-top of a cloud
(In Jupiter's way); but attend every day

To prosper and bless all you possess,
And all your affairs for yourselves and your heirs.
And as long as you live, we shall give
You wealth and health, and pleasure and treasure,
In ample measure;
And never bilk you of pigeon's milk
Or potable gold; you shall live to grow old,
In laughter and mirth, on the face of the earth,
Laughing, quaffing, carousing, boozing,
Your only distress shall be the excess
Of ease and abundance and happiness. . . .

Enter PEISTHETAIRUS *and* EUELPIDES *dressed as birds.*

P. Well, there it is! Such a comical set out,
By Jove, I never saw!
E. Why, what's the matter?
What are you laughing at?
P. At your pen feathers;
I'll tell ye exactly now the thing you're like;
You're just the perfect image of a Goose,
Drawn with a pen in a writing-master's flourish.
E. And you're like a pluck'd Blackbird to a tittle.
P. Well, then, according to the line in Æschylus,
'It's our own fault, the feathers are our own.'
E. Come, what's to be done?
H. First we must choose a name,
Some grand, sonorous name, for our new city;
Then we must sacrifice.
E. I think so too.
P. Let's see—let's think of a name—what shall it be?
What say ye to the Lacedæmonian name?
Sparta sounds well—suppose we call it Sparta.
E. Sparta! What, *Sparto?*—Rushes!—no, not I,
I'd not put up with *Sparto* for a mattress,
Much less for a city—we're not come to that.
P. Come, then, what name shall it be?
E. Something appropriate,
Something that sounds majestic, striking, and grand,
Alluding to the clouds and the upper regions.
P. What think ye of Clouds and Cuckoos? Cuckoo-cloudlands
Or Nephelococcugia?
H. That will do;
A truly noble and sonorous name! . . .

P. Come you now! please to step to the atmosphere,
And give a look to the work, and help the workmen;
And between whiles, fetch bricks and tiles, and such like;
Draw water, stamp the mortar,—do it barefoot;
Climb up the ladders; tumble down again;
Keep constant watch and ward; conceal your watchlights;
Then go the rounds, and give the countersign,
Till you fall fast asleep. Send heralds off,
—A brace of them— one to the gods above,
And another, down below there, to mankind.
Bid them, when they return, inquire for me.
E. For me! for me! You may be hang'd for me.
P. Come, friend, go where I bid you; never mind;
The business can't go on without you, anyhow.
It's just a sacrifice to these new deities,
That I must wait for, and the priest that's coming.
Holloh, you boy there! bring the basin and ewer! . . .

Pr. Let us pray to the holy flame,
And the holy Hawk that guards the same;
To the sovereign Deities,
All and each, of all degrees,
Female and male!
Ch. Hail, thou Hawk of Sunium, hail!
Pr. To the Delian and the Pythian Swan,
And to the Latonian Quail,
All hail!
Ch. To the Bird of awful stature,
Mother of Gods, mother of Man;
Great Cybele! nurse of Nature!
Glorious Ostrich, hear our cry! . . .
Pr. To the Heroes, Birds, and Heroes' sons,
We call at once, we call and cry,
To the Woodpecker, the Jay, the Pie,
To the Mallard and the Widgeon,
To the Ringdove and the Pigeon,
To the Petrel and Sea-mew,
To the Dottrel and Curlew,
To the Vultures and the Hawks,
To the Cormorants and Storks,
To the Rail, to the Quail,
To the Peewit, to the Tomtit—

P. Have done there! call no more of 'em; are you mad?
Inviting all the Cormorants and Vultures,
For a victim such as this! Why don't you see,
A Kite at a single swoop would carry it off?
Get out of my way there with your Crowns and Fillets!
I'll do it myself! I'll make the sacrifice!

Enter a POET.

Po. 'For the festive, happy day,
Muse, prepare an early lay
To Nephelococcugia.'
P. What's here to do? What are you? Where do you come from?
Po. A humble menial of the Muses' train,
As Homer expresses it.
P. A menial, are you,
With your long hair? A menial?
Po. 'Tis not that
No!—but professors of the poetical art
Are simply styled, the 'Menials of the Muses,'
As Homer expresses it.
P. Aye, the Muse has given you
A ragged livery. Well, but friend, I say—
Friend! Poet! What the plague has brought you here?
Po. I've made an Ode upon your new-built City,
And a charming composition for a Chorus,
And another, in Simonides's manner.
P. (*in a sharp cross-examining tone.*) When were they made?
What time? How long ago?
Po. From early date, I celebrate in song
The noble Nephelococcugian state.
P. That's strange, when I'm just sacrificing here,
For the first time, to give the town a name.
Po. Intimations, swift as air,
To the Muses' ear are carried,
Swifter than the speed and force
Of the fiery-footed horse,
Hence, the tidings never tarried;
Father, patron, mighty lord,
Founder of the rising state,
What thy bounty can afford,
Be it little, be it great,
With a quick resolve incline
To bestow on me and mine.
P. This fellow will breed a bustle, and make mischief,
If we don't give him a trifle, and get rid of him.
You there, you've a spare waistcoat; pull it off!
And give it this same clever ingenious poet—
There, take the waistcoat, friend! Ye seem to want it!
Po. Freely, with a thankful heart,
What the bounteous hand bestows,
Is received in friendly part;
But amid the Thracian snows,
Or the chilly Scythian plain,
He the wanderer, cold and lonely
With an under-waistcoat only,
Must a further wish retain;
Which, the Muse, averse to mention,
To your gentle comprehension
Trusts her enigmatic strain.
P. I comprehend it enough; you want a jerkin.
Here, give him yours; one ought to encourage genius.
There, take it, and good-bye to ye!
Po. Well, I'm going:
And, as soon as I get to the town, I'll set to work;
And finish something, in this kind of way.
'Seated on your golden throne,
Muse, prepare a solemn ditty
To the mighty,
To the flighty,
To the cloudy, quivering, shivering,
To the lofty-seated city.'
P. Well, I should have thought, that jerkin might have cured him
Of his 'quiverings and shiverings.' How the plague
Did the fellow find us out? I should not have thought it.
Come, once again, go around with the basin and ewer.
Peace! Silence, silence! . . .

Enter METON, *an* ASTRONOMER.

M. I'm come, you see, to join you.
P. (*aside*). (Another plague!)
For what? What's your design? Your plan, your notion?
Your scheme,—your apparatus,—your equipment,
Your outfit? What's the meaning of it all?
M. I mean to take a geometrical plan
Of your atmosphere—to allot it, and survey it
In a scientific form.
P. In the name of heaven!
Who are ye and what? What name? What manner of man?
M. Who am I and what? Meton's my name, well known

In Greece, and in the village of Colonos.
P. (*going up to him and pulling them about.*)
But tell me pray;—these implements, these articles,
What are they meant for?
M. These are—*Instruments!*
An atmospherical geometrical scale.
First, you must understand, that the atmosphere
Is form'd,—in a manner,—altogether,—partly,
In the fashion of a furnace, or a funnel;
I take this circular arc, with the movable arm,
And so, by shifting it round, till it coincides
At the angle; you understand me?
P. Not in the least.
M. (*with animation.*) I obtain a true division, with the quadrature
Of the equilateral circle. Here, I trace
Your market-place, in the center, with the streets,—
Converging inwards,—and the roads, diverging—
From the circular wall, without—like solar rays
From the circular circumference of the Sun.
P. (*in a pretended soliloquy.*)
Another Thales! absolutely, a Thales!—
Meton!
M. (*startled.*) Why, what's the matter?
P. You're aware
That I've a regard for you. Take my advice;
Don't be seen here—Withdraw yourself,—abscond!
M. Is there any alarm or risk?
P. Why, much the same
As it might be in Lacedæmon. There's a bustle
Of expelling aliens; people are dragg'd out
From the inns and lodgings, with a deal of uproar,
And blows and abuse in plenty, to be met with
In the public streets.
M. A popular tumult—heh?
P. Oh, fie! no, nothing of that kind.
M. How do you mean then?
P. We're carrying into effect a resolution
Adopted lately; to discard and cudgel—
Coxcombs and Mountebanks—of every kind.
M. Perhaps—I had best withdraw.
P. Why yes, *perhaps*—
But yet, I would not answer for it, neither;
Perhaps, you may be too late; the blows I mention'd
Are coming—close upon you—there they come!
M. Oh bless me!
P. Did I not tell you and give you warning?
Get out, you coxcomb, find out by your Geometry
The road you came, and measure it back: you'd best.

[*Exit Meton.*

Enter a Hawker *of* Laws.

H. 'Moreover, if a Nephelococcugian
Should assault or smite an Athenian citizen'—
P. What's this? What's all this trumpery paper here?
H. I've brought you the new laws and ordinances,
And copies of the last decrees to sell.
P. (*dryly.*) Let's hear em.
H. 'It's enacted and ordained,
That the Nephelococcugians shall use
Such standard weights and measures'—
P. Friend, you'll find
Hard *measure* here, and a heavy *weight,* I promise you,
Upon your shoulders shortly.
H. What's the matter?
What's come to you?
P. Get out, with your decrees!
I've bloody decrees against you, dire decrees. . . .
P. Hah! say you so? You're there again! Have at you.
[*drives him off.*
H. (*returning.*) 'And in case of any assault or violence,
Against the person of the Magistrate'—
P. Bless me! What you! You're there again.

[*drives him off.*

Chorus.

Blest are they,
The Birds alway,
With perfect clothing,
Fearing nothing,
Cold or sleet or summer heat.
As it chances,
As he fancies,
Each his own vagary follows,
Dwelling in the dells and hollows;
When, with eager weary strain,
The shrilly grasshoppers complain,
Parch'd upon the sultry plain,

Madden'd with the raging heat,
We secure a cool retreat,
In the shady nooks and coves,
Recesses of the sacred groves,
Many a herb, and many a berry
Serves to feast, and make us merry.

To the judges of the prize, we wish to mention in a word
The return we mean to make, if our performance is preferr'd.
First, then, in your empty coffers you shall see the sterling Owl,
From the mines of Laurium, familiar as a common fowl;
Roosting among the bags and pouches, each at ease upon his nest;
Undisturb'd, rearing and hatching little broods of interest:
If you wish to cheat in office, but are inexpert and raw,
You should have a Kite for agent, capable to gripe and claw;
Cranes and Cormorants shall help you to a stomach and a throat
When you feast abroad; but if you give a vile, unfriendly vote,
Hasten and provide yourselves, each, with a little silver plate,
Like the statues of the gods, for the protection of his pate;
Else, when forth abroad you ramble on a summer holiday,
We shall take a dirty vengeance, and befoul your best array.

Enter PEISTHETAIRUS.

Well, Friends and Birds, the sacrifice has succeeded;
Our omens have been good ones, good and fair.
But what's the meaning of it? We've no news
From the new building yet! No messenger!
Oh! there at last, I see,—There's somebody
Running at speed, and panting like a racer.
Enter a MESSENGER, *quite out of breath.*
M. Where is he? Where? Where is he? Where? Where is he?—
The president, Peisthetairus?
P. (*coolly.*) Here am I.
M. (*in a gasp of breath.*) Your fortification's finish'd.
P. Well! that's well.
M. A most amazing, astonishing work it is! . . .
P. You surprise me.
M. And the height (for I made the measurement myself)
Is exactly a hundred fathom.
P. Heaven and earth!
How could it be? Such a mass! Who could have built it?
M. The Birds; no creature else—no foreigners,
Egyptian bricklayers, workmen or masons,
But they themselves, alone, by their own efforts
(Even to my surprise, as an eye-witness)—
The Birds, I say, completed everything.
There came a body of thirty thousand Cranes
(I won't be positive, there might be more)
With stones from Africa, in their craws and gizzards,
Which the Stone-curlews and Stone-chatterers
Work'd into shape and finish'd. The Sand-Martins,
And Mud-larks, too, were busy in their department,
Mixing the mortar, while the Water-Birds,
As fast as it was wanted, brought the water
To temper, and work it.
P. But who served the masons?
Who did you get to carry it?
M. To carry it?
Of course, the Carrion Crows and Carrying Pigeons.
P. Yes! yes! But after all, to load your hods—
How did you manage that?
M. Oh, capitally,
I promise you.—There were the Geese, all barefoot,
Trampling the mortar, and, when all was ready,
They handed it into the hods so cleverly,
With their flat feet!
P. They *footed* it, you mean—
Come; it was handily done though, I confess.
M. Indeed, I assure you, it was a sight to see them;
And trains of Ducks there were, clambering the ladders,
With their duck legs, like bricklayer's 'prentices,
All dapper and handy, with their little trowels.
P. In fact, then, it's no use engaging foreigners;
Mere folly and waste; we've all within ourselves.

Ah, well now, come! But about the wood-
work? Heh!
Who were the carpenters? Answer me that!
M. The Woodpeckers, of course: and
there they were,
Laboring upon the gates, driving and bang-
ing,
With their hard hatchet beaks, and such a
din,
Such a clatter as they made, hammering and
hacking,
In a perpetual peal, pelting away
Like shipwrights hard at work in the
arsenal.
And now their work is finish'd, gates and
all,
Staples and bolts, and bars and everything;
The sentries at their posts; patrols ap-
pointed;
The watchmen in the barbican; the beacons
Ready prepared for lighting; all their
signals
Arranged—But I'll step out, just for a
moment,
To wash my hands.—You'll settle all the
rest. [*Exit.*
Ch. Heighday! Why, what's the matter
with ye? Sure!
Ah! well now, I calculate, you're quite
astonish'd;
You did not know the nature of our birds:
I guess you thought it an impossible thing
To finish up your fortification job
Within the time so cleverly.
P. Yes, truly.
Yes, I'm surprised, indeed, I must confess—
I could almost imagine to myself
It was a dream, an illusion altogether—
—But there's the watchman of the town, I
see!
In alarm and haste, it seems! He's running
here—
—Well, what's the matter?
W. A most dreadful business!
One of the gods just now—Jupiter's
gods—
Has bolted through the gates, and driven
on
Right into the atmosphere, in spite of us,
And all the Jackdaws, that were mounting
guard.
P. What an outrage! What an insult!
Which of 'em?
Which of the gods?
W. We can't pretend to say;
We just could ascertain that he wore wings.
We're clear upon that point.
P. But a light party
Ought surely to have been sent in such a
case;
A detachment—
W. A detachment has been sent
Already: a squadron of ten thousand
Hawks,
Besides a corps of twenty thousand Hobby-
hawks,
As a light cavalry, to scour the country:
Vultures and Falcons, Ospreys, Eagles, all
Have sallied forth; the sound of wings is
heard,
Rushing and whizzing round on every side,
In eager search.—The fugitive divinity
Is not far off, and soon must be discovered.
P. Did nobody think of slingers? Where
are they?
Where are the slingers got to? Give me a
sling.
Arrows and slings, I say!—Make haste with
'em.

CHORUS.

War is at hand,
On air and land,
Proclaim'd and fix'd.
War and strife,
Eager and rife,
Are kindled atwixt
This state of ours,
And the heavenly powers.
Look with care
To the circuit of air;
Watch lest he,
The deity,
Whatever he be,
Should unaware
Escape and flee.
But hark! The rushing sound of hasty
wings
Approaches us. The deity is at hand.

Enter IRIS.

P. Holloh, you! Where are ye flying?
Where are ye going?
Hold! Halt! Stop there, I tell ye!—Stop
this instant!
What are ye? Where do you come from?
Speak, explain.
I. Me? From the gods, to be sure! the
Olympian gods.
P. What are ye? with all your flying
trumpery!
A helmet, or a galley? What's your name?
I. Iris, the messenger of the gods.
P. A messenger!
Oh, you're a naval messenger, I reckon;

The Salaminian galley, or the Paralian?
—You're in full sail, I see.
I. What's here to do?
P. Are there no birds in waiting? Nobody
To take her into custody?
I. Me, to custody?
Why, what's all this?
P. You'll find to your cost, I promise ye.
I. Well, this seems quite unaccountable!
P. Which of the gates
Did ye enter at, ye jade? How came you here?
I. Gates!—I know nothing about your gates, not I.
P. Fine innocent ignorant airs she gives herself!
You applied to the Pelicans, I suppose?—The captain
Of the Cormorants on guard admitted you?
I. Why, what the plague! what's this?
P. So, you confess!
—You came without permission!
I. Are you mad?
P. Did neither the sitting magistrates nor bird-masters
Examine and pass you?
I. Examine me, forsooth!
P. This is the way then!—without thanks or leave
You ramble and fly, committing trespasses
In an atmosphere belonging to your neighbors!
I. And where would you have us fly then? Us, the gods!
P. I neither know nor care.—But I know this—
They sha'n't fly here.—And another thing I know.
I know—that, if there ever was an instance
Of an Iris or a rainbow, such as you,
Detected in the fact, fairly condemn'd,
And justly put to death, it would be you.
I. But I'm immortal.
P. That would make no difference;
We should be strangely circumstanced indeed,
With the possession of a Sovereign Power,
And you, the gods, in no subordination,
No kind of order; fairly mutinying,
Infringing and disputing our commands.
—Now then, you'll please to tell me where you're going?
Which way you're steering with those wings of yours?
I. I? I'm commission'd from my father Jove
To summon human mortals to perform
Their rites and offerings and oblations, due
To the powers above.
P. And who do you mean? what powers?
I. What powers? Ourselves, the Olympian deities!
P. So then, you're deities, the rest of ye!
I. Yes, to be sure. What others should there be?
P. Remember—once for all—that we, the Birds,
Are the only deities from this time forth,
And not your father Jove. By Jove! not he!
I. Oh, rash, presumptuous wretch! Incense no more
The wrath of the angry gods, lest Ruin drive
Her ploughshare o'er thy mansion; and Destruction,
With hasty besom sweep thee to the dust;
Or flaming Lightning smite thee with a flash,
Left in an instant mouldering and extinct.
P. Do ye hear her?—Quite in tragedy!—quite sublime!
Come, let me try for a bouncer in return.
Let's see.—Let's recollect.—'Me dost thou deem,
Like a base Lydian or a Phrygian slave,
With hyperbolical bombast to scare?'
I tell ye, and you may tell him—Jupiter—
If he provokes me, and pushes things too far—
Will see some eagles of mine, to outnumber his,
With firebrands in their claws, about his house.
And I shall send a flight of my Porphyrions,
A hundred covey or more, arm'd cap-à-pie,
To assault him in his sublime celestial towers:
Perhaps he may remember, in old time
He found enough to do with one Porphyrion.
And for you, Madam Iris, I shall strip
Your rainbow-shanks, if you're impertinent,
Depend upon it, and I myself, in person,
Will punish you, myself—old as I am.
I. Curse ye, you wretch, and all your filthy words.
P. Come, scuttle away; convey your person elsewhere;
Be brisk, and leave a vacancy. Brush off.
I. I shall inform my father.—He shall know
Your rudeness and impertinence. He shall,—
He'll settle ye and keep ye in order.—You shall see.
P. Oh dear! is it come to that? No, you're mistaken,
Young woman, upon that point; I'm not your man;

I'm an old fellow grown; I'm thunder-proof;
Proof against flames and darts and female arts:
You'd best look out for a younger customer.
[*Exit Iris.*

CHORUS.

Notice is hereby given
To the deities of heaven,
Not to trespass here,
Upon our atmosphere;
Take notice; from the present day
No smoke or incense is allow'd
To pass this way.

P. Quite strange it is! quite unaccountable!
That herald to mankind that was dispatch'd,
What has become of him? He's not yet return'd.

Enter HERALD.

H. Oh, Peisthetairus, happiest, wisest, best,
Cleverest of men! Oh, most illustrious!
Oh, most inordinately fortunate!
Oh, most—Oh, do, for shame, do bid me have done.
P. What are you saying?
H. All the people of Earth
Have join'd in a complimentary vote, decreeing
A crown of gold to you, for your exertions.
P. I'm much obliged to the people of Earth. But why?
What was their motive?
H. Oh, most noble founder
Of this supereminent, celestial city,
You can't conceive the clamor of applause,
The enthusiastic popularity,
That attends upon your name; th' impulse and stir
That moves among mankind, to colonize
And migrate hither . . . but, of late,
Birds are the fashion—Birds are all in all—
Their modes of life are grown to be mere copies
Of the birds' habits; rising with the Lark;
Scratching and scrabbling suits and informations;
Picking and pecking upon points of law;
Brooding and hatching evidence;—in short,
It has grown to such a pitch, that names of Birds
Are given to individuals; Chærophon
Is call'd an Owl, Theagenes a Goose,
Philocles a Cock Sparrow, Midias
A Dunghill Cock.—And all the songs in vogue
Have something about Birds, Swallows or Doves;
Or about flying, or a wish for wings.
Such is the state of things, and I must warn you,
That you may expect to see some thousands of them
Arriving here, almost immediately,
With a clamorous demand for wings and claws:
I advise you to provide yourself in time.
P. Come, it won't do then, to stand dawdling here;
Go you, fill the hampers and the baskets there
With wings, and bid the loutish porter bring them,
While I stop here, to encounter the new-comers.

Enter a FELLOW, *singing.*

'Oh! for an Eagle's force and might,
Loftily to soar
Over land and sea, to light
On a lonely shore.'

P. Well, here's a song that's something to the purpose.
F. Aye, aye, there's nothing like it—wings and flying!
Wings are your only sort. I'm a bird-fancier.
In the new fashion quite. I've taken a notion
To settle and live amongst ye. I like your laws.
P. What laws do you mean? We've many laws amongst us.
F. Your laws in general; but particularly
The law that allows of beating one's own father.
P. Why truly, Yes! we esteem it a point of valor
In a Chicken, if he clapperclaws the old Cock.
F. That was my view, feeling a wish in fact
To throttle mine, and seize the property.
P. Yes, but you'd find some difficulties here;
An obstacle insurmountable, I conceive;
An ancient statute standing unrepeal'd,
Engraved upon our old Ciconian columns.
It says: that when a Stork or a Ciconia
Has brought his lawful progeny of young Storks

To bird's estate, and enabled them to fly,
The sire shall stand entitled to a maintenance,
At the son's cost and charge, in his old age.
F. I've managed finely, it seems, to mend myself!
Forced to maintain my father after all! . . .
[*Exit.*

Enter KINESIAS, *singing.*

Fearless, I direct my flight
To the vast Olympian height;
Thence at random I repair,
Wafted in the whirling air,
With an eddy, wild and strong,
Over all the fields of song.

P. Ah! well, Kinesias, I'm quite glad to see ye;
But what has brought ye and all your songs and music,
Hobbling along with your old chromatic joints?
K. (*singing.*)
'Let me live, and let me sing,
Like a bird upon the wing.'
P. No more of that; but tell us plainly, in prose,
What are ye come for? what's your scheme, your object?
K. I was anxious to procure a pair of wings,
To say the truth, wishing to make a tour
Among the clouds, collecting images,
And metaphors, and things of that description.
P. How so! do you procure 'em from the clouds?
K. Entirely! Our dithyrambic business absolutely
Depends upon them; our most approved commodities,
The dusky, misty, murky articles,
With the suitable wings and feathers, are imported
Exclusively from thence. I'll give you a sample,
A thing of my own composing. You shall judge.
P. But, indeed, I'd rather not.
K. But, indeed, you must;
It's a summary view of flying, comprehending it
In all its parts, in every point of view.

KINESIAS (*singing.*)

Ye gentle feather'd tribes,
Of every plume and hue,
That, in uninhabited air,
Are hurrying here and there;
Oh! that I, like you,
Could leave this earthly level,
For a wild aerial revel;
O'er the waste of ocean
To wander and to dally
With the billow's motion;
Or, in an eager sally,
Soaring to the sky,
To range and rove on high
With my plumy sails,
Buffeted and baffled with the gusty gales,
Buffeted and baffled . . . [*Exit.*

Enter PROMETHEUS.

Pr. (*muffled up, peeping about him with a look of anxiety and suspicion.*)
Oh, dear! if Jupiter should chance to see me!
Where's Peisthetairus? Where?
P. Why, what's all this?
This fellow muffled up?
Pr. Do look behind me;
Is anybody watching? any gods
Following and spying after me?
P. No, none;
None that I see; there's nobody—But you!
What are ye?
Pr. Tell me, what's the time of day?
P. Why, noon; past noon; but tell me, who are ye? Speak.
Pr. Much past? How much?
P. (*aside.*) Confound the fool, I say!
The insufferable blockhead!
Pr. How's the sky?
Open or overcast? Are there any clouds?
P. Be hang'd!
Pr. Then I'll disguise myself no longer.
P. My dear Prometheus!
Pr. Hold your tongue, I beg;
Don't mention my name! If Jupiter should see me
Or overhear ye, I'm ruin'd and undone.
—But now, to give you a full complete account
Of everything that's passing there in Heaven—
The present state of things—But first, I'll trouble you
To take the umbrella, and hold it overhead,
Lest they should overlook us.
P. What a thought!
Just like yourself! A true Promethean thought!
Stand under it, here! Speak boldly; never fear.

Pr. D'ye mind me?
P. Yes, I mind ye; speak away.
Pr. (*emphatically.*) Jupiter's ruined!
P. Ruin'd! How? Since when?
Pr. From the first hour you fortified and planted
Your atmospheric settlements. Ever since,
There's not a mortal offers anything
In the shape of sacrifice.—No smoke of victims!
No fumes of incense! Absolutely nothing!
We're keeping a strict fast—fasting perforce,
From day to day—the whole community.
And the inland barbarous gods in the upper country
Are broken out, quite mutinous and savage,
With hunger and anger; threatening to come down
With all their force, if Jupiter refuses
To open the ports and allow them a free traffic
For their entrails and intestines, as before.
P. What, are there other barbarous gods, besides,
In the upper country?
Pr. Barbarous?—To be sure! They're all of Execestides's kindred.
P. Well—but—the name now: These same barbarous deities—
What name do you call 'em?
Pr. Call them! The Triballi!
P. Ah! well, then, that accounts for our old saying—
Confound the *Tribe* of them!
Pr. Precisely so.
But now to business. Thus much I can tell ye—
That envoys will arrive immediately
From Jupiter and those upland wild Triballi,
To treat for a peace. But you must not consent
To ratify or conclude, till Jupiter
Acknowledges the sovereignty of the Birds,
Surrendering up to you the Sovereign Queen,
Whom you must marry.
P. Why, what Queen is that?
Pr. What Queen?—A most delightful, charming girl—
Jove's housekeeper, that manages his matters,
Serves out his thunderbolts, arranges everything;
The constitutional laws and liberties,
Morals and manners, the marine department,
Freedom of speech, and threepence for the inuries.
P. Why, that seems all in all.
Pr. Yes, everything, I tell ye; in having her, you've everything;
I came down hastily to say thus much;
I'm hearty, ye know; I stick to principle.
Steady to the human interest—always was.
P. Yes, we're obliged to you for our roast victuals.
Pr. And I hate these present gods, you know, most thoroughly:
I need not tell you that.
P. No, no, you need not,
You're known of old for an enemy to the gods.
Pr. Yes, yes, like Timon; I'm a perfect Timon;
Just such another. But I must be going;
Give me the umbrella; if Jupiter should see me,
He'll think that I'm attending a procession.
P. That's well; but don't forget the folding chair,
For a part of your disguise. Here, take it with you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter NEPTUNE, *the Triballian* ENVOY, HERCULES.

N. There's Nephelococcugia, that's the town,
The point we're bound to, with our embassy.
(*Turning to the* TRIBALLIAN.)
But you! What a figure have ye made yourself!
What a way to wear a mantle! slouching off
From the left shoulder! Hitch it round, I tell ye,
On the right side. For shame,—come,—so; that's better,
These folds too, bundled up.—There, throw them round
Even and easy,—so.—Why, you're a savage,
A natural born savage.—Oh, democracy!
What will it bring us to? when such a ruffian
Is voted into an embassy!
T. Come, hands off!
Hands off!
N. Keep quiet, I tell ye, and hold your tongue,
For a very beast; in all my life in heaven,
I never saw such another.—Hercules,
I say, what shall we do? What should you think?
H. What would I do? What do I think? I've told you
Already—I think to throttle him—the fellow,
Whoever he is, that's keeping us blockaded.

N. Yes, my good friend; but we were sent, you know,
To treat for a Peace. Our embassy is for peace.
H. That makes no difference; or if it does,
It makes me long to throttle him the more.
P. (*very busy, affecting not to see them.*)
Give me the Silphium spice.—Where's the cheese-grater?
Bring cheese here, somebody! Mend the charcoal fire.
H. Mortal, we greet you and hail you! Three of us.
Three deities —
P. But I'm engaged at present;
A little busy, you see, mixing my sauce.
H. Why sure! How can it be? what dish is this?
Birds seemingly!
P. (*without looking up.*) Some individual birds,
Opposed to the popular democratic birds,
Render'd themselves obnoxious.
H. So, you've plucked them.
And put them into sauce, provisionally?
P. (*looking up.*) Oh! bless me, Hercules, I'm quite glad to see you!
What brings you here?
H. We're come upon an embassy
From Heaven, to put an end to this same war—
Serv. (*to* Peisthetairus.) The cruet's empty, our oil is out.
P. No matter,
Fetch more, fetch plenty, I tell ye. We shall want it.
H. For, in fact it brings no benefit to us,
The continuance of the war prolonging it;
And you yourselves, by being on good terms
Of harmony with the gods—why, for the future,
You'd never need to know the want of rain,
For water in your tanks; and we could serve ye
With reasonable, seasonable weather,
According as you wish'd it, wet or dry.
And this is our commission coming here,
As envoys, with authority to treat.
P. Well, the dispute, you know, from the beginning
Did not originate with us. The war
(If we could hope in any way to bring you
To reasonable terms) might be concluded.
Our wishes, I declare it, are for Peace.
If the same wish prevails upon your part,
The arrangement in itself, is obvious.—
—A retrocession on the part of Jupiter.—
The Birds again to be reintegrated
In their estate of sovereignty.—This seems
The fair result; and if we can conclude,
I shall hope to see the ambassadors to supper.
H. Well, this seems satisfactory; I consent.
N. (*to* Hercules.) What's come to ye? What do ye mean? Are ye gone mad?
You Glutton! would you ruin your own father,
Depriving him of his ancient sovereignty?
P. Indeed!—And would not it be a better method
For all you deities, and confirm your power,
To leave the Birds to manage things below?
You sit there, muffled in your clouds above,
While all mankind are shifting, skulking, lurking,
And perjuring themselves here out of sight.
Whereas, if you would form a steady strict
Alliance with the Birds, when any man
(Using the common old familiar oath—
'By Jupiter and the crow') forswore himself,
The Crow would pick his eyes out, for his pains.
N. Well, that seems plausible—that's fairly put.
H. I think so, too.
P. (*to the* Triballian.) Well, what say you?
T. Say true.
P. Yes. He consents, you see! But I'll explain now
The services and good offices we could do you.
Suppose a mortal made a vow, for instance,
To any o' you; then he delays and shuffles,
And says 'The gods are easy creditors.'
In such a case, we could assist ye, I say,
To levy a fine.
N. How would you do it? Tell me.
P. Why, for example, when he's counting money,
Or sitting in the bath, we give the warrant
To a pursuivant of ours, a Kite or Magpie;
And they pounce down immediately, and distrain
Cash or apparel, money or money's worth,
To twice the amount of your demand upon him.
H. Well, I'm for giving up the sovereignty, For my part.
N. The Triballian, what says he?
H. (*aside to the* Triballian, *showing his fist.*)

You, Sir; do you want to be well bang'd or not?
Mind, how you vote! Take care how you provoke me.
T. Yaw, yaw. Goot, goot.
H. He's of the same opinion.
N. Then, since you're both agreed, I must agree.
H. (*shouting to* PEISTHETAIRUS.)
Well, you! We've settled this concern, you see,
About the sovereignty; we're all agreed.
P. Oh, faith, there's one thing more, I recollect,
Before we part; a point that I must mention.
As for dame Juno, we'll not speak of her;
I've no pretensions, Jupiter may keep her;
But, for that other Queen, his manager,
The sovereign goddess, her surrender to me
Is quite an article indispensable.
N. Your views, I find, are not disposed for peace:
We must turn homewards.
P. As you please, so be it.
Cook, mind what you're about there with the sauce;
Let's have it rich and savory, thicken it up!
H. How now, man? Neptune! are you flying off?
Must we remain at war, here, for a woman?
N. But what are we to do?
H. Do? Why, make peace.
N. (*in great wrath, like a grave Uncle.*)
I pity you really! I feel quite ashamed
And sorry to see you; ruining yourself!
If anything should happen to your father,
After surrendering the sovereignty,
What's to become of you? When you yourself
Have voted away your whole inheritance:
At his decease, you must remain a beggar.
P. (*aside to* Hercules.) Ah there! I thought so; he's coming over ye;
Step here, a moment! Let me speak to ye!
Your Uncle's chousing you, my poor dear friend,
You've not a farthing's worth of expectation,
From what your father leaves. Ye can't inherit
By law: ye're illegitimate, ye know.
H. Heighday! Why, what do you mean?
P. I mean the fact!
Your mother was a foreigner; Minerva
Is counted an heiress, everybody knows;
How could that be, supposing her own father
To have had a lawful heir?
H. But, if my father
Should choose to leave the property to me,
In his last Will.
P. The law would cancel it!
And Neptune, he that's using all his influence
To work upon ye, he'd be the very first
To oppose ye, and oust ye, as the testator's brother.
I'll tell ye what the law says, Solon's law:
'A foreign heir shall not succeed,
Where there are children of the lawful breed:
But, if no native heir there be,
The kinsman nearest in degree
Shall enter on the property.'
H. Does nothing come to me, then?—Nothing at all,
Of all my father leaves?
P. Nothing at all,
I should conceive. But you perhaps can tell me;
Did he, your father, ever take ye with him,
To get ye enroll'd upon the register?
H. No truly, I—thought it strange—he—never did.
P. Well, but don't think things strange. Don't stand there, stammering,
Puzzling and gaping. Trust yourself to me,
'Tis I must make your fortune after all!
If you'll reside and settle amongst us here,
I'll make you chief Commander among the Birds,
Captain, and Autocrat and everything.
Here you shall domineer and rule the roast,
With splendor and opulence and pigeon's milk.
H. (*in a more decided tone.*)
I agreed with you before: I think your argument
Unanswerable. I shall vote for the surrender.
P. (*to* NEPTUNE.) And what say you?
N. (*firmly and vehemently.*) Decidedly, I dissent.
P. Then it depends upon our other friend,
It rests with the Triballian, what say you?
T. Me tell you; pretty girl, grand beautiful Queen,
Give him to Birds.
H. Aye, give her up, you mean.
N. Mean! He knows nothing about it. He means nothing
But chattering like a Magpie.
P. Well, 'The Magpies'
He means, the Magpies or the Birds in general,

The Republic of the Birds—their government—
That the surrender should be made to them.
N. (*in great wrath.*) Well, settle it yourselves; amongst yourselves;
In your own style: I've nothing more to say.
H. (*to* PEISTHETAIRUS.) Come, we're agreed, in fact, to grant your terms;
But you must come, to accompany us to the sky;
To take back this same Queen, and the other matters.
P. (*very quietly.*) It happens lucky enough, with this provision
For a marriage-feast. It seems prepared on purpose.
H. Indeed, and it does. Suppose in the meanwhile,
I superintend the cookery, and turn the roast,
While you go back together.
N. Turn the roast!
A pretty employment! Won't you go with us?
H. No, thank ye; I'm mighty comfortable here.
P. Come, give me a marriage robe; I must be going.

[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

Along the Sycophantic shore,
And where the savage tribes adore
The waters of the Clepsydra,
There dwells a nation, stern and strong,
Armed with an enormous tongue,
Wherewith they smite and slay:

With their tongues, they reap and sow,
And gather all the fruits that grow,
The vintage and the grain;
Gorgias is their Chief of pride,
And many more there be beside
Of mickle might and main.

Good they never teach, nor show
But how to work men harm and woe,
Unrighteousness and wrong;
And hence, the custom doth arise,
When beasts are slain in sacrifice,
We sever out the tongue.

HARBINGER *or* HERALD, *announcing the approach of* PEISTHETAIRUS.

O fortunate! O triumphant! O beyond
All power of speech or thought, supremely blest,
Prosperous happy Birds!—Behold your King,
Here in his glorious palace!—Mark his entrance,
Dazzling all eyes, resplendent as a Star;
Outshining all the golden lights, that beam,
From the rich roof, even as a summer Sun,
Or brighter than the Sun, blazing at Noon.
He comes; and at his side a female form
Of beauty ineffable; wielding on high,
In his right hand, the winged thunderbolt,
Jove's weapon. While the fumes of incense spread,
Circling around, and subtle odors steal
Upon the senses from the wreathed smoke,
Curling and rising in the tranquil air.
See, there he stands! Now must the sacred Muse
Give with auspicious words her welcome due.

SEMICHORUS.

Stand aside and clear the ground,
Spreading in a circle round
With a worthy welcoming;
To salute our noble King
In his splendor and his pride,
Coming hither, side by side
With his happy lovely bride.

O the fair delightful face!
What a figure! What a grace!
What a presence! What a carriage!
What a noble worthy marriage!

Let the Birds rejoice and sing,
At the wedding of the King:
Happy to congratulate
Such a blessing to the state.
Hymen Hymen Hoh!

Jupiter, that god sublime,
When the Fates, in former time,
Match'd him with the Queen of Heaven,
At a solemn banquet given,
Such a feast was held above;
And the charming God of Love,
Being present in command,
As a Bridesman took his stand,
With the golden reins in hand.
Hymen Hymen Hoh!

P. I accept and approve the marks of your love,
Your music and verse I applaud and admire.

But rouse your invention, and raising it higher,
Describe me the terrible engine of Jove,
The thunder of Earth and the thunder above.

CHORUS.

O dreaded Bolt of Heaven,
The Clouds with horror cleaving,
And ye terrestrial thunders deep and low
Closed in the subterranean caves below,
That even at this instant growl and rage,
Shaking with awful sound this earthly stage;
Our King by you has gain'd his due;
By your assistance, yours alone,
Everything is made his own,
Jove's dominion and his throne;
And his happiness and pride,
His delightful lovely bride.
Hymen Hymen Hoh!

PEISTHETAIRUS.

Birds of ocean and of air,
Hither in a troop repair,
To the royal ceremony,
Our triumphant matrimony!
Come for us to feast and feed ye!
Come to revel, dance, and sing!—
Lovely creature! Let me lead ye
Hand in hand, and wing to wing.

MENANDER (342–291 B.C.)

The personal satire and fantasy of the Old Comedy of Aristophanes passed into the Middle Comedy ridicule of literature, philosophy, and mythology, with little reference to individuals or circumstance in a society no longer tingling with democratic freedom, and emerged in the comedy of manners, called the New. The last play of Aristophanes, *Plutus,* was already in the territory of Middle Comedy, whose greatest figures, Antiphanes and Alexis, quickly spanned the distance to Menander, Philemon, Diphilus, Apollodorus, and Posidippus, their most famous successors in the New. The productivity of both periods was marvelous. Antiphanes is credited with 260 to 365 plays, Alexis with 245. Athenæus, about 230 A.D., says he knew over 800 plays by authors of the Middle Comedy, an anonymous writer states that there were fifty-seven poets, and Meineke's *Fragments* represent thirty-nine. Menander, Philemon, and Diphilus, of the New, wrote about one hundred each.

Of Middle Comedy, nothing survives but fragments, and until the discovery in Egypt in 1906 of 1200 lines of Menander, it was not possible, except in the Latin adaptations of Plautus and Terence, to read as a whole any Greek comedy after Aristophanes. The recovered fragments have been the means of reconstructing, though not perfectly, four plays of the 'Shining Star,' who lived from 342 to 291. They hardly add to the reputation of their author, whose fame, from antiquity, has surpassed that of all others of his period.

New Comedy depicted a social milieu which had greatly changed since the day of Aristophanes. Its stuff is the intrigue of young sons who, by outwitting, through the aid of astute slaves, their thrifty, well-to-do, middle-class fathers, gain the money or other means by which to possess or marry the objects of their love, who in most cases are either slaves or beyond the social pale but prove in the end to be citizens and daughters of good family abandoned at birth to be reared in servitude, the means of their recognition being the ring or other token with which they were exposed by parents whose conscience and affection were not wholly dead. With the New Comedy as with the Greek temple, genius manifested itself in refined variation of detail rather than in startling innovation. For causes of the change in content, we may look to the decline of Athens as a power, the absorption of Greece by Macedon, the localization of interests, the disappearance of civic responsibility, the decay of public spirit, the relaxation of morals, and the increase in the number of nameless women.

THE ARBITRANTS

The young Charisius, married to Pamphila, daughter of Smicrines, has left her on discovering that she has just borne in secret a child not his, and, with the aid of her nurse Sophrona, has exposed it. To the indignation of Smicrines, he is living now with Abrotonon, a harp-girl. Returning from a visit to his daughter, he runs upon Davus, a shepherd, and Syriscus, a charcoal-burner, who ask him to arbitrate a case between them: Davus has found an unknown babe and given it to Syriscus and his wife to rear, but has withheld the birth-tokens, and Syriscus, having found this out, demands them. The babe is Pamphila's, of course; it is the result of a chance union with Charisius one festival night before she knew him; and what is needed so that all parties may resume their normal harmonious relationships is for the truth to become known to husband, wife, and wife's father. This is brought about largely through Onesimus, the inquisitive slave of Charisius, Abrotonon, the harp-girl, and Chærestratus and Simmias, a pair of neighbors.

There is no prologue to *The Arbitrants,* and the Chorus's place is taken by a group of revelers more or less arbitrarily introduced, and at liberty, like a modern orchestra, to furnish whatever between-acts numbers are convenient. The first, fourth, and fifth acts are fragmentary. The scene shows both Pamphila's and Abrotonon's houses.

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ACT I

ONESIMUS *and* UNKNOWN

Un. Did not, Onesimus, your master, the young heir,
The one who keeps Abrotonon, the harp-girl, now,
'Fore God I ask, did he not marry recently?
On. He did indeed. . . .
SMICRINES and CHÆRESTRATUS (*the latter in concealment*)
Sm. The fellow and his wine! 'Tis this that knocks me out—
Now I'm not talking of his merely getting drunk,
But this now verges on what's quite incredible,
For even if a fellow should compel himself
To drink his wine, paying an obol the half-pint
The most—
Ch. (*aside*) 'Tis just what I expected! He'll rush in
And drive Love out of doors!
Sm. What's this to me? Again
I say: 'He'll smart for it!' For dower though he's had
Four talents down in cash, he hasn't thought himself
His wife's domestic merely: sleeps away from home;
And to a panderer twelve drachmas every day
He pays—
Ch. (*aside*) Yes, twelve. Precisely he has learned the facts.
Sm. Enough to keep a man a month and six whole days
Besides.
Ch. (*aside*) Well reckoned that! Two obols by the day!
About enough for gruel for a hungry man!

Enter SIMMIAS

Si. Charisius awaits you now, Chærestratus—
But, my dear sir, who's this?
Ch. Our young friend's father, he—
Si. Then why on earth like some poor, sorry laborer
Looks he so glum, the thrice unfortunate?
(*In a lost passage, some explanation takes place*)
Ch. (*To Smicrines*) So may some blessing come to you!
Si. Don't talk in vain.
Sm. Nay, you go feed the crows! Go join the dead and howl!
But I'll now go inside, and when I've clearly learned
How matters with my daughter stand, I'll form my plans
So as to make assault on him immediately.
(*Goes in to* PAMPHILA)
Ch. Are we to tell him that this fellow has arrived?
Si. Let's tell him, yes.
Ch. The foxy rascal! How he splits a household!
Si. I could wish the same to many more.
Ch. What's that you say?
Si. For instance that next door.
Ch. What? Mine?
Si. Yes, yours! Let's go in here to see Charisius.
Ch. Let's go, for see, there's coming here a perfect mob
Of young bloods half-seas-over, and I hardly think
It's just the time to choose to interfere with them.
(*Revelers enter and give a performance, taking the place of the old-time Chorus*)

ACT II

SYRISCUS *and* DAVUS (*his wife with the baby*), *and later* SMICRINES
Sy. You'd shun what's fair.
Da. And you, unchancy, blackmail me.
Sy. You have no right to what's not yours.
Da. Let's leave the case to some third person.
Sy. I agree.
Da. Let's arbitrate.
Sy. Who shall it be?
Da. For my part, anyone will do.
(*Aside*) It serves me right, for why did I go shares with you?
Sy. (*Indicating* SMICRINES, *just entered*) Will you take him as judge?
Da. Luck help me, yes!
Sy. Good sir, now, by the gods, could you give us a moment's time?
Sm. Give you? And wherefore?
Sy. We've a question in dispute.
Sm. What's that to me, pray?
Sy. Some impartial judge for this
We're seeking now, and so, if nothing hinder you,
Adjust our quarrel.
Sm. Rascals marked for misery!

In goatskins dressed, do you debate and prate of law?
Sy. But none the less—the matter's short and easily
Decided—grant the favor, father. By the gods,
Do not despise us, for at all times it behooves
That justice gain the upper hand, yes, everywhere,
And everyone that comes along should look to this
And make it his concern. It is the common lot
We all must share.
Da. (*Aside*) I've grappled no mean orator;
Why did I give him part in this?
Sm. Will you abide by my decision? Say.
Sy. and Da. Of course.
Sm. I'll hear. For what's to hinder?
You! You close-mouthed fellow there! Speak first.
Da. I'll start a little further back, not simply tell
His part, that I may make the matter plain to you.
Within this bushy thicket here, hard by this place
My flock I was a-herding, now, perhaps, good sir,
Some thirty days gone by, and I was all alone,
When I came on a little infant child, exposed
With necklace and with some such other ornaments.
Sy. About just these our quarrel!
Da. He won't let me speak!
Sm. If you put in your chatter, with this stick of mine
I'll fetch you one.
Da. And serve him right.
Sm. Speak on.
Da. I will.
I took him up and with him went off to my house,
I had in mind to rear him—'twas my notion then—
But over night came counsel, as it does to all,
And with myself I reasoned: 'What have I to do
With rearing children and the trouble? Where shall I
Find so much money? Why take on anxieties?'
Thus minded was I. Back unto my flock again
At daybreak. Came this fellow—he's a charcoal-man—
Unto this selfsame place to saw out tree-stumps there.
Now he had had acquaintance with me heretofore,
And so we fell to talking. Noticing my gloom,
Says he, 'Why's Davus anxious?' 'Now why not?' says I,
'For I'm a meddler.' And I tell him of the facts;
How I had found, how owned the child. And straightway then,
Ere I could tell him everything, he begged and begged:
'So, Davus, blessed be your lot!' at every word
Exclaiming. Then: 'Give me the baby! *So,* good luck
Be yours! *So,* be you free! For I've a wife,' says he,
'And she gave birth unto a baby and it died'—
(Meaning this woman here that holds the baby now)—
Sm. You begged?
Da. Syriscus!
Sy. Yes, I did.
Da. The livelong day
He pestered me, and when he urged, entreated me,
I promised him; I gave the child, and off he went,
Calling down countless blessings, seized my hands and kissed
And kissed them.
Sm. You did this?
Sy. I did.
Da. Well, off he went.
Just now he meets me with his wife, and suddenly
Lays claims to all the things then with the child exposed—
(Now these were small and worthless, merely nothing)—claims
That he should have them; says he's treated scurvily
Because I will not give them, claim them for myself.
But I declare he'd better feel some gratitude
For what he did get by his begging. If I fail
To give him all, no need to bring me to account.
Even if walking with me he had found these things,

And 'twere a 'Share-all Windfall,' he had taken this,
I that. But when I made the find alone, do you,
Although you were not by, do you, I say, expect
To have it all yourself, and not one thing for me?
In fine, I gave you of my own with all good will:
If this still pleases you, then keep it even now,
But if it doesn't suit and if you've changed your mind,
Why, then return it. Don't commit nor suffer wrong.
But 'twere not fair that you get all, by my consent
In part, and, partly, forcing me. I've said my say.
Sy. Has said his say?
Sm. You're deaf? He's said his say.
Sy. All right.
Then I come after. All alone this fellow found
The baby. Yes, and all of this he's telling now
He tells correctly, father, and it happened so.
I do not contradict. I did entreat and beg
And I received it from him. Yes, he tells the truth.
A certain shepherd, fellow laborer of his,
With whom he had been talking, then brought word to me
That with the baby he had found some ornaments.
To claim these things, see, father, he is here himself!
Give me the baby, wife. Now, Davus, here from you
He's asking back the necklace and birth-tokens too,
For he declares that these were placed upon himself
For his adorning, not for eking out your keep.
I too join in, and ask for him, as guardian—
On giving him you made me that. And now, good sir, (*to Sm.*)
Methinks 'tis yours to settle whether it be right
These golden trinkets and whatever else there be,
As given by his mother, whosoe'er she was,
Be put by for the baby till he come of age,
Or this footpad who stripped him is to have these things,
That others own, provided that he found them first!
'Why didn't I,' you'll say, 'when first I took the child,
Demand them then of you?' It was not then as yet
Within my power to speak thus in the child's behalf,
And even now I'm here demanding no one thing
That's mine, mine only. 'Windfall! Share-all!' None of that!
No 'finding' when 'tis question of a person wronged.
That is not 'finding,' nay, but outright filching that!
And look at this too, father. Maybe this boy here
Was born above our station. Reared 'mongst working folk,
He will despise our doings, his own level seek
And venture on some action suiting noble birth:
Will go a-lion-hunting; carry arms; or run
A race at games. You've seen the actors act, I know,
And all of this you understand. These heroes once,
Pelias, Neleus, by an aged man were found,
A goatherd in his goatskin dressed as I am now,
And, when he noticed they were better born than he,
He tells the matter, how he found, how took them up,
He gave them back their wallet, with birth-tokens filled.
And thus they found out clearly all their history,
And they, the one-time goatherds, afterwards were kings.
But had a Davus found those things and sold them off,
That he might profit by twelve drachmas for himself,
Through all the coming ages they had been unknown,
Who were such great ones and of such a pedigree.
And so it is not fitting, father, that I here
Should rear his body and that Davus seize meanwhile
His life's hope for the future, make it disappear.
A youth about to wed his sister once was stopped

By just such tokens. One a mother found and saved,
And one a brother. Since, O father, all men's lives
Are liable to dangers, we must watch, look out,
With forethought far ahead for what is possible.
'Well, if you are not suited, give him back,' says he.
This is his stronghold in the matter, as he thinks.
But that's not just. If you must give up what is his,
Then in addition do you claim to have the child
That more securely you may play the rogue again
If some of his belongings Fortune has preserved?
I've said my say. Give verdict as you hold is just.
Sm. Well, this decision's easy: 'All that was exposed
Together with the child goes with him,' I decide.
Da. All right. But now, the child?
Sm. By Zeus, I won't decide
He's yours who wrong him, but he's his who came to aid,
This man's, who stood against you, you who'd injure him.
Sy. Now yours be many blessings!
Da. Nay, a verdict rank!
By Zeus the savior! I, the sole discoverer,
Am stripped of all, and he who did not find receives?
Am I to hand these over?
Sm. Yes.
Da. A verdict rank—
Else may no blessing ever light on me!
Sy. Here, quick!
Da. Good Heracles, how I am treated!
Sy. Loose your sack
And show us, for it's there you carry them
—(*to Sm.*) nay, stop,
I beg, a little, till he gives them up.
Da. (*aside*) Why did
I let him judge our case?
Sm. Come, give, you quarry-slave!
Da. (*handing over the tokens*) What shameful treatment!
Sm. Have you all?
Sy. I think so, yes.
Sm. You have, unless he swallowed something down while I
Gave verdict of conviction.
Sy. Hardly that, I think.
Nay, then, good sir, good luck attend you. Such as you
I'd sooner have the judges all.
(*Exit Sm.*)
Da. But how unjust,
O Heracles! This verdict, was it not too rank?
Sy. You were a rascal, rascal you!
Da. Look out for yourself,
Yes, you now, that you keep these trinkets safe for him.
Aye, mark you well, I'll ever have an eye on you.
(*Exit Da.*)
Sy. Go hang! Go gang your gait! But you, my wife, take these
And carry them in here to our young master's house.
For meanwhile here we will await Chærestratus
And in the morning we'll start off to work again,
When we have made our payment. Stop. Let's count them first.
Count over, one by one. Have you a basket there?
Well, loose your dress and drop them in.
(Onesimus *comes out of the house of* Chærestratus, *at first not noticing or being noticed by* Syriscus)
On. A slower cook
Nobody ever saw. Why, this time yesterday
Long since they had their wine.
Sy. Now this one seems to be
A sort of rooster and a tough one too! Here, take.
And here is something set with stones. This one's an axe.
On. (*becoming aware*) What's this?
Sy. This one's a gilded ring without; inside
It's iron. On the seal is carved—a bull?—or goat?
I can't tell which, and one Cleostratus is he
Who made it—so the letters say.
On. I say, show me!
Sy. (*startled into handing him the ring*) Well, there! But who are you?
On. The very one!
Sy. Who is?
On. The ring.
Sy. What ring d'ye mean? I don't know what you mean.
On. Charisius' ring, my master's ring!
Sy. You're cracked!
On. The one he lost.
Sy. Put down that ring, you wretched man!

On. Our ring? 'Put down' for you? Where did you get it from?
Sy. Apollo and ye gods! What awful nuisance this,
To bring off safe an orphan baby's property!
The first to come forthwith has plunder in his eyes.
Put down that ring, I say.
On. You'd jest with me, you would?
It's master's ring, by your Apollo and the gods!
Sy. I'd have my throat cut sooner than give in at all
To him, I vow. That's settled. I will have the law
On each and all by turns. The boy's they are, not mine.
This one's a collar. Take it, you (*to his wife*). A chiton's fold
Of purple, this. Go, take them in. Now tell me, you.
What's this you're saying to me?
On. I? The ring is his,
Charisius's. Once, when drunk, or so he said,
He lost it.
Sy. I'm Chærestratus's tenant slave.
So either save it carefully or give it me
That I may keep and safe deliver.
On. I prefer
Myself as guard.
Sy. To me that matters not one whit,
For both of us are stopping, as it seems, in here,
In the same lodging-place.
On. Just now it's no good time,
Perhaps, when guests are coming in, to tell him this
Our story, but to-morrow.
Sy. I will wait till then.
To-morrow, in a word, I'm ready to submit
This case to anyone you like. (*Exit On.*)
Now this time, too,
I've not come off so badly, but it seems as though
A man must give up all besides and practice law.
By this means, nowadays, is everything kept straight. (*Exit*)
(*Reënter the group of revelers. They give an exhibition*)

In the second act Abrotonon plans with Onesimus a way of convincing Charisius that the foundling is his, and it is clear that the recognition of his own wife Pamphila as its mother will shortly follow.

V. PHILOSOPHY (550–287 B.C.)

The earliest philosophers, not counting the Seven Wise Men, who seem to have been famed for pithy common-sense utterance rather than system, were in search of a unity as the explanation of the universe. The system of Thales made water the basis of all creation, that of Anaximenes, air. The pluralists, like Empedocles, who saw the world as a composite of earth, water, air, and fire, wrought upon by the adverse principles of love and hate, accounted for phenomena on the basis of several elements. At their most scientific, these early thinkers, extending over a period from about 600 to 450, included Leucippus and Democritus, the propounders of the atomic theory; at their most spiritual, Pythagoras and his theory of number and metempsychosis, Xenophanes, who saw the Oneness of all things in God, and Anaxagoras, who made Mind the origin of all phenomena. They were on the whole speculative rather than really scientific, and some of them, like Xenophanes and Empedocles, were poets and wrote in verse.

The physical philosophers were succeeded by the ethical or humanistic philosophers, whose chief names are Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. The less spiritual of the ethical thinkers, who were called Sophists and were represented by Protagoras and Gorgias, were characterized by skeptical and destructive tendencies: man was the measure of the universe, truth was a matter of subjective feeling, personal advantage the basis of all conduct. With the Platonic school, the attitude was one of inquiry into the sources of virtue and happiness for individual and society, and the result a great moral and spiritual revelation which has never ceased to be appreciated as a contribution to life. In Aristotle there was a predominance of the intellectual; with him really began modern criticism and science.

PARMENIDES AND EMPEDOCLES (About 500–450 B.C.)

FRAGMENTS

Translated by William Ellery Leonard

THE CREATION

And thou shalt know the Source etherial,
And all the starry signs along the sky,
And the resplendent works of that clear lamp
Of glowing sun, and whence they all arose.
Likewise of wandering works of round-eyed moon
Shalt thou yet learn and of her source; and then
Shalt thou know too the heavens that close us round—
Both whence they sprang and how Fate leading them
Bound fast to keep the limit of the stars. . . .
How earth and sun and moon and common sky,
The Milky Way, Olympos outermost,
And burning might of stars made haste to be.

—Parmenides.

FROM THE ELEMENTS IS ALL WE SEE

But come, and to my works foresaid look well,
If their wide witness anywhere forgot
Aught that behooves the elemental forms:
Behold the Sun, the warm, the bright-diffused;
Behold the eternal Stars, forever steeped
In liquid heat and glowing radiance; see
Also the Rain, obscure and cold and dark,

And how from Earth streams forth the Green and Firm.
And all through Wrath are split to shapes diverse;
And each through Love draws near and yearns for each.
For from these elements hath budded all
That was or is or evermore shall be—
All trees, and men and women, beasts and birds,
And fishes nourished in deep waters, aye,
The long-lived gods, in honors excellent.
For these are all, and, as they course along
Through one another, they take new faces all,
By varied mingling and enduring change.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS

For amber Sun and Earth and Heaven and Sea
Is friendly with its every part that springs,
Far driven and scattered, in the mortal world;
So too those things that are most apt to mix
Are like, and loved by Aphrodite's hest.
But hostile chiefly are those things which most
From one another differ, both in birth,
And in their mixing and their molded forms—
Unwont to mingle, miserable and lone,
After the counsels of their father, Hate.

THE HEALER AND PROPHET

Ye friends, who in the mighty city dwell
Along the yellow Acragas hard by
The Acropolis, ye stewards of good works,
The stranger's refuge venerable and kind,
All hail, O friends! But unto ye I walk
As god immortal now, no more as man,
On all sides honored fittingly and well,
Crowned both with fillets and with flowering wreaths.
When with my throngs of men and women I come
To thriving cities, I am sought by prayers,
And thousands follow me that they may ask
The path to weal and vantage, craving some
For oracles, whilst others seek to hear
A healing word 'gainst many a foul disease
That all too long hath pierced with grievous pains.

EXPIATION AND METEMPSYCHOSIS

There is a word of Fate, an old decree
And everlasting of the gods, made fast
With amplest oaths, that whosoe'er of those
Far spirits, with their lot of age-long life,
Do foul their limbs with slaughter in offense,
Or swear forsworn, as failing of their pledge,
Shall wander thrice ten thousand weary years
Far from the Blessed, and be born through time
In various shapes of mortal kind, which change
Ever and ever troublous paths of life:
For now Air hunts them onward to the Sea;
Now the wild Sea disgorges them on Land;
Now Earth will spue toward beams of radiant Sun;
Whence he will toss them back to whirling Air—
Each gets from other what they all abhor.
And in that brood I too am numbered now,
A fugitive and vagabond from heaven,
As one obedient unto raving Strife.

For I was once already boy and girl,
Thicket and bird, and mute fish in the waves.

All things doth Nature change, enwrapping souls
In unfamiliar tunics of the flesh.

The worthiest dwellings for the souls of men,
When 'tis their lot to live in forms of brutes,
Are tawny lions, those great beasts that sleep
Couched on the black earth up the mountain side;
But, when in forms of beautiful plumed trees
They live, the bays are worthiest for souls.

—From The Fragments of Empedocles, with the permission of The Open Court Publishing Co.

PLATO (429–347 B.C.)

Plato, born in the year of Pericles' death, was thirty when Socrates, his teacher for ten years, was condemned to drink the hemlock. Leaving Athens after this event, he visited Megara, Egypt, Syracuse, and Italy, and in 386, again in Athens, was established in the celebrated Academy, the scene of his forty years of teaching. As a teacher, he is celebrated for the Socratic method of leading deliberately but inevitably to the truth by means of the question and answer. As a thinker, he put the world in his debt by developing the Theory of Ideas and the Doctrine of Recollection. In another world, there exist in perfect form and quality the counterparts of every object in this world's life; and in our efforts to attain to the good, the true, and the beautiful, we are enabled to pattern after these counterparts, which, and not their earthly similars, are the reality, because in a former existence we lived in their presence and now with more or less distinctness recollect them. To know perfection is to love it, and education is therefore supremely important. As a writer, Plato's fame rests on an easy and gracious style, and on his development of the Dialogue, already existing, into artistic form. About twenty-five genuine Dialogues survive, of which *The Apology, Crito, Phædo,* and *The Symposium* are famous for the intimate acquaintance they afford of Socrates as person, teacher, and martyr. In *The Republic* and in *The Laws,* remembering his experiences at the court of the Syracusan tyrants Dionysius I and Dionysius II, he constructs the ideal State. His enlightenment and his anticipations of modern radicalism are a constant surprise and delight.

The translations from *The Apology, Crito,* and *Phædo* by Harold North Fowler are here printed with the permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

The selections from *The Republic,* in the flexible and dignified translation of Alexander Kerr, of the University of Wisconsin, who accomplished the last book in 1918 at the age of ninety and unable to read print, are used with the consent of the Charles H. Kerr Publishing Company, Chicago.

THE APOLOGY;

The Defence of Socrates at His Trial

How you, men of Athens, have been affected by my accusers, I do not know; but I, for my part, almost forgot my own identity, so persuasively did they talk; and yet there is hardly a word of truth in what they have said. But I was most amazed by one of the many lies that they told—when they said that you must be on your guard not to be deceived by me, because I was a clever speaker. For I thought it the most shameless part of their conduct that they are not ashamed because they will immediately be convicted by me of falsehood by the evidence of fact, when I show myself to be not in the least a clever speaker, unless indeed they call him a clever speaker who speaks the truth; for if this is what they mean, I would agree that I am an orator—not after their fashion. Now they, as I say, have said little or nothing true; but you shall hear from me nothing but the truth. Not, however, men of Athens, speeches finely tricked out with words and phrases, as theirs are, nor carefully arranged, but you will hear things said at random with the words that happen to occur to me. For I trust that what I say is just; and let none of you expect anything else. For surely it would not be fitting for one of my age to come before you like a youngster making up speeches. And, men of Athens, I urgently beg and beseech you if you hear me making my defence with the same words with which I have been accustomed to speak both in the market place at the bankers' tables, where many of you have heard me, and elsewhere, not to be surprised or to make a disturbance on this account. For the fact is that this is the first time I have come before the court, although I am seventy years old;

I am therefore an utter foreigner to the manner of speech here. . . . And, men of Athens, do not interrupt me with noise, even if I seem to you to be boasting; for the word which I speak is not mine, but the speaker to whom I shall refer it is a person of weight. For of my wisdom —if it is wisdom at all—and of its nature, I will offer you the god of Delphi as a witness. You know Chærephon, I fancy. He was my comrade from a youth and the comrade of your democratic party, and shared in the recent exile and came back with you. And you know the kind of man Chærephon was, how impetuous in whatever he undertook. Well, once he went to Delphi and made so bold as to ask the oracle this question; and, gentlemen, don't make a disturbance at what I say; for he asked if there were anyone wiser than I. Now the Pythia replied that there was no one wiser. And about these things his brother here will bear you witness, since Chærephon is dead.

But see why I say these things; for I am going to tell you whence the prejudice against me has arisen. For when I heard this, I thought to myself: 'What in the world does the god mean, and what riddle is he propounding? For I am conscious that I am not wise either much or little. What then does he mean by declaring that I am the wisest? He certainly cannot be lying, for that is not possible for him.' And for a long time I was at a loss as to what he meant; then with great reluctance I proceeded to investigate him somewhat as follows.

I went to one of those who had a reputation for wisdom, thinking that there, if anywhere, I should prove the utterance wrong and should show the oracle 'This man is wiser than I, but you said I was wisest.' So examining this man— for I need not call him by name, but it was one of the public men with regard to whom I had this kind of experience, men of Athens—and conversing with him, this man seemed to me to seem to be wise to many other people and especially to himself, but not to be so; and then I tried to show him that he thought he was wise, but was not. As a result, I became hateful to him and to many of those present; and so, as I went away, I thought to myself, 'I am wiser than this man; for neither of us really knows anything fine and good, but this man thinks he knows something when he does not, whereas I, as I do not know anything, do not think I do either. I seem, then, in just this little thing to be wiser than this man at any rate, that what I do not know I do not think I know either.' From him I went to another of those who were reputed to be wiser than he, and these same things seemed to me to be true; and there I became hateful both to him and to many others.

After this then I went on from one to another, perceiving that I was hated, and grieving and fearing, but nevertheless I thought I must consider the god's business of the highest importance. So I had to go, investigating the meaning of the oracle, to all those who were reputed to know anything. And by the Dog, men of Athens—for I must speak the truth to you—this, I do declare, was my experience: those who had the most reputation seemed to me to be almost the most deficient, as I investigated at the god's behest, and others who were of less repute seemed to be superior men in the matter of being sensible. So I must relate to you my wandering as I performed my Herculean labors, so to speak, in order that the oracle might be proved to be irrefutable. For after the public men I went to the poets, those of tragedies, and those of dithyrambs, and the rest, thinking that there I should prove by actual test that I was less learned than they. So, taking up the poems of theirs that seemed to me to have been most carefully elaborated by them, I asked them what they meant, that I might at the same time learn something from them. Now I am ashamed to tell you the truth, gentlemen; but still it must be told. For there was hardly a man present, one might say, who would not speak better than they about the poems they themselves had composed. So again in the case of the poets also I presently recognized this, that what they composed they composed not by wisdom, but by nature and because they were inspired, like the prophets and givers of oracles; for these also say many fine things, but know none of the things they say; it was evident to me that the poets too had experienced something of this same sort. And at the same time I perceived that they, on account of their poetry, thought that they were the wisest of men in other things as well, in which they were not.

So I went away from them also thinking that I was superior to them in the same thing in which I excelled the public men.

Finally then I went to the hand-workers. For I was conscious that I knew practically nothing, but I knew I should find that they knew many fine things. And in this I was not deceived; they did know what I did not, and in this way they were wiser than I. But, men of Athens, the good artisans also seemed to me to have the same failing as the poets; because of practising his art well, each one thought he was very wise in the other most important matters, and this folly of theirs obscured that wisdom, so that I asked myself in behalf of the oracle whether I should prefer to be as I am, neither wise in their wisdom nor foolish in their folly, or to be in both respects as they are. I replied then to myself and to the oracle that it was better for me to be as I am.

Now from this investigation, men of Athens, many enmities have arisen against me, and such as are most harsh and grievous, so that many prejudices have resulted from them and I am called a wise man. For on each occasion those who are present think I am wise in the matters in which I confute someone else; but the fact is, gentlemen, it is likely that the god is really wise and by his oracle means this: 'Human wisdom is of little or no value.' And it appears that he does not really say this of Socrates, but merely uses my name, and makes me an example, as if he were to say: 'This one of you, O human beings, is wisest, who, like Socrates, recognizes that he is in truth of no account in respect to wisdom.'

Therefore I am still even now going about and searching and investigating at the god's behest anyone, whether citizen or foreigner, who I think is wise; and when he does not seem so to me, I give aid to the god and show that he is not wise. And by reason of this occupation I have no leisure to attend to any of the affairs of the state worth mentioning, or of my own, but am in vast poverty on account of my service to the god.

And in addition to these things, the young men who have the most leisure, the sons of the richest men, accompany me of their own accord, find pleasure in hearing people being examined, and often imitate me themselves, and then they undertake to examine others; and then, I fancy, they find a great plenty of people who think they know something, but know little or nothing. As a result, therefore, those who are examined by them are angry with me, instead of being angry with themselves, and say that 'Socrates is a most abominable person and is corrupting the youth.' . . .

And now I wish to prophesy to you, O ye who have condemned me; for I am now at the time when men most do prophesy, the time just before death. And I say to you, ye men who have slain me, that punishment will come upon you straightway after my death, far more grievous in sooth than the punishment of death which you have meted out to me. For now you have done this to me because you hoped that you would be relieved from rendering an account of your lives, but I say that you will find the result far different. Those who will force you to give an account will be more numerous than heretofore; men whom I restrained, though you knew it not; and they will be harsher, inasmuch as they are younger, and you will be more annoyed. For if you think that by putting men to death you will prevent anyone from reproaching you because you do not act as you should, you are mistaken. That mode of escape is neither possible at all nor honorable, but the easiest and most honorable escape is not by suppressing others, but by making yourselves as good as possible. So with this prophecy to you who condemned me I take my leave.

But with those who voted for my acquittal I should like to converse about this which has happened, while the authorities are busy and before I go to the place where I must die. Wait with me so long, my friends; for nothing prevents our chatting with each other while there is time. I feel that you are my friends, and I wish to show you the meaning of this which has now happened to me. For, judges—and in calling you judges I give you your right name—a wonderful thing has happened to me. For hitherto the customary prophetic monitor always spoke to me very frequently and opposed me even in very small matters, if I was going to do anything I should not; but now, as you yourselves see, this thing which might be

thought, and is generally considered, the greatest of evils has come upon me; but the divine sign did not oppose me either when I left my home in the morning, or when I came here to the court, or at any point of my speech, when I was going to say anything; and yet on other occasions it stopped me at many points in the midst of a speech; but now, in this affair, it has not opposed me in anything I was doing or saying. What then do I suppose is the reason? I will tell you. This which has happened to me is doubtless a good thing, and those of us who think death is an evil must be mistaken. A convincing proof of this has been given me; for the accustomed sign would surely have opposed me if I had not been going to meet with something good.

Let us consider in another way also how good reason there is to hope that it is a good thing. For the state of death is one of two things: either it is virtually nothingness, so that the dead has no consciousness of anything, or it is, as people say, a change and migration of the soul from this to another place. And if it is unconsciousness, like a sleep in which the sleeper does not even dream, death would be a wonderful gain. For I think if any one were to pick out that night in which he slept a dreamless sleep and, comparing with it the other nights and days of his life, were to say, after due consideration, how many days and nights in his life had passed more pleasantly than that night,—I believe that not only any private person, but even the great King of Persia himself would find that they were few in comparison with the other days and nights. So if such is the nature of death, I count it a gain; for in that case, all time seems to be no longer than one night. But on the other hand, if death is, as it were, a change of habitation from here to some other place, and if what we are told is true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing could there be, judges? For if a man when he reaches the other world, after leaving behind these who claim to be judges, shall find those who are really judges who are said to sit in judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, and Æacus and Triptolemus, and all the other demigods who were just men in their lives, would the change of habitation be undesirable? Or again, what would any of you give to meet with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? I am willing to die many times over, if these things are true; for I personally should find the life there wonderful, when I met Palamedes or Ajax, the son of Telamon, or any other men of old who lost their lives through an unjust judgment, and compared my experience with theirs. I think that would not be unpleasant. And the greatest pleasure would be to pass my time in examining and investigating the people there, as I do those here, to find out who among them is wise and who thinks he is when he is not. What price would any of you pay, judges, to examine him who led the great army against Troy, or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or countless others, both men and women, whom I might mention? To converse and associate with them and examine them would be immeasurable happiness. At any rate, the folk there do not kill people for it; since, if what we are told is true, they are immortal for all future time, besides being happier in other respects than men are here.

But you also, judges, must regard death hopefully and must bear in mind this one truth, that no evil can come to a good man either in life or after death, and God does not neglect him. So, too, this which has come to me has not come by chance, but I see plainly that it was better for me to die now and be freed from troubles. That is the reason why the sign never interfered with me, and I am not at all angry with those who condemned me or with my accusers. And yet it was not with that in view that they condemned and accused me, but because they thought to injure me. They deserve blame for that. However, I make this request of them: when my sons grow up, gentlemen, punish them by troubling them as I have troubled you; if they seem to you to care for money or anything else more than for virtue, and if they think they amount to something when they do not, rebuke them as I have rebuked you because they do not care for what they ought, and think they amount to something when they are worth nothing. If you do this, both I and my sons shall have received just treatment from you.

But now the time has come to go away. I go to die, and you to live; but which of us goes to the better lot, is known to none but God.

CRITO

SOCRATES. Now see if the beginning of the investigation satisfies you, and try to reply to my questions to the best of your belief.

CRITO. I will try.

SOCRATES. Ought we in no way to do wrong intentionally, or should we do wrong in some ways but not in others? Or, as we often agreed in former times, is it never right or honorable to do wrong? Or have all those former conclusions of ours been overturned in these few days, and have we old men, seriously conversing with each other, failed all along to see that we were no better than children? Or is not what we used to say most certainly true, whether the world agree or not? And whether we must endure still more grievous sufferings than these, or lighter ones, is not wrongdoing inevitably an evil and a disgrace to the wrongdoer? Do we believe this or not?

CRITO. We do.

SOCRATES. Then we ought not to do wrong at all.

CRITO. Why, no.

SOCRATES. And we ought not even to requite wrong with wrong, as the world thinks, since we must not do wrong at all.

CRITO. Apparently not.

SOCRATES. Well, Crito, ought one to do evil or not?

CRITO. Certainly not, Socrates.

SOCRATES. Well, then, is it right to requite evil with evil, as the world says it is, or not right?

CRITO. Not right, certainly.

SOCRATES. For doing evil to people is the same thing as wronging them.

CRITO. That is true.

SOCRATES. Then we ought neither to requite wrong with wrong nor to do evil to anyone, no matter what he may have done to us. And be careful, Crito, that you do not, in agreeing to this, agree to something you do not believe; for I know that there are few who believe or ever will believe this. Now those who believe this, and those who do not, have no common ground of discussion, but they must necessarily, in view of their opinions, despise one another. Do you therefore consider very carefully whether you agree and share in this opinion, and let us take as the starting point of our discussion the assumption that it is never right to do wrong or to requite wrong with wrong, or when we suffer evil to defend ourselves by doing evil in return. Or do you disagree and refuse your assent to this starting point? For I have long held this belief and I hold it yet, but if you have reached any other conclusion, speak and explain it to me. If you still hold to our former opinion, hear the next point.

CRITO. I do hold to it and I agree with you; so go on.

SOCRATES. Now the next thing I say, or rather ask, is this: 'ought a man to do what he has agreed to do, provided it is right, or may he violate his agreements?'

CRITO. He ought to do it.

SOCRATES. Then consider whether, if we go away from here without the consent of the state, we are doing harm to the very ones to whom we least ought to do harm, or not, and whether we are abiding by what we agreed was right, or not.

CRITO. I cannot answer your question, Socrates, for I do not understand.

SOCRATES. Consider it in this way. If, as I was on the point of running away (or whatever it should be called), the laws and the commonwealth should come to me and ask, 'Tell me, Socrates, what have you in mind to do? Are you not intending by this thing you are trying to do, to destroy us, the laws, and the entire state, so far as in you lies? Or do you think that state can exist and not be overturned, in which the decisions reached by the courts have no force but are made invalid and annulled by private persons?' What shall we say, Crito, in reply to this question and others of the same kind? For one might say many things, especially if one were an orator, about the destruction of that law which provides that the decisions reached by the courts shall be valid. Or shall we say to them, 'The state wronged me and did not judge the case rightly'? Shall we say that, or what?

CRITO. That is what we shall say, by Zeus, Socrates.

SOCRATES. What then if the laws should say, 'Socrates, is this the agreement you made with us, or did you agree to abide by the verdicts pronounced by the state?' Now if I were surprised by what they said, perhaps they would continue, 'Don't be surprised at what we say, Socrates, but answer, since you are in the habit of employing the method of question and an-

swer. Come, what fault do you find with us and the state, that you are trying to destroy us? In the first place, did we not bring you forth? Is it not through us that your father married your mother and begat you? Now tell us, have you any fault to find with those of us who are the laws of marriage?'

'I find no fault,' I should say. 'Or with those that have to do with the nurture of the child after he is born and with his education which you, like others, received? Did those of us who are assigned to these matters not give good directions when we told your father to educate you in music and gymnastics?' 'You did,' I should say. 'Well then, when you were born and nurtured and educated, could you say to begin with that you were not our offspring, and our slave, you yourself and your ancestors? And if this is so, do you think right as between you and us rests on a basis of equality, so that whatever we undertake to do to you it is right for you to retaliate? There was no such equality of right between you and your father or your master, if you had one, so that whatever treatment you received you might return it, answering them if you were reviled, or striking back if you were struck, and the like; and do you think that it will be proper for you to act so toward your country and the laws, so that if we undertake to destroy you, thinking it is right, you will undertake in return to destroy us laws and your country, so far as you are able, and will say that in doing this you are doing right, you who really care for virtue. . . .

'Ah, Socrates, be guided by us who tended your infancy. Care neither for your children nor for life nor for anything else more than for the right, that when you come to the home of the dead, you may have all these things to say in your own defence. For clearly if you do this thing it will not be better for you here, or more just or holier, no, nor for any of your friends, and neither will it be better when you reach that other abode. Now, however, you will go away wronged, if you do go away, not by us, the laws, but by men; but if you escape after so disgracefully requiting wrong with wrong and evil with evil, breaking your compacts and agreements with us, and injuring those whom you least ought to injure —yourself, your friends, your country and us—we shall be angry with you while you live, and there our brothers, the laws in Hades' realm, will not receive you graciously; for they will know that you tried, so far as in you lay, to destroy us. Do not let Crito persuade you to do what he says, but take our advice.'

Be well assured, my dear friend, Crito, that this is what I seem to hear, as the frenzied dervishes of Cybele seem to hear the flutes, and this sound of these words reëchoes within me and prevents my hearing any other words. And be assured that, so far as I now believe, if you argue against these words you will speak in vain. Nevertheless, if you think you can accomplish anything, speak.

CRITO. No, Socrates, I have nothing to say.

SOCRATES. Then, Crito, let it be, and let us act in this way, since it is in this way that God leads us.

PHÆDO

IDEAS, RECOLLECTION, IMMORTALITY

'Do we agree, then,' said Socrates, 'that when anyone on seeing a thing thinks, "This thing that I see aims at being like some other thing that exists, but falls short and is unable to be like that thing, but is inferior to it," he who thinks thus must of necessity have previous knowledge of the thing which he says the other resembles but falls short of?'

'We must.'

'Well then, is this just what happened to us with regard to the equal things and equality in the abstract?'

'It certainly is.'

'Then we must have had knowledge of equality before the time when we first saw equal things and thought, "All these things are aiming to be like equality but fall short."'

'That is true.'

'And we agree, also, that we have not gained knowledge of it, and that it is impossible to gain this knowledge, except by sight or touch or some other of the senses? I consider that all the senses are alike.'

'Yes, Socrates, they are all alike, for the purposes of our argument.'

'Then it is through the senses that we must learn that all sensible objects strive

after absolute equality and fall short of it. Is that our view?'

'Yes.'

'Then before we began to see or hear or use the other senses we must somewhere have gained a knowledge of abstract or absolute equality, if we were to compare with it the equals which we perceive by the senses, and see that all such things yearn to be like abstract equality but fall short of it.'

'That follows necessarily from what we have said before, Socrates.'

'And we saw and heard and had the other senses as soon as we were born?'

'Certainly.'

'But, we say, we must have acquired a knowledge of equality before we had these senses?'

'Yes.'

'Then it appears that we must have acquired it before we were born.'

'It does.'

'Now if we had acquired that knowledge before we were born, and were born with it, we knew before we were born and at the moment of birth not only the equal and the greater and the less, but all such abstractions? For our present argument is no more concerned with the equal than with absolute beauty and the absolute good and the just and the holy, and, in short, with all those things which we stamp with the seal of "absolute" in our dialectic process of questions and answers; so that we must necessarily have acquired knowledge of all these before our birth.'

'That is true.'

'And if after acquiring it we have not, in each case, forgotten it, we must always be born knowing these things, and must know them throughout our life; for to know is to have acquired knowledge and to have retained it without losing it, and the loss of knowledge is just what we mean when we speak of forgetting, is it not, Simmias?'

'Certainly, Socrates,' said he.

'But, I suppose, if we acquired knowledge before we were born and lost it at birth, but afterwards by the use of our senses regained the knowledge which we had previously possessed, would not the process which we call learning really be recovering knowledge which is our own? And should we be right in calling this recollection?'

'Assuredly.'

'For we found that it is possible, on perceiving a thing by the sight or the hearing or any other sense, to call to mind from that perception another thing which had been forgotten, which was associated with the thing perceived, whether like it or unlike it; so that, as I said, one of two things is true, either we are all born knowing these things and know them all our lives, or afterwards, those who are said to learn merely remember, and learning would then be recollection.'

'That is certainly true, Socrates.'

'Which then do you choose, Simmias? Were we born with the knowledge, or do we recollect afterwards things of which we had acquired knowledge before our birth?'

'I cannot choose at this moment, Socrates.'

'How about this question? You can choose and you have some opinion about it: When a man knows, can he give an account of what he knows or not?'

'Certainly he can, Socrates.'

'And do you think that everybody can give an account of the matters about which we have just been talking?'

'I wish they might,' said Simmias; 'but on the contrary I fear that to-morrow, at this time, there will be no longer any man living who is able to do so properly.'

'Then, Simmias, you do not think all men know these things?'

'By no means.'

'Then they recollect the things they once learned?'

'Necessarily.'

'When did our souls acquire the knowledge of them? Surely not after we were born as human beings.'

'Certainly not.'

'Then previously.'

'Yes.'

'Then, Simmias, the souls existed previously, before they were in human form, apart from bodies, and they had intelligence.'

'Unless, Socrates, we acquire these ideas at the moment of birth; for that time still remains.'

'Very well, my friend. But at what other time do we lose them? For we are surely not born with them, as we just now agreed. Do we lose them at the moment when we receive them, or have you some other time to suggest?'

'None whatever, Socrates. I did not notice that I was talking nonsense.'

'Then, Simmias,' said he, 'is this the state of the case? If, as we are always saying, the beautiful exists, and the good, and every essence of that kind, and if we refer all our sensations to these, which we find existed previously and are now ours, and compare our sensations with these, is it not a necessary inference that just as these abstractions exist, so our souls existed before we were born; and if these abstractions do not exist, our argument is of no force? Is this the case, and is it equally certain that provided these things exist our souls also existed before we were born, and that if these do not exist, neither did our souls?'

'Socrates, it seems to me that there is absolutely the same certainty, and our argument comes to the excellent conclusion that our soul existed before we were born, and that the essence of which you speak likewise exists. For there is nothing so clear to me as this, that all such things, the beautiful, the good, and all the others of which you were speaking just now, have a most real existence. And I think the proof is sufficient.'

'But how about Cebes?' said Socrates. 'For Cebes must be convinced, too.'

'He is fully convinced, I think,' said Simmias; 'and yet he is the most obstinately incredulous of mortals. Still, I believe he is quite convinced of this, that our soul existed before we were born. However, that it will still exist after we die does not seem even to me to have been proved, Socrates, but the common fear, which Cebes mentioned just now, that when a man dies the soul is dispersed and this is the end of his existence, still remains. For assuming that the soul comes into being and is brought together from some source or other and exists before it enters into a human body, what prevents it, after it has entered into and left that body, from coming to an end and being destroyed itself?'

'You are right, Simmias,' said Cebes. 'It seems to me that we have proved only half of what is required, namely, that our soul existed before our birth. But we must also show that it exists after we are dead as well as before our birth, if the proof is to be perfect. . . .'

'Now,' said he, 'shall we assume two kinds of existences, one visible, the other invisible?'

'Let us assume them,' said Cebes.

'And that the invisible is always the same and the visible constantly changing?'

'Let us assume that also,' said he.

'Well then,' said Socrates, 'are we not made up of two parts, body and soul?'

'Yes,' he replied.

'Now to which class should we say the body is more similar and more closely akin?'

'To the visible,' said he; 'that is clear to everyone.'

'And the soul? Is it visible or invisible?'

'Invisible, to man, at least, Socrates.'

'But we call things visible and invisible with reference to human vision, do we not?'

'Yes, we do.'

'Then what do we say about the soul? Can it be seen or not?'

'It cannot be seen.'

'Then it is invisible?'

'Yes.'

'Then the soul is more like the invisible than the body is, and the body more like the visible.'

'Necessarily, Socrates.'

'Now we have also been saying for a long time, have we not, that, when the soul makes use of the body for any inquiry, either through seeing or hearing or any of the other senses—for inquiry through the body means inquiry through the senses,—then it is dragged by the body to things which never remain the same, and it wanders about and is confused and dizzy like a drunken man because it lays hold upon such things?'

'Certainly.'

'But when the soul inquires alone by itself, it departs into the realm of the pure, the everlasting, the immortal and the changeless, and being akin to these it dwells always with them whenever it is by itself and is not hindered, and it has rest from its wanderings and remains always the same and unchanging with the changeless, since it is in communion therewith. And this state of the soul is called wisdom. Is it not so?'

'Socrates,' said he, 'what you say is perfectly right and true.'

'And now again, in view of what we said before and of what has just been said, to which class do you think the soul has greater likeness and kinship?'

'I think, Socrates,' said he, 'that anyone, even the dullest, would agree after this argument that the soul is infinitely more like that which is always the same than that which is not.'

'And the body?'

'Is more like the other.'

'Consider, then, the matter in another way. When the soul and the body are joined together, nature directs the one to serve and be ruled, and the other to rule and be master. Now this being the case, which seems to you like the divine, and which like the mortal? Or do you not think that the divine is by nature fitted to rule and lead, and the mortal to obey and serve?'

'Yes, I think so.'

'Which, then, does the soul resemble?'

'Clearly, Socrates, the soul is like the divine and the body like the mortal.'

'Then see, Cebes, if this is not the conclusion from all that we have said, that the soul is most like the divine and immortal and intellectual and uniform and indissoluble and ever unchanging, and the body, on the contrary, most like the human and mortal and multiform and unintellectual and dissoluble and ever changing. Can we say anything, my dear Cebes, to show that this is not so?'

'No, we cannot.'

'Well then, since this is the case, is it not natural for the body to meet with speedy dissolution and for the soul, on the contrary, to be entirely indissoluble, or nearly so?'

'Of course.'

'Observe,' he went on, 'that when a man dies, the visible part of him, the body, which lies in the visible world and which we call the corpse, which is naturally subject to dissolution and decomposition, does not undergo these processes at once, but remains for a considerable time, and even for a very long time, if death takes place when the body is in good condition, and at a favorable time of the year. For when the body is shrunk and embalmed, as is done in Egypt, it remains almost entire for an incalculable time. And even if the body decay, some parts of it, such as the bones and sinews and all that, are, so to speak, indestructible. Is not that true?'

'Yes.'

'But the soul, the invisible, which departs into another place which is, like itself, noble and pure and invisible, to the realm of the god of the other world, in truth, to the good and wise god, whither, if God will, my soul is soon to go,—is this soul, which has such qualities and such a nature, straightway scattered and destroyed when it departs from the body, as most men say? Far from it, dear Cebes and Simmias, but the truth is much rather this:—if it departs pure, dragging with it nothing of the body, because it never willingly associated with the body in life, but avoided it and gathered itself into itself alone, since this has always been its constant study—but this means nothing else than that it pursued philosophy rightly and really practised being in a state of death: or is not this the practice of death?'

'By all means.'

'Then if it is in such a condition, it goes away into that which is like itself, into the invisible, divine, immortal, and wise, and when it arrives there it is happy, freed from error and folly and fear and fierce loves and all the other human ills, and as the initiated say, lives in truth through all after time with the gods. Is this our belief, Cebes, or not?'

'Assuredly,' said Cebes.

'But, I think, if when it departs from the body it is defiled and impure, because it was always with the body and cared for it and loved it and was fascinated by it and its desires and pleasures, so that it thought nothing was true except the corporeal, which one can touch and see and drink and eat and employ in the pleasures of love, and if it is accustomed to hate and fear and avoid that which is shadowy and invisible to the eyes but is intelligible and tangible to philosophy —do you think a soul in this condition will depart pure and uncontaminated?'

'By no means,' said he.

'But it will be interpenetrated, I suppose, with the corporeal which intercourse and communion with the body have made a part of its nature because the body has been its constant companion and the object of its care?'

'Certainly.'

'And, my friend, we must believe that the corporeal is burdensome and heavy and earthly and visible. And such a soul is weighed down by this and is dragged back into the visible world, through fear of the invisible and of the other world,

and so, as they say, it flits about the monuments and the tombs, where shadowy shapes of souls have been seen, figures of those souls which were not set free in purity but retain something of the visible; and this is why they are seen.'

'That is likely, Socrates.'

'It is likely, Cebes. And it is likely that those are not the souls of the good, but those of the base, which are compelled to flit about such places as a punishment for their former evil mode of life. And they flit about until through the desire of the corporeal which clings to them they are again imprisoned in a body. And they are likely to be imprisoned in natures which correspond to the practices of their former life.'

'What natures do you mean, Socrates?'

'I mean, for example, that those who have indulged in gluttony and violence and drunkenness, and have taken no pains to avoid them, are likely to pass into the bodies of asses and other beasts of that sort. Do you not think so?'

'Certainly that is very likely.'

'And those who have chosen injustice and tyranny and robbery pass into the bodies of wolves and hawks and kites. Where else can we imagine that they go?'

'Beyond a doubt,' said Cebes, 'they pass into such creatures.'

'Then,' said he, 'it is clear where all the others go, each in accordance with its own habits?'

'Yes,' said Cebes, 'of course.'

'Then,' said he, 'the happiest of those, and those who go to the best place, are those who have practised, by nature and habit, without philosophy or reason, the social and civil virtues which are called moderation and justice?'

'How are these happiest?'

'Don't you see? Is it not likely that they pass again into some such social and gentle species as that of bees or of wasps or ants, or into the human race again, and that worthy men spring from them? . . .'

'Now it would not be fitting for a man of sense to maintain that all this is just as I have described it, but that this or something like it is true concerning our souls and their abodes, since the soul is shown to be immortal, I think he may properly and worthily venture to believe; for the venture is well worth while; and he ought to repeat such things to himself as if they were magic charms, which is the reason why I have been lengthening out the story so long. This then is why a man should be of good cheer about his soul, who in his life has rejected the pleasures and ornaments of the body, thinking they are alien to him and more likely to do him harm than good, and has sought eagerly for those of learning, and after adorning his soul with no alien ornaments, but with its own proper adornment of self-restraint and justice and courage and freedom and truth, awaits his departure to the other world, ready to go when fate calls him. You, Simmias and Cebes and the rest,' he said, 'will go hereafter, each in his own time; but I am now already, as a tragedian would say, called by fate, and it is about time for me to go to the bath; for I think it is better to bathe before drinking the poison, that the women may not have the trouble of bathing the corpse.'

The Hemlock

When he had finished speaking, Crito said: 'Well, Socrates, do you wish to leave any directions with us about your children or anything else—anything we can do to serve you?'

'What I always say, Crito,' he replied, 'nothing new. If you take care of yourselves you will serve me and mine and yourselves, whatever you do, even if you make no promises now; but if you neglect yourselves and are not willing to live following step by step, as it were, in the path marked out by our present and past discussions, you will accomplish nothing, no matter how much or how eagerly you promise at present.'

'We will certainly try hard to do as you say,' he replied. 'But how shall we bury you?'

'However you please,' he replied, 'if you can catch me and I do not get away from you.' And he laughed gently, and looking towards us, said: 'I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that the Socrates who is now conversing and arranging the details of his argument is really I; he thinks I am the one whom he will presently see as a corpse, and he asks how to bury me. And though I have been saying at great length that after I drink the poison I shall no longer be with you, but shall go away to the joys of the blessed you know

of, he seems to think that was idle talk uttered to encourage you and myself. So,' he said, 'give security for me to Crito, the opposite of that which he gave the judges at my trial; for he gave security that I would remain, but you must give security that I shall not remain, when I die, but shall go away, so that Crito may bear it more easily, and may not be troubled when he sees my body being burnt or buried, or think I am undergoing terrible treatment, and may not say at the funeral that he is laying out Socrates, or following him to the grave, or burying him. For, dear Crito, you may be sure that such wrong words are not only undesirable in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. No, you must be of good courage, and say that you bury my body, —and bury it as you think best and as seems to you most fitting.'

When he had said this, he got up and went into another room to bathe; Crito followed him, but he told us to wait. So we waited, talking over with each other and discussing the discourse we had heard, and then speaking of the great misfortune that had befallen us, for we felt that he was like a father to us and that when bereft of him we should pass the rest of our lives as orphans. And when he had bathed and his children had been brought to him—for he had two little sons and one big one—and the women of the family had come, he talked with them in Crito's presence and gave them such directions as he wished; then he told the women to go away, and he came to us. And it was now nearly sunset; for he had spent a long time within. And he came and sat down fresh from the bath. After that not much was said, and the servant of the eleven came and stood beside him and said: 'Socrates, I shall not find fault with you, as I do with others, for being angry and cursing me, when at the behest of the authorities, I tell them to drink the poison. No, I have found you in all this time in every way the noblest and gentlest and best man who has ever come here, and now I know your anger is directed against others, not against me, for you know who are to blame. Now, for you know the message I came to bring you, farewell and try to bear what you must as easily as you can.' And he burst into tears and turned and went away. And Socrates looked up at him and said: 'Fare you well, too; I will do as you say.' And then he said to us: 'How charming the man is! Ever since I have been here he has been coming to see me and talking with me from time to time, and has been the best of men, and now how nobly he weeps for me! But come, Crito, let us obey him, and let someone bring the poison, if it is ready; and if not, let the man prepare it.' And Crito said: 'But I think, Socrates, the sun is still upon the mountains and has not yet set; and I know that others have taken the poison very late, after the order has come to them, and in the meantime have eaten and drunk and some of them enjoyed the society of those whom they loved. Do not hurry; for there is still time.'

And Socrates said: 'Crito, those whom you mention are right in doing as they do, for they think they gain by it; and I shall be right in not doing as they do; for I think I should gain nothing by taking the poison a little later. I should only make myself ridiculous in my own eyes if I clung to life and spared it, when there is no more profit in it. Come,' he said, 'do as I ask and do not refuse.'

Thereupon Crito nodded to the boy who was standing near. The boy went out and stayed a long time, then came back with the man who was to administer the poison, which he brought with him in a cup ready for use. And when Socrates saw him, he said: 'Well, my good man, you know about these things; what must I do?' 'Nothing,' he replied, 'except drink the poison and walk about till your legs feel heavy; then lie down, and the poison will take effect of itself.'

At the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. He took it, and very gently, Echecrates, without trembling or changing color or expression, but looking up at the man with wide open eyes, as was his custom, said: 'What do you say about pouring a libation to some deity from this cup? May I, or not?' 'Socrates,' said he, 'we prepare only as much as we think is enough.' 'I understand,' said Socrates; 'but I may and must pray to the gods that my departure hence be a fortunate one; so I offer this prayer, and may it be granted.' With these words he raised the cup to his lips and very cheerfully and quietly drained it. Up to that time most of us had been able to restrain our tears fairly well, but when we watched him

drinking and saw that he had drunk the poison, we could do so no longer, but in spite of myself my tears rolled down in floods, so that I wrapped my face in my cloak and wept for myself; for it was not for him that I wept, but for my own misfortune in being deprived of such a friend. Crito had got up and gone away even before I did, because he could not restrain his tears. But Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time before, then wailed aloud in his grief and made us all break down, except Socrates himself. But he said, 'What conduct is this, you strange men! I sent the women away chiefly for this very reason, that they might not behave in this absurd way; for I have heard that it is best to die in silence. Keep quiet and be brave.' Then we were ashamed and controlled our tears. He walked about and, when he said his legs were heavy, lay down on his back, for such was the advice of the attendant. The man who had administered the poison laid his hands on him and after a while examined his feet and legs, then pinched his foot hard and asked if he felt it. He said 'No'; then after that, his thighs; and passing upwards in this way he showed us that he was growing cold and rigid. And again he touched him and said that when it reached his heart, he would be gone. The chill had now reached the region about the groin, and uncovering his face, which had been covered, he said —and these were his last words—'Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius. Pay it and do not neglect it.' 'That,' said Crito, 'shall be done; but see if you have anything else to say.' To this question he made no reply, but after a little while he moved; the attendant uncovered him; his eyes were fixed. And Crito when he saw it, closed his mouth and eyes.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, who was, as we may say, of all those of his time whom we have known, the best and wisest and most righteous man.

THE REPUBLIC

The Setting

I went down yesterday to the Peiræus with Glaucon, the son of Ariston, to offer my prayer to the goddess, and at the same time from a desire to witness how they would observe the festival, since they were now celebrating it for the first time. The procession of the natives seemed to me to be indeed beautiful; yet that which the Thracians conducted appeared to be no less brilliant. After we had prayed and witnessed the ceremony, we were in the act of returning to the city, when Polemarchus, the son of Cephalus, catching sight of us at a distance as we had started towards home, ordered his slave to run forward and bid us wait for him. And the slave, taking hold of me by the mantle behind, said: 'Polemarchus bids you wait for him.' I turned round and asked him where his master was. 'There he is,' said he, 'coming on behind. Please wait for him.'

'Well,' said Glaucon, 'we will wait.'

And not long afterwards came Polemarchus and Adeimantus, the brother of Glaucon, and Niceratus, the son of Nicias, and some others, apparently returning from the procession. Then Polemarchus said: 'Socrates, you seem to me to have started on your return to the city.'

'You do not make a bad guess,' said I.

'Well, do you see,' he said, 'how many we are?'

'Why, certainly.'

'Then,' said he, 'either prove yourselves stronger than these, or stay here.'

'Is there not then,' said I, 'an alternative left; I mean the possibility of our persuading you that you ought to let us go?'

'Would you be able,' he said, 'to persuade us if we refuse to listen?'

'By no means,' said Glaucon.

'Then rest assured that we are not going to listen.'

'But do you not know,' said Adeimantus, 'that there is to be a torch-race in the evening, on horseback, in honor of the goddess?'

'On horseback?' said I. 'That is a novelty. Will they hand on to one another the torches which they have, while the horses are racing? or how do you mean?'

'Yes,' replied Polemarchus, 'and besides they will have a night-festival which it will be worth while to see. For we will rise after supper and see the night-festival, and we shall meet many of the young men there and converse with them. Pray wait, and do not be perverse.'

And Glaucon said: 'It appears that we must remain.'

'Well,' said I, 'if it is your pleasure, let us do so.'

We went therefore home to the house of Polemarchus, and found there Lysias and Euthydemus, the brothers of Polemarchus, as well as Thrasymachus, the Chalcedonian, and Charmantides the Pæanian, and Cleitophon, the son of Aristonymus. Cephalus, the father of Polemarchus, was also in the house. And he appeared to me to be a very old man, for it was a long time since I had seen him. He was sitting garlanded upon a sort of cushioned chair, as he happened to have been sacrificing in the court. Accordingly we sat down beside him, for there were some chairs placed there in a circle.

As soon then as Cephalus saw me he saluted me and said: 'Socrates, we do not often see you coming down to the Peiræus; but you ought to come. For if I was still able to go easily to the city, there would be no need of your coming to me, but we would go to you. But, as it is, you ought to come hither more frequently; for be well assured that, as for me, the more the pleasures of the body fade away, the more the desire for conversation and the pleasures derived from it grow upon me. Therefore do not refuse, but associate with these young men and come hither to us as to friends and very intimate acquaintances.'

'And in truth, Cephalus,' I replied, 'I really delight in conversation with very old people; for it seems to me right to learn from them as from those who have gone before us on a road which perhaps we also shall have to travel, of what nature it is, whether it be rough and hard, or smooth and easy. And from you, especially, I would gladly learn, since you have reached that point of life which the poets call the threshold of age, what opinion you hold about this, whether it is a hard part of life, or how you report it.'

'I will surely tell you, Socrates,' he said, 'what my opinion is at least; for we often come together in one place, some of us who are of the same age, keeping in mind the old proverb. The most of us, therefore, when we get together lament, regretting the pleasures of youth, recalling amours, and potations, and festivities, and certain other things which are of like nature, and they are vexed, thinking themselves deprived of some great advantages. In those days, they say, they lived well, but now they do not really live at all. And some, too, bemoan the insults heaped upon old age by their kindred, and for this very reason they are continually harping upon old age, telling how many ills it brings upon them. But I do not think, Socrates, that these men blame the real cause of their troubles. For if this were the cause, the very same thing, as far, at least, as concerns old age, would have happened to me, and to all the others who have reached my time of life. Whereas the fact is, I have before now met with many who are not thus affected, and in particular on one occasion I was in the company of the poet Sophocles when a certain person asked him: 'How is it with you, Sophocles, in regard to the pleasures of love? Are you still capable of enjoying the company of women?' And he said, 'Hush, sir; on the contrary, most gladly have I escaped from love, as from a mad and furious master.' I thought then that his word was fitly spoken, and I think still more so now. For certainly in old age there is perfect peace and freedom from such things. For when the passions cease to excite us and loose their hold, then is surely brought to pass the saying of Sophocles—it is a deliverance from a multitude of furious masters. Now, in regard to these troubles and the quarrels with relatives, there is one cause, and this is not old age, Socrates, but the character of the men themselves. For if they possess well-regulated and contented minds, then old age itself is not very painful; but if not, to such people, Socrates, not merely old age, but even youth also is a burden.'

And I, delighted to hear him say all this, and wishing him to speak still further, tried to draw him out, and said: 'I fancy, Cephalus, that most people, when you say this, will not accept your statement, but will imagine that you bear old age lightly, not by reason of your character, but by reason of your great wealth; for the rich, it is said, have many consolations.'

'You speak the truth,' he replied, 'for they do not accept it. And there is something in what they say, but not so much as they imagine, but the saying of Themistocles holds good, who, when the

Seriphian reviled him and said that he owed his reputation not to himself, but to his country, replied: "Neither would I, if I had been a Seriphian, have become famous, nor would you, if you had been an Athenian." And to those who are not wealthy, and who take old age hard, it may be said with equal reason that neither would the good man bear old age very easily along with poverty, nor would the wicked man by becoming rich ever be at peace with himself.'

'Did you, Cephalus,' said I, 'inherit the bulk of your property, or did you acquire it?'

'How much did I acquire, do you say, Socrates?' he asked. 'As a man of business I stand midway between my grandfather and my father. For my grandfather, whose namesake I am, inheriting about as much property as I now possess, increased its value many times, while my father Lysanias brought it down to still less than what it is now; but I shall be content if I leave to my sons here not less, but a trifle more, than I inherited.'

'The reason why I asked you,' said I, 'is that you did not seem to me to be unduly fond of money. And that is generally the case with those who have not made it themselves; while those who have made their money love it with a twofold affection as compared with other men. For as poets love their own poems and fathers their own children, so those who have gained their money by trade love it as their own production, besides valuing it for its utility, like other men. And therefore they are disagreeable companions, because they will commend nothing but riches.'

'You speak the truth,' he replied.

What Constitutes a State

'I will tell you. Justice, we say, is found in the individual,—it is found, I suppose, in a whole state as well?'

'Certainly,' he answered.

'Well, is not a city larger than a man?'

'Yes, larger,' he said.

'Perhaps then justice might be found on a larger scale in what is greater, and might be easier to apprehend. Let us therefore, if you will, first inquire what is the nature of justice in states, and next let us also study it in the individual, observing the counterpart of the greater in the form of the less.'

'Indeed,' he said, 'I think that is admirably spoken.'

'If then,' said I, 'we should observe in our argument how a state comes into being, should we also see the justice and the injustice of the State in process of development?'

'Perhaps we should.'

'And then when our State has come into being, may we not hope to see more easily the object of our search?'

'Yes, far more easily.'

'Do you think we had better attempt to carry out our purpose? for I imagine it is no slight task; reflect therefore.'

'We have reflected,' said Adeimantus, 'so do not refuse.'

'A State arises, in my opinion,' I said, 'because each one of us is not self-sufficing, but stands in need of many things; or to what other origin do you assign the foundation of the State?'

'To no other,' he answered.

'Thus now in view of our many necessities, when one man takes a helper for the supply of one want, and another for the supply of another, after we have assembled into one dwelling many partners and helpers, we designate this community as a State, do we not?'

'Certainly.'

'And so one gives to another, if he gives anything, or receives from another, because he believes the exchange to be for his advantage?'

'True.'

'Well then,' said I, 'let us in imagination found a State, although our necessity, as it appears, will be the real founder.'

'Yes.'

'But the first and most pressing of our necessities is to procure food that we may exist and sustain life.'

'Undoubtedly.'

'The second need is to secure a house, and the third to get clothing and the like.'

'That is true.'

'Come then,' said I, 'how will our State be able to provide all this? Is it not the case that one will be a farmer, another a builder, and another a weaver? Or shall we add to them a shoemaker or another of those who minister to the body?'

'Certainly.'

'Then the barest possible State would consist of four or five men.'

'So it appears.'

'Well, what then? Must each one of these contribute his labor to the common good of all? Must the individual farmer, for example, prepare food for four and expend four times the amount of time and toil in the production of food, and consequently share it with others, or neglecting them, must he prepare for himself only a fourth part of this food in a fourth part of the time and employ the other three parts in building his house and making his clothes and shoes, and, not taking the trouble to go shares with others, must he himself on his own account manage his own affairs?'

Then Adeimantus replied: 'Well, Socrates, probably the former way is easier than the second.'

'Indeed,' said I, 'there is nothing surprising in that. For I am myself reminded, while you are in the very act of speaking that, in the first place, each one is not born in every respect like his fellow-being, but differing in natural endowments, that one man has an aptitude for one task, another for another. Don't you think so?'

'I certainly do.'

'Well then, will a man be more successful when he follows many occupations, or when he confines himself to one?'

'When he confines himself to one,' he answered.

'And further, I suppose, this too is evident that a work comes to nothing when we let slip the right time for doing it.'

'Yes.'

'For the enterprise, I think, will not wait for the leisure of him who undertakes it, but the workman must keep to his task, making it his chief concern.'

'He must.'

'Hence we concluded that the several commodities are produced in greater abundance, of better quality and with more ease when every man turns from other pursuits and, following his natural bent, does one thing at the proper season.'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Then more than four citizens, Adeimantus, are required to provide what we mentioned. For the farmer, as it seems, will not himself make his own plow, if it is to be a good one, nor his mattock nor his other agricultural implements. Nor again will the builder make his own tools; for he also requires many; and the same statement applies to the weaver and the shoemaker.'

'True.'

'And so carpenters and smiths and many such workmen, becoming sharers in our little State, will make it populous.'

'Doubtless.'

'But still it would not be very large, if we were to add to them cowherds and shepherds and other herdsmen, that the farmers might have oxen to plow with, and the builders, as well as the farmers, the use of cattle for purposes of draught, and the weavers and shoemakers hides and wool.'

'A State which contains all these,' he said, 'will not be small.'

'But again,' said I, 'to plant the city itself in a place where it will have no need of imports is next to impossible.'

'Impossible.'

'Then, still further, there will be the additional need of others also, to bring to it from a neighboring state the things which it requires.'

'There will.'

'And again, if the carrier go empty-handed, taking with him none of the things in demand among those people from whom our State is to import what it needs, he will return empty-handed, will he not?'

'I think so.'

'And therefore the home products must be not only enough for the people themselves, but also sufficient in quality and quantity for those whose commodities they require.'

'They must.'

'Then our State will want more farmers and other workmen.'

'Yes, more.'

'And we shall also want the class of carriers mentioned before, who are to import and export the different products. And these are merchants, are they not?'

'Yes.'

'Then we shall require merchants also.'

'Yes, indeed.'

'And if the commerce is carried on by sea, there will be a further demand for many others who understand the business of the sea.'

'For many others, no doubt.'

'And now another question: In the city itself, how will the people exchange their several productions? For with this object in view, you will remember we formed a union and established a State.'

'Manifestly,' he answered, 'by selling and buying.'

'And next we shall have a market-place and a currency to use as a token for the sake of exchange.'

'Certainly.'

'If now the farmer or some other craftsman shall bring to market something which he produces, and shall not come at precisely the same time with those who want to take his goods in exchange, is he to lose time from his work and sit idle in the market-place?'

'By no means; but there are those who, seeing the requirement, undertake this service, and in well-regulated states they are generally persons very deficient in bodily strength and therefore incapable of doing any other work. All that they have to do is to remain in the market-place and give money for goods to those who want to sell, and to give goods for money to such as wish to buy anything.'

'This want,' said I, 'gives rise to retail dealers in the State. For do we not designate as retail dealers those who, seated in the market-place, are engaged in buying and selling, while we reserve the name of merchants for those who wander from city to city?'

'Certainly.'

'There is still, as I think, another class of servants who in matters of intellect are not altogether worthy associates, yet they have bodily strength sufficient for labor; and they, selling the use of their strength, and calling the pay thus obtained hire, are named, as I suppose, hirelings, are they not?'

'True.'

'Then hirelings also, as it seems, help to constitute a State.'

'I think so.'

'Well then, Adeimantus, has our city now increased to such an extent as to be complete?'

'Perhaps.'

'Where, then, in the State are justice and injustice to be found? And at what point in the development which we have considered do they show themselves?'

'I do not know,' he said, 'Socrates, unless perhaps it be in certain relations of these persons with one another.'

'Perhaps,' said I, 'you are right; still we must consider the matter and not shrink from the task.'

'First then let us see what manner of life those thus equipped will lead. Will they not be engaged in producing corn and wine, in making garments and shoes, and in building houses, in summer for the most part working with coats off and barefoot and in winter properly clothed and shod? And they will be fed upon barley-meal and wheaten flour, baking cakes of the meal and kneading loaves of the flour, spreading the fine cakes and loaves on a mat of reeds, or on clean leaves, and reclining on pallets strewn with yew and myrtle they and their children will feast, sipping their wine, garlanded and singing to the gods, dwelling together in unity, not begetting children beyond their means, through fear of poverty or war.'

Here Glaucon interrupted me and said: 'Apparently you make your men feast without a relish with their bread.'

'True,' I said, 'I forgot that they will have a relish; they will doubtless have salt and olives and cheese, and they will boil onions and cabbages, such vegetables as, you know, make boiled fare in the country; and we shall set before them, I suppose, dessert of figs, and pease and beans; and they will roast at the fire myrtle-berries and beechnuts, drinking the while with moderation. And thus spending their days in peace, with sound health, they will naturally live to a great age and bequeath to their children another life like their own.'

Education and the Poets

'What, then, is to be their education? Is it not difficult to find a better than that which has the sanction of a long period of time? It consists, I suppose, of gymnastic for the body and music for the soul.'

'Yes, it does.'

'And shall we not begin their education with music, rather than with gymnastic?'

'Yes, doubtless.'

'And when you speak in this way, do you make literature a part of music, or not?'

'I do.'

'And there are two kinds of literature, truth and fiction?'

'Yes.'

'And must they be educated in both kinds, but first in fiction?'

'I do not understand what you mean.'

'Do you not understand,' I said, 'that

we begin by telling the children stories? And these, I suppose, to speak generally, are fictions, but there is some truth in them; and we amuse the children with these stories before they are old enough for the gymnasium.'

'That is true.'

'This is what I meant in saying that music must be taken in hand before gymnastic.'

'Quite right,' he said.

'Then you know that the beginning of every work is the most important part, especially when you have to do with anything young and tender? For in childhood the mind is plastic, and at that time a deep impression is made if one wishes to leave his imprint upon the individual character.'

'That is certainly true.'

'In that case shall we thus lightly allow the children to hear haphazard stories composed by all sorts of authors, and to receive into their minds opinions generally the reverse of those which we shall think they ought to hold when they are grown to manhood?'

'We shall never permit that.'

'First then, apparently, we must have a censorship of the writers of fiction, and whatever good fable they compose we must accept, but the bad we must reject. And those which are chosen we shall instruct the nurses and mothers to tell to their children, and to mold their minds with the stories much more than they now shape their bodies with their hands; but the most of those which they now tell we must throw out.'

'Of which are you speaking?' he asked.

'If,' I said, 'we shall decide upon the larger compositions of this class, we shall thereby judge also of the less. For the greater and the less must be constructed upon the same model, and should produce the same effect. Don't you think so?'

'I do, indeed,' he said; 'but I fail to understand which you mean by the greater.'

'The tales,' I said, 'which Homer and Hesiod told us, and the other poets as well. For these, I think, were, and they continue to be, the tellers of false stories to mankind.'

'Which stories do you mean,' he said; 'and what do you find in them to censure?'

'That,' I replied, 'which in the first and principal place is worthy of censure, especially when the story is at once bad and false.'

'What instance have you in mind?'

'I mean when an author makes a bad representation of the nature of gods and heroes, like the pictures which are not at all like the object which the painter may wish to imitate.'

'Yes,' he said, 'it is right to condemn that sort of thing. But, pray, give some examples to make our meaning plain.'

'In the first place,' I said, 'the poet who told the greatest of all lies in high places told an ugly lie, that Uranus had done what Hesiod says he did, and again in what way Cronus took vengeance upon him. But not even if the deeds of Cronus and his sufferings at the hands of his son were undoubted facts would I think that they ought to be told without reserve to young and thoughtless persons, but best of all they should be completely suppressed, or if there was any necessity for telling them, that as few as possible should hear them, and those under a pledge of secrecy, after offering not simply a pig, but a rare and costly sacrifice, with a view to reducing still more the number of hearers.'

'Yes, indeed,' he said, 'these are certainly hard stories.'

'Yes,' I said, 'Adeimantus, they are not to be repeated in our State. And it must not be said in the hearing of a young man that in committing the greatest crimes he would be doing nothing extraordinary, not even if he were to chastise relentlessly a father who had wronged him, but that he would be only following the example of the first and greatest of the gods.'

'Certainly not,' he said; 'in my opinion, too, these stories are not fit to be told.'

'Nor,' I continued, 'if our future guardians are to deem it most shameful to be at enmity between themselves for slight cause, must anything be said about the wars of gods with gods, about their plots and fightings, for the stories are not true; much less should we tell them of the battles of the giants, or depict them in embroidery, or of the other endless quarrels of gods and heroes with their kith and kin. And if we are to persuade them that no citizen was ever at enmity with another of the same state, and that this is an unholy thing, such, rather, must be the stories told to the children from the start by old men and old women, and when they grow older, we must compel the poets to compose fables for them in a similar strain.

But the stories about the binding of Hera by her son, and the hurling of Hephæstus from heaven by his father for attempting to take his mother's part when she was being beaten, and those battles of the gods which are found in Homer must not be admitted into our State, whether they are composed by way of allegory or not. For the child can not distinguish between what is allegorical and what is literal, but whatever at that age he receives into his mind is apt to prove indelible and irremovable. And therefore, perhaps we should deem it of the greatest importance that the tales they first hear they shall hear told in the manner best adapted to the promotion of virtue.'

'Yes,' said he, 'that stands to reason. But if any one were to ask us what these fictions are, and what the tales which contain them, how should we answer him?'

And I replied, 'My dear Adeimantus, you and I are not poets at the present moment, but founders of a State; now it is the duty of founders to know the models upon which the poets should construct their fables, and if in composing they disregard these we must not allow it; we are not bound ourselves, however, to make myths.'

'Right,' he said; 'but as to this very point, the forms of theology, what would they be?'

'They are something like this,' I replied: 'It is right always to ascribe to God his true attributes, whether a poet represent him in epic, lyric or dramatic verse.'

'It is certainly right.'

'Well, then, is not God essentially good, and must he not be represented as such?'

'Of course.'

'But, surely no good thing is hurtful, is it?'

'I do not think it is.'

'And can that which is not hurtful hurt?'

'By no means.'

'And does that which does no hurt do any evil?'

'Again I say no.'

'And that which does no evil can not be the cause of any evil?'

'Why, how could it be?'

'Well, is that which is good advantageous?'

'Yes.'

'Is it, then, a cause of well-being?'

'Yes.'

'Then that which is good is not the cause of all things, but of the good only, and not the cause of evil?'

'Quite so,' he said.

'If that be true, then God, since he is good, could not be the author of all things, as many declare, but he is the cause of a few things, and not of the greater number that befall men; for the good things of our life are fewer by far than the evil. Now of good things we must esteem none else than God the author, but for the causes of evil things we must look elsewhere and not in him.'

'I think what you say is perfectly true.'

'Then we must not tolerate Homer or any other poet when he makes such a foolish mistake about the gods as to tell us, that twin urns

> Are placed on the threshold of Zeus,
> Fateful the two, the one filled with good, and the other with evil;

and to whomsoever Zeus gives of both commingled,

> This man now meets with evil fortune, now with good;

but as for that man to whom he gives not both, but the evil unmixed,

> Him fell disaster o'er the bounteous earth pursues.

Nor again must we admit that 'Zeus is for us the dispenser both of good and of evil.'

'And if any man declare that the violation of the oaths and compact of which Pandarus was guilty was brought about by the agency of Athena and Zeus, or that the strife and combat of the gods was caused by Themis and Zeus, we shall not commend him. Nor again, must we allow the youth to hear what Æschylus says:

> When God would whelm a house in utter ruin,
> Himself among its members guilt implants.

But if any one is telling in verse the sorrows of Niobe, which is the subject of the poem in which these iambics are found, or the woes of the Pelopidæ, or the tale of Troy, or something else of the kind, either we must not permit him to say that these are the works of God, or if they are of God, the poets must find an explanation akin to that which we are now seeking, and must say that God did what

was just and right, and the sufferers were punished for their good; but we must not permit the poet to say that those who pay the penalty are wretched, and God was the author of their misery. But if he should say that the wicked, because they are miserable, deserved chastisement, and that in paying the penalty they are receiving good at the hand of God, we should permit the assertion; but as for the statement that God who is good becomes the author of evil to any one, this we must by all means deny absolutely; nor must we permit any one in his own State, if it is to have good laws, whether he be young or old, to tell or hear these doctrines under the guise of fiction, either in verse or prose, since such language would be impious if uttered, and at the same time dangerous to ourselves and self-contradictory.'

'I vote with you,' he said, 'for this law, for it pleases me.'

'This, then,' I said, 'would be one of the laws and patterns relating to the gods, in accordance with which our speakers must speak, and our writers must compose, that God is not the author of all things, but of the good only.'

'The proof is quite sufficient,' he said.

'But what of this second principle? Do you think God is a magician such as to appear at different times in different forms with intent to deceive, sometimes being really changed, and altering his person into many shapes, and again deceiving us and making us think that he undergoes such transformations; or do you believe him to be simple in his essence and least likely of all beings to abandon his proper shape?'

'I cannot answer you,' he said, 'without further reflection.'

'Well, then, tell me this: If anything departs from its proper shape, must it not be changed either by itself, or by something else?'

'Necessarily so.'

'Then, are not things which are in the best condition least changed and affected by any other thing? For example, while the body is affected by food and drink and labor, and every plant by sunshine and winds and such like influences, is not the strongest and the healthiest, in each instance, changed the least?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'And this holds true of the soul also; will not any external influence disturb and change least of all the bravest and wisest soul?'

'Yes.'

'And further, I suppose the same reasoning applies to all the products of industry, furniture, houses and garments; those which are well made and in good condition are least altered by time and other influences.'

'That is true.'

'Everything then which is good either by nature, or art, or both, admits of least change from anything else.'

'So it seems.'

'But, truly, God and his attributes are in every way perfect.'

'Why, of course.'

'Then by external influence would God be least likely to have many shapes.'

'Least likely, indeed.'

'But will he change and transform himself?'

'Manifestly this must be the case, if he is changed at all.'

'Will he in that event change himself into something better and nobler or into something worse and less noble than himself?'

'If he change at all,' he replied, 'it must be for the worse; for, I suppose, we shall never say that God is wanting in beauty or excellence.'

'Your statement is right beyond question,' I said. 'And this being so, do you think, Adeimantus, that any one, whether god or man, would, of his own free will, change for the worse?'

'Impossible,' he replied.

'It is therefore,' I said, 'impossible for God to desire to transform himself, but, as it seems, every god, being supremely beautiful and excellent, continues absolutely and forever in his own shape.'

'The conclusion cannot be denied, I think.'

'Then,' said I, 'my excellent friend, let none of our poets tell us that

> Gods in the likeness of strangers who come from far-away countries
> Take all manner of forms and wander from city to city.

And let no one belie Proteus and Thetis, nor let any one, either in tragedy or other poetry, introduce Hera disguised as a priestess collecting alms 'for the life-giving children of the Argive river Inachus.' And many other such lies they must be

prohibited from telling us. And again, let not the mothers persuaded by these poets frighten the children with hurtful stories, telling them that there are gods who wander about by night in the likeness of strangers from many lands; let them have a care that they may not blaspheme against the gods, and at the same time make their children cowards.'

'Certainly they must not do that,' he said.

'But are we to suppose then that, while the gods are themselves unchangeable, they yet make us believe that they appear in different forms, deceiving and bewitching us?'

'Very likely,' he replied.

'What!' I said, 'do you imagine a god would consent to lie in either word or act by putting before our eyes a phantom in place of himself?'

'I do not know,' he answered.

'Do you not know,' I said, 'that the real lie, if I may be permitted to use such an expression, is hated equally by all gods and men?'

'What do you mean by that?' he replied.

'I mean this,' I said, 'that no one willingly consents to lie with the noblest part of himself, and concerning the highest things, but every one dreads above all things to harbor the lie in such a part of his nature.'

'Not even yet,' said he, 'do I understand you.'

'Because,' I said, 'you think I mean something mysterious; but I simply mean that in the soul to deceive and to remain deceived and in ignorance concerning realities, and in that quarter to have and to hold the lie is what no one would ever choose, for all men in such a case especially abhor a falsehood.'

'There is nothing which they hold in greater abhorrence.'

'But, further, as I was saying just now, this it is which might most truly be called a real lie, ignorance within the soul on the part of him who is in error. For the spoken lie is an imitation of what passes within the soul, a sort of image which appears afterwards, and by no means a sheer lie. Is it not true?'

'You are entirely right.'

'The real lie then is hated not only by gods, but also by men.'

'I think so.'

'Well, now; when and for whom is the spoken lie useful, and therefore not deserving hatred?' Is it not useful against our enemies, or even against those of our so-called friends who, impelled by frenzy or madness of any kind, attempt to do something hurtful, the lie in that case serving as a medicine to turn them from their purpose? And in the legends of which we were speaking just now, when in our ignorance of what actually happened in ancient times, we give the fiction the greatest possible verisimilitude, do we not thus make the lie useful?'

'Yes, that is very true,' he said.

'Then on which of these grounds is lying useful to God? Will he lie in giving fiction the appearance of truth because he is ignorant of antiquity?'

'It would be ridiculous to say that.'

'Then there is no place in God for the lying poet.'

'I do not think there is.'

'But will he lie through fear of his enemies?'

'Far from it.'

'Or because he has friends who are foolish or mad?'

'No,' he said, 'no fool or madman is a friend of God.'

'Then there is no reason why God should lie.'

'There is none.'

'Then the superhuman and divine nature is altogether incapable of falsehood.'

'Undoubtedly,' he said.

'Then God is a being absolutely simple and true both in word and deed; he does not change in himself or deceive others, either by phantoms, or by words, or by the sending of portents, whether in waking or in sleeping vision.'

'While you are speaking,' he said, 'I am, myself at least, satisfied in my own mind that your words are true.'

'You agree then,' I said, 'that here we have a second principle in accordance with which no one either in ordinary speech or in poetry shall represent the gods as enchanters who transform themselves and mislead by falsehoods, either in word or action?'

'I agree.'

'While then we praise many other things in Homer, we shall not commend that passage which recounts the sending of the dream by Zeus to Agamemnon; nor the

lines of Æschylus where Thetis says that Apollo, singing at her marriage,

Foretold for me a happy progeny
From sickness free, ordained to length of days.
And with each word he cheered my soul,' and sounded
A note of triumph o'er my blessed lot.
And thus I deemed a lie could never come
From lips divine, the source of oracles.
But he, this god, the singer, even he
Our wedding-guest who spoke these words, 'twas he
Himself that slew my son.

'Whenever a poet expresses such sentiments concerning the gods, we shall be indignant and not give him a chorus, nor shall we allow our teachers to use his works in the education of the young, if our guardians are to be God-fearing and godlike, as far as it is possible for a man to be.'

'I entirely approve,' he said, 'of these principles, and I would adopt them as laws.'

Homer Disapproved

'We shall have to ask Homer and the other poets not to be offended if we erase these verses and all that are like them, not because they are unpoetical and fail to charm the ears of most men, but because the more poetical they are, the less ought they to be heard by boys and men who must be free and more afraid of slavery than of death.'

'Undoubtedly we must do so.'

'Then we must further reject all those dreadful and terrible names employed on these subjects, Cocytus and Styx, infernals and sapless shades, and other names of like import, which when mentioned make all those who hear them fairly shudder. Perhaps for some other purpose they may have their use; but we fear for our guardians lest in consequence of such terrors they may, to our hurt, prove more excitable and effeminate than they ought to be.'

'Yes, we do well to fear,' he answered.

'Must we then suppress them?'

'Yes.'

'And should we replace them both in prose and verse by words of the opposite type?'

'Manifestly.'

'And shall we also exclude the lamentations and wailings of eminent men?'

'Of necessity,' he said, 'if we exclude the former.'

'Observe then,' I said, 'whether we shall do right in excluding them or not. Now what we maintain is that the wise man will not consider death a terrible thing to another wise man whose friend he is.'

'Yes, we maintain that.'

'Then he will not mourn for such a friend as though some calamity had come upon him.'

'Surely not.'

'Furthermore, we maintain, the wise man, in the pursuit of happiness, is preeminently self-sufficing, and is distinguished from the rest of the world by being less dependent on external aid.'

'That is true,' he said.

'Hence to lose a son or a brother, to be deprived of riches, or to meet with other losses of like nature is to him of all men least terrible.'

'Least of all, by far.'

'And therefore least of all does he lament, but he bears most meekly any calamity of this kind that may overtake him.'

'Yes, doubtless.'

'Rightly then shall we do away with the lamentations of famous men, and leave them to women (and those not women of the better sort), or to men who are base, so that those whom we intend to educate as guardians of their country may scorn to imitate such persons.'

'Rightly,' said he.

'Then once more we shall entreat Homer and the other poets not to represent Achilles, the son of a goddess, "now lying on his side, now on his back, now on his face, then starting up upon his feet and sailing in frenzy along the shore of the unharvested sea"; and again, "taking in both hands the black burnt-out ashes, and pouring them over his head"; or again, weeping and wailing without stint, as Homer has depicted. Nor should he represent Priam, who was akin to the gods, as making supplication to the people and

Rolling in mire, and by name to each of them loudly appealing.

And still more earnestly we shall entreat them not to represent the gods lamenting.'

Women and the State

'You are quite right,' he replied, 'when you maintain that in nearly all occupations

the man is distinctly superior to the woman. And yet there are many women, who, in many points, are better than many men; but, in general, what you say is true.'

'There is, therefore, my friend, no function pertaining to the administration of a State which is the prerogative of the woman or the man, by reason of their sex, but natural aptitudes are found distributed in both alike, and by nature's law women, equally with men, are to have part in all functions, although in all of them the woman is inferior to the man.'

'That is certainly true.'

'Shall we then commit all the affairs of the State to men and none to women?'

'We cannot do that.'

'But then, I suppose, as we shall say, one woman has an aptitude for the healing art, and another has not, and one woman is by nature musical, while another is unmusical.'

'Unquestionably.'

'And is not one woman a lover of athletics, aye, and of war, but another unwarlike and no lover of athletics?'

'I at least think so.'

'And further, has not one woman a love of philosophy, and another a distaste for it? and is not one woman passionate, and another passionless?'

'I assent to that also.'

'If all that is true, one woman is qualified for the office of guardian, and another is not. Did not like differences in natural qualities determine our selection of male guardians?'

'Yes, they did.'

'Then, as touching the guardianship of the State, the natures of women and men are the same, save in so far as one is weaker and the other stronger.'

'So it appears.'

'And therefore such women must be chosen to live with the duly qualified men and to be their associates in the guardianship of the State, because they are qualified for the duty, and are by nature akin to the men.'

'Unquestionably.'

'And must not the same pursuits be allotted to the same natures?'

'The same.'

'Then we have come round again to our former statement, and we admit that there is no violation of nature in allotting the pursuit of music and gymnastic to the wives of our guardians.'

'That is certainly true.'

'Then what we had in mind to enact was not chimerical or visionary, since our proposed law was conformable to nature; but it is rather the custom now in vogue which, contravening our legislation, apparently violates nature.'

'So it seems.'

'And so our inquiry was whether what we proposed was at once possible and best?'

'Yes, it was.'

'And have we agreed that it is possible?'

'Yes.'

'And must we in the next place be agreed that it is most advantageous?'

'Manifestly.'

'Therefore when we have in view a woman's preparation for the duties of guardianship, shall we need one education for men and another for women to fit them for their office, especially when it has taken in hand the same nature to work upon?'

'Their education will be the same.'

'Well, what is your opinion on such a point as this?'

'What is it, pray?'

'Whether you conceive in your own mind one man to be better, and another to be worse; or do you think them to be all alike?'

'I believe they are very unequal.'

'Well then, in the State which we were founding, which of the two classes, in your opinion, have been made our better men, the guardians educated as we have described, or the shoemakers brought up to their trade?'

'You are asking a ridiculous question,' he replied.

'I understand,' I said; 'but tell me this: are not our male guardians the best men in the city?'

'Yes, by far.'

'And will not their wives be the best of our women?'

'Yes, they will be by far the best.'

'And can there be anything better for the State than to have its men and women become as good as possible?'

'There can be nothing better.'

'And will music and gymnastic conducted as we have set forth bring about this result?'

'No doubt.'

'Then our proposed legislation is not only possible but in the highest degree advantageous to the State.'

'It is.'

'Therefore the wives of our guardians must strip for their athletic exercises, for they will clothe themselves with virtue instead of garments, and they must share with their husbands in the toils of war, and in all the services that pertain to the guardianship of the State, and must be exempt from other duties; but of these functions the lighter parts must be assigned to the women rather than to the men on account of the weakness of their sex. But the man who laughs at naked women as they practice their gymnastics for the best ends, plucks from his laughter "an unripe fruit of wisdom," not knowing, it would seem, at what he is laughing or what he is doing; for it both is and will ever be an admirable maxim, *that the useful is noble and the hurtful base.*'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Shall we then say that, in our discussion of the law relating to women, we are escaping this one wave, as we may call it, without being completely overwhelmed when we provide that our guardians, both men and women, must have all their pursuits in common, and shall we furthermore say that the argument is somehow at one with itself when it shows that our scheme is at once feasible and advantageous?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'it is indeed a great wave that you are escaping.'

'You will not call it great,' I said, 'when you see the next.'

'Say on pray, and let me see it.'

'As a sequel to the last law and to those that preceded it, comes, as I think, another law to this effect.'

'What is it?'

'That these women, with no exceptions, are to be the wives in common of all these men, and that none of them is to cohabit with one husband exclusively; and again that the children are to be common, and neither is the father to know his own child, nor the child his father.'

'This new law,' said Glaucon, 'will be far less likely than the preceding to inspire confidence in its feasibleness and its utility.'

'As regards utility,' I said, 'I do not think anyone would call in question the very great advantage of the community of wives and children, in case it were possible; but the chief controversy, I believe, will be about the possibility of the scheme.'

'One might very well be skeptical on both points,' he replied.

The Ship of State and Its Pilot

'Very well,' said I, 'do you jest now after you have involved me in a subject so difficult to explain? However, listen to my parable that you may see still better how eager I am for this form of speech. For the treatment which the sages endure, in the management of their own states, is so grievous, that there is no single ordeal to be compared with it; and therefore, in giving a true picture of their suffering, and pleading their cause, I must gather similitudes from various quarters just as painters paint goat-stags and like monsters by fusing different animals together. And so, figure to yourself a case, such as I have in mind, of a fleet or a ship, where there is a captain larger and stronger indeed than any of the crew, but a little deaf and likewise rather short-sighted, and whose knowledge of the science of navigation is no better. Imagine too that the sailors are quarreling among themselves about the steering, each one of them thinking that he ought to be pilot, although he has never studied pilotage, and cannot name his instructor, or show at what time he learned it; furthermore they assert that it cannot be taught, and are even ready to cut in pieces any one who ventures to maintain the contrary. Imagine, further, that they themselves constantly throng around him, the master of the ship, begging and urgently imploring him to intrust them with the helm; but if, at any time, they fail of persuading him, while others succeed, they either kill these others or fling them overboard; and after chaining up the noble captain's senses with mandragora, or drink, or by some other means, they take command of the ship and help themselves to the stores; and thus drinking and feasting they conduct their voyage just as might be expected of such a crew; and, besides all this, whoever can cleverly aid them in their endeavor to secure the command, either by persuading or forcing the captain, him they commend, calling him sailor, pilot, master of navigation, while they denounce as worthless every man who is not their

partisan. But they do not understand that the true pilot must give earnest heed to the times, the seasons, the sky, the stars, the winds and all that belongs to his art, if he intends to be a man really fit to command a ship; and as to the art and study of *how* to be helmsman, whether other people wish him to steer or not, *that* they deem impossible to acquire, and therewithal the science of navigation. While then things are in this situation on board, do you not think the true pilot will certainly be called merely a worthless star-gazing babbler by those who sail in ships thus equipped?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Adeimantus.

'I suppose,' I said, 'that you will surely need no exposition of my similitude to show that it is like the case of cities in their attitude towards true philosophers; and I trust you comprehend my meaning.'

'Perfectly.'

'First then, if any one is surprised that philosophers have no honor in cities, tell him our parable and endeavor to convince him that it would be far more wonderful if they were honored.'

'I will do so.'

'And tell him also that you are right when you say that the leaders in philosophy are useless to the multitude; only, for this uselessness warn him to blame, not the philosophers, but those who make no use of them. For it is against nature that the pilot should entreat the sailors to put themselves under his command, nor should the "sages resort to the doors of the rich"—the author of that witticism was in the wrong—but the truth of the matter is, that when one is sick, whether he be rich or poor, he must go to the physicians' door; and in like manner whoever wants to be governed must attend upon him who is able to govern. The ruler who is really good for anything should not entreat his subjects to submit to his command. Indeed you will not be far wrong if you compare the politicians now at the head of affairs to the sailors of whom we were just speaking; and those whom they call useless star-gazing babblers, to the true pilots.'

'Quite right,' he replied.

'For these reasons and in these circumstances hardly will the noblest occupation be highly esteemed by those whose pursuits are directly opposed to it; but by far the greatest and most powerful arraignment of philosophy is due to those who profess to be her votaries, and who, as you say, make the accuser of philosophy declare that the greater number of those who wait upon her are utterly worthless, and the best of them are useless; and I agreed that you were right: is that true, or not?'

'It is true.'

'Have we then given the reason why the true philosophers are useless?'

'Yes, we have.'

'Shall we next consider how inevitable is the perversity of the majority, and endeavor, if possible, to show that not even for this is philosophy to blame?'

The Cave

'Now, then,' I resumed, 'in order to discover our natural condition in respect of knowledge and ignorance, figure to yourself a situation which I may thus represent. Imagine a company of men living in a sort of underground cave-like dwelling which has an entrance open to the light of day. long-drawn, and answering in width to the whole of the cave; and in this cave they are detained from childhood, with their legs and necks so fettered that they cannot change their position and can see only what is in front of them, being unable, by reason of the chains, to turn round their heads. And further, imagine them to have light from a fire which is burning above, and at a distance behind them. Between the fire and the prisoners there rises a roadway along which fancy that you can see a low wall built, like the screen which the jugglers place in front of them, and over which they show their puppets.'

'I see,' said Glaucon.

'Figure to yourself also a number of people who are carrying behind this wall statues of men and images of various animals, wrought in wood, stone, and in every possible fashion, and other articles of every sort which overtop the wall; and, as you might suppose, some of those who are carrying these objects are talking, others silent.'

'You are showing me,' he said, 'a strange picture, and these are strange prisoners.'

'They are like ourselves,' I replied. 'For, to begin with, do you believe that people thus situated could ever see anything else

of themselves, or of one another, save the shadows which the fire casts upon the side of the cave directly facing them?'

'How could they,' he replied, 'since all their lives they were compelled to keep their heads immovable?'

'And what about the objects which are carried past behind them? Of these would they see only the shadows?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'If now they could talk together, don't you suppose they would believe that they were naming as the things themselves the figures which they saw passing before them?'

'Of necessity they would.'

'Well, how about this? If their prison had an echo from the side in front of them, do you think that, whenever one of the passers-by spoke, they would imagine the voice to come from anything save the passing shadow?'

'I certainly do not,' he replied.

'So that in point of fact,' I said, 'such people would hold nothing to be real except the shadows of the images.'

'True, beyond all question.'

'Consider now,' I proceeded, 'what would be the result of their release from chains and the cure of their delusion if a deliverance of this kind came to them. Suppose one of them should be unbound and should be compelled all of a sudden to rise and turn round his head, to walk and look up at the light; suppose further that in doing all this he suffered pain, and was unable, on account of the brightness, to look at the objects of which in his former position he saw the shadows. Tell me what you think he would say if any one assured him that heretofore he had been looking at illusions, but that now, as he is coming a little nearer to reality, and has his eye turned toward things more real, he sees more truly; furthermore if his instructor, while pointing out each object as it passes, should question him, and constrain him to say what it is; don't you suppose he would be embarrassed and believe what he formerly saw to be more real than what was now pointed out to him?'

'Yes, far more real.'

'And if he were forced to look at the light itself, would he not, think you, suffer pain in his eyes, and would he not turn back and take refuge in those things which he was able to look upon, and think them in reality clearer than the objects shown him?

'Quite so.'

'If now some one were to drag him by force out of the den up the rough and steep ascent, and should not let him loose until he had drawn him on into the light of the sun, don't you suppose, while he was thus dragged along, he would be pained and angered, and, on coming into the sunlight, would not his eyes be so dazzled by the brilliancy that he would be unable to see a single one of the things which are now called real?'

'Certainly he could see nothing for a moment at least.'

'So then, I think, habituation will be necessary if his eyes are to distinguish objects in the upper world. At first he would most easily make out shadows, next the reflections in water of men and of other objects, and after that the objects themselves; and then he will fix his eyes on the light of the moon and stars, finding it easier to look by night at the things in the heavens and the heavens themselves than at the sun and the light of the sun by day.'

'No doubt.'

'And last of all he will be able, I suppose, to see the sun, not in the water, or wherever its image is reflected, but he will look upon the true sun in its own appointed place, and will behold it as it is.'

'Certainly.'

'After this he will proceed to reason out that it is the sun which gives the seasons and the years, which dominates all things in the visible world, and is somehow the cause of all those things which he and his fellow-prisoners used to see.'

'It is evident that by such steps as these he would reach this conclusion.'

'Well, then, when he remembered his former dwelling, the wisdom of the cave, and his comrades in captivity, don't you believe he would deem himself happy in the change and would pity the others?'

'Yes, indeed.'

'And in case it were the traditional usage of the prisoners to receive honors and commendations from one another, and to bestow prizes on him who was keenest to observe the passing shadows, and who remembered best which of them were wont to precede and which to follow and which to pass together, and in consequence was best able to foretell what was to come

next, do you suppose he would be eager for these distinctions, and envious of those who are held in honor and exercise authority among them? Or would he find himself in the Homeric situation, and would it not be the case that far more willingly

He would live on the earth and serve in the house of another,
Slave to a landless man,

and would endure anything rather than hold his former opinions and live the life of the den?'

'Yes,' he said, 'I have no doubt he would prefer to suffer anything rather than go on living in that way.'

'Now consider this also,' said I: 'Suppose such a man were to descend a second time into the cavern and seat himself in his old place, would he not, on passing so suddenly out of the sunlight, get his eyes full of darkness?'

'Yes, he certainly would.'

'But if now he were compelled once more to engage in a guessing-contest on these shadows, with those who had never been released from chains, while his sight was still blurred, and his eyes not yet adjusted to the obscurity—(and if the process of habituation lasted a considerable time)—would he not, think you, provoke the laughter of his companions? Would they not declare that, owing to his visit to the upper world, he had come back with his eyesight ruined, and that the ascent was not worth even the attempt? And if any one tried to release them and lead them up to the light, in case they could only get him into their power, they would put him to death, would they not?'

'Doubtless they would,' said he.

'Now this entire parable,' I said, 'my dear Glaucon, you must apply to our former statements. The visible world is the prison house, the light of the fire in the cavern is the power of the sun; and if you will regard the upward journey and the contemplation of things above as the ascent of the soul to the realm of thought, you will not misapprehend my surmise, since you desire to hear it, though whether it be true or not, God alone knows. Yet, as for me, my belief may be given in this way: in the world of knowledge the idea of good comes to light last of all and is with difficulty perceived, but when it is perceived, we must infer about it that it is for all the source of all things right and beautiful, in the visible world the parent of light and of the lord of light, in the realm of thought appearing as the direct and supreme giver of truth and reason; and in fine on this idea must be fixed the earnest eyes of the man who would conduct himself rationally either in public or in private life.'

'I agree with you as far as I am able to understand.'

'Pray then,' I continued, 'concede another point, and do not wonder that those who have attained to this height are unwilling to take a part in the affairs of men; but their souls ever aspire after the upper world, to linger there. For this is surely natural, if the present instance, no less than the others, applies to our allegory.'

'Yes, quite natural,' he said.

'Is it then, do you think, at all surprising that a person, who turns from the contemplation of things divine to the miseries of men, makes but a poor figure and appears quite ridiculous, if, while his sight is still dim and before he has become thoroughly habituated to the surrounding darkness, he is forced to contend in law courts or elsewhere about the shadows of justice or the images which cast these shadows, and to dispute thereon about the opinions of those who have never had a vision of absolute justice?'

'Not in the least surprising,' he replied.

'On the contrary,' I proceeded, 'a man of sense will remember that disturbances of the eyes are of two kinds and come from two opposite causes, the transition from light to darkness and from darkness to light, but holding the same to be true of the mind's eye when he observes any one whose soul is perplexed and unable to see distinctly he will not laugh immoderately; he will rather inquire whether that soul has returned from a brighter life and is blinded from being unaccustomed to the darkness or in passing from a deeper ignorance into greater brightness it has been dazzled by excess of radiance. And the first he will deem happy in its experience and manner of life and he will pity the second; or if he is inclined to laugh at this soul his laughter will be less ridiculous than that which assails him who redescends from the world of light.'

'Nothing could be more fitly spoken.'

Democracy and Tyranny

'It only remains for us henceforth to consider the most beautiful commonwealth and the most beautiful man, I mean tyranny and the tyrant.'

'Just so,' he said.

'Come now, my good friend, what is the character of tyranny? In respect of its origin, it is pretty clear that it comes from democracy.'

'That is clear.'

'Then does tyranny take its rise out of democracy in somewhat the same way as democracy comes from oligarchy?'

'How?'

'That which the oligarchies proposed to themselves as the chief good, and by means of which oligarchy was established, was wealth—is it not so?'

'Yes.'

'Well, it was the insatiate desire of riches, and the neglect of all the rest for the sake of money-making, that wrought the ruin of oligarchy.'

'True,' he replied.

'And now is not that which brings about the overthrow of democracy also an insatiate desire for the object which it defines as the supreme good?'

'What good?'

'Liberty,' I replied. 'For in a democratic state you would doubtless hear it said that liberty is its fairest possession; and for this reason in such a state alone would the man who has been born in a condition of freedom be content to dwell.'

'Yes, indeed,' he said, 'one hears talk of that kind very often.'

'Well, now, and this is what I was going to say, does not the insatiate desire for liberty, accompanied with indifference to other things, effect a change in democracy, and make the demand for tyranny inevitable?'

'How so?'

'Whenever, I think, a democratic state, which is thirsting for freedom, has fallen under the rule of wicked cup-bearers and has drunk too deep of the unmixed wine of liberty, then, unless the rulers are entirely submissive and supply great draughts of freedom, it straightway subjects them to censure and punishes them as accursed oligarchs.'

'Yes,' he said, 'they do that.'

'And those,' said I, 'who are obedient to rulers, it insults, treating them as willing slaves and worthless. It praises and honors in private and in public the rulers who are like subjects and the subjects who take the airs of rulers. Is it not inevitable that in such a state liberty runs riot?'

'Doubtless it does.'

'Yes, my friend,' said I, 'and the contagion of anarchy steals into private families, and at last spreads so far as to infect even the animals.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'I mean, for instance, that the father accustoms himself to treat his child as an equal, and to fear his sons, that the son makes himself equal to his father, and does not reverence or fear his parents, since through obedience to them he may suffer the loss of liberty; that the metic is on an equality with the citizen, and the citizen with the metic, while the stranger fares as well as either.'

'Yes,' he said, 'that is the outcome.'

'Yes,' I continued, 'the evils just named are conspicuous as well as other trifles of the same kind. In such a state of things the teacher fears and flatters his scholars; and the scholars despise their masters and none the less their tutors. And in general the young pattern after their elders, and enter the lists with them in the conflict of words and deeds. The old men, on their part, condescending to the young, are full of wit and gayety; they assume the manners of the young for fear of being thought morose and dictatorial.'

'Quite true,' he said.

'But the last extreme of the fullness of freedom,' I said, 'my friend, which is found in such a state, is when the slaves of both sexes are no less free than those who have purchased them. And we almost forgot to tell how great is the equality and liberty of men and women in relation to each other.'

'Shall we not then, with Æschylus,' said he, 'utter what just now rose to our lips?'

'Of course,' I replied, 'and that is just what I, for my part, am doing; and I must say that no one, without the kind of knowledge which is gained by experience, would believe how much more free the domestic animals are in a democratic state than in any other; for actually the pet dogs, as the proverb has it, are like their mistresses, and the horses and asses are in the habit of marching along with a free and dignified movement, and they will run foul of any one who meets them in the

streets if he does not clear the way; and all other things are fairly crammed with liberty.'

'You are telling me my own dream,' said he. 'For the very thing you describe often befalls me when I am on my way to the country.'

'Now, as regards the outcome of all these instances combined,' I proceeded, 'do you not see how their accumulation renders sensitive the mind of the citizens, so that they become indignant and restive at the slightest suggestion of authority? In the end, as you are doubtless well aware, they give no heed to the laws, written or unwritten; for they will have no master.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I know it perfectly.'

'This then,' said I, 'my friend, is the fair and proud beginning, out of which, in my opinion, tyranny springs.'

'Proud enough,' he replied, 'but what is the next step?'

'That same disease, which appeared in oligarchy and wrought its ruin, spreads here also in a more deadly and malignant form, aggravated by the excessive licence that prevails, and forces slavery upon the democratic state; for indeed any excess whatever is apt to cause an extreme reaction in the opposite direction, not only in the seasons of the year, in plants, and in living bodies, but most noticeably in governments.'

'That is true,' he said.

'Thus in states as in individuals excessive liberty would seem to be transformed into nothing else than excessive slavery.'

'That again is true.'

'Hence, in all likelihood,' I said, 'tyranny takes its rise from no other form of government than democracy, the most complete and the most intolerable despotism following, as I believe, the extremest liberty.'

'Yes, that stands to reason,' he said.

'That, however, I believe, was not what you were asking about; you wish to know, rather, what is that same disease which is engendered both in oligarchy and democracy, and which reduces the latter to slavery.'

'You are right,' he said.

'Well, then,' said I, 'I was referring to the class of idle spendthrifts, already mentioned; some of them are exceedingly brave, and are leaders; the others, who are more cowardly, are followers. We compared them, as you know, the first to drones armed with stings, the second to stingless drones.'

'Yes,' he said, 'and rightly.'

'Now these two classes,' I said, 'make a disturbance in every state wherein they are generated, just as phlegm and bile disturb the human body. The legislator, as the skilled physician of the state, must take in advance against them the same precautions that the wise bee-keeper takes against the drones. His first care will be to prevent their intrusion in the hive; and if they come in anyhow, his second is to have them cut out as speedily as possible, combs and all.'

'Yes, by heaven,' he said, 'that he must by all means do.'

'Well, now, that we may have a clearer view of our subject, let us follow it up in this way.'

'In what way?'

'Let us in our discussion divide the democratic state into three parts as it is actually divided. The first is that class already mentioned, which, as you know, by reason of the freedom that prevails, abounds no less here than in the oligarchy.'

'That is true.'

'But it is more intensely fierce in the democracy.'

'How so?'

'In the oligarchy, seeing it is dishonored and excluded from the offices, it lacks training and cannot acquire strength; whereas, in the democratic state this class is almost exclusively at the head of affairs. The fiercest of them speak and act, while the others sit buzzing about the bema and do not suffer the opposition to utter a word: so that in this form of government practically everything is managed by the drones.'

'Quite true,' he said.

'Another class also, as well as this, may always be distinguished from the multitude.'

'Of what kind?'

'Where all men are engaged in making money, those, I imagine, who are most orderly by nature, generally become the wealthiest.'

'Naturally so.'

'Hence, I fancy, it is out of these persons that the readiest and most abundant supply of honey is squeezed for the drones.'

'Why, of course,' he said. 'How could anyone squeeze honey out of the poor?'

'Then, I suppose, such wealthy people are called the drones' garden.'

'Just so,' he replied.

'The people would form a third class, consisting of those who work with their hands and take no part in politics, who have but little property. And in a democracy this class is the most numerous and the most powerful when it is assembled.'

'Yes, it is,' he said. 'But it does not often frequent the assembly unless it receives a share of the honey.'

'And therefore it always does receive a share, so long as its leaders, while depriving the rich of their property and dividing the plunder among the people, contrive to keep the largest share for themselves.'

'Well, yes,' he said, 'on those terms the people do share.'

'And the rich who are plundered, I suppose, are compelled to defend themselves by speaking before the assembly and by employing every means in their power.'

'No doubt.'

'And then even if they have no longing for a revolution, they are accused by their opponents of conspiring against the common people and of desiring an oligarchy.'

'Undoubtedly.'

'And therefore in the end, when they see the people, not from willful perversity, but through ignorance, and because they are misled by the mendacity of the informers, doing their best to injure them, then indeed, whether they wish it or not, they become oligarchs in reality. Not of their own accord are they thus transformed. The drone's sting of which we spoke produces this evil also.'

'That is strictly true.'

'And thereupon follow impeachments and judgments and trials of one another.'

'Certainly.'

'And is it not the custom of the people always to take one man as their guardian whom they foster and exalt to greatness?'

'Yes, it is their custom.'

'This then,' I said, 'is clear, that whenever a tyrant arises, he springs up from the root of this guardianship, and from nothing else.'

'Yes, perfectly clear.'

A Sojourn in Spirit-land

'But these,' I said, 'are as nothing in number of greatness compared with those other recompenses which await the just and the unjust after death. And these must be heard in order that both just and unjust may receive in full the debt of description which the argument owes to them.'

'Speak on,' he said, 'there are few things that I would more gladly hear.'

'Well,' I said, 'I will tell you a story, not of Alcinous but of a brave man, Er, son of Armenius, of the race of Pamphylia. He was once killed in war; and when, after ten days the bodies of the slain were taken up already in a state of decomposition, his body was found in perfect preservation, and was carried home to be buried. And on the twelfth day, as he was lying on the pyre, he came to life again, and when he had revived, related what he had seen in the other world. He said that when his soul had left the body he went on a journey with a great company and that they came to a mysterious place, where there were two openings in the earth adjacent to one another, and exactly opposite them there were two openings in the heaven above. In the intermediate space sat judges. These, when they had pronounced their judgments, commanded the just to take the road to the right upward through the heaven, first binding in front of them tablets showing the judgments that had been given. The unjust they ordered to take the left hand road which led downward; these also bore the evidence of all their deeds bound upon their backs. On his arrival, they told him that he was to be the reporter to mankind of what happened there, and they directed him to listen to and observe everything in the place. Then he saw their souls departing, after judgment had been passed upon them, by one of the openings of heaven and one of earth; by the other two, souls were arriving, on the one side coming up out of the earth, covered with dust and dirt, on the other coming down from heaven, pure and stainless. The souls, as they arrived, seemed to have come as from a long journey, and were glad to turn aside into the meadow, where they encamped as in a place of assembly; and all who knew one another exchanged greetings, and they who had come out of the earth inquired of the others about the things above, and they who had come from heaven asked about the things below. So they discoursed with one another, some with lamentations and tears

at the remembrance of all they had suffered and seen in their journey beneath the earth,—it was a journey of a thousand years,—while those from above told of heavenly delights and visions of marvelous beauty. The greater part of the story, Glaucon, would take too long to tell. But these, he said, were the chief points: For all the unjust deeds that each man had ever done, and all the men he had wronged, he suffered retribution in due course, ten times for each,—now this is once in every hundred years, for such is the span of human life,—in order that he might pay tenfold the penalty for injustice. If there were some, for instance, who had been the cause of many deaths, either by betraying cities or armies, or by casting men into slavery, or had been accessory to any other villainy, for all these crimes they suffered torments, tenfold for each; and on the other hand, if they had done any charitable acts, and had proved themselves just and holy, they received their reward in the same proportion. About those who died as soon as they were born, and those who had lived but a short time, there were other things he said not worth recalling. But he declared that for impiety and piety towards gods and parents, and in regard to murder, there were still greater retributions. . . .'

'Now, no sooner had Er and the spirits arrived here, than they were required to present themselves at once to Lachesis. First, then, a prophet marshaled them in order; then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of lives, mounted a lofty bema and said: "The word of the maiden Lachesis, daughter of Necessity."

"Souls of a day, here begins another circle, belonging to the race of mortals, to end in death. No destiny shall cast lots for you, but you shall choose your destiny. Let him to whom the first lot falls, first choose a life, by which he shall of necessity abide. But virtue is subject to no master, and as each honors or dishonors her, so shall he have more or less of her. The responsibility is with the chooser; there is none on God."

'When the prophet had thus spoken, he threw the lots among them all, and each took up the lot that fell at his side, except Er. Him the prophet forbade. And on taking up his lot, each one discovered what number he had drawn. And after this the prophet placed upon the ground before them the samples of lives, in number far exceeding the souls present. Now there were patterns of all kinds. There were lives of all kinds of animals and with them all human lives. For among them were tyrannies, some permanent, others overthrown in mid career and ending in poverty, exile, and beggary. There were lives of famous men also, some famed for their form and beauty as well as for their strength and skill in games, others for their family and the virtues of their ancestors; in like manner there were lives of unknown men, and also the lives of women. But the soul's rank was not determined, because in choosing a different life the soul, of necessity, becomes different. All the other elements were presented in various combinations with one another, and with wealth and poverty, sickness and health, with every intermediate stage.'

'And here, my dear Glaucon, as it seems, man's greatest danger lies; and hence we must give the most earnest heed that each of us, putting aside all other learning, may prosecute and master simply this, if in any way he may be able to learn and discover who will give him capacity and skill to discern the good and the evil in life, and always and everywhere to choose the better according to his ability; and, by taking into account what has now been said, considered collectively and separately, and distinguishing its bearing on the virtue of life, to learn under what constitution of soul beauty, when combined with poverty or wealth, results in evil or good; and how high or low birth, private or public station, vigor or weakness of body, keenness or slowness of intellect, and all such conditions as Nature and circumstances place around the soul, operate in their several combinations, so as to be able, drawing his conclusions from all the facts, and with due regard to the nature of the soul, to discriminate the worse from the better life, calling that worse which will lead the soul into greater injustice, and that better which will lead it into greater justice; but all other considerations he will disregard. For we have seen that this is the best choice both for the present life and for that which follows it. Now when a man goes to the unseen world he must have within him this belief like adamant, so that there also he

may be unmoved by riches and such evils, and may not by falling into tyrannies and other like courses of conduct, commit and himself suffer more intensely evils many and irremediable, but may know how in relation to such things always to choose the life that lies in the middle and avoid the extremes on both sides, both in this life, so far as possible, and in the life to come. For in this way man finds his greatest happiness.'

'Now the messenger from the other world went on with his tale and told how the prophet spoke thus: "Even for him who comes last, provided he chooses wisely and lives resolutely, there is appointed a desirable, not an evil life. Let not him who has the first choice be careless, nor the last despondent." No sooner had the prophet thus spoken, he said, than he who had drawn the first lot came forward and at once chose the greatest tyranny; and owing to folly and greed, he chose before he had made a thorough examination, and failed to notice that in his choice he was destined to devour his own children and suffer other evils. But when he came to examine the case at leisure, he began to beat his breast and lament his choice, not heeding the prophet's warnings; for he charged the evil not upon himself, but on fortune and the gods and everything rather than himself. Now he was one of those who had come from heaven, and had lived through his former life in a well-ordered state, but his hold on virtue was from habit, without philosophy. Indeed one might say, in general, that not the least part of those who were thus caught had come from heaven, for they had not been disciplined by difficulties; whereas most of those who came from earth, having themselves suffered and seen others suffer, were in no haste to make their choice. For this cause, together with the accident of the lot, many of the souls had a change from good to evil or from evil to good. For if any man, on being sent into this life, always steadfastly pursue philosophy, and if his lot of choice fall not among the last, he might, according to the message from yonder, not only be happy here but his journey from here to the other world and back again will not be along the rough and earthly course, but along the smooth and heavenly way. Now as to the way in which the several souls chose their lives, it was, he said, a sight worth seeing, pitiable and laughable and strange. Their choice was for the most part governed by the experience of their former life.

'Thus he saw, as he declared, the soul which had once been that of Orpheus choosing the life of a swan, through hatred of womankind because of his death at their hands, and his refusal to be born of a woman. The soul of Thamyras he saw choosing the life of a nightingale. He also saw a swan turning to choose a human life, and other musical creatures doing the same. The soul which obtained the twentieth lot chose a lion's life; it was the soul of Ajax, the son of Telamon, who refused to become a man because he remembered the judgment about the arms. Next came the soul of Agamemnon; and as he also by reason of his sufferings had been filled with aversion to the human race, he took instead the life of an eagle. About the middle the soul of Atalanta obtained her lot, and catching sight of the great honors paid to a man who was an athlete, could not resist the temptation but made them her choice. After her he saw the soul of Epeus, son of Panopeus, passing into the nature of a working woman. And far on among the last, he saw the soul of the buffoon Thersites becoming a monkey. It so happened that the soul of Odysseus had drawn the last chance of all, and came forward to make his choice; remembering his former toils, he had ceased from his ambition, and went about for a long time in quest of the life of a private man who had no cares; with some difficulty he found one lying about that had been neglected by all the rest; and when he saw it, he said he would have done the same if his turn had been the first, and took it gladly. In like manner, all the other animals changed into men and into each other, the vicious into wild beasts, and the good into tame; and there were all sorts of combinations.

'And when all the souls had chosen their lives, they went in the order of their choice to Lachesis, who sent with each the genius he had chosen to be the guardian of his life and the accomplisher of his choice. He led the soul first to Clotho, under her hand and under the sweep of the whirling spindle, thus confirming the fate which the man had chosen in his turn; and after being with her, he led the way to Atropos, that her spinning might make the thread

of destiny unalterable. Thence the man went without once turning round under the throne of Necessity, and when he had come out on the other side, and when the others had also passed, they all proceeded through parching and dreadful heat to the plain of Lethe, where grew no plants nor any trees. And then towards evening they encamped by the river of Forgetfulness, whose water no pitcher may hold. Of this all were compelled to drink a certain measure, but those who were not restrained by wisdom drank more than the measure; and each, as he drank, forgot everything. When now they had lain down to sleep, at midnight there came thunder and an earthquake; and suddenly they were snatched away from thence in every direction up to their birth, like stars shooting. But the Pamphylian himself had been forbidden to drink of the water. But how and by what course he came back into the body, he did not know; but all at once, on looking up in the morning, he found himself lying on the pyre.

'And thus, Glaucon, the myth has been preserved and has not perished, and it will preserve us if we give heed to it, and we shall cross the river of Lethe safely and keep our souls undefiled. Wherefore, if we shall follow my counsels, and believe that the soul is immortal, and able to endure all evil and all good, we shall always hold fast to the upward path, and in every way devote ourselves to the practice of justice and wisdom. So shall we be friends to ourselves and to the gods, not only while abiding here, but when, like victorious athletes who go about adding to their prizes, we receive the rewards of our justice; and it shall be well with us both in this life and in the journey of a thousand years which we have described.'

ARISTOTLE (384–322 B.C.)

The greatest intellect of antiquity was born at Stagira, in Thrace, near Mount Athos. At seventeen, he became a student of Plato's in Athens; at thirty-seven, when Plato died, he visited Asia, passing three years at the court of Mysia and two in Mitylene; at forty-two, he became the tutor of Alexander, son of Philip of Macedon; at fifty, on Alexander's accession, he began the twelve years of writing and teaching in the Lyceum at Athens which concluded his life. From their instruction in the sheltered walks of the Lyceum, his pupils were called Peripatetics. His province was practically all knowledge, and his purpose in writing, a connected and unified account of the whole. His works, among which the more famous are *The Art of Poetry,* and essays on Politics, Logic, Ethics, and Animals, are astonishing in their range, were of immense importance in ancient and mediæval times, and are still surprisingly authoritative. They possess no distinction as literary art.

The *Nicomachean Ethics* is so called for Aristotle's son Nicomachus. Happiness is the highest good and the end of all action. Man is born with a natural capacity for that virtue which is the means to happiness; but this natural capacity must be directed and developed by the will. The particular virtues, each one of which is a mean between extremes, are formed by repeated acts, and are therefore habits. Ethics for Aristotle is a subdivision of Politics, the one being concerned with the highest good of the individual, the other with the highest good of men collectively.

The translation of the passage from the *Ethics* is by R. W. Browne, that from the *Poetics* by Theodore Buckley.

NICOMACHEAN ETHICS

Virtue and the Mean

But it is necessary not only to say that virtue is a habit, but also what sort of a habit it is. We must say, therefore, that every virtue both makes that of which it is the virtue to be in a good state, and makes its work good also; for instance, the virtue of the eye makes both the eye and the work of the eye good; for by the virtue of the eye we see well. In like manner, the virtue of a horse makes a horse good, and good in speed, and in carrying its rider, and in standing the attack of the enemy. If, then, this is the case in all instances, the virtue of man also must be a habit, from which man becomes good, and from which he will perform his work well. But how this will be, we have already stated. And again, it will be made manifest in the following manner, if we investigate the specific nature of virtue. Now, in all quantity, continuous or divisible, it is possible to take the greater, the less, or the equal; and these either with relation to the thing itself, or to ourselves; but the equal is some mean between excess and defect. But by the mean with relation to the thing itself, I mean that which is equidistant from both of the extremes, and this is one and the same in all cases; but by the mean, with relation to ourselves, I mean that which is neither too much nor too little for us. But this is not one and the same to all; as, for example, if ten is too many, and two too few, six is taken for the absolute mean, for it exceeds two as much as it is exceeded by ten. But this is the mean according to arithmetical proportion. But the relative mean is not to be taken in this manner; for it does not follow, that if ten pounds are too much for any person to eat, and two pounds too little, the training-master will prescribe six pounds; for perhaps this is too much or too little for the person who is to eat it. For it is too little for Milo, but too much for one just commencing gymnastics; and the case is similar in running and wrestling. Thus, then, every person who has knowl-

edge shuns the excess and the defect, but seeks for the mean, and chooses it; not the absolute mean, but the relative one.

If, then, every science accomplishes its work well, by keeping the mean in view, and directing its works to it (whence people are accustomed to say of excellent works, that it is impossible to take anything away, or add anything to them, since excess and defect destroy the excellence, but the being in the mean preserves it), and if good artisans, as we may say, perform their work, keeping this in view, then virtue, being, like nature, more accurate and excellent than any art, must be apt to hit the mean. But I mean moral virtue; for it is conversant with passions and actions; and in these there is defect and excess, and the mean; as, for example, we may feel fear, confidence, desire, anger, pity, and, in a word, pleasure and pain, both too much and too little, and in both cases improperly. But the time when, and the cases in which, and the persons towards whom, and the motive for which, and the manner in which, constitute the mean and the excellence; and this is the characteristic property of virtue.

In like manner, in actions there are excess and defect, and the mean; but virtue is conversant with passions and actions, and in them excess is wrong, and defect is blamed, but the mean is praised, and is correct; and both these are properties of virtue. Virtue, then, is a kind of mean state, being at least apt to hit the mean. Again, it is possible to go wrong in many ways (for evil, as the Pythagoreans conjectured, is of the nature of the infinite, but good of the finite); but we can go right in one way only; and for this reason the former is easy, and the latter difficult; it is easy to miss a mark, but difficult to hit it; and for these reasons, therefore, the excess and defect belong to vice, but the mean state to virtue; for, 'we are good in one way only, but bad in all sorts of ways.'

Virtue, therefore, is a 'habit, accompanied with deliberate preference, in the relative mean, defined by reason, and as the prudent man would define it.' It is a mean state between two vices, one in excess, the other in defect; and it is so, moreover, because of the vices one division falls short of, and the other exceeds what is right, both in passions and actions, whilst virtue discovers the mean and chooses it. Therefore, with reference to its essence, and the definition which states its substance, virtue is a mean state; but with reference to the standard of 'the best' and 'the excellent,' it is an extreme. But it is not every action, nor every passion, which admits of the mean state; for some have their badness at once implied in their name; as, for example, malevolence, shamelessness, envy; and amongst actions, adultery, theft, homicide. For all these, and such as these, are so called from their being themselves bad, not because their excesses or defects are bad. In these, then, it is impossible ever to be right, but we must always be wrong. Nor does the right or wrong in such cases as these depend at all upon the person with whom, or the time when, or the manner in which adultery is committed; but absolutely the doing of any one of these things is wrong. It would be equally absurd, then, to require a mean state, and an excess, and a defect, in injustice, and cowardice, and intemperance. For thus there would be a mean state of excess and defect, and an excess of excess, and a defect of defect. But just as there is no excess and defect of temperance and courage (owing to the fact that the mean is in some sense an extreme), so neither in the case of these is there a mean state, excess, or defect; but however they be done, sin is committed. For, in a word, there is neither a mean state of excess and defect, nor an excess and defect of a mean state.

But it is necessary that this should not only be stated generally, but that it should also be applicable to the particular cases; for in discussions on subjects of moral action, universal statements are apt to be too vague, but particular ones are more consistent with truth; for actions are conversant with particulars; but it is necessary that the statements should agree with these. These particulars, then, we must get from the diagram. Now, on the subject of fear and confidence, courage is the mean state. Of the persons who are in excess, he who is in the excess of fearlessness has no name; but there are many cases without names; and he who is in the excess of confidence, is called rash; but he who is in the excess of fear, but in the defect of confidence, is cowardly.

On the subject of pleasures and pains (but not all pleasures and pains, and less in the case of pains than pleasures), tem-

perance is the mean state, and intemperance the excess. But there are, in fact, none who are in the defect on the subject of pleasures; therefore these also have no name; but let them be called insensible.

On the subject of the giving and receiving of money, liberality is the mean state, and the excess and defect, prodigality and illiberality. But in these, the excess and defect are mutually contrary to each other; for the prodigal man is in the excess in giving money, but is in the defect in receiving; but the illiberal man is in the excess in receiving, but in the defect in giving. Now, therefore, we are speaking on these points as in an outline, and summarily, because we consider this sufficient; but afterwards more accurate distinctions shall be drawn respecting them.

But on the subject of money there are other dispositions also: magnificence is a mean state; but the magnificent man differs from the liberal man; for one has to do with great things, the other with small ones; the excess is bad taste and vulgar profusion, the defect shabbiness. But these differ from the vices which are related to liberality; but their points of difference shall be stated hereafter.

On the subject of honor and dishonor, magnanimity is the mean; the excess, a vice called empty vanity; the defect, meanness of spirit.

On the Art of Poetry

Two causes, however, and these physical, appear to have produced poetry in general. For to imitate is congenial to men from childhood. And in this they differ from other animals, that they are most imitative, and acquire the first disciplines through imitation; and that all men delight in imitations. But an evidence of this is that which happens in the works of artists. For we are delighted on surveying very accurate images, the realities of which are painful to the view; such as the forms of the most contemptible animals, and dead bodies. The cause, however, of this is, that learning is not only most delightful to philosophers, but in like manner to other persons, though they partake of it but in a small degree. For on this account, men are delighted on surveying images, because it happens that by surveying they learn and infer what each particular is; as, that this is an image of that man; since, unless one happen to have seen the reality, it is not the imitation that pleases, but it is through either the workmanship, or the color, or some other cause of the like kind. But imitation, harmony, and rhythm being natural to us (for it is evident that measures or meters are parts of rhythms), the earliest among mankind, making a gradual progress in these things from the beginning, produced poetry from extemporaneous efforts. . . . Both tragedy and comedy, therefore, at first originated from extemporaneous efforts. And tragedy, indeed, originated from those who led the dithyramb, but comedy from those who sung the Phallic verses, which even now in many cities remain in use; and it gradually increased as obvious improvements became known. And tragedy, having experienced many changes, rested when it had arrived at its proper nature. Æschylus, also, first increased the number of players from one to two, abridged the functions of the chorus, and made one of the players act the chief part. But Sophocles introduced three players into the scene, and added scenic painting. Further still, the magnitude of tragedy increased from small fables and ridiculous diction; in consequence of having been changed from satyric composition, it was late before it acquired dignity.

But comedy is, as we have said, an imitation indeed of bad characters, yet it does not imitate them according to every vice, but the ridiculous only; since the ridiculous is a portion of turpitude. For the ridiculous is a certain error, and turpitude unattended with pain, and not destructive. Thus, for instance, a ridiculous face is something deformed and distorted without pain. The transitions, therefore, of tragedy and the causes through which they are produced, are not unknown; but those of comedy have escaped our knowledge, because it was not at first an object of attention. For it was late before the magistrate gave a chorus to comedians; but prior to that period, the choruses were voluntary. Comedy, however, at length having obtained a certain form, those who are said to have been poets therein are commemorated. But it is unknown who it was that introduced masks or prologues, or a multitude of players, and such like particulars. . . .

Tragedy, therefore, is an imitation of a

worthy or illustrious and perfect action, possessing magnitude, in pleasing language, using separately the several species of imitation in its parts, by men acting, and not through narration, through pity and fear effecting a purification from such like passions. But by pleasing language I mean language possessing rhythm, harmony, and melody. And it uses separately the several species of imitation because some parts of the tragedy are alone perfected through meters, and others again through melody. . . .

In the next place we must show, as consequent to what has been said, what those who compose fables ought to aim at, and beware of, and whence the purpose of tragedy is effected. Since, therefore, it is necessary that the composition of the most beautiful tragedy should not be simple, but complex, and that it should be imitative of fearful and piteous actions (for this is the peculiarity of such imitation), in the first place it is evident, that it is not proper that worthy men should be represented as changed from prosperity to adversity (for this is neither a subject of terror nor commiseration, but is impious), nor should depraved characters be represented as changed from adversity to prosperity; for this is the most foreign from tragedy of all things, since it possesses nothing which is proper; for it neither appeals to moral sense, nor is piteous, nor fearful. Nor, again, must a very depraved man be represented as having fallen from prosperity into adversity. For such a composition will indeed possess moral tendency, but not pity or fear. For the one is conversant with a character which does not deserve to be unfortunate; but the other, with a character similar to one's own. And pity, indeed, is excited for one who does not deserve to be unfortunate; but fear, for one who resembles oneself; so that the event will neither appear to be commiserable, nor terrible. There remains therefore the character between these. But a character of this kind is one who neither excels in virtue and justice, nor is changed through vice and depravity, into misfortune, from a state of great renown and prosperity, but has experienced this change through some human error; such as Œdipus and Thyestes, and other illustrious men of this kind. Hence it is necessary that a plot which is well constructed should be rather single than twofold, (though some say it should be the latter), and that the change should not be into prosperity from adversity, but on the contrary into adversity from prosperity, not through depravity but through some great error, either of such a character as we have mentioned, or better rather than worse. But the proof of this is what has taken place. For of old the poets adopted any casual fables; but now the most beautiful tragedies are composed about a few families; as for instance, about Alcmæon, Œdipus, Orestes, Meleager, Thyestes, and Telephus, and such other persons as happen either to have suffered or done things of a dreadful nature. The tragedy, therefore, which is most beautiful according to art, is of this construction. Hence they erroneously blame Euripides who accuse him of having done this in his tragedies, and for making many of them terminate in misfortune. For this method, as we have said, is right; of which this is the greatest evidence, that in the scenes and contests of the players, simple fables which terminate unhappily appear to be most tragical, if they are properly acted. And Euripides, though he does not manage other things well, yet appears to be the most tragic of poets.

THEOPHRASTUS (About 373–284 B.C.)

Theophrastus of Lesbos was the successor of Aristotle in the Lyceum, for which he left an endowment at his death. Of his writings, which represented research in both physical and moral science, there still exist the nine books of *Researches about Plants* and the six of *Principles of Vegetable Life.* Thirty short and crisp sketches called *Characters* are of greater literary moment, and have always been enjoyed and frequently imitated because of their psychology and humor. Theophrastus' friendship with Menander may have afforded the stimulus for these productions. Whether their preface is spurious or an example of literary freedom, is a question.

The passage from the *Enquiry into Plants* is translated by Sir Arthur Hort and is used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library. The translator of the *Characters* (Boston, 1831), is anonymous.

THE CHARACTERS

Proem: Theophrastus to Polycles

I have always been perplexed when I have endeavored to account for the fact, that, among a people who, like the Greeks, inhabit the same climate, and are reared under the same system of education, there should prevail so great a diversity of manners.

You know, my friend, that I have long been an attentive observer of human nature: I am now in the ninety-ninth year of my age; and during the whole course of my life I have conversed familiarly with men of all classes, and of various climes; nor have I neglected closely to watch the actions of individuals,—as well the profligate as the virtuous. With these qualifications, I have thought myself fitted for the task of describing those habitual peculiarities by which the manners of every one are distinguished. I shall therefore present to your view, in succession, the domestic conduct, and, what may be termed, the besetting practices of various characters.

I am willing, my friend Polycles, to believe that a work of this kind may be beneficial to the succeeding generation, who, by consulting these patterns of good and of evil, may learn at once to avoid what is base, and to assimilate their sentiments and their habits to what is noble; and thus become not unworthy of their virtuous ancestors.

I now turn to my task: it will be your part to follow my steps, and to judge of the correctness of my observations. Omitting therefore any further prefatory matter, I commence by describing the Dissembler; and in conformity with the plan which I propose to pursue throughout the work, I shall first briefly define the term; and then portray the manners of the supposed individual to whom the character is attributed. It is in this way that I shall endeavor to exhibit, according to their specific differences, the several dispositions incident to human nature.

The Dissembler

Every word, and every action, of the Dissembler is an artifice by which he labors to conceal some evil intention. A man of this sort approaches his enemy with professions of friendship; he flatters those against whom he is secretly plotting mischief; and he condoles with them in the day of their calamity; to one who has defamed him he proffers his forgiveness: he receives contumely with patience; or he soothes with blandishments those who resent the injuries they have sustained from his villainy.

The Dissembler, from mere habit, will evade any direct application that may be

made to him: 'Call on me to-morrow,' says he, to one who seeks to converse with him on business that admits of no delay. To elude inquiry, he will pretend that he is but just returned from a journey; that he came home only last evening; or that he is too ill to attend to business. He never acknowledges that he has actually commenced an undertaking; but professes to be still deliberating on the affair. He tells those who would borrow money of him, or who demand the sum he had subscribed to a contribution, that he has not taken a sixpence of late: but when trade is dull, he boasts of his dealings. He feigns not to have attended to what he has heard: he professes not to have observed what passed before his eyes; and he takes care to forget his promises. He is fertile in evasions: now, he purposes to take an affair into consideration: now, he knows nothing of the business: he is amazed at what is told him; or it accords exactly with his own opinion. He makes himself remarkable by his frequent use of certain phrases; such as, 'I am fain to doubt it';—'I don't take your meaning';—'I'm vastly surprised':—or, if it suits his purpose, he will say, 'I am not the man you take me for: no such thing has been said to me before: what you say is incredible.—Prithee find some one else to whom you may tell this tale: truly, I know not whether to think you or him the impostor.'

But beware thou of one who employs these artfully woven and often-repeated phrases, which commonly serve to cloak the worst designs. A man in whose manners there is no simplicity, and whose every word seems to have been studied, is more to be shunned than a viper.

The Garrulous Man

Garrulity is an effusion of prolix and unpremeditated discourse. The garrulous man, happening to sit beside one with whom he has no acquaintance, begins by recounting the various excellences of his wife: then he says that last night he dreamed a dream, which he narrates at length; this leads him to mention, one by one, the dishes that were placed within his reach at supper. By this time his tongue has gained velocity in going; and he proceeds in a loftier strain: 'Alas!' saith he, 'how much more depraved are the men of our times than were their ancestors! and what a price has corn fallen to now in the markets! and how the city swarms with strangers! By the time the Bacchanalia are well over, the sea will be covered again with ships: should it please Heaven, just now, to send rain, it would be a vast benefit to the wheats.' Anon, he announces his determination to farm his own land the ensuing year. 'But how hard is it,' says he, 'in these times to get a living! I must tell you, being, as I perceive, a stranger, that it was Damippus who displayed the largest torch in the late festival. By the bye, can you tell me, now, how many pillars there are in the Odeum? Yesterday I was sick:—hem! What day of the month is this?'

The Parsimonious Man

Parsimony is an excessive and unreasonable sparing of expense. The parsimonious man calls at the house of his debtor to demand a halfpenny of interest, left over in the last month's payment. At a banquet he carefully notes how many cups of wine are drank by each guest; and of all the offerings to Diana, usual on such occasions, his will be the least. If the smallest article be purchased for his use, however low may be the price, he will say it is too dear. When a servant breaks a pot or a pan, he deducts the value of it from his daily allowance; or if his wife chances to lose a brass button or a farthing, he causes tables, chairs, beds, boxes, to be moved, and the wardrobe to be hunted over in search of it. Whoever would deal with him must be content to lose by the transaction. He suffers no one to taste a fig from his garden; nor even to pass through his fields; no, nor to gather a fallen date or olive from the ground. He inspects the boundaries of his farm every day, to assure himself that the hedges and the fences remain in their places. He demands interest on interest, if payment is delayed a day beyond the appointed time. If he gives a public dinner to his ward, he carves out a scanty portion for each, and himself places his allowance before every guest. He goes to market, and often returns without having purchased an article. He strictly charges his wife to lend nothing to her neighbors; no, not even a little

salt, nor a wick for a lamp, nor a bit of cummin, nor a sprig of marjoram, nor a barley cake, nor a fillet for the victim, nor a wafer for the altar: 'for,' saith he, 'these little matters put together make a great sum in the year.'

In a word, you may see the coffers of such a fellow covered with mold; and himself, with a bunch of rusty keys at his girdle, clad in a scanty garb, sparingly anointed, shorn to the scalp, and slipshod at noon: and you may find him in the fuller's shop, whom he is charging not to spare earth in cleaning his cloak, that it may not so soon require dressing again.

The Blunderer

He whose words and actions, though they may be well intended, are never well timed, is a most troublesome companion. The Blunderer, having some affair on which he wishes to confer with his friend, calls at the very hour when he is most busily engaged. He comes to sup with his mistress while she is ill of a fever. He solicits one who has just forfeited bail to be surety for him; or appears to give his evidence at the moment when a cause is adjudged. He will rail at womankind at a wedding dinner. He asks persons to join him on the parade whom he meets as they are returning from a long journey. He will offer to find you a better purchaser for an article which you assure him is already sold. He stands up in a company to explain some business from the very beginning, which every one perfectly understands already. He is forward to meddle in some affair which those most nearly concerned heartily wish he would let alone, and which is yet of such a nature that they are ashamed to forbid his interference. He will come and demand interest from his debtors, at the moment when they are engaged in a sacrifice and feast. If he happens to be present at a neighbor's house while a slave is beaten, he recounts an instance which occurred in his own family, of a servant who, being thus corrected, went and hanged himself. Should he be chosen to arbitrate between parties who wish to be reconciled, he will, by his bungling interference, set them at variance again. He calls on a partner to dance who has not yet supped.

The Superstitious Man

Superstition is a desponding fear of divinities. The superstitious man having washed his hands in the sacred fount, and being well sprinkled with holy water from the temple, takes a leaf of laurel in his mouth, and walks about with it all the day. If a weasel cross his path, he will not proceed until some one has gone before him; or until he has thrown three stones across the way. If he sees a serpent in the house, he builds a chapel on the spot. When he passes the consecrated stones, placed where three ways meet, he is careful to pour oil from his crewet on them: then, falling on his knees, he worships, and retires. A mouse, perchance, has gnawed a hole in a flour-sack: away he goes to the seer to know what it behoves him to do: and if he is simply answered, 'Send it to the cobbler to be patched,' he views the business in a more serious light; and running home, he devotes the sack, as an article no more to be used. He is occupied in frequent purifications of his house, saying that it has been invaded by Hecate. If in his walks an owl flies past, he is horror-struck; and exclaims, 'Thus comes the divine Minerva!' He is careful not to tread on a tomb, to approach a corpse, or to visit a woman in her confinement; saying that it is profitable to him to avoid every pollution. On the fourth and seventh days of the month he directs mulled wine to be prepared for the family; and going himself to purchase myrtles and frankincense, he returns and spends the day in crowning the statues of Mercury and Venus. As often as he has a dream he runs to the interpreter, the soothsayer, or the augur, to inquire what god or goddess he ought to propitiate. Before he is initiated in the mysteries he attends to receive instruction every month, accompanied by his wife, or by the nurse and his children.

Whenever he passes a cross-way he bathes his head. For the benefit of a special purification, he invites the priestesses to his house; who, while he stands reverently in the midst of them, bear about him an onion, or a little dog. If he encounters a lunatic or a man in a fit, he shudders horrifically, and spits in his bosom.

ENQUIRY INTO PLANTS

Of Propagation

The ways in which trees and plants in general originate are these:—spontaneous growth, growth from seed, from a root, from a piece torn off, from a branch or twig, from the trunk itself; or again from small pieces into which the wood is cut up (for some trees can be produced even in this manner). Of these methods spontaneous growth comes first, one may say, but growth from seed or root would seem most natural; indeed these methods too may be called spontaneous; wherefore they are found even in wild kinds, while the remaining methods depend on human skill or at least on human choice.

However all plants start in one or other of these ways, and most of them in more than one. Thus the olive is grown in all the ways mentioned, except from a twig; for an olive-twig will not grow if it is set in the ground, as a fig or pomegranate will grow from their young shoots. Not but what some say that cases have been known in which, when a stake of olive-wood was planted to support ivy, it actually lived along with it and became a tree; but such an instance is a rare exception, while the other methods of growth are in most cases the natural ones. The fig grows in all the ways mentioned, except from root-stock and cleft wood; apple and pear grow also from branches, but rarely. However it appears that most, if not practically all, trees may grow from branches, if these are smooth, young and vigorous. But the other methods, one may say, are more natural, and we must reckon what may occasionally occur as a mere possibility.

In fact there are quite few plants which grow and are brought into being more easily from the upper parts, as the vine is grown from branches; for this, though it cannot be grown from the 'head,' yet can be grown from the branch, as can all similar trees and under-shrubs, for instance, as it appears, rue, gilliflower, bergamot-mint, tufted thyme, calamint. So the commonest ways of growth with all plants are from a piece torn off or from seed; for all plants that have seeds grow also from seed. And they say that the bay too grows from a piece torn off, if one takes off the young shoots and plants them; but it is necessary that the piece torn off should have part of the root or stock attached to it. However the pomegranate and 'spring apple' will grow even without this, and a slip of almond grows if it is planted. The olive grows, one may say, in more ways than any other plant; it grows from a piece of the trunk or of the stock, from the root, from a twig, and from a stake, as has been said. Of other plants the myrtle also can be propagated in several ways; for this too grows from pieces of wood and also from pieces of the stock. It is necessary however with this, as with the olive, to cut up the wood into pieces not less than a span long and not to strip off the bark.

Trees then grow and come into being in the above-mentioned ways; for as to methods of grafting and inoculation, these are, as it were, combinations of different kinds of trees; or at all events these are methods of growth of a quite different class and must be treated of at a later stage.

VI. MEDICINE

HIPPOCRATES (About 460–360 B.C.)

Hippocrates of Cos, called the father of Greek medicine, founded a school of medicine in his native city, was a member of the medical caste called the Asclepiads, sojourned in Athens, and enjoyed the esteem of Plato and Aristotle. A body of medical writings numbering over seventy and bearing his name has reached us. They are of literary quality, and belong to the fifth and fourth centuries, but no one of them can be surely attributed to Hippocrates. Their interest lies in the light they throw on the very creditable intelligence and morality of the profession in the great period of Greek culture, and upon the scientific movement in general; they may well be read with Theophrastus' *Enquiry into Plants.* Medicine in the Hippocratic writings has been freed from its primitive associations with religious superstition, though it still relies too much upon philosophical theory to be purely scientific. The essay on Ancient Medicine is a backward glance from perhaps before Plato, who may refer to it in *Phædrus.* The translations are by W. H. S. Jones and are taken by permission from the Loeb Classical Library.

ON ANCIENT MEDICINE

All who, on attempting to speak or to write on medicine, have assumed for themselves a postulate as a basis for their discussion—heat, cold, moisture, dryness, or anything else that they may fancy—who narrow down the causal principle of diseases and of death among men, and make it the same in all cases, postulating one thing or two, all these obviously blunder in many points even of their statements, but they are most open to censure because they blunder in what is an art, and one which all men use on the most important occasions, and give the greatest honors to the good craftsmen and practitioners in it. Some practitioners are poor, others very excellent; this would not be the case if an art of medicine did not exist at all, and had not been the subject of any research and discovery, but all would be equally inexperienced and unlearned therein, and the treatment of the sick would be in all respects haphazard. But it is not so; just as in all other arts the workers vary much in skill and in knowledge, so also is it in the case of medicine. . . .

For the art of medicine would never have been discovered to begin with, nor would any medical research have been conducted—for there would have been no need for medicine—if sick men had profited by the same mode of living and regimen as the food, drink and mode of living of men in health, and if there had been no other things for the sick better than these. But the fact is that sheer necessity has caused men to seek and to find medicine, because sick men did not, and do not, profit by the same regimen as do men in health. To trace the matter yet further back, I hold that not even the mode of living and nourishment enjoyed at the present time by men in health would have been discovered, had a man been satisfied with the same food and drink as satisfy an ox, a horse, and every animal save man, for example the products of the earth—fruits, wood and grass. For on these they are nourished, grow, and live without pain, having no need at all of any other kind of living. Yet I am of opinion that to begin with man also used this sort of nourishment. Our present ways of living have, I think, been discovered and elaborated during a long period of time. For many and terrible were the sufferings of men from strong and brutish living when they partook of crude foods, uncompounded and possessing great powers—the same in fact as men would suffer at the present day, falling into violent pains and diseases quickly followed by death. Formerly indeed they probably suffered less,

because they were used to it, but they suffered severely even then. The majority naturally perished, having too weak a constitution, while the stronger resisted longer, just as at the present time some men easily deal with strong foods, while others do so only with many severe pains. For this reason the ancients too seem to me to have sought for nourishment that harmonized with their constitution, and to have discovered that which we use now. So from wheat, after steeping it, winnowing, grinding and sifting, kneading, baking, they produced bread, and from barley they produced cake. Experimenting with food they boiled or baked, after mixing, many other things, combining the strong and uncompounded with the weaker components so as to adapt all to the constitution and power of man, thinking that from foods which, being too strong, the human constitution cannot assimilate when eaten, will come pain, disease, and death, while from such as can be assimilated will come nourishment, growth and health. To this discovery and research what juster or more appropriate name could be given than medicine, seeing that it has been discovered with a view to the health, saving and nourishment of man, in the place of that mode of living from which came the pain, disease and death?

THE OATH

I swear by Apollo Physician, by Asclepius, by Health, by Panacea and by all the gods and goddesses, making them my witnesses, that I will carry out, according to my ability and judgment, this oath and this indenture. To hold my teacher in this art equal to my own parents; to make him partner in my livelihood; when he is in need of money to share mine with him; to consider his family as my own brothers, and to teach them this art, if they want to learn it, without fee or indenture; to impart precept, oral instruction, and all other instruction to my own sons, the sons of my teacher, and to indentured pupils who have taken the physician's oath, but to nobody else. I will use treatment to help the sick according to my ability and judgment, but never with a view to injury and wrong-doing. Neither will I administer a poison to anybody when asked to do so, nor will I suggest such a course. Similarly I will not give to a woman a pessary to cause abortion. But I will keep pure and holy both my life and my art. I will not use the knife, not even, verily, on sufferers from stone, but I will give place to such as are craftsmen therein. Into whatsoever houses I enter, I will enter to help the sick, and I will abstain from all intentional wrong-doing and harm, especially from abusing the bodies of man or woman, bond or free. And whatsoever I shall see or hear in the course of my profession, as well as outside my profession in my intercourse with men, if it be what should not be published abroad, I will never divulge, holding such things to be holy secrets. Now if I carry out this oath, and break it not, may I gain for ever reputation among all men for my life and for my art; but if I transgress it and forswear myself, may the opposite befall me.

PRECEPTS

This piece of advice also will need our consideration, as it contributes somewhat to the whole. For should you begin by discussing fees, you will suggest to the patient either that you will go away and leave him if no agreement be reached, or that you will neglect him and not prescribe any immediate treatment. So one must not be anxious about fixing a fee. For I consider such a worry to be harmful to a troubled patient, particularly if the disease be acute. For the quickness of the disease, offering no opportunity for turning back, spurs on the good physician not to seek his profit but rather to lay hold on reputation. Therefore it is better to reproach a patient you have saved than to extort money from those who are at death's door.

And yet some patients ask for what is out of the way and doubtful, through prejudice, deserving indeed to be disregarded, but not to be punished. Wherefore you must reasonably oppose them, as they are embarked upon a stormy sea of change. For, in heaven's name, who that is a brotherly physician practices with such hardness of heart as not at the beginning to conduct a preliminary examination of every illness and prescribe what will help towards a cure, to heal the patient and not to overlook the reward, to say nothing of the desire that makes a man ready to learn?

I urge you not to be too unkind, but

to consider carefully your patient's superabundance or means. Sometimes give your services for nothing, calling to mind a previous benefaction or present satisfaction. And if there be an opportunity of serving one who is a stranger in financial straits, give full assistance to all such. For where there is love of man, there is also love of the art. For some patients, though conscious that their condition is perilous, recover their health simply through their contentment with the goodness of the physician. And it is well to superintend the sick to make them well, to care for the healthy to keep them well, but also to care for one's own self, so as to observe what is seemly.

LAW

Medicine is the most distinguished of all the arts, but through the ignorance of those who practice it, and of those who casually judge such practitioners, it is now of all the arts by far the least esteemed. The chief reason for this error seems to me to be this: medicine is the only art which our states have made subject to no penalty save that of dishonor, and dishonor does not wound those who are compacted of it. Such men in fact are very like the supernumeraries in tragedies. Just as these have the appearance, dress and mask of an actor without being actors, so too with physicians; many are physicians by repute, very few are such in reality.

He who is going truly to acquire an understanding of medicine must enjoy natural ability, teaching, a suitable place, instruction from childhood, diligence, and time. Now first of all natural ability is necessary, for if nature be in opposition everything is in vain. But when nature points the way to what is best, then comes the teaching of the art. This must be acquired intelligently by one who from a child has been instructed in a place naturally suitable for learning. Moreover he must apply diligence for a long period, in order that learning, becoming second nature, may reap a fine and abundant harvest.

The learning of medicine may be likened to the growth of plants. Our natural ability is the soil. The views of our teachers are as it were the seeds. Learning from childhood is analogous to the seeds' falling betimes upon the prepared ground. The place of instruction is as it were the nutriment that comes from the surrounding air to the things sown. Diligence is the working of the soil. Time strengthens all these things, so that their nurture is perfected.

These are the conditions that we must allow the art of medicine, and we must acquire of it a real knowledge before we travel from city to city and win the reputation of being physicians not only in word but also in deed. Inexperience on the other hand is a cursed treasure and store for those that have it, whether asleep or awake; it is a stranger to confidence and joy, and a nurse of cowardice and of rashness. Cowardice indicates powerlessness; rashness indicates want of art. There are in fact two things, science and opinion; the former begets knowledge, the latter ignorance.

Things however that are holy are revealed only to men who are holy. The profane may not learn them until they have been initiated into the mysteries of science.

DECORUM

When you enter a sick man's room, having made these arrangements, that you may not be at a loss, and having everything in order for what is to be done, know what you must do before going in. For many cases need, not reasoning, but practical help. So you must from your experience forecast what the issue will be. To do so adds to one's reputation, and the learning thereof is easy.

On entering bear in mind your manner of sitting, reserve, arrangement of dress, decisive utterance, brevity of speech, composure, bedside manners, care, replies to objections, calm self-control to meet the troubles that occur, rebuke of disturbance, readiness to do what has to be done. In addition to these things be careful of your first preparation. Failing this, make no further mistake in the matters wherefrom instructions are given for readiness.

Make frequent visits; be especially careful in your examinations, counteracting the things wherein you have been deceived at the changes. Thus you will know the case more easily, and at the same time you will also be more at your ease. For instability is characteristic of the humors, and so they may also be easily altered by nature and by chance. For failure to ob-

serve the proper season for help gives the disease a start and kills the patient, as there was nothing to relieve him. For when many things together produce a result there is difficulty. Sequences of single phenomena are more manageable, and are more easily learnt by experience.

Keep a watch also on the faults of the patients, which often make them lie about the taking of things prescribed. For through not taking disagreeable drinks, purgative or other, they sometimes die. What they have done never results in a confession, but the blame is thrown upon the physician.

THE PHYSICIAN

The dignity of a physician requires that he should look healthy, and as plump as nature intended him to be; for the common crowd consider those who are not of this excellent bodily condition to be unable to take care of others. Then he must be clean in person, well dressed, and anointed with sweet-smelling unguents that are not in any way suspicious. This, in fact, is pleasing to patients. The prudent man must also be careful of certain moral considerations—not only to be silent, but also of a great regularity of life, since thereby his reputation will be greatly enhanced; he must be a gentleman in character, and being this he must be grave and kind to all. For an overforward obtrusiveness is despised, even though it may be very useful. Let him look to the liberty of action that is his; for when the same things are rarely presented to the same persons there is content. In appearance, let him be of a serious but not harsh countenance; for harshness is taken to mean arrogance and unkindness, while a man of uncontrolled laughter and excessive gaiety is considered vulgar, and vulgarity especially must be avoided. In every social relation he will be fair, for fairness must be of great service. The intimacy also between physician and patient is close. Patients in fact put themselves into the hands of their physician, and at every moment he meets women, maidens and possessions very precious indeed. So towards all these self-control must be used. Such then should the physician be, both in body and in soul.

VII. ORATORY (450–322 B.C.)

The century and a half which witnessed the perfection of drama, philosophy, sculpture, and of all other forms of intellect and art saw also the perfection of oratory. From the great number of public speakers between 480 and 322, later Greek critics selected ten who have since been known as the Canon of Attic Orators: Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, Isæus, Demosthenes, Æschines, Lycurgus, Hyperides, and Dinarchus. Oratory was fostered in Athens by the prominence of the public assembly in the life of the community, and by the keen critical sense of the average citizen, who read much less and listened much more than men of modern times. Of the ten, Antiphon represented the grand style, Lysias the plain, and Isocrates the middle, while Demosthenes was so great as to rise above classification. There were teachers of rhetoric and instructors in the general preparation for oratory called Sophists, and some orators wrote speeches to be delivered by clients in their personal causes.

ISOCRATES (436–338 B.C.)

The ambition of Isocrates was to unite Greece in a war against Persia. Twenty-one of his orations survive, and the *Panegyricus,* the most famous of them, pleads for the war, and for Athens as its leader. Like his other orations, it was written to be read, and is distinguished by straightforwardness, fluency, and smoothness. The translation is by J. H. Freese.

THE PANEGYRICUS

Selections

Athens, seeing the barbarians occupying the greater part of the country, and the Hellenes confined in a small space and driven by scarcity of land into intestine conspiracies and civil wars, and perishing, either from want of daily necessities or in war, was not content to leave things so, but sent forth leaders into the states who took those most in need of subsistence, made themselves their generals and conquered the barbarians in war, founded many states on both continents, colonized all the islands, and saved both those who followed them and those who stayed behind; for to the latter they left the home country sufficient for their needs, and the former they provided with more territory than they already possessed; for they acquired all the surrounding districts of which we are now in occupation. In this way too they afforded great facilities to those who in later times wished to send out colonists and to imitate our state; for it was not necessary for them to run risk in acquiring new territory, but they could go and live on land which we had marked out. Now who can show a leadership more ancestral than one which arose before most Hellenic cities were founded, or more beneficial than one which drove the barbarians from their homes, and led on the Hellenes to such prosperity?

Yet, after aiding in the accomplishment of the most pressing duties, Athens did not neglect the rest, but deemed it the first step only in a career of beneficence to find food for those in want, a step which is incumbent upon a people who aim at good government generally, and thinking that life which was limited to mere subsistence was not enough to make men desire to live, she devoted such close attention to the other interests of man, that of all the benefits which men enjoy, not derived from the gods but which we owe to our fellow-men, none have arisen without the aid of Athens, and most of them have been brought about by her agency. For finding the Hellenes living in lawlessness and dwelling in a scattered fashion,

oppressed by tyrannies or being destroyed by anarchy, she also released them from these evils, either by becoming mistress of them or by making herself an example; for she was the first to lay down laws and establish a constitution. This is clear from the fact that, when men in the earliest times introduced indictments for homicide, and determined to settle their mutual disputes by argument and not by violence, they followed our laws in the mode of trial which they adopted.

Nay more, the arts also, whether useful for the necessities of life or contrived for pleasure, were by her either invented or put to proof and offered to the rest of the world for their use. In other respects, moreover, she ordered her administration in such a spirit of welcome to strangers and of friendliness to all, as to suit both those who were in want of money and those who desired to enjoy the wealth they possessed, and not to fail in serving either the prosperous, or those who were unfortunate in their own states, but so that each of these classes finds with us a delightful sojourn or a safe refuge. And further, since the territory possessed by the several states was not in every case self-sufficing, but was defective in some products and bore more than was sufficient of others, and much embarrassment arose where to dispose of the latter, and from whence to import the former, she provided a remedy for these troubles also; for she established the Piræus as a market in the center of Hellas, of such superlative excellence that articles, which it is difficult for the several states to supply to each other one by one, can all be easily procured from Athens. . . .

Now let no one think me ignorant that the Lacedæmonians, too, in those critical times deserved credit for many good services to Hellas; but on this account I have even more reason to praise our state, in that, in conflict with such great competitors, she proved so far superior to them. But I wish to speak a little more at length about these two states, and not to skim over the subject too quickly, that it may be to us a memorial, both of the valor of our ancestors and of the hatred of the barbarians. And yet I am not unaware that it is difficult for one who comes latest to the task to speak of a subject long ago occupied by previous speakers, and on which those citizens best able to speak have often spoken on the occasion of public funerals; for it follows that the chief part must have been already used up, and only a few unimportant points omitted. Nevertheless, starting from what still remains to be said, since it is convenient for my purpose, I must not shrink from making mention concerning them.

Now I think that the greatest services have been rendered and the greatest praises deserved by those who exposed their persons in the forefront of danger for the sake of Hellas; yet it is not fair either to forget those who lived before this war and held power in these two states respectively. For they it was who trained beforehand those coming after them, inclined the multitude to virtue, and created formidable antagonists for the barbarians. For they did not despise the public interests, nor enjoy the resources of the state as their own, while neglecting her interests as no concern of theirs; but they were as solicitous for the common welfare as for their own domestic happiness, and at the same time properly stood aloof from matters which did not affect them. They did not estimate happiness by the standard of money, but they thought that the surest and best wealth was possessed by the man who pursued such conduct as would enable him to gain the best reputation for himself and leave behind the greatest fame for his children. They did not emulate one another's shameless audacity, nor cultivate effrontery in their own persons, but deemed it more terrible to be ill-spoken of by their fellow-citizens than to die nobly for the state, and were more ashamed of public errors than they are now of their own personal faults.

The reason of this was that they took care that their laws should be exact and good, those concerned with the relations of everyday life even more than those that had to do with private contracts. For they knew that good men and true will have no need of many written documents, but, whether on private or public matters, will easily come to an agreement by the aid of a few recognized principles. Such was their public spirit, that the object of their political parties was to dispute, not which should destroy the other and rule over the rest, but which should be first in doing some service to the state; and they organized their clubs, not for their private interests, but for the benefit of the people.

They pursued the same method in their dealings with other states, treating the Hellenes with deference and not with insolence, considering that their rule over them should be that of a general, not of a despot, and desiring to be addressed as leaders rather than masters, and to be entitled saviors and not reviled as destroyers; they won over states by kindness instead of overthrowing them by force; they made their word more trustworthy than their oath is now, and thought it their duty to abide by treaties as by the decrees of necessity; not proud of their power so much as ambitious to live in self-restraint, they thought it right to have the same feelings towards their inferiors as they expected their superiors to have towards them, and they considered their own cities as merely private towns, while they looked upon Hellas as their common fatherland.

Possessed of such ideas, and educating the younger generation in such manners, they brought to light such valiant men in those who fought against the barbarians from Asia, that no one, either poet or sophist, has ever yet been able to speak in a mannner worthy of their achievements. And I can readily excuse them; for it is just as hard to praise those who have surpassed the virtues of other men as those who have never done anything good; for whereas the latter have no deeds to support them, the former have no language befitting them. For what language could be commensurate with the deeds of men who were so far superior to those who made the expedition against Troy, that, while they spent ten years against one city, those men in a short time defeated the whole might of Asia, and not only saved their own countries but also liberated the whole of Hellas? And what deeds or toils or dangers would they have shrunk from attempting in order to win living reputations, when they were so readily willing to lose their lives for the sake of a posthumous fame? . . .

Under our leadership, then, more than any other, we shall find that both private households increased in prosperity and that cities became great. For we did not envy the growing cities nor cause disorder within them by planting side by side opposing forms of constitution, that the inhabitants might fall into factions and each party court our favor, but, considering the harmony of our allies to be a common benefit, we governed all the states on the same principles; our policy regarding them was that of allies and not of masters; exercising a general superintendence, and yet allowing them to be individually free; we helped the people, and made war against arbitrary power, thinking it monstrous that the many should be subject to the few, and that those who are poorer in substance than others, but in other respects no whit inferior, should be driven from office, and more, that, in a country common to all, some should be despots and others mere settlers, and that those who are citizens by nature should by law be deprived of all share in the administration.

Having such grounds of complaint against oligarchies, and more than these, we set up in the other states the same constitution as our own, which I see no need for commending at length, especially as I can give an account of it in a few words. For under it they continued living for seventy years unacquainted with tyrannies, free as regarded the barbarians, undisturbed by faction amongst themselves, and at peace with all men. For these reasons wise men ought far rather to be grateful to us than cast in our teeth the settlements which we used to send out to thinly populated cities to secure protection to their territories, and not for the sake of aggrandizement.

DEMOSTHENES (384–322 B.C.)

The greatest of the Greek orators, a pupil of Isæus, the first who really glorified forensic oratory, was an ambitious and tireless worker in his pursuit of the art of eloquence, a zealous patriot whose great ambition was to rouse Athens to the leadership of Greece against Philip of Macedon, and a martyr to his devotion after the unsuccessful rising of 322 when he poisoned himself to avoid capture by the Macedonians. Eleven of his orations survive, of which the *Philippics* and *On the Crown* are the best known. They are reserved as to ornament, sincere, solid, sinewy, sustained, and full of moral vigor, but the more exquisite qualities are hard to be detected by the modern reader, and almost disappear in translation.

After the battle of Chæronea in 338, when Athens and Thebes, in an alliance brought about by Demosthenes, made an unsuccessful stand against Philip of Macedon, the Macedonian sympathizers among the Athenians became aggressive enemies of Demosthenes. In 330, the orator Æschines, in a legal attack on Ctesiphon, who after the death of Philip had proposed a golden crown for Demosthenes for his patriotic efforts against the Macedonians, took occasion in the speech against the defendant to assail Demosthenes. The great orator's reply was both a legal and a rhetorical triumph. Æschines left Athens, and *On the Crown* is the masterpiece of Demosthenes. The translation is by Charles Rann Kennedy.

ON THE CROWN

Selections

I begin, men of Athens, by praying to every God and Goddess, that the same goodwill, which I have ever cherished towards the commonwealth and all of you, may be requited to me on the present trial. I pray likewise—and this specially concerns yourselves, your religion, and your honor—that the Gods may put it in your minds, not to take counsel of my opponent touching the manner in which I am to be heard—that would indeed be cruel!—but of the laws and of your oath; wherein (besides the other obligations) it is prescribed that you shall hear both sides alike. This means, not only that you must pass no pre-condemnation, not only that you must extend your goodwill equally to both, but also that you must allow the parties to adopt such order and course of defence as they severally choose and prefer.. . .

As I am, it appears, on this day to render an account both of my private life and my public measures, I would fain, as in the outset, call the Gods to my aid; and in your presence I implore them, first, that the goodwill which I have ever cherished towards the commonwealth and all of you may be fully requited to me on the present trial; next, that they may direct you to such a decision upon this indictment, as will conduce to your common honor, and to the good conscience of each individual.

Had Æschines confined his charge to the subject of the prosecution, I too would have proceeded at once to my justification of the decree. But since he has wasted no fewer words in the discussion of other matters, in most of them calumniating me, I deem it both necessary and just, men of Athens, to begin by shortly adverting to these points, that none of you may be induced by extraneous arguments to shut your ears against my defence to the indictment.

To all his scandalous abuse of my private life, observe my plain and honest answer. If you know me to be such as he alleged—for I have lived nowhere else but among you—let not my voice be heard, however transcendent my statesmanship! Rise up this instant and condemn me! But if, in your opinion and judgment, I am far better and of better descent than my adversary; if (to speak without offence) I am not inferior, I or mine, to any respectable citizens; then give no credit to him

for his other statements—it is plain they were all equally fictions—but to me let the same goodwill, which you have uniformly exhibited upon many former trials, be manifested now. With all your malice, Æschines, it was very simple to suppose that I should turn from the discussion of measures and policy to notice your scandal. I will do no such thing: I am not so crazed. Your lies and calumnies about my political life I will examine forthwith; for that loose ribaldry I shall have a word hereafter, if the jury desire to hear it. . . .

However, if you are determined, Æschines, to scrutinize my fortune, compare it with your own, and, if you find my fortune better than yours, cease to revile it. Look then from the very beginning. And I pray and entreat that I may not be condemned for bad taste. I don't think any person wise who insults poverty, or who prides himself on having been bred in affluence: but by the slander and malice of this cruel man I am forced into such a discussion; which I will conduct with all the moderation which circumstances allow.

I had the advantage, Æschines, in my boyhood of going to proper schools, and having such allowance as a boy should have who is to do nothing mean from indigence. Arrived at man's estate, I lived suitably to my breeding; was choirmaster, ship-commander, ratepayer; backward in no acts of liberality public or private, but making myself useful to the commonwealth and to my friends. When I entered upon state affairs, I chose such a line of politics that both by my country and many people of Greece I have been crowned many times, and not even you, my enemies, venture to say that the line I chose was not honorable. Such, then, has been the fortune of my life: I could enlarge upon it, but I forbear, lest what I pride myself in should give offence.

But you, the man of dignity, who spit upon others, look what sort of fortune is yours compared with mine. As a boy you were reared in abject poverty, waiting with your father on the school, grinding the ink, sponging the benches, sweeping the room, doing the duty of a menial rather than a freeman's son. After you were grown up, you attended your mother's initiations, reading her books and helping in all the ceremonies: at night wrapping the noviciates in fawn-skin, swilling, purifying, and scouring them with clay and bran, raising them after the lustration, and bidding them say, 'Bad I have scaped, and better I have found'; priding yourself that no one ever howled so lustily —and I believe him! for don't suppose that he who speaks so loud is not a splendid howler! In the daytime you led your noble orgiasts, crowned with fennel and poplar, through the highways, squeezing the big-cheeked serpents, and lifting them over your head, and shouting Evœ Saboe, and capering to the words Hyes Attes, Attes Hyes, saluted by the beldames as Leader, Conductor, Chest-bearer, Fan-bearer, and the like, getting as your reward tarts and biscuits and rolls; for which any man might well bless himself and his fortune!

When you were enrolled among your fellow-townsmen—by what means I stop not to inquire—when you were enrolled, however, you immediately selected the most honorable of employments, that of clerk and assistant to our petty magistrates. From this you were removed after a while, having done yourself all that you charge others with; and then, sure enough, you disgraced not your antecedents by your subsequent life, but hiring yourself to those ranting players, as they were called, Simylus and Socrates, you acted third parts, collecting figs and grapes and olives like a fruiterer from other men's farms, and getting more from them than from the playing, in which the lives of your whole company were at stake; for there was an implacable and incessant war between them and the audience, from whom you received so many wounds, that no wonder you taunt as cowards people inexperienced in such encounters.

But passing over what may be imputed to poverty, I will come to the direct charges against your character. You espoused such a line of politics (when at last you thought of taking to them) that, if your country prospered, you lived the life of a hare, fearing and trembling and ever expecting to be scourged for the crimes of which your conscience accused you; though all have seen how bold you were during the misfortunes of the rest. A man who took courage at the death of a thousand citizens—what does he deserve at the hands of the living? A great deal more that I could say about him I shall omit: for it is not all I can tell of his

turpitude and infamy which I ought to let slip from my tongue, but only what is not disgraceful to myself to mention.

Contrast now the circumstances of your life and mine, gently and with temper, Æschines; and then ask these people whose fortune they would each of them prefer. You taught reading, I went to school: you performed initiations, I received them: you danced in the chorus, I furnished it: you were assembly-clerk, I was a speaker: you acted third parts, I heard you: you broke down, and I hissed: you have worked as a statesman for the enemy, I for my country. I pass by the rest; but this very day I am on my probation for a crown, and am acknowledged to be innocent of all offence; whilst you are already judged to be a pettifogger, and the question is, whether you shall continue that trade, or at once be silenced by not getting a fifth part of the votes. A happy fortune, do you see, you have enjoyed, that you should denounce mine as miserable!

Come now, let me read the evidence to the jury of public services which I have performed. And by way of comparison do you recite me the verses which you murdered:

> From Hades and the dusky realms I come,

and

> Ill news, believe me, I am loath to bear.

Ill betide thee, say I, and may the Gods, or at least the Athenians, confound thee for a vile citizen and a vile third-rate actor!

Read the evidence.

[*Evidence*]

Such has been my character in political matters. In private, if you do not all know that I have been liberal and humane and charitable to the distressed, I am silent, I will say not a word, I will offer no evidence on the subject, either of persons whom I ransomed from the enemy, or of persons whose daughters I helped to portion, or anything of the kind. For this is my maxim. I hold that the party receiving an obligation should ever remember it, the party conferring should forget it immediately, if the one is to act with honesty, the other without meanness. To remind and speak of your own bounties is next door to reproaching. I will not act so: nothing shall induce me. Whatever my reputation is in these respects, I am content with it. . . .

On what occasions ought an orator and statesman to be vehement? Where any of the commonwealth's main interests are in jeopardy, and he is opposed to the adversaries of the people. Those are the occasions for a generous and brave citizen. But for a person who never sought to punish me for any offence either public or private, on the state's behalf or on his own, to have got up an accusation because I am crowned and honored, and to have expended such a multitude of words—this is a proof of personal enmity and spite and meanness, not of anything good. And then his leaving the controversy with me, and attacking the defendant, comprises everything that is base.

I should conclude, Æschines, that you undertook this cause to exhibit your eloquence and strength of lungs, not to obtain satisfaction for any wrong. But it is not the language of an orator, Æschines, that has any value, nor yet the tone of his voice, but his adopting the same views with the people, and his hating and loving the same persons that his country does. He that is thus minded will say everything with loyal intention: he that courts persons from whom the commonwealth apprehends danger to herself, rides not on the same anchorage with the people, and therefore has not the same expectation of safety. But—do you see?—I have: for my objects are the same with those of my countrymen; I have no interest separate or distinct. Is that so with you? How can it be—when immediately after the battle you went as ambassador to Philip, who was at that period the author of your country's calamities, notwithstanding that you had before persisted in refusing that office, as all men know?

And who is it that deceives the state? Surely the man who speaks not what he thinks. On whom does the crier pronounce a curse? Surely on such a man. What greater crime can an orator be charged with than that his opinions and his language are not the same? Such is found to be your character. And yet you open your mouth, and dare to look these men in the faces! Do you think they don't know you?

—or are sunk all in such slumber and oblivion as not to remember the speeches which you delivered in the assembly, cursing and swearing that you had nothing to do with Philip, and that I brought that charge against you out of personal enmity without foundation? No sooner came the news of the battle, than you forgot all that; you acknowledged and avowed that between Philip and yourself there subsisted a relation of hospitality and friendship—new names these for your contract of hire. For upon what plea of equality or justice could Æschines, son of Glaucothea the timbrel-player, be the friend or acquaintance of Philip? I cannot see. No! You were hired to ruin the interests of your countrymen: and yet, though you have been caught yourself in open treason, and informed against yourself after the fact, you revile and reproach me for things which you will find any man is chargeable with sooner than I.

Many great and glorious enterprises has the commonwealth, Æschines, undertaken and succeeded in through me; and she did not forget them. Here is the proof—On the election of a person to speak the funeral oration immediately after the event, you were proposed, but the people would not have you, notwithstanding your fine voice, nor Demades, though he had just made the peace, nor Hegemon, nor any other of your party—but me. And when you and Pythocles came forward in a brutal and shameful manner (O merciful heaven!) and urged the same accusations against me which you now do, and abused me, they elected me all the more. The reason—you are not ignorant of it—yet I will tell you. The Athenians knew as well the loyalty and zeal with which I conducted their affairs as the dishonesty of you and your party; for what you denied upon oath in our prosperity you confessed in the misfortunes of the republic. They considered, therefore, that men who got security for their politics by the public disasters had been their enemies long before, and were then avowedly such. They thought it right also that the person who was to speak in honor of the fallen and celebrate their valor should not have sat under the same roof or at the same table with their antagonists; that he should not revel there and sing a pæan over the calamities of Greece in company with their murderers, and then come here and receive distinction; that he should not with his voice act the mourner of their fate, but that he should lament over them with his heart. This they perceived in themselves and in me, but not in any of you: therefore they elected me, and not you. Nor, while the people felt thus, did the fathers and brothers of the deceased, who were chosen by the people to perform their obsequies, feel differently. For having to order the funeral banquet (according to custom) at the house of the nearest relative to the deceased, they ordered it at mine. And with reason: because, though each to his own was nearer of kin than I was, none was so near to them all collectively. He that had the deepest interest in their safety and success had upon their mournful disaster the largest share of sorrow for them all.

Read him this epitaph, which the state chose to inscribe on their monument, that you may see even by this, Æschines, what a heartless and malignant wretch you are. Read.

THE EPITAPH.

These are the patriot brave, who side by side
Stood to their arms, and dash'd the foeman's pride:
Firm in their valor, prodigal of life,
Hades they chose the arbiter of strife;
That Greeks might ne'er to haughty victors bow,
Nor thraldom's yoke, nor dire oppression know;
They fought, they bled, and on their country's breast
(Such was the doom of heaven) these warriors rest.
Gods never lack success, nor strive in vain,
But man must suffer what the fates ordain.

Do you hear, Æschines, in this very inscription, that 'Gods never lack success, nor strive in vain?' Not to the statesman does it ascribe the power of giving victory in battle, but to the Gods. Wherefore, then, execrable man, do you reproach me with these things? Wherefore utter such language? I pray that it may fall upon the heads of you and yours. . . .

Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen—so may I speak of myself and give the least offence. In authority, his constant aim should be the dignity and preëminence of the commonwealth; in all times and circumstances his spirit should be loyal. This depends upon nature; power and might upon other things. Such a spirit, you will find, I have ever sincerely cherished. Only

see. When my person was demanded—when they brought Amphictyonic suits against me—when they menaced—when they promised—when they set these miscreants like wild beasts upon me—never in any way have I abandoned my affection for you. From the very beginning I chose an honest and straightforward course in politics, to support the honor, the power, the glory of my fatherland, these to exalt, in these to have my being. I do not walk about the market-place gay and cheerful because the stranger has prospered, holding out my right hand and congratulating those who I think will report it yonder, and on any news of our own success shudder and groan and stoop to the earth, like these impious men who rail at Athens, as if in so doing they did not rail at themselves; who look abroad, and if the foreigner thrives by the distresses of Greece, are thankful for it, and say we should keep him so thriving to all time.

Never, O ye Gods, may those wishes be confirmed by you! If possible, inspire even in these men a better sense and feeling! But if they are indeed incurable, destroy them by themselves; exterminate them on land and sea; and for the rest of us, grant that we may speedily be released from our present fears, and enjoy a lasting deliverance!

VIII. THE ALEXANDRIAN PERIOD (333–146 B.C.)

With the passing of Greece under the control of Macedon, the Hellenic period came to an end. With the diffusion of Hellenic modes of thought and action under Alexander the Great and his successors over the wide spaces of the Empire, including many peoples partially or not at all of Greek blood, the Hellenistic period began to be terminated in 146 by the fall of Corinth and the subjection of all Greece. Alexandrian literature and art in general were more or less derivative and artificial; it was a period of learning and criticism rather than creation. Its greatest center was Alexandria, the capital of Egypt, where the first Ptolemy (306-285 B.C.) founded the celebrated Museum, which had a library of 700,000 manuscripts. Aratus (270 B.C.), author of a poem on weather signs; Callimachus (260), writer of hymns and epigrams; Theocritus (270), Moschus (150), and Bion, of uncertain date, three pastoral poets; Apollonius Rhodius (194), author of the *Argonautica;* and Nicander (150), writer of versified medical epics—were some of its literary and didactic figures. Aristarchus (156 B.C.) was its most learned critic and the first scientific scholar; Euclid, the geometrician (300 B.C.), Archimedes, the mechanician, who was killed in 212 at Syracuse, and Eratosthenes, the geographer of the same times, were some of its scientists.

Of the Alexandrian authors, Callimachus and Apollonius had some influence on the Roman poets, but Theocritus and Bion exercised a charm which wrought not only on Virgil in Roman times, but through him and also directly upon modern pastoral poetry. With these exceptions, the Alexandrian contribution to literature as an art was slight.

THEOCRITUS (About 270 B.C.)

Theocritus was a Sicilian and Syracusan who became popular at the court of Alexandria about 270 B.C. A keen observer and a real lover of the rustic out-of-doors, he appealed to the taste of a cosmopolitan city society become somewhat jaded. His pastorals, called also bucolics, are refreshing representations of shepherd contests with pipe and song charmingly set against the appropriate rustic background, the most famous modern echo of which is Milton's *Lycidas.* The exquisite pictorial quality of most of them, and even of those of epic and urban content, has won them the name of idylls, or little pictures. The dialogue or dramatic element in Theocritus is to be looked upon as a descent from the mime, a sort of literary improvisation which had flourished in Sicily from its origin at the hands of Sophron about 440 B.C. There survive thirty-one poems and a few epigrams and fragments, most of them in the Doric dialect, which has a broad effect appropriate to rustic subjects.

The translations by J. M. Edmonds of the first, third and last poems here reprinted are used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library; their language and style reproduce admirably the flavor of the idylls. The second and fourth translations are by Charles Stuart Calverley, whose gracious verse is less realistic.

THYRSIS

Thyrsis. Something sweet is the whisper of the pine that makes her music by yonder springs, and sweet no less, master Goatherd, the melody of your pipe. Pan only shall take place and prize afore you; and if they give him a horny he-goat, then a she shall be yours; and if a she be for him, why, you shall have her kid; and kid's meat's good eating till your kids be milch-goats.

Goatherd. As sweetly, good Shepherd, falls your music as the resounding water that gushes down from the top o' yonder rock. If the Muses get the ewe-lamb to their meed, you shall carry off the cosset; and if so be they choose the cosset, the ewe-lamb shall come to you.

T. 'Fore the Nymphs I pray you, master Goatherd, come now and sit ye down here by this shelving bank and these brush tamarisks and play me a tune. I'll keep your goats the while.

G. No, no, man; there's no piping for me at high noon. I go in too great dread of Pan for that. I wot high noon's his time for taking rest after the swink o' the chase; and he's one o' the tetchy sort; his nostril's ever sour wrath's abiding-place. But for singing, you, Thyrsis, used to sing *The Affliction of Daphnis* as well as any man; you are no 'prentice in the art of country-music. So let's come and sit yonder beneath the elm, this way, over against Priapus and the fountain-goddesses, where that shepherd's seat is and those oak-trees. And if you but sing as you sang that day in the match with Chromis of Libya, I'll not only grant you three milkings of a twinner goat that for all her two young yields two pailfuls, but I'll give you a fine great mazer to boot, well scoured with sweet beeswax, and of two lugs, bran-span-new and the smack of the graver upon it yet.

The lip of it is hanged about with curling ivy, ivy freaked with a cassidony which goes twisting and twining among the leaves in the pride of her saffron fruitage. And within this bordure there's a woman, fashioned as a God might fashion her, lapped in a robe and a snood about her head. And either side the woman a swain with fair and flowing locks, and they bandy words the one with the other. Yet her heart is not touched by aught they say; for now 'tis a laughing glance to this, and anon a handful of regard to that, and for all their eyes have been so long hollow for love of her, they spend their labor in vain. Besides these there's an old fisher wrought on't and a rugged rock, and there stands gaffer gathering up his great net for a cast with a right good will like one that toils might and main. You would say that man went about his fishing with all the strength o's limbs, so stands every sinew in his neck, for all his grey hairs, puffed and swollen; for his strength is the strength of youth.

And but a little removed from master Weatherbeat there's a vineyard well laden with clusters red to the ripening, and a little lad seated watching upon the hedge. And on either side of him two foxes; this ranges to and fro along the rows and pilfers all such grapes as be ready for eating, while that setteth all his cunning at the lad's wallet, and vows he will not let him be till he have set him breaking his fast with but poor victuals to his drink. And all the time the urchin's got star-flower-stalks a-platting to a reed for to make him a pretty gin for locusts, and cares never so much, not he, for his wallet or his vines as he takes pleasure in his platting. And for an end, mark you, spread all about the cup goes the lissom bear's-foot, a sight worth the seeing with its writhen leaves; 'tis a marvelous work, 'twill amaze your heart.

Now for that cup a ferryman of Calymnus had a goat and a gallant great cheese-loaf of me, and never yet hath it touched my lip; it still lies unhandselled by. Yet right welcome to it art thou, if like a good fellow thou'lt sing me that pleasing and delightful song. Nay, not so; I am in right earnest. To't, good friend; sure thou wilt not be hoarding that song against thou be'st come where all's forgot?

THYRSIS [*sings*]

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.
'Tis Thyrsis sings, of Etna, and a rare sweet voice hath he.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pined? ye Nymphs, O where were ye?
Was it Peneius' pretty vale, or Pindus' glens? 'twas never
Anápus' flood nor Etna's pike nor Acis' holy river.
Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.
When Daphnis died the foxes wailed and the wolves they wailed full sore,
The lion from the greenwood wept when Daphnis was no more.
Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.
O many the lusty steers at his feet, and many the heifers slim,
Many the calves and many the kine that made their moan for him.
Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.
Came Hermes first, from the hills away, and said 'O Daphnis, tell,
'Who is't that fretteth thee, my son? whom lovest thou so well?'
Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.
The neatherds came, the shepherds came, and the goatherds him beside,

All fain to hear what ail'd him; Priápus came and cried
'Why peak and pine, unhappy wight, when thou mightest bed a bride?
For there's nor wood nor water but hath seen her footsteps flee—
Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses—
In search o' thee. O a fool-in-love and a feeble is here, perdye!
Neatherd, forsooth? 'tis goatherd now, or 'faith, 'tis like to be;
When goatherd in the rutting-time the skipping kids doth scan,
His eye grows soft, his eye grows sad, because he's born a man;—
Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses—
So you, when ye see the lasses laughing in gay riót,
Your eye grows soft, your eye grows sad, because you share it not.'
But never a word said the poor neathérd, for a bitter love bare he;
And he bare it well, as I shall tell, to the end that was to be.

Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.
But and the Cyprian came him to, and smiled on him full sweetly—
For though she fain would foster wrath, she could not choose but smile—
And cried 'Ah, braggart Daphnis, that wouldst throw Love so featly!
Thou'rt thrown, methinks, thyself of Love's so grievous guile.'
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.
Then out he spake; 'O Cypris cruel, Cypris vengeful yet,
Cypris hated of all flesh! think'st all my sun be set?
I tell thee even 'mong the dead Daphnis shall work thee ill:—
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses—
Men talk of Cypris and the hind; begone to Ida hill,
Begone to hind Anchises; sure bedstraw there doth thrive
And fine oak-trees and pretty bees all humming at the hive.
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.
Adonis too is ripe to woo, for a' tends his his sheep o' the lea
And shoots the hare and a-hunting goes of all the beasts there be.
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.
And then I'ld have thee take thy stand by Diomed, and say
"I slew the neatherd Daphnis; fight me thou to-day."
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.
But 'tis wolf farewell and fox farewell and bear o' the mountain den,
Your neatherd fere, your Daphnis dear, ye'll never see agen,
By glen no more, by glade no more. And 'tis O farewell to thee,
Sweet Arethuse, and all pretty watérs down Thymbris vale that flee;
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses;
For this, O this is that Daphnis, your kine to field did bring,
This Daphnis he, led stirk and steer to you a-watering.
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.

And Pan, O Pan, whether at this hour by Lycee's mountain-pile
Or Maenal steep thy watch thou keep, come away to the Sicil isle,
Come away from the knoll of Helicè and the howe lift high i' the lea,
The howe of Lycáon's child, the howe that Gods in heav'n envye;
Country-song, leave country-song, ye Muses;
Come, Master, and take this pretty pipe, this pipe of honey breath,
Of wax well knit round lips to fit; for Love hales mé to my death.
Country-song, leave country-song, ye Muses.
Bear violets now ye briers, ye thistles violets too;
Daffodilly may hang o' the juniper, and all things go askew;
Pines may grow figs now Daphnis dies, and hind tear hound if she will,
And the sweet nightingále be outsung i' the dale by the scritch-owl from the hill.'
Country-song, leave country-song, ye Muses.
Such words spake he, and he stayed him still; and O, the Love-Ladye,
She would fain have raised him where he lay but that could never be.

For the thread was spun and the days were done and Daphnis gone to the River,
And the Nymphs' good friend and the Muses' fere was whelmed i' the whirl forever.
Country-song, leave country-song, ye Muses.

There; give me the goat and the tankard, man; and the Muses shall have a libation of her milk. Fare you well, ye Muses, and again fare you well, and I'll e'en sing you a sweeter song another day.

G. Be your fair mouth filled with honey and the honeycomb, good Thyrsis; be your eating of the sweet figs of Ægilus; for sure your singing's as delightful as the cricket's chirping in spring. Here's the cup (*taking it from his wallet*). Pray mark how good it smells; you'll be thinking it hath been washed at the well o' the Seasons. Hither, Browning; and milk her, you. A truce to your skipping, ye kids yonder, or the buckgoat will be after you.

HARVEST-HOME

Once on a time did Eucritus and I
(With us Amyntas) to the riverside
Steal from the city. For Lycopeus' sons
Were that day busy with the harvest-home,
Antigenes and Phrasidemus, sprung
(If aught thou holdest by the good old names)
By Clytia from great Chalcon—him who erst
Planted one stalwart knee against the rock,
And lo, beneath his foot Burinè's rill
Brake forth, and at its side poplar and elm
Shewed aisles of pleasant shadow, greenly roofed
By tufted leaves. Scarce midway were we now,
Nor yet descried the tomb of Brasilas:
When, thanks be to the Muses, there drew near
A wayfarer from Crete, young Lycidas.
The horned herd was his care: a glance might tell
So much: for every inch a herdsman he.
Slung o'er his shoulder was a ruddy hide
Torn from a he-goat, shaggy, tangle-haired,
That reeked of rennet yet: a broad belt clasped
A patched cloak round his breast, and for a staff
A gnarled wild-olive bough his right hand bore.
Soon with a quiet smile he spoke—his eye
Twinkled, and laughter sat upon his lip:
'And whither ploddest thou thy weary way
Beneath the noontide sun, Simichidas?
For now the lizard sleeps upon the wall,
The crested lark folds now his wandering wing.
Dost speed, a bidden guest, to some reveler's board?
Or townward to the treading of the grape?
For lo! recoiling from thy hurrying feet
The pavement-stones ring outright merrily.'
Then I: 'Friend Lycid, all men say that none
Of haymakers or herdsmen is thy match
At piping: and my soul is glad thereat.
Yet, to speak sooth, I think to rival thee.
Now look, this road holds holiday to-day:
For banded brethren solemnize a feast
To richly-dight Demeter, thanking her
For her good gifts: since with no grudging hand
Hath the boon goddess filled the wheaten floors.
So come: the way, the day, is thine as mine:
Try we our woodcraft—each may learn from each.
I am, as thou, a clarion-voice of song;
All hail me chief of minstrels. But I am not,
Heaven knows, o'ercredulous: no, I scarce can yet
(I think) outvie Philetas, nor the bard
Of Samos, champion of Sicilian song.
They are as cicadas challenged by a frog.'

I spake to gain mine ends; and laughing light
He said: 'Accept this club, as thou'rt indeed
A born truth-teller, shaped by heaven's own hand!
I hate your builders who would rear a house
High as Oromedon's mountain-pinnacle:
I hate your song-birds too, whose cuckoo-cry
Struggles (in vain) to match the Chian bard.
But come, we'll sing forthwith, Simichidas,
Our woodland music: and for my part I—
List, comrade, if you like the simple air
I forged among the uplands yesterday.

[*Sings*]

Safe be my true-love convoyed o'er the main
To Mitylené—though the southern blast
Chase the lithe waves, while westward slant the Kids,
Or low above the verge Orion stand—

If from Love's furnace she will rescue me,
For Lycidas is parched with hot desire.
Let halcyons lay the sea-waves and the winds,
Northwind and Westwind, that in shores far-off
Flutters the seaweed—halcyons, of all birds
Whose prey is on the waters, held most dear
By the green Nereids: yea let all things smile
On her to Mitylené voyaging,
And in fair harbor may she ride at last.
I on that day, a chaplet woven of dill
Or rose or simple violet on my brow,
Will draw the wine of Pteleas from the cask
Stretched by the ingle. They shall roast me beans,
And elbow-deep in thyme and asphodel
And quaintly-curling parsley shall be piled
My bed of rushes, where in royal ease
I sit and, thinking of my darling, drain
With steadfast lip the liquor to the dregs.
I'll have a pair of pipers, shepherds both,
This from Acharnæ, from Lycopé that;
And Tityrus shall be near me and shall sing
How the swain Daphnis loved the stranger-maid;
And how he ranged the fells, and how the oaks
(Such oaks as Himera's banks are green withal)
Sang dirges o'er him waning fast away
Like snow on Athos, or on Hæmus high,
Or Rhodopé, or utmost Caucasus.
And he shall sing me how the big chest held
(All through the maniac malice of his lord)
A living goatherd: how the round-faced bees,
Lured from their meadow by the cedar-smell,
Fed him with daintiest flowers, because the Muse
Had made his throat a well-spring of sweet song.
Happy Cometas, this sweet lot was thine!
Thee the chest prisoned, for thee the honey-bees
Toiled, as thou slavedst out the mellowing year:
And oh hadst thou been numbered with the quick
In my day! I had led thy pretty goats
About the hill-side, listening to thy voice:
While thou hadst lain thee down 'neath oak or pine,
Divine Cometas, warbling pleasantly.'

He spake and paused; and thereupon spake I,
'I too, friend Lycid, as I ranged the fells,
Have learned much lore and pleasant from the Nymphs,
Whose fame mayhap hath reached the throne of Zeus.
But this wherewith I'll grace thee ranks the first:
Thou listen, since the Muses like thee well.

[*Sings*]

On me the young Loves sneezed: for hap less I
Am fain of Myrto as the goats of Spring.
But my best friend Aratus inly pines
For one who loves him not. Aristis saw—
(A wondrous seer is he, whose lute and lay
Shrinéd Apollo's self would scarce disdain)—
How love had scorched Aratus to the bone.
O Pan, who hauntest Homolé's fair champagne,
Bring the soft charmer, whosoe'er it be,
Unbid to his sweet arms—so, gracious Pan,
May ne'er thy ribs and shoulderblades be lashed
With squills by young Arcadians, whensoe'er
They are scant of supper! But should this my prayer
Mislike thee, then on nettles mayest thou sleep,
Dinted and sore all over from their claws!
Then mayest thou lodge amid Edonian hills
By Hebrus, in midwinter; there subsist,
The Bear thy neighbor: and, in summer, range
With the far Æthiops 'neath the Blemmyan rocks
Where Nile is no more seen! But O ye Loves,
Whose cheeks are like pink apples, quit your homes
By Hyetis, or Byblis' pleasant rill,
Or fair Dioné's rocky pedestal,
And strike that fair one with your arrows, strike
The ill-starred damsel who disdains my friend.
And lo, what is she but an o'er-ripe pear?
The girls all cry "Her bloom is on the wane."
We'll watch, Aratus, at that porch no more,
Nor waste shoe-leather: let the morning cock
Crow to wake others up to numb despair!
Let Molon, and none else, that ordeal brave:
While we make ease our study, and secure
Some witch, to charm all evil from our door.

I ceased. He smiling sweetly as before,
Gave me the staff, 'the Muses' parting gift,'

And leftward sloped tow'rd Pyxa. We the while,
Bent us to Phrasydeme's, Eucritus and I,
And baby-faced Amyntas: there we lay
Half-buried in a couch of fragrant reed
And fresh-cut vineleaves, who so glad as we?
A wealth of elm and poplar shook o'erhead;
Hard by, a sacred spring flowed gurgling on
From the Nymphs' grot, and in the somber boughs
The sweet cicada chirped laboriously.
Hid in the thick thorn-bushes far away
The treefrog's note was heard; the crested lark
Sang with the goldfinch; turtles made their moan,
And o'er the fountain hung the gilded bee.
All of rich summer smacked, of autumn all:
Pears at our feet, and apples at our side
Rolled in luxuriance; branches on the ground
Sprawled, overweighed with damsons; while we brushed
From the cask's head the crust of four long years.
Say, ye who dwell upon Parnassian peaks,
Nymphs of Castalia, did old Chiron e'er
Set before Heracles a cup so brave
In Pholus' cavern—did as nectarous draughts
Cause that Anapian shepherd, in whose hand
Rocks were as pebbles, Polypheme the strong,
Featly to foot it o'er the cottage lawns:—
As, ladies, ye bid flow that day for us
All by Demeter's shrine at harvest-home?
Beside whose cornstacks may I oft again
Plant my broad fan: while she stands by and smiles,
Poppies and cornsheaves on each laden arm.

THE WOMEN AT THE ADONIS-FESTIVAL

Gorgo. Praxinoa at home?

Praxinoa. Dear Gorgo! at last! she *is* at home. I quite thought you'd forgotten me. (*to the maid*) Here, Eunoa, a chair for the lady, and a cushion in it.

G. No, thank you, really.

P. Do sit down.

G. (*sitting*) O what a silly I was to come! What with the crush and the horses, Praxinoa, I've scarcely got here alive. It's all big boots and people in uniform. And the street was never-ending, and you can't think how far your house is along it.

P. That's my lunatic; came and took one at the end of the world, and more an animal's den, too, than a place for a human being to live in, just to prevent you and me being neighbors, out of sheer spite, the jealous old wretch! He's always like that.

G. My dear, pray don't call your good Dinon such names before Baby. See how he's staring at you. (*to the child*) It's all right, Zopy, my pet. It's not dad-dad she's talking about.

P. Upon my word, the child understands.

G. Nice dad-dad.

P. And yet that dad-dad of his the other day—the other day, now, I tell him 'Daddy, get mother some soap and rouge from the shop,' and, would you believe it? back he came with a packet of salt, the great six feet of folly!

G. Mine's just the same. Diocleidas is a perfect spendthrift. Yesterday he gave seven shillings apiece for mere bits of dog's hair, mere pluckings of old handbags, five of them, all filth, all work to be done over again. But come, my dear, get your cloak and gown. I want you to come with me (*grandly*) to call on our high and mighty Prince Ptolemy to see the Adonis. I hear the Queen's getting up something quite splendid this year.

P. (*hesitating*) Fine folks, fine ways.

G. Yes; but sight seen's tale told, you know; if you've been and other people haven't. It's time we were on the move.

P. It's always holidays with people who've nothing to do. (*suddenly making up her mind*) Here, Eunoa, you scratch-face, take up the spinning and put it away with the rest. Cats always *will* lie soft. Come, bestir yourself. Quick, some water! (*to Gorgo*) Water's wanted first, and she brings the soap. (*to Eunoa*) Never mind; give it me. Not all that, you wicked waste! Pour out the water. Oh, you wretch! What do you mean by wetting my bodice like that? That's enough (*to Gorgo*) I've got myself washed somehow, thank goodness. (*to Eunoa*) Now where's the key of the big cupboard? Bring it here. (*Takes out a Dorian pinner*)

G. Praxinoa, that full gathering suits you really well. Do tell me what you gave for the material.

P. Don't speak of it, Gorgo; it was more than eight golden sovereigns, and I can tell you I put my very soul into making it up.

G. Well, all I can say is, it's *most* successful.

P. It's very good of you to say so. (*to Eunoa*) Come, put on my cloak and hat for me, and mind you do it properly. No; I'm not going to take *you,* Baby. Horse-bogey bites little boys. You may cry as much as

you like; I'm not going to have you lamed for life. Come along. Take Baby and amuse him, Phrygia, and call the dog indoors and lock the front-door. Heavens, what a crowd! How we're to get through this awful crush and how long it's going to take us, I can't imagine. Talk of an antheap! I *must* say, you've done us many a good turn, my good Ptolemy, since your father went to heaven. We have no villains sneaking up to murder us in the streets nowadays in the good old Egyptian style. They don't play those awful games now—the thorough-paced rogues, every one of them the same, all queer! Gorgo dearest! what *shall* we do? The Royal Horse! Don't run me down, my good man. That bay's rearing. Look, what temper! Stand back, Eunoa, you reckless girl! He'll be the death of that man. Thank goodness I left Baby at home!

G. It's all right, Praxinoa. We've got well behind them, you see. They're all where they ought to be, now.

P. And fortunately I can say the same of my poor wits. Ever since I was a girl, two things have frightened me more than anything else, a horrid slimy snake and a horse. Let's get on. Here's ever such a crowd pouring after us.

G. Have you come from the palace, mother?

Old Woman. Yes, my dears.

G. Then we can get there all right, can we?

O. W. Trying took Troy, my pretty; don't they say where there's a will there's a way?

G. That old lady gave us some oracles, didn't she?

P. My dear, women know everything. They know all about Zeus marrying Hera.

G. Do look, Praxinoa; what a crowd there is at the door!

P. Marvelous. Give me your arm, Gorgo; and you take hold of Eutychis' arm, Eunoa; and you hold on tight, Eutychis, or you'll be separated. We'll all go in together. Mind you keep hold of me, Eunoa. Oh dear, oh dear, Gorgo! my summer cloak's torn right in two. For Heaven's sake, as you wish to be saved, mind my cloak, sir.

First Stranger. I really can't help what happens; but I'll do my best.

P. The crowd's simply enormous; they're pushing like a drove of pigs.

F. S. Don't be alarmed, madam; we're all right.

P. *You* deserve to be all right to the end of your days, my dear sir, for the care you've been taking of us. What a kind considerate man! Poor Eunoa's getting squeezed. (*to Eunoa*) Push, you coward, can't you? (*they pass in*) That's all right. All inside, as the bridegroom said when he shut the door.

G. Praxinoa, do come here. Before you do anything else I insist upon your looking at the embroideries. How delicate they are! and in such good taste! They're really hardly human, are they?

P. Huswife Athena! the weavers that made that material and the embroiderers who did that close detailed work are simply marvels. How realistically the things all stand and move about in it! they're living! It *is* wonderful what people can do. And then the Holy Boy; how perfectly beautiful he looks lying on his silver couch, with the down of manhood just showing on his cheeks, —the thrice-beloved Adonis, beloved even down below!

Second Stranger. Oh dear, oh dear, ladies! do stop that eternal cooing. (*to the bystanders*) They'll weary me to death with their ah-ah-ah-ing.

P. My word! where *does* that person come from? What business is it of yours if we do coo? Buy your slaves before you order them about, pray. If you *must* know, we're Corinthians by extraction, like Bellerophon himself. What *we* talk's Peloponnesian. I suppose Dorians may speak Doric, mayn't they? Persephone! let's have no more masters than the one we've got. I shall do just as I like. Pray don't waste your breath.

G. Be quiet, Praxinoa. She's just going to begin the song, that Argive person's daughter, you know, the 'accomplished vocalist' that was chosen to sing the dirge *last* year. You may be sure *she'll* give us something good. Look, she's making her bow.

The Dirge

Lover of Golgi and Idaly and Eryx' steepy hold,
O Lady Aphrodite with the face that beams like gold,
Twelve months are sped and soft-footed Heav'n's pretty laggards, see,
Bring o'er the never-tarrying stream Adonis back to thee.
The Seasons, the Seasons, full slow they go and come,
But some sweet thing for all they bring, and so they are welcome home.
O Cypris, Dion's daughter, of thee anealed, 'tis said,

Our Queen that was born of woman is e'en immortal made;
And now, sweet Lady of many names, of many shrines Ladye,
Thy guerdon's giv'n; for the Queen's daughtér, as Helen fair to see,
Thy lad doth dight with all delight upon this holyday;
For there's not a fruit the orchard bears but is here for his hand to take,
And cresses trim all kept for him in many a silver tray,
And Syrian balm in vials of gold; and O, there's every cake
That ever woman kneaded of bolted meal so fair
With blossoms blent of every scent or oil or honey rare—
Here's all outlaid in semblance made of every bird and beast.
Two testers green they have plight ye, with dainty dill well dressed,
Whereon, like puny nightingales that flit from bough to bough
Trying their waxing wings to spread, the Love-babes hovering go.
How fair the ebony and the gold, the ivory white how fair,
And eagles twain to Zeus on high bringing his cup-bearer!
Aye, and the coverlets spread for ye are softer spread than sleep—
Forsooth Miletus town may say, or the master of Samian sheep,
'The bridal bed for Adonis spread of my own making is;
Cypris hath this for her wrapping, Adonis that for his.'
Of eighteen years or nineteen is turned the rose-limbed groom;
His pretty lip is smooth to sip, for it bears but flaxen bloom.
And now she's in her husband's arms, and so we'll say good-night;
But to-morrow we'll come wi' the dew, the dew, and take hands and bear him away
Where plashing wave the shore doth lave, and there with locks undight
And bosoms bare all shining fair will raise this shrilling lay:—
'O sweet Adonis, none but thee of the children of Gods and men
'Twixt overworld and underworld doth pass and pass agen;
That cannot Agamemnon, nor the Lord o' the Woeful Spleen,
Nor the first of the twice-ten children that came of the Troyan queen,
Nor Patroclus brave, nor Pyrrhus bold that home from the war did win,
Nor none o' the kith o' the old Lapíth nor of them of Deucalion's kin—
E'en Pelops line lacks fate so fine, and Pelasgian Argos' pride.
Adonis sweet, Adonis dear,
Be gracious for another year;
Thou'rt welcome to thine own alway,
And welcome we'll both cry to-day
And next Adonis-tide.'

G. O Praxinoa! what clever things we women are! I do envy her knowing all that, and still more having such a lovely voice. But I must be getting back. It's Diocleidas' dinner-time, and that man's all pepper; I wouldn't advise anyone to come near him even, when he's kept waiting for his food. Good-bye, Adonis darling; and I only trust you may find us all thriving when you come next year.

THE FISHERMEN

Want quickens wit: Want's pupils needs must work,
O Diophantus: for the child of toil
Is grudged his very sleep by carking cares:
Or, if he taste the blessedness of night,
Thought for the morrow soon warns slumber off.
Two ancient fishers once lay side by side
On piled-up sea-wrack in their wattled hut,
Its leafy wall their curtain. Near them lay
The weapons of their trade, basket and rod,
Hooks, weed-encumbered nets, and cords and oars,
And, propped on rollers, an infirm old boat.
Their pillow was a scanty mat, eked out
With caps and garments: such the ways and means,
Such the whole treasury of the fishermen.
They knew no luxuries: owned nor door nor dog;
Their craft their all, their mistress Poverty:
Their only neighbor Ocean, who for aye
Round their lorn hut came floating lazily.
Ere the moon's chariot was in mid-career,
The fishers girt them for their customed toil,
And banished slumber from unwilling eyes,
And roused their dreamy intellects with speech:—

Asphalion. They say that soon flit summer-nights away,
Because all lingering is the summer day:

Friend, it is false; for dream on dream have I
Dreamed, and the dawn still reddens not the sky.
How? am I wandering? or does night pass slow?

Comrade. Asphalion, scout not the sweet summer so.
'Tis not that wilful seasons have gone wrong,
But care maims slumber, and the nights seem long.

A. Didst thou e'er study dreams? For visions fair
I saw last night; and fairly thou should'st share
The wealth I dream of, as the fish I catch.
Now, for sheer sense, I reckon few thy match;
And, for a vision, he whose motherwit
Is his sole tutor best interprets it.
And now we've time the matter to discuss:
For who could labor, lying here (like us)
Pillowed on leaves and neighbored by the deep,
Or sleeping amid thorns no easy sleep?
In rich men's halls the lamps are burning yet;
But fish come alway to the rich man's net.

C. To me the vision of the night relate;
Speak, and reveal the riddle to thy mate.

A. Last evening, as I plied my watery trade,
(Not on an o'erfull stomach—we had made
Betimes a meager meal, as you can vouch)
I fell asleep; and lo! I seemed to crouch
Among the boulders, and for fish to wait,
Still dangling, rod in hand, my vagrant bait.
A fat fellow caught it: (e'en in sleep I'm bound
To dream of fishing, as of crusts the hound:)
Fast clung he to the hooks; his blood outwelled;
Bent with his struggling was the rod I held:
I tugged and tugged: my efforts made me ache:
'How, with a line thus slight, this monster take?'
Then gently, just to warn him he was caught,
I twitched him once; then slacked and then made taut
My line, for now he offered not to run;
A glance soon showed me all my task was done.
'Twas a gold fish, pure metal every inch,
That I had captured. I began to flinch:
'What if this beauty be the sea-king's joy,
Or azure Amphitrite's treasured toy!'
With care I disengaged him—not to rip
With hasty hook the gilding from his lip:
And with a tow-line landed him, and swore
Never to set my foot on ocean more,
But with my gold live royally ashore.
So I awoke: and, comrade, lend me now
Thy wits, for I am troubled for my vow.

C. Ne'er quake: you're pledged to nothing, for no prize
You gained or gazed on. Dreams are nought but lies.
Yet may this dream bear fruit; if, wide-awake
And not in dreams, you'll fish the neighboring lake.
Fish that are meat you'll there mayhap behold,
Not die of famine, amid dreams of gold.

THE HYMN TO THE DIOSCURI

The Together-coming Rocks were safely passed and the baleful mouth of the snowy Pontic entered, and Argo with the dear children of the Gods aboard her had made the country of the Bebrycians. Down the ladders on either side went crowding the men of Jason's ship, and soon as they were out upon the soft deep sand of that lee shore, set to making them greenbeds and rubbing fire-sticks for fire. Then went Castor of the nimble coursers and Polydeuces ruddy as the wine together wandering afield from the rest, for to see the wild woodland of all manner of trees among the hills. Now beneath a certain slabby rock they did find a freshet brimming ever with water pure and clear. The pebbles at the bottom of it were like to silver and crystal, and long and tall there grew beside it, as well firs and poplars and planes and spiry cypresses, as all fragrant flowers which abound in the meadows of outgoing spring to be loved and labored of the shag bee. In that place there sat taking the air a man both huge and terrible. His ears were crushed shapeless of the hard fist, and his giant breast and great broad back were orbed with iron flesh like a sledge-wrought effigy; moreover the sinews upon his brawny arms upstood beside the shoulder like the boulder-stones some torrent hath rolled and rounded in his swirling eddies; and, to end all, over his neck

and about his back there was hung by the claws a swinging lion-skin.

First spoke the champion Polydeuces. 'Whoever you may be, Sir,' says he, 'I bid you good morrow. Pray tell me what people possesseth this country.'

Amycus. Is it good-morrow, quotha, when I see strangers before me?

Polydeuces. Be of good cheer. Trust me, we be no evil men nor come we of evil stock.

A. Of right good cheer am I, and knew it or ever I learnt it of you.

P. Pray are you a man o' the wilds, a churl come what may, a mere piece of disdain?

A. I am what you see; and that's no goer upon other's ground, when all's said.

P. Come you upon my ground and welcome; you shall not go away empty.

A. I'll none of your welcomes and you shall have none of mine.

P. Lord, man! would you have me denied even a drink of this water?

A. That shall you know when there comes you the parching languor o' thirst on the lips.

P. Would you silver or aught else for price? Say what you'll take.

A. Up hands and fight me man against man.

P. Fisticuffs is 't? or feet and all? mind you, I have a good eye.

A. Fists be it, and you may do all your best and cunningest.

P. But who is he for whom I am to bind thong to arm?

A. You see him nigh; the man that shall fight you may be called a woman, but 'faith, shall not deserve the name.

P. And pray is there a prize we may contend for in this our match?

A. Whethersoever shall win shall have the other to his possession.

P. But such be the mellays of the red-crested game-cock.

A. Whether we be like cock or lion there shall be no fight betwixt us on any other stake.

With these words Amycus took and blared upon his hollow shell, and quickly in answer to his call came the thick-haired Bebrycians and gathered themselves together beneath the shady platans. And in like manner all the heroes of the ship of Magnesia were fetched of Castor the peerless man-o'-war. And so the twain braced their hands with the leathern coils and twined the long straps about their arms, and forth and entered the ring breathing slaughter each against the other.

Now was there much ado which should have the sunshine at his back; but the cunning of my Polydeuces outwent a mighty man, and those beams did fall full in Amycus his face. So goes master Amycus in high dudgeon forward with many outs and levelings o's fists. But the child of Tyndareus was ready, and catched him a blow on the point o' the chin; the which did the more prick him on and make him to betumble his fighting, so that he went in head-down and full-tilt. At that the Bebrycians holla'd him on, and they of the other part cried cheerly unto the stalwart Polydeuces for fear this Tityrus of a man should haply overpeise him and so bear him down in that narrow room. But the son of Zeus stood up to him first on this side and then on that, and touched him left and right and left again; and for all his puissance the child of Poseidon was stayed in 's onset, insomuch that he stood all drunken with his drubbing and spit out the crimson blood. Whereat all the mighty men gave joyful tongue together by reason of the grievous bruises he had both by cheek and jowl; for his eyes were all too straitened with the puffing of their sockets. Next did my lord maze his man awhile with sundry feints and divers passes all about, and then, so soon as he had him all abroad, let drive at the very middle of his nose, flattened the face of him to the bone, and laid him flatlong amid the springing flowers.

His rising was the renewing of the fray, and a bitter one; aye, now were those swingeing iron gloves to fight unto death. The high lord of Bebrycia, he was all for the chest and none for the head; but as for the never-to-be-beaten Polydeuces, he was for pounding and braying the face with ugly shameful blows: and lo! the flesh of the one began to shrink with the sweating, and eftsoons was a great man made a little; but even as the other's labor increased, so waxed his limbs ever more full and round and his color ever better.

Now Muse, I pray thee tell—for thou knowest it—how the child of Zeus destroyed that glutton; and he that plays thy interpreter will say what thou willest and even as thou choosest.

Then did Amycus, as who should achieve some great thing, come from his ward and with his left hand grasp Polydeuces' left, and going in with the other, drive the flat of his hand from his right flank. And had

the blow come home, he had wrought harm to the king of Amyclae. But lo! my lord slips his head aside and the same moment struck out forthright from the shoulder and smote him under the left temple; and from that gaping temple the red blood came spirting. Then his left hand did beat him in the mouth, so that the rows of teeth in't crackled again; aye, and an ever livelier patter o' the fists did maul the face of him till his visage was all one mash. Then down went he in a heap and lay like to swoon upon the ground; and up with both his hands for to cry the battle off, because he was nigh unto death. But thou, good boxer Polydeuces, for all thy victory didst nothing presumptuous. Only wouldst thou have him swear a great oath by the name of his father Poseidon in the sea, that he would nevermore do annoyance unto strangers.

BION

Smyrna was the home of Bion, Theocritus his inspiration; his time is uncertain. *The Lament for Adonis,* which represents a dirge, as *Theocritus XV* represents a wedding song, in honor of Aphrodite at her festival, is echoed in Shelley's *Adonais.* The following translation by J. M. Edmonds is reprinted by permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS

I cry woe for Adonis and say *The beauteous Adonis is dead;* and the Loves cry me woe again and say *The beauteous Adonis is dead.*

Sleep no more, Cypris, beneath thy purple coverlet, but awake to thy misery; put on the sable robe and fall to beating thy breast, and tell it to the world, *The beauteous Adonis is dead.*

Woe I cry for Adonis and the Loves cry woe again.

The beauteous Adonis lieth low in the hills, his thigh pierced with the tusk, the white with the white, and Cypris is sore vexed at the gentle passing of his breath; for the red blood drips down his snow-white flesh, and the eyes beneath his brow wax dim; the rose departs from his lip, and the kiss that Cypris shall never have so again, that kiss dies upon it and is gone. Cypris is fain enough now of the kiss of the dead; but Adonis, he knows not that she hath kissed him.

Woe I cry for Adonis and the Loves cry woe again.

Cruel, O cruel the wound in the thigh of him, but greater the wound in the heart of her. Loud did wail his familiar hounds, and loud now weep the Nymphs of the hill; but Aphrodite, she unbraids her tresses and goes wandering distraught, unkempt, unslippered in the wild wood, and for all the briers may tear and rend her and cull her hallowed blood, she flies through the long glades shrieking amain, crying upon her Assyrian lord, calling upon the lad of her love. Meantime the red blood floated in a pool about his navel, his breast took on the purple that came of his thighs, and the paps thereof that had been as the snow waxed now incarnadine.

The Loves cry woe again saying 'Woe for Cytherea.'

Lost is her lovely lord, and with him lost her hallowed beauty. When Adonis yet lived Cypris was beautiful to see, but when Adonis died her loveliness died also. With all the hills 'tis *Woe for Cypris* and with the vales 'tis *Woe for Adonis;* the rivers weep the sorrows of Aphrodite, the wells of the mountains shed tears for Adonis; the flowerets flush red for grief, and Cythera's isle over every foothill and every glen of it sings pitifully *Woe for Cytherea, the beauteous Adonis is dead,* and Echo ever cries her back again, *The beauteous Adonis is dead.* Who would not have wept his woe over the dire tale of Cypris' love? . . .

The Paphian weeps and Adonis bleeds, drop for drop, and the blood and tears become flowers upon the ground. Of the blood comes the rose, and of the tears the windflower.

I cry woe for Adonis, the beauteous Adonis is dead.

Mourn thy husband no more in the woods, sweet Cypris; the lonely leaves make no good lying for such as he: rather let Adonis have thy couch as in life so in death; for being dead, Cytherea, he is yet lovely, lovely in death as he were asleep. Lay him down in the soft coverlets wherein he used to slumber, upon that couch of solid gold whereon he used to pass the nights in sacred sleep with thee; for the very couch longs for Adonis, Adonis all dishevelled. Fling garlands also and flowers upon him; now that he is dead let them die too, let every flower die. Pour out upon him unguents of Syria, perfumes of Syria; perish now all perfumes, for he that was thy perfume is perished and gone . . .

Give over thy wailing for to-day, Cytherea, and beat not now thy breast any more; thou needs wilt wail again and weep again, come another year.

HERODAS (About 300–250 B.C.)

Seven hundred verses of Herodas of Cos, discovered in 1891, have given us eight *Mimes*, or short dramatic dialogues in the comedy spirit. They are entitled *The Go-between, The Pander, The Schoolmaster, An Offering to Æsculapius, The Jealous Mistress, The Gossips, The Shoe Shop,* and *The Dream,* and are all in the peculiar 'limping meter,' or scazon, descended from the scurrilous satire of Hipponax. The mime itself was first made literary by Sophron of Syracuse. It was classed as drama, but its brevity in Herodas, where it averages less than a hundred verses, is a reason for supposing that it was performed in music halls or at private gatherings rather than in theaters, and was recited, with appropriate action and change of voice, by a single performer.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

CHARACTERS: METROTIME, a Mother; KOTTALOS, her son; LAMPRISKOS, the Master.
SCENE: a Schoolroom, with statues of the Muses; Kottalos, Euthies, and Phillos are pupils.

Met. Lampriskos, as I hope the Muses will give you joy of a happy life, stretch this rascal over a shoulder and give him a hiding that'll bring his miserable soul to his lips. He has ruined his poor mother in house and home with his matching coppers: knuckle-bones won't do him any more, Lampriskos, he's going on to worse and worse. Where the doorway of his teacher is, and he after me to pay him every month if I wept the tears of a Nannakos, it would take him a long time to tell; but the place where they shoot dice and the place where the porters and the runaway slaves turn up at, he knows that and will tell it to anybody. And this miserable tablet that I work myself to death over, waxing it every month, it lies with nobody paying any attention to it under the bed over near the bedpost by the wall, and whenever he does notice it, even if he doesn't look hell at it, instead of writing anything decent he scratches it to nothing. But the bones he plays with and keeps in his bags and nets, they are shinier than our oil-flask-of-all-work. And learn!—he can't tell the letter *a* when he sees it until someone yells out the same thing at him five times. Day before yesterday his father was spelling out 'Maron' for him to write, and the fine fellow made 'Maron' into 'Simo,' and I called myself an idiot for not teaching him to mind asses instead of giving him an education, thinking to have a support for my old age. But when we try to get him to say off a speech, the way you do with a boy, either I or his poor old father that's hard of hearing and getting blind, he lets it out a drop at a time like a vessel with a leak: 'Apollo . . . the . . . god . . . of . . . the . . . chase . . .' Why, your poor old grandmother 'll read you that, I tell him, and she doesn't know her letters, or any Phrygian slave that happens along. And if we want him to speak up the least bit louder, either for three days he never sees the doorway of the house, and goes and eats his grandmother out of her living, poor old woman without a thing to her name, or you'll see him up on our roof, lying there with his legs sprawled out and his head hanging over, like a monkey. What kind of a turn do you suppose it gives me inside when I see him that way? It isn't that I care so much for him, but the whole tiling smashes like cookies, and when the winter comes on I have to pay out groaning three half-obols for every tile. Because there's just one thing the whole tenement says, and that is, this is the doing of Metrotime's boy Kottalos. And it's the truth, so that there's nothing left for me to set a tooth to work on. Look at him, how he has gone and ruined his clothes, entirely, in the woods, like a fisherman of Delos living the dead life of the sea! The seventh and the twentieth of the month, he knows when they are due better than the astrologers, and sleep never gets *him* when he is thinking of the days

you have your vacation. But if you hope for the Muses here to prosper you and give you luck, don't give him a bit less than—

Lam. Leave off with your imprecations, Metrotime; he'll get just as much. Euthies, where are you, and Kottalos, and Phillos? Here, up with him, across your shoulder, quick, and show him to the full moon of Akesaios. My compliments on your goings-on, Kottalos. So, it isn't enough for you any more to play with the knuckle-bones like the other boys here, but you must go off all the time and play for money with the porters there. Well, I'll fix you so you'll be as nicely behaved as a girl, and won't stir a twig, if that's the way you mean to act. Where's that good hot strap, the ox-tail, the one I use to take care of the 'jail-birds' and the 'examples.' Someone hand it to me, before my temper chokes me.

Kot. No, no! Please, Lampriskos, by the Muses, by your beard, by the soul of Koutis, don't use the one that burns, but the other one!

Lam. Oh, but you're a bad boy, Kottalos; nobody could find a good word to say for you if he had you up for sale, not even where the mice eat iron the same as anything else.

Kot. How many, how many, Lampriskos, please! are you going to give me?

Lam. Don't ask me; ask her, yonder—

Kot. O dear O dear, how many are you going to?

Met. As I hope to live you'll have as many as your miserable hide will stand.

Kot. Stop, Lampriskos, that's enough!

Lam. You stop, too, with your ways of behaving!

Kot. I'll never never do it again, I swear I won't, Lampriskos, by your dear Muses!

Lam. What a long tongue you've got, too, my boy. I'll give you the gag, right away, if you say another word.

Kot. Look, I'm keeping still. Please, please, don't kill me!

Lam. Have them let him down, Kokkalos.

Met. You oughtn't to stop, Lampriskos. You should have kept on hiding him till the sun goes down.

Lam. But he's got more spots on him than a water snake.

Met. He still ought to get at least another twenty, like nothing, for his book, and then he ought to read better than Clio herself.

Kot. (*darting from the room with his tongue out*) Ya-a-a! Ya-a-a!

Lam. The sooner you get your tongue a coat of honey, the better!

Met. I'll go home and tell the old man everything, Lampriskos, and I'll come back with some straps, so that the Lady Muses he hates may see him dance here with his feet tied.

—Grant Showerman.

IX. GREEK LETTERS IN ROMAN TIMES (146 B.C.–476 A.D.)

The intellectual and literary life of Greece from the fall of Corinth to the removal of the imperial capital by Constantine from Rome to Byzantium, or Constantinople, included much teaching, especially of philosophy and oratory, and much writing of the second and third class, but little of the first. Athens, its most frequented center, was in a manner the liberal arts university of the Roman world, with Alexandria and Asian cities like Pergamum, Rhodes, and Ephesus prominent in the second rank. Literature, almost exclusively prose, is of great variety in content, including history, biography, satire, romance, treatise, essay, manual, collection, and miscellany, and is characterized by a tendency toward cosmopolitanism and didacticism. Polybius in history is invaluable for his period; Longus in romance, and Lucian in satire rise above the rest as art; Strabo and Pausanias in geography and travel are tasteful observers of historic localities and the works of the past; Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius in their self-examination are of an absorbing spiritual interest; and Longinus in his treatise *On the Sublime* is important in criticism. Perhaps Lucian alone is to be ranked as a genius.

POLYBIUS (210–128 B.C.)

The forty books of Polybius, of which the first five are preserved, covered the period of Rome's advance to world-domination from the first Punic war to the end of Greek independence in 146. Born in Megalopolis in the Peloponnese, sent to Rome at the age of about forty-five among the thousand Achæans to be tried for antagonism to the Romans in the Macedonian war, for seventeen years a resident in the capital, the friend of Scipio Africanus the Younger, in whose company he saw Carthage destroyed, convinced of the decadence of Greece and the health and rightness of Rome, he was qualified by time and circumstance to record an important body of fact and opinion regarding a great people in a period of great significance. He is the first to voice the sentiment that Rome is the instrument of Divine Power. Lack of stylistic charm accounts for his being little read by any but investigators.

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THE HISTORIES

Introduction

Who is so worthless or indolent as not to wish to know by what means and under what system of polity the Romans in less than fifty-three years have succeeded in subjecting nearly the whole inhabited world to their sole government—a thing unique in history? Or who again is there so passionately devoted to other spectacles or studies as to regard anything as of greater moment than the acquisition of this knowledge?

How striking and grand is the spectacle presented by the period with which I purpose to deal, will be most clearly apparent if we set beside and compare with the Roman dominion the most famous empires of the past, those which have formed the chief theme of historians. Those worthy of being thus set beside it and compared are these. The Persians for a certain period possessed a great rule and dominion, but so often as they ventured to overstep the boundaries of Asia they imperiled not only the security of this empire, but their own existence. The Lacedæmonians, after having for many years disputed the hegemony of Greece, at length attained it but to hold it uncontested for scarce twelve years. The Macedonian rule in Europe extended but from the Adriatic to the Danube, which would appear a quite insignificant portion of the continent. Subsequently, by overthrowing the Persian empire they became supreme in Asia also.

But though their empire was now regarded as the greatest in extent and power that had ever existed, they left the larger part of the inhabited world as yet outside it. For they never even made a single attempt on Sicily, Sardinia, or Africa, and the most warlike nations of Western Europe were, to speak the simple truth, unknown to them. But the Romans have subjected to their rule not portions, but nearly the whole of the world, and possess an empire which is not only immeasurably greater than any which preceded it, but need not fear rivalry in the future. In the course of this work it will become more clearly intelligible by what steps this power was acquired, and it will also be seen how many and how great advantages accrue to the student from the systematic treatment of history.

Rome's First Victory on the Sea

After this the Romans approached the coast of Sicily and learning of the disaster that had befallen Gnæus, at once communicated with Gaius Duilius, the commander of the land forces, and awaited his arrival. At the same time, hearing that the enemy's fleet was not far distant, they began to get ready for battle. As their ships were ill-built and slow in their movements, some one suggested to them as a help in fighting the engines which afterwards came to be called 'ravens.' . . . Once the ravens were fixed in the planks of the enemy's deck and grappled the ships together, if they were broadside on, they boarded from all sides, but if they had charged with the prow, they attacked by passing over the gangway of the raven itself two abreast. The leading pair protected the front by holding up their shields, and those who followed secured the two flanks by resting the rims of their shields on the top of the railing. Having, then, adopted this device, they awaited an opportunity for going into action.

As for Gaius Duilius, no sooner had he learned of the disaster which had befallen the commander of the naval forces than handing over his legions to the military tribunes he proceeded to the fleet. Learning that the enemy were ravaging the territory of Mylæ, he sailed against them with his whole force. The Carthaginians on sighting him put to sea with a hundred and thirty sail, quite overjoyed and eager, as they despised the inexperience of the Romans. They all sailed straight on the enemy, not even thinking it worth while to maintain order in the attack, but just as if they were falling on a prey that was obviously theirs. They were commanded by Hannibal—the same who stole out of Agrigentum by night with his army—in the seven-banked galley that was formerly King Pyrrhus'. On approaching and seeing the ravens hauled up on the prow of each ship, the Carthaginians were at first nonplussed, being surprised at the construction of the engines. However, as they entirely gave the enemy up for lost, the front ships attacked daringly. But when the ships that came into collision were in every case held fast by the machines, and the Roman crews boarded by means of the ravens and attacked them hand to hand on deck, some of the Carthaginians were cut down and others surrendered from dismay at what was happening, the battle having become just like a fight on land. So the first thirty ships that engaged were taken with all their crews, including the commander's galley, Hannibal himself managing to escape beyond his hopes by a miracle in the jolly-boat. The rest of the Carthaginian force was bearing up as if to charge the enemy, but seeing, as they approached, the fate of the advanced ships they turned aside and avoided the blows of the engines. Trusting in their swiftness, they veered round the enemy in the hope of being able to strike him in safety either on the broadside or on the stern, but when the ravens swung round and shifted in all directions and in all manner of ways so that those who approached them were of necessity grappled, they finally gave way and took to flight, terror-stricken by this novel experience and with the loss of fifty ships.

Ancient Treaties Between Carthage And Rome

The first treaty between Rome and Carthage dates from the consulship of Lucius Junius Brutus and Marcus Horatius, the first consuls after the expulsion of the king, and the founders of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. This is twenty-eight years before the crossing of Xerxes to Greece. I give below as accurate a rendering as I can of this treaty,

but the ancient Roman language differs so much from the modern that it can only be partially made out, and that after much application, by the most intelligent men. The treaty is more or less as follows: 'There is to be friendship between the Romans and their allies and the Carthaginians and their allies on these terms: The Romans and their allies not to sail with long ships beyond the Fair Promontory unless forced by storm or by enemies; it is forbidden to anyone carried beyond it by force to buy or carry away anything beyond what is required for the repair of his ship or for sacrifice, and he must depart within five days. Men coming to trade may conclude no business except in the presence of a herald or town-clerk, and the price of whatever is sold in the presence of such shall be secured to the vendor by the state, if the sale take place in Libya or Sardinia. If any Roman come to the Carthaginian province in Sicily, he shall enjoy equal rights with others. The Carthaginians shall do no wrong to the peoples of Ardea, Antium, Laurentium, Circeii, Terracina, or any other city of the Latins who are subject to Rome. Touching those Latins who are not subjects, they shall keep their hands off their cities, and if they take any city shall deliver it up to the Romans undamaged. They shall build no fort in the Latin territory. If they enter the land in arms, they shall not pass a night therein.' . . .

A further and final treaty with Carthage was made by the Romans at the time of Pyrrhus' invasion before the Carthaginians had begun the war for Sicily. In this they maintain all the previous agreements and add the following: 'If they make an alliance with Pyrrhus, both shall make it an express condition that they may go to the help of each other in whichever country is attacked. No matter which require help, the Carthaginians are to provide the ships for transport and hostilities, but each country shall provide the pay for its own men. The Carthaginians, if necessary, shall come to the help of the Romans by sea too, but no one shall compel the crews to land against their will.'

The oaths they had to swear were as follows. In the case of the first treaty the Carthaginians swore by their ancestral gods and the Romans, following an old custom, by Jupiter Lapis, and in the case of this latter treaty by Mars and Quirinus. The oath by Jupiter Lapis is as follows. The man who is swearing to the treaty takes in his hand a stone, and when he has sworn in the name of the state, he says, 'If I abide by this my oath may all good be mine, but if I do otherwise in thought or act, let all other men dwell safe in their own countries under their own laws and in possession of their own substance, temples, and tombs, and may I alone be cast forth, even as this stone,' and so saying he throws the stone from his hand.

The Elephants Cross the Rhone

Hannibal, on the day after the assembly, advanced his cavalry in the direction of the sea to act as a covering force and then moved his infantry out of the camp and sent them off on their march, while he himself waited for the elephants and the men who had been left with them. The way they got the elephants across was as follows. They built a number of very solid rafts and lashing two of these together fixed them very firmly into the bank of the river, their united width being about fifty feet. To these they attached others on the farther side, prolonging the bridge out into the stream. They secured the side of it which faced the current by cables attached to the trees that grew on the bank, so that the whole structure might remain in place and not be shifted by the current. When they had made the whole bridge or pier of rafts about two hundred feet long they attached to the end of it two particularly compact ones, very firmly fastened to each other, but so connected with the rest that the lashings could easily be cut. They attached to these several towing-lines by which boats were to tow them, not allowing them to be carried down stream, but holding them up against the current, and thus were to convey the elephants which would be in them across. After this they piled up a quantity of earth on all the line of rafts, until the whole was on the same level and of the same appearance as the path on shore leading to the crossing. The animals were always accustomed to obey their mahouts up to the water, but would never enter it on any account, and they now drove them along over the earth with two females in front, whom they obediently followed. As soon as they set foot on the last rafts the ropes

which held these fast to the others were cut, and the boats pulling taut, the towing-lines rapidly tugged away from the pile of earth the elephants and the rafts on which they stood. Hereupon the animals becoming very alarmed at first turned round and ran about in all directions, but as they were shut in on all sides by the stream they finally grew afraid and were compelled to keep quiet. In this manner, by continuing to attach two rafts to the end of the structure, they managed to get most of them over on these, but some were so frightened that they threw themselves into the river when halfway across. The mahouts of these were all drowned, but the elephants were saved, for owing to the power and length of their trunks they kept them above the water and breathed through them, at the same time spouting out any water that got into their mouths and so held out, most of them passing through the water on their feet.

Roman Army Discipline

Each of the men who have gone the rounds brings back the *tesseræ* at daybreak to the tribune. If they deliver them all they are suffered to depart without question; but if one of them delivers fewer than the number of stations visited, they find out from examining the signs on the *tesseræ* which station is missing, and on ascertaining this the tribune calls the centurion of the maniple and he brings before him the men who were on picket duty, and they are confronted with the patrol. If the fault is that of the picket, the patrol makes matters clear at once by calling the men who had accompanied him, for he is bound to do this; but if nothing of the kind has happened, the fault rests on him.

A court-martial composed of all the tribunes at once meets to try him, and if he is found guilty he is punished by the bastinado (*fustuarium*). This is inflicted as follows: The tribune takes a cudgel and just touches the condemned man with it, after which all in the camp beat or stone him, in most cases dispatching him in the camp itself. But even those who manage to escape are not saved thereby: impossible! for they are not allowed to return to their homes, and none of the family would dare to receive such a man in his house. So that those who have once fallen into this misfortune are utterly ruined.

The same punishment is inflicted on the *optio* and on the præfect of the squadron, if they do not give the proper orders at the right time to the patrols and the praefect of the next squadron. Thus, owing to the extreme severity and inevitableness of the penalty, the night watches of the Roman army are most scrupulously kept.

While the soldiers are subject to the tribunes, the latter are subject to the consuls. A tribune, and in the case of the allies a præfect, has the right of inflicting fines, of demanding sureties, and of punishing by flogging. The bastinado is also inflicted on those who steal anything from the camp; on those who give false evidence; on young men who have abused their persons; and finally on anyone who has been punished thrice for the same fault. Those are the offences which are punished as crimes, the following being treated as unmanly acts and disgraceful in a soldier—when a man boasts falsely to the tribune of his valor in the field in order to gain distinction; when any men who have been placed in a covering force leave the station assigned to them from fear; likewise when anyone throws away from fear any of his arms in the actual battle. Therefore the men in covering forces often face certain death, refusing to leave their ranks even when vastly outnumbered, owing to dread of the punishment they would meet with; and again in the battle men who have lost a shield or sword or any other arm often throw themselves into the midst of the enemy, hoping either to recover the lost object or to escape by death from inevitable disgrace and the taunts of their relations.

If the same thing ever happens to large bodies, and if entire maniples desert their posts when exceedingly hard pressed, the officers refrain from inflicting the bastinado or the death penalty on all, but find a solution of the difficulty which is both salutary and terror-striking. The tribune assembles the legion, and brings up those guilty of leaving the ranks, reproaches them sharply, and finally chooses by lot sometimes five, sometimes eight, sometimes twenty of the offenders, so adjusting the number thus chosen that they form as near as possible the tenth part of those guilty of cowardice. Those on whom the lot falls are bastinadoed mercilessly in the manner above described; the rest receive

rations of barley instead of wheat and are ordered to encamp outside the camp on an unprotected spot. As therefore the danger and dread of drawing the fatal lot affects all equally, as it is uncertain on whom it will fall; and as the public disgrace of receiving barley rations falls on all alike, this practice is that best calculated both to inspire fear and to correct the mischief.

They also have an admirable method of encouraging the young soldiers to face danger. After a battle in which some of them have distinguished themselves, the general calls an assembly of the troops, and bringing forward those whom he considers to have displayed conspicuous valor, first of all speaks in laudatory terms of the courageous deeds of each and of anything else in their previous conduct which deserves commendation, and afterwards distributes the following rewards. To the man who has wounded an enemy, a spear; to him who has slain and stripped an enemy, a cup if he be in the infantry and horse trappings if in the cavalry, although the gift here was originally only a spear. These gifts are not made to men who have wounded or stripped an enemy in a regular battle or at the storming of a city, but to those who during skirmishes or in similar circumstances, where there is no necessity for engaging in single combat, have voluntarily and deliberately thrown themselves into the danger. To the first man to mount the wall at the assault on a city, he gives a crown of gold. So also those who have shielded and saved any of the citizens or allies receive honorary gifts from the consul, and the men they saved crown their preservers, if not of their own free will under compulsion from the tribunes who judge the case. The man thus preserved also reverences his preserver as a father all through his life, and must treat him in every way like a parent. By such incentives they excite to emulation and rivalry in the field not only the men who are present and listen to their words, but those who remain at home also. For the recipients of such gifts, quite apart from becoming famous in the army and famous too for the time at their homes, are especially distinguished in religious processions after their return, as no one is allowed to wear decorations except those on whom these honors for bravery have been conferred by the consul; and in their houses they hang up the spoils they won in the most conspicuous places, looking upon them as tokens and evidences of their valor. Considering all this attention given to the matter of punishments and rewards in the army and the importance attached to both, no wonder that the wars in which the Romans engage end so successfully and brilliantly.

Constitution and Character of Rome and Carthage

The constitution of Carthage seems to me to have been originally well contrived as regards its most distinctive points. For there were kings, and the house of Elders was an aristocratical force, and the people were supreme in matters proper to them, the entire frame of the state much resembling that of Rome and Sparta. But at the time when they entered on the Hannibalic War, the Carthaginian constitution had degenerated, and that of Rome was better. For as every body or state or action has its natural periods first of growth, then of prime, and finally of decay, and as everything in them is at its best when they are in their prime, it was for this reason that the difference between the two states manifested itself at this time. For by as much as the power and prosperity of Carthage had been earlier than that of Rome, by so much had Carthage already begun to decline; while Rome was exactly at her prime, as far at least as her system of government was concerned. Consequently the multitude at Carthage had already acquired the chief voice in deliberations; while at Rome the senate still retained this; and hence, as in one case the masses deliberated and in the other the most eminent men, the Roman decisions on public affairs were superior, so that although they met with complete disaster, they were finally by the wisdom of their counsels victorious over the Carthaginians in the war.

But to pass to differences of detail, such as, to begin with, the conduct of war, the Carthaginians naturally are superior at sea both in efficiency and equipment, because seamanship has long been their national craft, and they busy themselves with the sea more than any other people; but as regards military service on land the Romans are much more efficient. They indeed devote their whole energies to this matter, whereas the Carthaginians entirely

neglect their infantry, though they do pay some slight attention to their cavalry. The reason of this is that the troops they employ are foreign and mercenary, whereas those of the Romans are natives of the soil and citizens. So that in this respect also we must pronounce the political system of Rome to be superior to that of Carthage, the Carthaginians continuing to depend for the maintenance of their freedom on the courage of a mercenary force but the Romans on their own valor and on the aid of their allies. Consequently even if they happen to be worsted at the outset, the Romans redeem defeat by final success, while it is the contrary with the Carthaginians. For the Romans, fighting as they are for their country and their children, never can abate their fury but continue to throw their whole hearts into the struggle until they get the better of their enemies. It follows that though the Romans are, as I said, much less skilled in naval matters, they are on the whole successful at sea owing to the gallantry of their men; for although skill in seamanship is of no small importance in naval battles, it is chiefly the courage of the marines that turns the scale in favor of victory. Now not only do Italians in general naturally excel Phœnicians and Africans in bodily strength and personal courage, but by their institutions also they do much to foster a spirit of bravery in the young men. A single instance will suffice to indicate the pains taken by the state to turn out men who will be ready to endure everything in order to gain a reputation in their country for valor.

Whenever any illustrious man dies, he is carried at his funeral into the forum to the so-called rostra, sometimes conspicuous in an upright posture and more rarely reclined. Here with all the people standing round, a grown-up son, if he has left one who happens to be present, or if not some other relative mounts the rostra and discourses on the virtues and successful achievements of the dead. As a consequence the multitude and not only those who had a part in these achievements, but those also who had none, when the facts are recalled to their minds and brought before their eyes, are moved to such sympathy that the loss seems to be not confined to the mourners, but a public one affecting the whole people. Next after the interment and the performance of the usual ceremonies, they place the image of the departed in the most conspicuous position in the house, enclosed in a wooden shrine. This image is a mask reproducing with remarkable fidelity both the features and complexion of the deceased. On the occasion of public sacrifices they display these images, and decorate them with much care, and when any distinguished member of the family dies they take them to the funeral, putting them on men who seem to them to bear the closest resemblance to the original in stature and carriage. These representatives wear togas, with a purple border if the deceased was a consul or prætor, whole purple if he was a censor, and embroidered with gold if he had celebrated a triumph or achieved anything similar. They all ride in chariots preceded by the fasces, axes, and other insignia by which the different magistrates are wont to be accompanied according to the respective dignity of the offices of state held by each during his life; and when they arrive at the rostra they all seat themselves in a row on ivory chairs. There could not easily be a more ennobling spectacle for a young man who aspires to fame and virtue. For who would not be inspired by the sight of the images of men renowned for their excellence, all together and as if alive and breathing? What spectacle could be more glorious than this? Besides, he who makes the oration over the man about to be buried, when he has finished speaking of him recounts the successes and exploits of the rest whose images are present, beginning from the most ancient. By this means, by this constant renewal of the good report of brave men, the celebrity of those who performed noble deeds is rendered immortal, while at the same time the fame of those who did good service to their country becomes known to the people and a heritage for future generations. But the most important result is that young men are thus inspired to endure every suffering for the public welfare in the hope of winning the glory that attends on brave men. What I say is confirmed by the facts. For many Romans have voluntarily engaged in single combat in order to decide a battle, not a few have faced certain death, some in war to save the lives of the rest, and others in peace to save the republic. Some even when in office have put their own sons to death contrary to every law or custom, set-

ting a higher value on the interest of their country than on the ties of nature that bound them to their nearest and dearest.

Many such stories about many men are related in Roman history, but one told of a certain person will suffice for the present as an example and as a confirmation of what I say. It is narrated that when Horatius Cocles was engaged in combat with two of the enemy at the far end of the bridge over the Tiber that lies in the front of the town, he saw large reinforcements coming up to help the enemy, and fearing lest they should force the passage and get into the town, he turned round and called to those behind him to retire and cut the bridge with all speed. His order was obeyed, and while they were cutting the bridge, he stood to his ground receiving many wounds, and arrested the attack of the enemy who were less astonished at his physical strength than at his endurance and courage. The bridge once cut, the enemy were prevented from attacking; and Cocles, plunging into the river in full armor as he was, deliberately sacrificed his life, regarding the safety of his country and the glory which in future would attach to his name as of more importance than his present existence and the years of life which remained to him. Such, if I am not wrong, is the eager emulation of achieving noble deeds engendered in the Roman youth by their institutions.

Again, the laws and customs relating to the acquisition of wealth are better in Rome than at Carthage. At Carthage nothing which results in profit is regarded as disgraceful; at Rome nothing is considered more so than to accept bribes and seek gain from improper channels. For no less strong than their approval of money-making by respectable means is their condemnation of unscrupulous gain from forbidden sources. A proof of this is that at Carthage candidates for office practice open bribery, whereas at Rome death is the penalty for it. Therefore as the rewards offered to merit are the opposite in the two cases, it is natural that the steps taken to gain them should also be dissimilar.

But the quality in which the Roman commonwealth is most distinctly superior is in my opinion the nature of their religious convictions. I believe that it is the very thing which among other peoples is an object of reproach, I mean superstition, which maintains the cohesion of the Roman state. These matters are clothed in such pomp and introduced to such an extent into their public and private life that nothing could exceed it, a fact which will surprise many. My own opinion at least is that they have adopted this course for the sake of the common people. It is a course which perhaps would not have been necessary had it been possible to form a state composed of wise men, but as every multitude is fickle, full of lawless desires, unreasoned passion, and violent anger, the multitude must be held in by invisible terrors and suchlike pageantry. For this reason I think, not that the ancients acted rashly and at haphazard in introducing among the people notions concerning the gods and beliefs in the terrors of hell, but that the moderns are most rash and foolish in banishing such beliefs. The consequence is that among the Greeks, apart from other things, members of the government, if they are entrusted with no more than a talent, though they have ten copyists and as many seals and twice as many witnesses, cannot keep their faith; whereas among the Romans those who as magistrates and legates are dealing with large sums of money maintain correct conduct just because they have pledged their faith by oath. Whereas elsewhere it is a rare thing to find a man who keeps his hands off public money, and whose record is clean in this respect, among the Romans one rarely comes across a man who has been detected in such conduct. . . .

Conclusion

That all existing things are subject to decay and change is a truth that scarcely needs proof; for the course of nature is sufficient to force this conviction on us. There being two agencies by which every kind of state is liable to decay, the one external and the other a growth of the state itself, we can lay down no fixed rule about the former, but the latter is a regular process. I have already stated what kind of state is the first to come into being, and what the next, and how the one is transformed into the other; so that those who are capable of connecting the opening propositions of this inquiry with its conclusion will now be able to foretell the future unaided. And what will happen is,

I think, evident. When a state has weathered many great perils and subsequently attains to supremacy and uncontested sovereignty, it is evident that under the influence of long established prosperity, life will become more extravagant and the citizens more fierce in their rivalry regarding office and other objects than they ought to be. As these defects go on increasing, the beginning of the change for the worse will be due to love of office and the disgrace entailed by obscurity, as well as to extravagance and purse-proud display; and for this change the populace will be responsible when on the one hand they think they have a grievance against certain people who have shown themselves grasping, and when, on the other hand, they are puffed up by the flattery of others who aspire to office. For now, stirred to fury and swayed by passion in all their counsels, they will no longer consent to obey or even to be the equals of the ruling caste, but will demand the lion's share for themselves. When this happens, the state will change its name to the finest sounding of all, freedom and democracy, but will change its nature to the worst thing of all, mob-rule.

Having dealt with the origin and growth of the Roman republic, and with its prime and its present condition, and also with the differences for better or worse between it and others, I may now close this discourse more or less so.

But, drawing now upon the period immediately subsequent to the date at which I abandoned my narrative to enter on this digression, I will make brief and summary mention of one occurrence; so that, as if exhibiting a single specimen of a good artist's work, I may make manifest not by words only but by actual fact the perfection and strength of principle of the republic, such as it then was. Hannibal, when, after his victory over the Romans at Cannæ, the eight thousand who garrisoned the camp fell into his hands, after making them all prisoners, allowed them to send a deputation to those at home on the subject of their ransom and release. Upon their naming ten of their most distinguished members, he sent them off after making them swear that they would return to him. One of those nominated just as he was going out of the camp said he had forgotten something and went back, and after recovering the thing he had left behind again took his departure, thinking that by his return he had kept his faith and absolved himself of his oath. Upon their arrival in Rome they begged and entreated the senate not to grudge the prisoners their release, but to allow each of them to pay three minæ and return to his people; for Hannibal, they said, had made this concession. The men deserved to be released, for they had neither been guilty of cowardice in the battle nor had they done anything unworthy of Rome; but having been left behind to guard the camp, they had, when all the rest had perished in the battle, been forced to yield to circumstances and surrender to the enemy. But the Romans, though they had met with severe reverses in the war, and had now, roughly speaking, lost all their allies and were in momentary expectation of Rome itself being placed in peril, after listening to this plea, neither disregarded their dignity under the pressure of calamity, nor neglected to take into consideration every proper step; but seeing that Hannibal's object in acting thus was both to obtain funds and to deprive the troops opposed to him of their high spirit, by showing that, even if defeated, they might hope for safety, they were so far from acceding to this request, that they did not allow their pity for their kinsmen, or the consideration of the service the men would render them, to prevail, but defeated Hannibal's calculations and the hopes he had based on them by refusing to ransom the men, and at the same time imposed by law on their own troops the duty of either conquering or dying on the field, as there was no hope of safety for them if defeated. Therefore after coming to this decision they dismissed the nine delegates who returned of their own free will, as bound by their oath, while as for the man who had thought to free himself from the oath by a ruse they put him in irons and returned him to the enemy; so that Hannibal's joy at his victory in the battle was not so great as his dejection, when he saw with amazement how steadfast and high-spirited were the Romans in their deliberations.

STRABO (20 B.C.)

Born about 60 B.C. on the shores of the Black Sea, residing in Rome for some time from 20 B.C., and of literary education and tastes, Strabo, besides a now lost history serving as sequel to Polybius, wrote a *Geography* of Asia, Egypt, Libya, and Europe in seventeen books in large part preserved. His pages on Latium and Rome are of great interest. Translation by H. E. Jones.

Latium and Rome

All Latium is blest with fertility and produces everything, except for a few districts that are on the seaboard—I mean all those districts that are marshy and sickly (such as those of the Ardeatæ, and those between Antium and Lanuvium as far as the Pomptine Plain, and certain districts in the territory of Setia and the country round about Tarracina and the Circæum), or any districts that are perhaps mountainous and rocky; and yet even these are not wholly untilled or useless, but afford rich pasture grounds, or timber, or certain fruits that grow in marshy or rocky ground (the Cæcuban Plain, although marshy, supports a vine that produces the best of wine, I mean the tree-vine). The seaboard cities belonging to the Latini are, first, Ostia: it is harborless on account of the silting up which is caused by the Tiber, since the Tiber is fed by numerous streams. Now although it is with peril that the merchant-ships anchor far out in the surge, still, the prospect of gain prevails; and in fact the good supply of the tenders which receive the cargoes and bring back cargoes in exchange makes it possible for the ships to sail away quickly before they touch the river, or else, after being partly relieved of their cargoes, they sail into the Tiber and run inland as far as Rome, one hundred and ninety stadia. Ostia was founded by Ancus Marcius. Such, then, is this city of Ostia. Next comes Antium, it also being a harborless city. It is situated on masses of rock, and is about two hundred and sixty stadia distant from Ostia. Now at the present time Antium is given over to the rulers for their leisure and relief from the cares of state whenever they get the opportunity, and therefore, for the purposes of such sojourns, many very costly residences have been built in the city. . . .

After Antium, within a distance of two hundred and ninety stadia, comes Circæum, a mountain which has the form of an island, because it is surrounded by sea and marshes. They further say that Circæum is a place that abounds in roots—perhaps because they associate it with the myth about Circe. It has a little city and a temple of Circe and an altar of Athene, and people there show you a sort of bowl which, they say, belonged to Odysseus. Between Antium and Circæum is the River Storas, and also, near it, an anchoring-place. Then comes a stretch of coast that is exposed to the south-west wind, with no shelter except a little harbor near Circæum itself. Beyond this coast, in the interior, is the Pomptine Plain. . . . Next, within one hundred stadia of Circæum, is Tarracina, which was formerly called 'Trachine' from its actual character. In front of Tarracina lies a great marsh, formed by two rivers; the larger one is called Aufidus. It is here that the Appian Way first touches the sea; it has been constructed from Rome as far as Brentesium and is the most traveled of all; but of the cities on the sea it touches only these: Tarracina, and those that come next in order after it, Formiæ, Minturnæ, and Sinuessa, and those at the end—Taras and Brentesium. Near Tarracina, as you go toward Rome, there is a canal which runs alongside the Appian Way, and is fed at numerous places by waters from the marshes and the rivers. People navigate the canal, preferably by night (so that if they embark in the evening they can disembark early in the morning and go the rest of their journey by the Way), but they also navigate it by day. The boat is towed by a mule. . . .

In the interior, the first city above Ostia

is Rome, and it is the only city that is situated on the Tiber. With regard to this city, I have already said that it was founded there as a matter of necessity, not as a matter of choice; and I must add that even those who afterwards added certain districts to the settlement could not as masters take the better course, but as slaves must needs accommodate themselves to what had already been founded. The first founders walled the Capitolium and the Palatium and the Quirinal Hill, which last was so easy for outsiders to ascend that Titus Tatius took it at the first onset, making his attack at the time when he came to avenge the outrage of the seizure of the maidens. Again, Ancus Marcius took in Mt. Cælium and Mt. Aventine, and the plain between them, which were separated both from one another and from the parts that were already walled, but he did so only from necessity; for, in the first place, it was not a good thing to leave hills that were so well fortified by nature outside the walls for any who wished strongholds against the city, and, secondly, he was unable to fill out the whole circuit of hills as far as the Quirinal. Servius, however, detected the gap, for he filled it out by adding both the Esquiline Hill and the Viminal Hill. But these too are easy for outsiders to attack; and for this reason they dug a deep trench and took the earth to the inner side of the trench, and extended a mound about six stadia on the inner brow of the trench, and built thereon a wall with towers from the Colline Gate to the Esquiline. Below the centre of the mound is a third gate, bearing the same name as the Viminal Hill. Such, then, are the fortifications of the city, though they need a second set of fortifications. And, in my opinion, the first founders took the same course of reasoning both for themselves and for their successors, namely, that it was appropriate for the Romans to depend for their safety and general welfare, not on their fortifications, but on their arms and their own valor, in the belief that it is not walls that protect men but men that protect walls. At the outset, then, since the fertile and extensive country round about them belonged to others, and since the terrain of the city was so easy to attack, there was nothing fortunate in their position to call for congratulation, but when by their valor and their toil they had made the country their own property, there was obviously a concourse, so to speak, of blessings that surpassed all natural advantages; and it is because of this concourse of blessings that the city, although it has grown to such an extent, holds out in the way it does, not only in respect to food, but also in respect to timber and stones for the building of houses, which goes on unceasingly in consequence of the collapses and fires and repeated sales (these last, too, going on unceasingly); and indeed the sales are intentional collapses, as it were, since the purchasers keep tearing down the houses and building new ones, one after another, to suit their wishes. To meet these requirements, then, the Romans are afforded a wonderful supply of materials by the large number of mines, by the timber, and by the rivers which bring these down: first, the Anio, which flows from Alba, the Latin city next to the Marsi, through the plain that is below Alba to its confluence with the Tiber; and then the Nar and the Teneas, the rivers which run through Ombrica down to the same river, the Tiber; and also the Clanis, which, however, runs down thither through Tyrrhenia and the territory of Clusium. Now Augustus Caesar concerned himself about such impairments of the city, organizing for protection against fires a militia composed of freedmen, whose duty it was to render assistance, and also to provide against collapses, reducing the heights of the new buildings and forbidding that any structure on the public streets should rise as high as seventy feet; but still his constructive measures would have failed by now were it not that the mines and the timber and the easy means of transportation by water still hold out.

So much, then, for the blessings with which nature supplies the city; but the Romans have added still others, which are the result of their foresight; for if the Greeks had the repute of aiming most happily in the founding of cities, in that they aimed at beauty, strength of position, harbors, and productive soil, the Romans had the best foresight in those matters which the Greeks made but little account of, such as the construction of roads and aqueducts, and of sewers that could wash out the filth of the city into the Tiber. Moreover, they have so constructed also the roads which run throughout the country, by adding both cuts through hills and

embankments across valleys, that their wagons can carry boat-loads; and the sewers, vaulted with close-fitting stones, have in some places left room enough even for wagons loaded with hay to pass through them. And water is brought into the city through the aqueducts in such quantities that veritable rivers flow through the city and the sewers; and almost every house has cisterns, and service-pipes, and copious fountains—with which Marcus Agrippa concerned himself most, though he also adorned the city with many other structures. In a word, the early Romans made but little account of the beauty of Rome, because they were occupied with other, greater and more necessary, matters; whereas the later Romans, and particularly those of to-day and in my time, have not fallen short in this respect either—indeed, they have filled the city with many beautiful structures. In fact, Pompey, the Deified Cæsar, Augustus, his sons and friends, and wife and sister, have outdone all others in their zeal for buildings and in the expense incurred. The Campus Martius contains most of these, and thus, in addition to its natural beauty, it has received still further adornment as the result of foresight. Indeed, the size of the Campus is remarkable, since it affords space at the same time and without interference, not only for the chariot-races and every other equestrian exercise, but also for all that multitude of people who exercise themselves by ball-playing, hoop-trundling, and wrestling; and the works of art situated around the Campus Martius, and the ground, which is covered with grass throughout the year, and the crowns of those hills that are above the river and extend as far as its bed, which present to the eye the appearance of a stage-painting—all this, I say, affords a spectacle that one can hardly draw away from. And near this campus is still another campus, with colonnades round about it in very great numbers, and sacred precincts, and three theaters, and an amphitheater, and very costly temples, in close succession to one another, giving you the impression that they are trying, as it were, to declare the rest of the city a mere accessory. For this reason, in the belief that this place was holiest of all, the Romans have erected in it the tombs of their most illustrious men and women. The most noteworthy is what is called the Mausoleum, a great mound near the river on a lofty foundation of white marble, thickly covered with evergreen trees to the very summit. Now on top is a bronze image of Augustus Cæsar; beneath the mound are the tombs of himself and his kinsmen and intimates; behind the mound is a large sacred precinct with wonderful promenades; and in the center of the Campus is the wall (this too of white marble) round his crematorium; the wall is surrounded by a circular iron fence and the space within the wall is planted with black poplars. And again, if, on passing to the old Forum, you saw one forum after another ranged along the old one, and basilicas, and temples, and saw also the Capitolium and the works of art there and those of the Palatium and Livia's Promenade, you would easily become oblivious to everything else outside. Such is Rome.

Pompeii and Vesuvius

Both this settlement and the one next after it, Pompaia (past which flows the River Sarnus), were once held by the Osci; then, by the Tyrrheni and the Pelasgi; and after that, by the Samnitæ; but they, too, were ejected from the places. Pompaia, on the River Sarnus—a river which both takes the cargoes inland and sends them out to sea—is the port-town of Nola, Nuceria, and Acherræ (a place with name like that of the settlement near Cremona). Above these places lies Mt. Vesuvius, which, save for its summit, has dwellings all round, on farm-lands that are absolutely beautiful. As for the summit, a considerable part of it is flat, but all of it is unfruitful, and looks ash-colored, and it shows pore-like cavities in masses of rock that are soot-colored on the surface, these masses of rock looking as though they had been eaten out by fire; and hence one might infer that in earlier times this district was on fire and had craters of fire, and then, because the fuel gave out, was quenched. Perhaps, too, this is the cause of the fruitfulness of the country all round the mountain; just as at Catana, it is said, that part of the country which had been covered with ash-dust from the hot ashes carried up into the air by the fire of Ætna made the land suited to the vine; for it contains the substance that fattens both the soil which is burnt out and that which produces the fruits; so then,

when it acquired plenty of fat, it was suited to burning out, as is the case with all sulphur-like substances, and then when it had been evaporated and quenched and reduced to ash-dust, it passed into a state of fruitfulness. Next after Pompaia comes Surrentum, a city of the Campani. . . . And the whole of the gulf is garnished, in part by the cities which I have just mentioned, and in part by the residences and plantations, which, since they intervene in unbroken succession, present the appearance of a single city. . . . This whole channel, beginning at the Cumæan country and extending as far as Sicily, is full of fire, and has caverns deep down in the earth that form a single whole, connecting not only with one another but also with the mainland; and therefore, not only Ætna clearly has such a character as it is reported by all to have, but also the Lipari Islands, and the districts round about Dicæarchia, Neapolis, and Baiæ, and the island of Pithecussæ. This, I saw, is Pindar's thought when he says that Typhon lies beneath this whole region: 'Now, however, both Sicily and the sea-fenced cliffs beyond Cumæ press hard upon his shaggy breast.'

PLUTARCH (About 50–120 A.D.)

The author of eighty or more dialogues and essays in moral and didactic strain, of four books of *Table Talk,* and of numerous other compositions on various subjects touching literature and religion, Plutarch of Chæronea is best and almost exclusively known by his forty-six *Parallel Lives,* biographies of great Greek and Roman public men in pairs, such as Demosthenes and Cicero, Alexander and Julius Cæsar, whose living quality has made them perennially favorite. From the French of Amyot and the English of North, the *Lives* found a way into Montaigne and Shakespeare, and may be said to have permeated modern culture. Plutarch himself was an earnest, sane, generous, and genial spirit, studied at Athens, visited and lectured in Rome, but remained a resident of his native town, and in old age served as priest at Delphi. Something of his rich and genuine humanity entered into his unadorned and earnest page. The translation is that of Dryden, revised by Arthur Hugh Clough.

PERICLES

Virtue a Stimulus to Admiration and Imitation

Cæsar once, seeing some wealthy strangers at Rome, carrying up and down with them in their arms and bosoms young puppy-dogs and monkeys, embracing and making much of them, took occasion not unnaturally to ask whether the women in their country were not used to bear children; by that prince-like reprimand gravely reflecting upon persons who spend and lavish upon brute beasts that affection and kindness which nature has implanted in us to be bestowed on those of our own kind. With like reason may we blame those who misuse that love of inquiry and observation which nature has implanted in our souls, by expending it on objects unworthy of the attention either of their eyes or their ears, while they disregard such as are excellent in themselves, and would do them good.

The mere outward sense, being passive in responding to the impression of the objects that come in its way and strike upon it, perhaps cannot help entertaining and taking notice of everything that addresses it, be it what it will, useful or unuseful; but, in the exercise of his mental perception, every man, if he chooses, has a natural power to turn himself upon all occasions and to change and shift with the greatest ease to what he shall himself judge desirable. So that it becomes a man's duty to pursue and make after the best and choicest of everything, that he may not only employ his contemplation, but may also be improved by it. For as that color is most suitable to the eye whose freshness and pleasantness stimulates and strengthens the sight, so a man ought to employ his intellectual perception to such objects as, with a sense of delight, are apt to call it forth, and allure it to its own proper good and advantage.

Such objects we find in the acts of virtue, which also produce in the minds of mere readers about them an emulation and eagerness that may lead them on to imitation. . . . Virtue, by the bare statement of its actions, can so affect men's minds as to create at once both admiration of the things done and desire to imitate the doers of them. The goods of fortune we would possess and would enjoy; those of virtue we long to practice and exercise: we are content to receive the former from others, the latter we wish others to experience from us. Moral good is a practical stimulus; it is no sooner seen, than it inspires an impulse to practice; and influences the mind and character not by a mere imitation which we look at, but by the statement of the fact creates a moral purpose which we form.

And so we have thought fit to spend our time and pains in writing of the lives of famous persons; and have composed this tenth book upon that subject containing the

life of Pericles, and that of Fabius Maximus, who carried on the war against Hannibal, men alike, as in their virtues and good parts, so especially in their mild and upright temper and demeanor, and in their capacity to bear the cross-grained humors of their fellow-citizens and colleagues in office, which made them both most useful and serviceable to the interests of their countries. Whether we take a right aim at our intended purpose, it is left to the reader to judge by what he shall here find.

Pericles and Athenian Art

That which gave most pleasure and ornament to the city of Athens, and the greatest admiration and even astonishment to all strangers, and that which now is Greece's only evidence that the power she boasts of and her ancient wealth are no romance or idle story, was his construction of the public and sacred buildings. Yet this was that of all his actions in the government which his enemies most looked askance upon and cavilled at in the popular assemblies, crying out how that the commonwealth of Athens had lost its reputation and was ill-spoken of abroad for removing the common treasure of the Greeks from the isle of Delos into their own custody; and how that their fairest excuse for so doing, namely, that they took it away for fear the barbarians should seize it, and on purpose to secure it in a safe place, this Pericles had made unavailable, and how that 'Greece cannot but resent it as an insufferable affront and consider herself to be tyrannized over openly, when she sees the treasure which was contributed by her upon a necessity for the war, wantonly lavished out by us upon our city, to gild her all over, and to adorn and set her forth, as it were some vain woman, hung round with precious stones and figures and temples, which cost a world of money.'

Pericles, on the other hand, informed the people, that they were in no way obliged to give any account of those moneys to their allies, so long as they maintained their defence, and kept the barbarians from attacking them; while in the meantime they did not so much as supply one horse or man or ship, but only found money for the service; 'which money,' said he, 'is not theirs that give it, but theirs that receive it, if so be they perform the conditions upon which they receive it.' And that it was good reason, that, now the city was sufficiently provided and stored with all things necessary for the war, they should convert the overplus of its wealth to such undertakings as would hereafter, when completed, give them eternal honor, and for the present while in process, freely supply all the inhabitants with plenty. With their variety of workmanship and of occasions for service, which summon all arts and trades and require all hands to be employed about them, they do actually put the whole city, in a manner, into state-pay; while at the same time she is both beautified and maintained by herself. For as those who are of age and strength for war are provided for and maintained in the armaments abroad by their pay out of the public stock, so, it being his desire and design that the undisciplined mechanic multitude that stayed at home should not go without their share of public salaries, and yet should not have them given them for sitting still and doing nothing, to that end he thought fit to bring in among them, with the approbation of the people, these vast projects of buildings and designs of work, that would be of some continuance before they were finished, and would give employment to numerous arts, so that the part of the people who stayed at home might, no less than those that were at sea or in garrisons or on expeditions, have a fair and just occasion of receiving the benefit and having their share of the public money.

The materials were stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, cypress-wood; and the arts and trades that wrought and fashioned them were smiths and carpenters, moulders, founders, and braziers, stone-cutters, dyers, goldsmiths, ivory-workers, painters, embroiderers, turners; those again that conveyed them to the town for use, merchants and mariners and ship-masters by sea, and by land, cartwrights, cattle-breeders, wagoners, rope-makers, flax-workers, shoemakers and leather-dressers, road-makers, miners. And every trade in the same nature, as a captain in an army has his particular company of soldiers under him, had its own hired company of journeymen and laborers belonging to it banded together as in array, to be as it were the instrument and body for the performance of the service. Thus, to say all in a word, the occasions and services of these public

works distributed plenty through every age and condition.

As then grew the works up, no less stately in size than exquisite in form, the workmen striving to outvie the material and the design with the beauty of their workmanship, yet the most wonderful thing of all was the rapidity of their execution.

Undertakings, any one of which singly might have required, they thought, for their completion, several successions and ages of men, were every one of them accomplished in the height and prime of one man's political service. Although they say, too, that Zeuxis once, having heard Agatharchus the painter boast of despatching his work with speed and ease, replied, 'I take a long time.' For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty; the expenditure of time allowed to a man's pains beforehand for the production of a thing is repaid by way of interest with a vital force for the preservation when once produced. For which reason Pericles' works are especially admired, as having been made quickly, to last long. For every particular piece of his work was immediately, even at that time, for its beauty and elegance, antique; and yet in its vigor and freshness looks to this day as if it were just executed. There is a sort of bloom of newness upon those works of his, preserving them from the touch of time, as if they had some perennial spirit and undying vitality mingled in the composition of them.

Phidias had the oversight of all the works, and was surveyor-general, though upon the various portions other great masters and workmen were employed. For Callicrates and Ictinus built the Parthenon. . . .

The propylæa, or entrances to the Acropolis, were finished in five years' time, Mnesicles being the principal architect. A strange accident happened in the course of building, which showed that the goddess was not averse to the work, but was aiding and coöperating to bring it to perfection. One of the artificers, the quickest and the handiest workman among them all, with a slip of his foot fell down from a great height, and lay in a miserable condition, the physicians having no hope of his recovery. When Pericles was in distress about this, Minerva appeared to him in a dream at night, and ordered a course of treatment, which he applied, and in a short time and with great ease cured the man. And upon this occasion it was that he set up a brass statue of Minerva, surnamed Health, in the citadel near the altar which they say was there before. But it was Phidias who wrought the goddess' image in gold, and he has his name inscribed on the pedestal as the workman of it; and indeed the whole work in a manner was under his charge, and he had, as we have said already, the oversight over all the artists and workmen, through Pericles' friendship for him; and this, indeed, made him much envied, and his patron shamefully slandered with stories. . . .

When the orators, who sided with Thucydides and his party, were at one time crying out, as their custom was, against Pericles, as one who squandered away the public money, and made havoc of the state revenues, he rose in the open assembly and put the question to the people, whether they thought that he had laid out much, and they saying, 'Too much, a great deal,' 'Then,' he said, 'since it is so, let the cost not go to your account but to mine; and let the inscription upon the buildings stand in my name.' When they heard him say thus, whether it were out of a surprise to see the greatness of his spirit or out of emulation of the glory of the works, they cried aloud, bidding him to spend on, and lay out what he thought fit from the public purse, and to spare no cost, till all were finished.

Aspasia

He ordered, by public decree, the expedition against the Isle of Samos, on the ground, that, when they were bid to leave off their war with the Milesians they had not complied. And as these measures against the Samians are thought to have been taken to please Aspasia, this may be a fit point for inquiry about the woman, what art or charming faculty she had that enabled her to captivate, as she did, the greatest statesmen, and to give the philosophers occasion to speak so much about her, and that, too, not to her disparagement. That she was a Milesian by birth, the daughter of Axiochus, is a thing acknowledged. And they say it was in emulation of Thargelia, a courtesan of the old Ionian times, that she made her addresses to men of great power. Thargelia was a great beauty, extremely charming,

and at the same time sagacious; she had numerous suitors among the Greeks, and brought all who had to do with her over to the Persian interest, and by their means, being men of the greatest power and station, sowed the seeds of the Median faction up and down in several cities. Aspasia, some say, was courted and caressed by Pericles upon account of her knowledge and skill in politics. Socrates himself would sometimes go to visit her, and some of his acquaintance with him; and those who frequented her company would carry their wives with them to listen to her. Her occupation was anything but creditable, her house being a home for young courtesans. Æschines tells us, also, that Lysicles, a sheep-dealer, a man of low birth and character, by keeping Aspasia company after Pericles' death, came to be a chief man in Athens. And in Plato's Menexinus, though we do not take the introduction as quite serious, still thus much seems to be historical, that she had the repute of being resorted to by many of the Athenians for instruction in the art of speaking. Pericles' inclination for her seems, however, to have rather proceeded from the passion of love. He had a wife that was near of kin to him, who had been married first to Hipponicus, by whom she had Callias, surnamed the Rich; and also she brought Pericles, while she lived with him, two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus. Afterwards, when they did not well agree, nor like to live together, he parted with her, with her own consent, to another man, and himself took Aspasia, and loved her with wonderful affection; every day, both as he went out and as he came in from the market-place, he saluted and kissed her.

Phidias

Phidias the Moulder had, as has before been said, undertaken to make the statue of Minerva. Now he, being admitted to friendship with Pericles, and a great favorite of his, had many enemies upon this account, who envied and maligned him; who also, to make trial in a case of his, what kind of judges the commons would prove, should there be occasion to bring Pericles himself before them, having tampered with Menon, one who had been a workman with Phidias, stationed him in the market-place, with a petition desiring public security upon his discovery and impeachment of Phidias. The people admitting the man to tell his story, and the prosecution proceeding in the assembly, there was nothing of theft or cheat proved against him; for Phidias, from the very first beginning, by the advice of Pericles, had so wrought and wrapt the gold that was used in the work about the statue, that they might take it all off, and make out just the weight of it, which Pericles at that time bade the accusers do. But the reputation of his works was what brought envy upon Phidias, especially that where he represents the fight of the Amazons upon the goddess' shield, he had introduced a likeness of himself as a bald old man holding up a great stone with both hands, and had put in a very fine representation of Pericles fighting with an Amazon. And the position of the hand which holds out the spear in front of the face was ingeniously contrived to conceal in some degree the likeness, which meantime showed itself on either side.

Phidias then was carried away to prison, and there died of a disease; but, as some say, of poison administered by the enemies of Pericles, to raise a slander, or a suspicion at least, as though he had procured it. The informer Menon, upon Glycon's proposal, the people made free from payment of taxes and customs, and ordered the generals to take care that nobody should do him any hurt.

Pericles and the War

The Lacedæmonians, for their part, feeling sure that if they could once remove him, they might be at what terms they pleased with the Athenians, sent them word that they should expel the 'Pollution' with which Pericles on the mother's side was tainted, as Thucydides tells us. But the issue proved quite the contrary to what those who sent the message expected; instead of bringing Pericles under suspicion and reproach, they raised him into yet greater credit and esteem with the citizens, as a man whom their enemies most feared and hated. In the same way also, before Archidamus, who was at the head of the Peloponnesians, made his invasion into Attica, he told the Athenians beforehand that if Archidamus, while he laid waste the rest of the country, should forbear and

spare his estate, either on the ground of friendship or right of hospitality that was betwixt them, or on purpose to give his enemies an occasion for traducing him; that then did he freely bestow upon the state all his land and the buildings upon it for the public use. The Lacedæmonians therefore and their allies with a great army invaded the Athenian territories under the conduct of King Archidamus, and, laying waste the country, marched as far as Acharnæ, and there pitched their camp, presuming that the Athenians would never endure that, but would come out and fight them for their country's and their honor's sake. But Pericles looked upon it as dangerous to engage in battle, to the risk of the city itself, against sixty thousand men-at-arms of Peloponnesians and Bœotians; for so many they were in number that made the inroad at first; and he endeavored to appease those who were desirous to fight, and were grieved and discontented to see how things went, and gave them good words, saying that, 'trees, when they are lopped and cut grow up again in a short time, but men, being once lost, cannot easily be recovered.' He did not convene the people into an assembly, for fear lest they should force him to act against his judgment; but, like a skilful steersman or pilot of a ship, who, when a sudden squall comes on, out at sea, makes all his arrangements, sees that all is tight and fast, and then follows the dictates of his skill, and minds the business of the ship, taking no notice of the tears and entreaties of the sea-sick and fearful passengers, so he, having shut up the city gates and placed guards at all places for security, followed his own reason and judgment, little regarding those that cried out against him and were angry at his management, although there were a great many of his friends that urged him with requests, and many of his enemies threatened and accused him for doing as he did, and many made songs and lampoons upon him, which were sung about the town to his disgrace, reproaching him with the cowardly exercise of his office of general, and the tame abandonment of everything to the enemy's hands.

Cleon also already was among his assailants, making use of the feeling against him as a step to the leadership of the people as appears in the anapæstic verses of Hermippus—

> Satyr-king, instead of swords,
> Will you always handle words?
> Very brave indeed we find them,
> But a Teles lurks behind them.
>
> Yet to gnash your teeth you're seen,
> When the little dagger keen,
> Whetted every day anew,
> Of sharp Cleon touches you.

Pericles, however, was not at all moved by any attacks, but took all patiently, and submitted in silence to the disgrace they threw upon him and the ill-will they bore him; and, sending out a fleet of a hundred galleys to Peloponnesus, he did not go along with it in person, but stayed behind that he might watch at home and keep the city under his own control, till the Peloponnesians broke up their camp and were gone. Yet to soothe the common people, jaded and distressed with the war, he relieved them with distributions of public moneys, and ordained new divisions of subject land. For having turned out all the people of Ægina, he parted the island among the Athenians according to lot. Some comfort also and ease in their miseries they might receive from what their enemies endured. For the fleet, sailing round the Peloponnese, ravaged a great deal of the country, and pillaged and plundered the towns and smaller cities; and by land he himself entered with an army the Megarian country, and made havoc of it all. Whence it is clear that the Peloponnesians, though they did the Athenians much mischief by land, yet suffering as much themselves from them by sea, would not have protracted the war to such a length, but would quickly have given it over, as Pericles at first foretold they would, had not some divine power crossed human purposes.

In the first place, the pestilential disease, or plague, seized upon the city, and ate up all the flower and prime of their youth and strength.

The Character of Pericles

When he was now near his end, the best of the citizens and those of his friends who were left alive, sitting about him, were speaking of the greatness of his merit and his power, and reckoning up his famous actions and the number of his victories; for there were no less than nine trophies, which as their chief commander and conqueror of their enemies, he had set up for

the honor of the city. They talked thus together among themselves, as though he were able to understand or mind what they said, but had now lost consciousness. He had listened, however, all the while, and attended to all, and, speaking out among them, said that he wondered they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many other commanders, and, at the same time, should not speak or make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all. 'For,' said he, 'no Athenian, through my means, ever wore mourning.'

He was indeed a character deserving our high admiration not only for his equitable and mild temper, which all along in the many affairs of his life and the great animosities which he incurred he constantly maintained; but also for the high spirit and feeling which made him regard it the noblest of all his honors that, in the exercise of such immense power, he never had gratified his envy or his passion, nor had ever treated any enemy as irreconcilably opposed to him. And to me it appears that this one thing gives that otherwise childish and arrogant title a fitting and becoming significance; so dispassionate a temper, a life so pure and unblemished, in the height of power and place, might well be called Olympian, in accordance with our conceptions of the divine beings, to whom, as the natural authors of all good and nothing evil, we ascribe the rule and government of the world. Not as the poets represent, who, while confounding us with their ignorant fancies, are themselves confuted by their own poems and fictions, and call the place, indeed, where they say the gods make their abode, a secure and quiet seat, free from all hazards and commotions, untroubled with winds or with clouds, and equally through all time illumined with a soft serenity and a pure light as though such were a home most agreeable for a blessed and immortal nature; and yet, in the meanwhile, affirm that the gods themselves are full of trouble and enmity and anger and other passions, which no way become or belong to even men that have any understanding. But this will, perhaps, seem a subject fitter for some other consideration and that ought to be treated of in some other place.

The course of public affairs after his death produced a quick and speedy sense of the loss of Pericles. Those who, while he lived, resented his great authority, as that which eclipsed themselves, presently after quitting the stage, making trial of other orators and demagogues, readily acknowledged that there never had been in nature such a disposition as his was, more moderate and reasonable in the height of that state he took upon him, or more grave and impressive in the mildness which he used. And that invidious arbitrary power, to which formerly they gave the name of monarchy and tyranny, did then appear to have been the chief bulwark of public safety; so great a corruption and such a flood of mischief and vice followed which he, by keeping weak and low, had withheld from notice, and had prevented from attaining incurable height through a licentious impunity.

ÆMILIUS PAULUS

A Roman Triumphal Procession

The people erected scaffolds in the Forum, in the circuses, as they call their buildings for horse-races, and in all other parts of the city where they could best behold the show. The spectators were clad in white garments; all the temples were open, and full of garlands and perfumes; the ways were cleared and kept open by numerous officers, who drove back all who crowded into or ran across the main avenue. The triumph lasted three days. On the first, which was scarcely long enough for the sight, were to be seen the statues, pictures, and colossal images which were taken from the enemy, drawn upon two hundred and fifty chariots. On the second, was carried in a great many wagons the finest and richest armor of the Macedonians, both of brass and steel, all newly polished and glittering; the pieces of which were piled up and arranged purposely with the greatest art, so as to seem to be tumbled in heaps carelessly and by chance: helmets were thrown upon shields, coats of mail upon greaves; Cretan targets, and Thracian bucklers and quivers of arrows, lay huddled amongst horses' bits, and through these there appeared the points of naked swords, intermixed with long Macedonian sarissas. All these arms were fastened together with just so much

looseness that they struck against one another as they were drawn along, and made a harsh and alarming noise, so that, even as spoils of a conquered enemy, they could not be beheld without dread. After these wagons loaded with armor there followed three thousand men who carried the silver that was coined, in seven hundred and fifty vessels, each of which weighed three talents, and was carried by four men. Others brought silver bowls and goblets and cups, all disposed in such order as to make the best show, and all curious as well for their size as the solidity of their embossed work.

On the third day early in the morning, first came the trumpeters, who did not sound as they were wont in a procession or solemn entry, but such a charge as the Romans use when they encourage the soldiers to fight. Next followed young men wearing frocks with ornamented borders, who led to the sacrifice a hundred and twenty stalled oxen, with their horns gilded, and their heads adorned with ribbons and garlands; and with these were boys that carried basins for libation, of silver and gold. After this was brought the gold coin, which was divided into vessels that weighed three talents, like those that contained the silver; they were in number seventy-seven. These were followed by those that brought the consecrated bowl which Æmilius had caused to be made, that weighed ten talents, and was set with precious stones. Then were exposed to view the cups of Antigonus and Seleucus and those of the Thericlean make, and all the gold plate, that was used at Perseus's table. Next to these came Perseus's chariot, in which his armor was placed, and on that his diadem. And, after a little intermission, the king's children were led captives, and with them a train of their attendants, masters, and teachers, all shedding tears, and stretching out hands to the spectators, and making the children themselves also beg and entreat their compassion. There were two sons and a daughter, whose tender age made them but little sensible of the greatness of their misery, which very insensibility of their condition rendered it the more deplorable; insomuch that Perseus himself was scarcely regarded as he went along, whilst pity fixed the eyes of the Romans upon the infants; and many of them could not forbear tears, and all beheld the sight with a mixture of sorrow and pleasure, until the children were passed.

After his children and their attendants came Perseus himself, clad all in black, and wearing the boots of his country, and looking like one altogether stunned and deprived of reason, through the greatness of his misfortunes. Next followed a great company of his friends and familiars, whose countenances were disfigured with grief, and who let the spectators see, by their tears and their continual looking upon Perseus, that it was his fortune they so much lamented, and that they were regardless of their own. Perseus sent to Æmilius to entreat that he might not be led in pomp, but be left out of the triumph; who, deriding, as was but just, his cowardice and fondness of life, sent him this answer, that as for that, it had been before, and was now, in his own power; giving him to understand that the disgrace could be avoided by death; which the faint-hearted man not having the spirit for, and made effeminate by I know not what hopes, allowed himself to appear as a part of his own spoils. After these were carried four hundred crowns, all made of gold, sent from the cities by their respective deputations to Æmilius, in honor of his victory. Then he himself came, seated on a chariot magnificently adorned (a man well worthy to be looked at, even without these ensigns of power), dressed in a robe of purple, interwoven with gold, and holding a laurel branch in his right hand. All the army in like manner with boughs of laurel in their hands, divided into their bands and companies, followed the chariot of the commander; some singing verses, according to the usual custom, mingled with raillery; others, songs of triumph and the praise of Æmilius's deeds; who, indeed, was admired and accounted happy by all men, and unenvied by everyone that was good; except so far as it seems the province of some god to lessen that happiness which is too great and inordinate, and so to mingle the affairs of human life that no one should be entirely free and exempt from calamities; but, as we read in Homer, that those should think themselves truly blessed to whom fortune has given an equal share of good and evil.

Æmilius had four sons, of whom Scipio and Fabius, as is already related, were adopted into other families; the other two, whom he had by a second wife, and who

were yet but young, he brought up in his own house. One of these died at fourteen years of age, five days before his father's triumph, the other at twelve three days after; so that there was no Roman without a deep sense of his suffering, and who did not shudder at the cruelty of fortune, that had not scrupled to bring so much sorrow into a house replenished with happiness, rejoicing, and sacrifices, and to intermingle tears and laments with songs of victory and triumph.

Æmilius, however, reasoning justly that courage and resolution was not merely to resist armor and spears, but all the shocks of ill-fortune, so met and so adapted himself to these mingled and contrasting circumstances, as to outbalance the evil with the good, and his private concerns with those of the public; and thus did not allow anything either to take away from the grandeur, or sully the dignity of his victory. For as soon as he had buried the first of his sons (as we have already said), he triumphed; and the second dying almost as soon as his triumph was over, he gathered together an assembly of the people, and made an oration to them, not like a man that stood in need of comfort from others, but one that undertook to support his fellow-citizens in their grief for the sufferings he himself underwent.

MARCUS CATO

Courage and Frugality

Hence his solidity and depth of character showed itself gradually more and more to those with whom he was concerned, and claimed, as it were, employment in great affairs and places of public command. Nor did he merely abstain from taking fees for his counsel and pleading, but did not even seem to put any high price on the honor which proceeded from such kind of combats, seeming much more desirous to signalize himself in the camp and in real fights; and while yet but a youth, had his breast covered with scars he had received from the enemy: being (as he himself says) but seventeen years old when he made his first campaign; in the time when Hannibal, in the height of his success, was burning and pillaging all Italy. In engagements he would strike boldly, without flinching, stand firm to his ground, fix a bold countenance upon his enemies, and with a harsh threatening voice accost them, justly thinking himself and telling others that such a rugged kind of behavior sometimes terrifies the enemy more than the sword itself. In his marches he bore his own arms on foot, whilst one servant only followed, to carry the provision for his table, with whom he is said never to have been angry or hasty whilst he made ready his dinner or supper, but would, for the most part, when he was free from military duty, assist and help him himself to dress it. When he was with the army, he used to drink only water, unless, perhaps, when extremely thirsty, he might mingle it with a little vinegar, or if he found his strength fail him, take a little wine.

The little country house of Manius Curius, who had been thrice carried in triumph, happened to be near his farm; so that often going thither, and contemplating the small compass of the place and plainness of the dwelling, he formed an idea of the mind of the person, who being one of the greatest of the Romans, and having subdued the most warlike nations, nay, had driven Pyrrhus out of Italy, now, after three triumphs, was contented to dig in so small a piece of ground, and live in such a cottage. Here it was that the ambassadors of the Samnites, finding him boiling turnips in the chimney corner, offered him a present of gold; but he sent them away with this saying: that he who was content with such a supper, had no need of gold; and that he thought it more honorable to conquer those who possessed the gold, than to possess the gold itself. Cato, reflecting upon these things, used to return and, reviewing his own farm, his servants, and housekeeping, increase his labor and retrench all superfluous expenses.

Economy and Parsimony

Cato grew more and more powerful by his eloquence, so that he was commonly called the Roman Demosthenes; but his manner of life was yet more famous and talked of. For oratorical skill was, as an accomplishment, commonly studied and sought after by all young men; but he was very rare who would cultivate the old habits of bodily labor, or prefer a light supper, and a breakfast which never saw

the fire, or be in love with poor clothes and a homely lodging, or could set his ambition rather on doing without luxuries than on possessing them. For now the state, unable to keep its purity by reason of its greatness, and having so many affairs, and people from all parts under its government, was fain to admit many mixed customs and new examples of living. With reason, therefore, everybody admired Cato, when they saw others sink under labors and grow effeminate by pleasures, and yet beheld him unconquered by either, and that not only when he was young and desirous of honor, but also when old and grey-headed, after a consulship and triumph; like some famous victor in the games persevering in his exercise and maintaining his character to the very last. He himself says that he never wore a suit of clothes which cost more than a hundred drachmas; and that, when he was consul and general, he drank the same wine which his workmen did; and that the meat or fish which was bought in the meat-market for his dinner did not cost above thirty asses. All which was for the sake of the commonwealth, that his body might be the hardier for the war. Having a piece of embroidered Babylonian tapestry left him, he sold it; because none of his farmhouses were so much as plastered. Nor did he ever buy a slave for above fifteen hundred drachmas; as he did not seek for effeminate and handsome ones, but able sturdy workmen, horse-keepers and cow-herds, and these he thought ought to be sold again when they grew old, and no useless servants fed in the house. In short, he reckoned nothing a good bargain which was superfluous, but whatever it was, though sold for a farthing he would think it a great price, if you had no need of it; and was for the purchase of lands for sowing and feeding, rather than grounds for sweeping and watering.

Some imputed these things to petty avarice, but others approved of him, as if he had only the more strictly denied himself for the rectifying and amending of others. Yet, certainly, in my judgment, it marks an over-rigid temper for a man to take the work out of his servants as out of brute beasts, turning them off and selling them in their old age, and thinking there ought to be no further commerce between man and man than whilst there arises some profit by it. We see that kindness or humanity has a larger field than bare justice to exercise itself in; law and justice we cannot, in the nature of things, employ on others than men; but we may extend our goodness and charity even to irrational creatures; and such acts flow from a gentle nature, as water from an abundant spring. It is doubtless the part of a kind-natured man to keep even worn-out horses and dogs, and not only take care of them when they are foals and whelps, but also when they are grown old. The Athenians, when they built their Hecatompedon, turned those mules loose to feed freely which they had observed to have done the hardest labor. One of these they say came once of itself to offer its service, and ran along with, nay, and went before, the teams which drew the wagons up to the Acropolis, as if it would incite and encourage them to draw more stoutly; upon which there passed a vote that the creature should be kept at the public charge even till it died. The graves of Cimon's horses, which thrice won the Olympian races, are yet to be seen close by his own monument. Old Xanthippus, too (amongst many others who buried the dogs they had bred up), entombed his which swam after his galley to Salamis, when the people fled from Athens, on the top of a cliff, which they call the Dog's Tomb to this day. Nor are we to use living creatures like old shoes or dishes, and throw them away when they are worn out or broken with service; but if it were for nothing else, but by way of study and practice in humanity, a man ought always to prehabituate himself in these things to be of a kind and sweet disposition. As to myself, I would not so much as sell my draught ox on the account of his age, much less for a small piece of money sell a poor old man, and so chase him, as it were, from his own country, by turning him not only out of the place where he has lived a long while, but also out of the manner of living he has been accustomed to, and that more especially when he would be as useless to the buyer as to the seller. Yet Cato for all this glories that he left that very horse in Spain which he used in the wars when he was consul, only because he would not put the public to the charge of his freight. Whether these acts are to be ascribed to the greatness or pettiness of his spirit, let every one argue as they please.

Administrator and Paterfamilias

Cato, notwithstanding being little solicitous as to those who exclaimed against him, increased his austerity. He caused the pipes, through which some persons brought the public water into their houses and gardens, to be cut, and threw down all buildings which jutted out into the common streets. He beat down also the price in contracts for public works to the lowest, and raised it in contracts for farming the taxes to the highest sum; by which proceedings he drew a great deal of hatred upon himself. Those who were of Titus Flamininus's party canceled in the senate all the bargains and contracts made by him for the repairing and carrying on of the sacred and public buildings as unadvantageous to the commonwealth. They incited also the boldest of the tribunes of the people to accuse him and to fine him two talents. They likewise much opposed him in building the court or basilica which he caused to be erected at the common charge, just by the senate-house, in the market-place, and called by his own name, the Porcian. However, the people, it seems, liked his censorship wondrously well; for, setting up a statue for him in the temple of the goddess of Health, they put an inscription under it, not recording his commands in war or his triumph, but to the effect that this was Cato the Censor, who, by his good discipline and wise and temperate ordinances, reclaimed the Roman commonwealth when it was declining and sinking down into vice. Before this honor was done to himself, he used to laugh at those who loved such kind of things saying, that they did not see that they were taking pride in the workmanship of brass-founders and painters; whereas the citizens bore about his best likeness in their breasts. And when any seemed to wonder that he should have never a statue, while many ordinary persons had one, 'I would,' said he, 'much rather be asked why I have not one, than why I have one.' In short, he would not have any honest citizen endure to be praised, except it might prove advantageous to the commonwealth. Yet still he had passed the highest commendation on himself; for he tells us that those who did anything wrong, and were found fault with, used to say that it was not worth while to blame them, for they were not Catos; he also adds, that they who awkwardly mimicked some of his actions were called left-handed Catos; and that the senate in perilous times would cast their eyes on him, as upon a pilot in a ship, and that often when he was not present they put off affairs of greatest consequence. These things are indeed also testified of him by others; for he had a great authority in the city alike for his life, his eloquence, and his age.

He was also a good father, an excellent husband to his wife, and an extraordinary economist; and as he did not manage his affairs of this kind carelessly, and as things of little moment, I think I ought to record a little further whatever was commendable in him in these points. He married a wife more noble than rich; being of opinion that the rich and the high-born are equally haughty and proud; but that those of noble blood would be more ashamed of base things, and consequently more obedient to their husbands in all that was fit and right. A man who beat his wife or child laid violent hands, he said, on what was most sacred; and a good husband he reckoned worthy of more praise than a great senator; and he admired the ancient Socrates for nothing so much as for having lived a temperate and contented life with a wife who was a scold, and children who were half-witted.

As soon as he had a son born, though he had never such urgent business upon his hands, unless it were some public matter, he would be by when his wife washed it and dressed it in its swaddling clothes. For she herself suckled it, nay, she often too gave her breast to her servants' children, to produce, by suckling the same milk, a kind of natural love in them to her son. When he began to come to years of discretion, Cato himself would teach him to read, although he had a servant, a very good grammarian, called Chilo, who taught many others; but he thought not fit, as he himself said, to have his son reprimanded by a slave, or pulled, it may be, by the ears when found tardy in his lesson: nor would he have him owe to a servant the obligation of so great a thing as his learning; he himself, therefore, as we were saying, taught him his grammar, law, and his gymnastic exercises. Nor did he only show him, too, how to throw a dart, to fight in armor, and to ride, but to box also and to endure both heat and cold, and to swim over the most rapid and rough rivers.

He says likewise that he wrote histories, in large characters, with his own hand, that so his son, without stirring out of the house, might learn to know about his countrymen and forefathers; nor did he less abstain from speaking anything obscene before his son than if it had been in the presence of the sacred virgins, called Vestals. Nor would he ever go into the bath with him; which seems indeed to have been the common custom of the Romans. Sons-in-law used to avoid bathing with fathers-in-law, disliking to see one another naked; but having, in time, learned of the Greeks to strip before men, they have since taught the Greeks to do it even with the women themselves.

PAUSANIAS (173 A.D.)

When Pausanias wrote the ten books of the *Tour of Greece,* about six hundred years had passed since the death of Pericles, and Plutarch had said that the whole country could not have raised an army of more than three thousand men. The importance of Greece lay in its past, and it was for those who appreciated the value of her gift to the world that Pausanias with much travel and labor made accessible a great variety of knowledge concerning her sites and monuments. His work has been of the greatest importance in the past century also; Schliemann in the excavation of Mycenæ and Tiryns, the Germans at Olympia, the French at Delphi, and the Americans at Corinth, all used him as their guide. The *Tour* covered most of Greece in Europe. Translation by Arthur Richard Shilleto.

TOUR OF GREECE

The Theater at Athens

Now the Athenians have statues in the theater of their tragic and comic dramatists, mostly mediocrities, for except Menander there is no Comedian of first-rate powers, and Euripides and Sophocles are the great lights of Tragedy. And the story goes that after the death of Sophocles the Lacedæmonians made an incursion into Attica, and their leader saw in a dream Dionysus standing by him, and bidding him honor the new Siren with all the honors paid to the dead: and the dream seemed manifestly to refer to Sophocles and his plays. And even now the Athenians are wont to compare the persuasiveness of his poetry and discourses to a Siren's song. And the statue of Æschylus was I think completed long after his death, and subsequently to the painting which exhibits the action at Marathon. And Æschylus used to tell the story that when he was quite a lad, he slept in a field watching the grapes, and Dionysus appeared to him and bade him write tragedy; and when it was day, he wished to obey the god, and found it most easy work. This was his own account. And on the South Wall, which looks from the Acropolis to the theater, is the golden head of Medusa the Gorgon, with her ægis. And at the top of the theater there is a crevice in the rocks up to the Acropolis: and there is a tripod also here. On it are portrayed Apollo and Artemis carrying off the sons of Niobe. I myself saw this Niobe when I ascended the mountain Sipylus: the rock and ravine at near view convey neither the idea of a woman, nor a woman mourning, but at a distance you may fancy to yourself that you see a woman all tears and with dejected mien.

On the Acropolis

And as regards the temple which they call the Parthenon, as you enter it everything portrayed on the gables relates to the birth of Athene, and behind is depicted the contest between Poseidon and Athene for the soil of Attica. And this work of art is in ivory and gold. In the middle of her helmet is an image of the Sphinx—about whom I shall give an account when I come to Bœotia—and on each side of the helmet are griffins worked. . . . But the statue of Athene is full length, with a tunic reaching to her feet, and on her breast is the head of Medusa worked in ivory, and in one hand she has a Victory four cubits high, in the other hand a spear, and at her feet a shield, and near the spear a dragon which perhaps is Erichthonius. And on the base of the statue is a representation of the birth of Pandora, the first woman according to Hesiod and other poets, for before her there was no race of women. Here too I remember to have seen the only statue here of the Emperor Adrian, and at the entrance one of Iphicrates the celebrated Athenian general.

And outside the temple is a brazen Apollo said to be by Phidias: and they call it Apollo *Averter of Locusts,* because when the locusts destroyed the land the god said

he would drive them out of the country. And they know that he did so, but they don't say how. I myself know of locusts having been thrice destroyed on Mount Sipylus, but not in the same way, for some were driven away by a violent wind that fell on them, and others by a strong blight that came on them after showers, and others were frozen to death by a sudden frost. All this came under my own notice.

There are also in the Acropolis at Athens statues of Pericles the son of Xanthippus and Xanthippus himself, who fought against the Persians at Mycale. The statue of Pericles stands by itself, but near that of Xanthippus is Anacreon of Teos, the first after Lesbian Sappho, who wrote erotic poetry mainly: his appearance is that of a man singing in liquor. . . .

There is also a building called the Erechtheum: and in the vestibule is an altar of Supreme Zeus, where they offer no living sacrifice, but cakes without the usual libation of wine. And as you enter there are three altars, one to Poseidon (on which they also sacrifice to Erechtheus according to the oracle), one to the hero Butes, and the third to Hephæstus. And on the walls are paintings of the family of Butes. The building is a double one, and inside there is sea water in a well. And this is no great marvel, for even those who live in inland parts have such wells, as notably the Aphrodisienses in Caria. But this well is represented as having a roar as of the sea when the South wind blows. And in the rock is the figure of a trident. And this is said to have been Poseidon's proof in regard to the territory Athene disputed with him.

Sacred to Athene is all the rest of Athens, and similarly all Attica: for although they worship different gods in different townships, none the less do they honor Athene generally. And the most sacred of all is the statue of Athene in what is now called the Acropolis, but was then called the Polis (*city*), which was universally worshiped many years before the various townships formed one city: and the rumor about it is that it fell from heaven. As to this I shall not give an opinion, whether it was so or not. And Callimachus made a golden lamp for the goddess. And when they fill this lamp with oil it lasts for a whole year, although it burns continually night and day. And the wick is of a particular kind of cotton flax, the only kind imperishable by fire. And above the lamp is a palm tree of brass reaching to the roof and carrying off the smoke. And Callimachus, the maker of this lamp, although he comes behind the first artificers, yet was remarkable for ingenuity, and was the first who perforated stone, and got the name of *Art-critic*, whether his own appellation or given him by others.

At Olympia

Many various wonders may one see, or hear of, in Greece: but the Eleusinian mysteries and Olympian games seem to exhibit more than anything else the divine purpose. And the sacred grove of Zeus they have from old time called Altis, slightly changing the Greek word for grove: it is indeed called Altis also by Pindar, in the Ode he composed for a victor at Olympia. And the temple and statue of Zeus were built out of the spoils of Pisa, which the people of Elis razed to the ground, after quelling the revolt of Pisa and some of the neighboring towns that revolted with Pisa. And that the statue of Zeus was the work of Phidias is shown by the inscription written at the base of it:

'Phidias the Athenian, the son of Charmides, made me.'

The temple is a Doric building, and outside it is a colonnade. And the temple is built of stone of the district. Its height up to the gable is 68 feet, its breadth 95 feet, and its length 230 feet. And its architect was Libon, a native of Elis. And the tiles on the roof are not of baked earth, but Pentelican marble to imitate tiles. . . . And there are pillars inside the temple, and porticos above, and an approach by them to the image of Zeus. There is also a winding staircase to the roof.

The image of the god is in gold and ivory, seated on a throne. And a crown is on his head imitating the foliage of the olive tree. In his right hand he holds a Victory in ivory and gold, with a tiara and crown on his head: and in his left hand a scepter adorned with all manner of precious stones, and the bird seated on the scepter is an eagle. The robes and sandals of the god are also of gold: and on his robes are imitations of flowers, especially of lilies. And the throne is

richly adorned with gold and precious stones, and with ebony and ivory. And there are imitations of animals painted on it, and models worked on it. There are four Victories like dancers, one at each foot of the throne, and two also at the instep of each foot: and at each of the front feet are Theban boys carried off by Sphinxes, and below the Sphinxes Apollo and Artemis shooting down the children of Niobe. And between the feet of the throne are four divisions formed by straight lines drawn from each of the four feet. In the division nearest the entrance there are seven models, the eighth has vanished, no one knows where or how. And they are imitations of ancient contests, for in the days of Phidias the contests for boys were not yet established. And the figure with its head muffled up in a scarf is, they say, Pantarces, who was a native of Elis and the darling of Phidias. This Pantarces won the wrestling prize for boys in the 86th Olympiad. And in the remaining divisions is the band of Hercules fighting against the Amazons. The number on each side is 29, and Theseus is on the side of Hercules. And the throne is supported not only by the four feet, but also by four pillars between the feet. But one cannot get under the throne, as one can at Amyclæ, and pass inside, for at Olympia there are panels like walls that keep one off. Of these panels the one opposite the doors of the temple is painted sky blue only, but the others contain paintings by Panænus. . . .

This Panænus was the brother of Phidias, and at Athens in the Painted Stoa he has painted the action at Marathon. At the top of the throne Phidias has represented above the head of Zeus the three Graces and three Seasons. For these too, as we learn from the poets, were daughters of Zeus. Homer in the Iliad has represented the Seasons as having the care of Heaven, as a kind of guards of a royal palace. And the base under the feet of Zeus (what is called in Attic θρανιον), has golden lions engraved on it, and the battle between Theseus and the Amazons, the first famous exploit of the Athenians beyond their own borders. And on the platform that supports the throne there are various ornaments round Zeus and gilt carving, the Sun seated in his chariot, and Zeus and Hera, and near is Grace. Hermes is close to her, and Vesta close to Hermes. And next to Vesta is Eros receiving Aphrodite, just rising from the sea, who is being crowned by Persuasion. And Apollo and Artemis, Athene, and Hercules are standing by, and at the end of the platform Amphitrite and Poseidon, and Selene apparently urging on her horse. And some say it is a mule and not a horse that the goddess is riding upon, and there is a silly tale about this mule.

I know that the size of the Olympian Zeus both in height and breadth has been stated, but I cannot bestow praise on the measurers, for their recorded measurement comes far short of what anyone would infer looking at the statue. They make the god also to have testified to the art of Phidias For they say when the statue was finished, Phidias prayed him to signify if the work was to his mind, and immediately Zeus struck with lightning that part of the pavement, where in our day there is a brazen urn with a lid.

And all the pavement in front of the statue is not of white but of black stone. And a border of Parian marble runs round this black stone, as a preservative against spilled oil. For oil is good for the statue at Olympia, as it prevents the ivory being harmed by the dampness of the grove. . . .

Next ought I to describe the temple of Hera, and all that is worth narrating in it. The people of Elis have a tradition that the people of Scillus in Triphylia built it about eight years after Oxylus became king at Elis. Its architecture is Doric, there are pillars all round it, one pillar in a chamber at the back of the temple is of oak. And the length of the temple is 63 feet. . . .

And in Hera's temple there is a statue of Zeus, and also one of Hera seated on a throne, and standing by is a person with a beard and helmet on his head. . . . What I have enumerated are in ivory and gold: but in later times there were other statues placed in the temple of Hera, as a stone Hermes carrying Dionysus as a babe, by Praxiteles.

EPICTETUS (Arrian, 95–175 A.D.)

Born at Hierapolis in Phrygia, a slave at Rome in the time of Nero, lame and sickly, self-taught, Epictetus nevertheless became one of the most influential teachers among the Stoics. Banished with other philosophers by Domitian in 94, he went to live in Epirus, where he was heard by Arrian the writer of history, who became a devoted follower and recorded his master's teachings in the *Discourses* and *Manual* which usually bear the name of Epictetus, who himself did not write. Both works are exhortations to the use of the will in the attainment of self-sufficiency and freedom from externals. The translation is by George Long.

DISCOURSES

The Struggle Against Habit

Every habit and faculty is maintained and increased by the corresponding actions: the habit of walking by walking, the habit of running by running. If you would be a good reader, read; if a writer, write. But when you shall not have read for thirty days in succession, but have done something else, you will know the consequence. In the same way, if you shall have lain down ten days, get up and attempt to make a long walk, and you will see how your legs are weakened. Generally then if you would make anything a habit, do it; if you would not make it a habit, do not do it, but accustom yourself to do something else in place of it.

So it is with respect to the affections of the soul: when you have been angry, you must know that not only has this evil befallen you, but that you have also increased the habit, and in a manner thrown fuel upon fire. . . .

If then you wish not to be of an angry temper, do not feed the habit: throw nothing on it which will increase it: at first keep quiet, and count the days on which you have not been angry. I used to be in passion every day; now every second day; then every third, then every fourth. But if you have intermitted thirty days, make a sacrifice to God. For the habit at first begins to be weakened, and then is completely destroyed.

THE ENCHEIRIDION

Desire Only the Possible

Of things some are in our power, and others are not. In our power are opinion, movement towards a thing, desire, aversion; and in a word, whatever are our own acts: not in our power are the body, property, reputation, offices, and in a word, whatever are not our own acts. And the things in our power are by nature free, not subject to restraint nor hindrance: but the things not in our power are weak, slavish, subject to restraint, in the power of others. Remember then that if you think the things which are by nature slavish to be free, and the things which are in the power of others to be your own, you will be hindered, you will lament, you will be disturbed, you will blame both gods and men: but if you think that only which is your own to be your own, and if you think that what is another's, as it really is, belongs to another, no man will ever compel you, no man will hinder you, you will never blame any man, you will accuse no man, you will do nothing involuntarily, no man will harm you, you will have no enemy, for you will not suffer any harm.

If then you desire such great things, remember that you must not lay hold of them with a small effort; but you must leave alone some things entirely, and postpone others for the present. But if you wish for these things also, and power and

wealth, perhaps you will not gain even these very things because you aim also at those former things: certainly you will fail in those things through which alone happiness and freedom are secured.

The Tyranny of Opinion

Men are disturbed not by the things which happen, but by the opinions about the things: for example, death is nothing terrible, for if it were, it would have seemed so to Socrates; for the opinion about death, that it is terrible, is the terrible thing. When then we are impeded or disturbed or grieved, let us never blame others, but ourselves, that is, our opinions. It is the act of an ill-instructed man to blame others for his own bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun to be instructed, to lay the blame on himself; and of one whose instruction is completed, neither to blame another, nor himself.

At the Banquet of Life

Remember that in life you ought to behave as at a banquet. Suppose that something is carried round and is opposite to you. Stretch out your hand and take a portion with decency. Suppose that it passes you. Do not detain it. Suppose that it is not yet come to you. Do not send your desire forward to it, but wait till it is opposite to you. Do so with respect to children, so with respect to a wife, so with respect to magisterial offices, so with respect to wealth, and you will be some time a worthy partner of the banquets of the gods. But if you take none of the things which are set before you, and even despise them, then you will be not only a fellow banqueter with the gods, but also a partner with them in power. For by acting thus Diogenes and Heracleitus and those like them were deservedly divine, and were so called.

In the Play of Life

Remember that thou art an actor in a play, of such a kind as the teacher may choose; if short, of a short one; if long, of a long one: if he wishes you to act the part of a poor man, see that you act the part naturally; if the part of a lame man, of a magistrate, of a private person, do the same. For this is your duty, to act well the part that is given to you; but to select the part, belongs to another.

MARCUS AURELIUS (121–180 A.D.)

The twelve books of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, emperor of Rome from 161 to 180 A.D., were written at least in part while he was in camp on the distant frontiers of the empire, defending it against the ancient Bohemians. Addressed to himself, and written really without regard to stylistic appeal, they are usually called *Meditations*. They are like the works of Epictetus in exhorting to self-mastery and independence of the external and transitory, but are farther removed from the common experiences of life. Translation by George Long.

TO HIMSELF

Acknowledgments

From my grandfather Verus [I learned] good morals and the government of my temper.

From the reputation and remembrance of my father, modesty and a manly character.

From my mother, piety and beneficence, and abstinence, not only from evil deeds, but even from evil thoughts; and further, simplicity in my way of living, far removed from the habits of the rich.

From my great-grandfather, not to have frequented public schools, and to have had good teachers at home, and to know that on such things a man should spend liberally.

From my governor, to be neither of the green nor of the blue party at the games in the Circus, nor a partizan either of the Parmularius or the Scutarius at the gladiators' fights; from him too I learned endurance of labor, and to want little, and to work with my own hands, and not to meddle with other people's affairs, and not to be ready to listen to slander. . . .

From Maximus I learned self-government, and not to be led aside by anything; and cheerfulness in all circumstances, as well as in illness; and a just admixture in the moral character of sweetness and dignity, and to do what was set before me without complaining. I observed that everybody believed that he thought as he spoke, and that in all that he did he never had any bad intention; and he never showed amazement and surprise, and was never in a hurry, and never put off doing a thing, nor was perplexed nor dejected, nor did he ever laugh to disguise his vexation, nor, on the other hand, was he ever passionate or suspicious. He was accustomed to do acts of beneficence, and was ready to forgive, and was free from all falsehood; and he presented the appearance of a man who could not be diverted from right rather than of a man who had been improved. I observed, too, that no man could ever think that he was despised by Maximus, or ever venture to think himself a better man. He had also the art of being humorous in an agreeable way.

In my father I observed mildness of temper, and unchangeable resolution in the things which he had determined after due deliberation; and no vain-glory in those things which men call honors; and a love of labor and perseverance; and a readiness to listen to those who had anything to propose for the common weal; and undeviating firmness in giving to every man according to his deserts; and a knowledge derived from experience of the occasions for vigorous action and for remission. . . . but every one acknowledged him to be a man ripe, perfect, above flattery, able to manage his own and other men's affairs. Besides this, he honored those who were true philosophers, and he did not reproach those who pretended to be philosophers, nor yet was he easily led by them. He was also easy in conversation, and he made himself agreeable without any offensive affectation. He took a reasonable care of his body's health, not as one who was greatly attached to life, nor out of regard to personal appearance, nor yet in a careless way, but so that, through his own attention, he very seldom stood in need of the physician's art or of medicine or external applications. He was most ready

to give way without envy to those who possessed any particular faculty, such as that of eloquence or knowledge of the law or of morals, or of anything else; and he gave them his help, that each might enjoy reputation according to his deserts; and he always acted conformably to the institutions of his country, without showing any affectation of doing so. Further, he was not fond of change nor unsteady, but he loved to stay in the same places, and to employ himself about the same things; and after his paroxysms of headache he came immediately fresh and vigorous to his usual occupations. His secrets were not many, but very few and very rare, and these only about public matters; and he showed prudence and economy in the exhibition of the public spectacles and the construction of public buildings, his donations to the people, and in such things, for he was a man who looked to what ought to be done, not to the reputation which is got by a man's acts. He did not take the bath at unseasonable hours; he was not fond of building houses, nor curious about what he ate, nor about the texture and color of his clothes, nor about the beauty of his slaves. His dress came from Lorium, his villa on the coast, and from Lanuvium generally. We know how he behaved to the toll-collector at Tusculum who asked his pardon; and such was all his behavior. There was in him nothing harsh, nor implacable, nor violent, nor, as one may say, anything carried to the sweating point; but he examined all things severally, as if he had abundance of time, and without confusion, in an orderly way, vigorously and consistently. And that might be applied to him which is recorded of Socrates, that he was able both to abstain from, and to enjoy, those things which many are too weak to abstain from, and cannot enjoy without excess. But to be strong enough both to bear the one and to be sober in the other is the mark of a man who has a perfect and invincible soul, such as he showed in the illness of Maximus.

To the gods I am indebted for having good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends, nearly everything good. Further, I owe it to the gods that I was not hurried into any offence against any of them, though I had a disposition which, if opportunity had offered, might have led me to do something of this kind; but, through their favor, there never was such a concurrence of circumstances as put me to the trial. Further, I am thankful to the gods that . . . whenever I wished to help any man in his need, or on any other occasion, I was never told that I had not the means of doing it; and that to myself the same necessity never happened, to receive anything from another; that I have such a wife, so obedient, and so affectionate, and so simple; that I had abundance of good masters for my children . . . and that, when I had an inclination to philosophy, I did not fall into the hands of any sophist, and that I did not waste my time on writers [of histories], or in the resolution of syllogisms, or occupy myself about the investigation of appearances in the heavens; for all these things require the help of the gods and fortune.

Among the Quadi at the Granua.

Of Life and Death

Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong, that it is akin to me, not [only] of the same blood or seed but that it participates in [the same] intelligence and [the same] portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him. For we are made for coöperation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away. . . .

Though thou shouldest be going to live three thousand years, and as many times ten thousand years, still remember that no man loses any other life than this which he now lives, nor lives any other than this which he now loses. The longest and shortest are thus brought to the same. For the present is the same to all, though that which perishes is not the same; and so that which is lost appears to be a mere moment. For a man cannot lose either the

past or the future: for what a man has not how can any one take this from him? These two things then thou must bear in mind; the one, that all things from eternity are of like forms and come round in a circle, and that it makes no difference whether a man shall see the same things during a hundred years or two hundred, or an infinite time; and the second, that the longest liver and he who will die soonest lose just the same. For the present is the only thing of which a man can be deprived, if it is true that this is the only thing which he has, and that a man cannot lose a thing if he has it not. . . .

Of human life the time is a point, and the substance is in a flux, and the perception dull, and the composition of the whole body subject to putrefaction, and the soul a whirl, and fortune hard to divine, and fame a thing devoid of judgment. And, to say all in a word, everything which belongs to the body is a stream, and what belongs to the soul is a dream and vapor, and life is a warfare and a stranger's sojourn, and after-fame is oblivion. What then is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing and only one, philosophy. But this consists in keeping the demon within a man free from violence and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely and with hypocrisy, not feeling the need of another man's doing or not doing anything; and besides, accepting all that happens, and all that is allotted, as coming from thence, wherever it is, from whence he himself came; and, finally, waiting for death with a cheerful mind, as being nothing else than a dissolution of the elements of which every living being is compounded. But if there is no harm to the elements themselves in each continually changing into another, why should a man have any apprehension about the change and dissolution of all the elements? For it is according to nature, and nothing is evil which is according to nature.

This is Carnuntum. . . .

Thou art a little soul bearing about a corpse, as Epictetus used to say.

It is no evil for things to undergo change, and no good for things to subsist in consequence of change.

Time is like a river made up of the events which happen, and a violent stream; for as soon as a thing has been seen, it is carried away, and another comes in its place, and this will be carried away too.

Everything which happens is as familiar and well known as the rose in spring and the fruit in summer; for such is disease and death, and calumny, and treachery, and whatever else delights fools or vexes them. . . .

Always remember the saying of Heraclitus, that the death of earth is to become water, and the death of water is to become air, and the death of air is to become fire, and reversely. And think too of him who forgets whither the way leads, and that men quarrel with that with which they are most constantly in communion, the reason which governs the universe; and the things which they daily meet with seem to them strange.

If any god told thee that thou shalt die to-morrow, or certainly on the day after to-morrow, thou wouldst not care much whether it was on the third day or on the morrow, unless thou wast in the highest degree mean-spirited,—for how small is the difference?—so think it no great thing to die after as many years as thou canst name rather than to-morrow.

Think continually how many physicians are dead after often contracting their eyebrows over the sick; and how many astrologers after predicting with great pretensions the deaths of others; and how many philosophers after endless discourses on death or immortality; how many heroes after killing thousands; and how many tyrants who have used their power over men's lives with terrible insolence as if they were immortal; and how many cities are entirely dead, so to speak, Helice and Pompeii and Herclanum, and others innumerable. Add to the reckoning all whom thou hast known, one after another. One man after burying another has been laid out dead, and another buries him: and all this in a short time. To conclude, always observe how ephemeral and worthless human things are, and what was yesterday a little mucus, to-morrow will be a mummy or ashes. Pass then through this little space of time conformably to nature, and end thy journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing nature who produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew. . . .

It is a vulgar, but still a useful help towards contempt of death, to pass in re-

view those who have tenaciously stuck to life. What more then have they gained than those who have died early? Certainly they lie in their tombs somewhere at last, Cadicianus, Fabius, Julianus, Lepidus, or any one else like them, who have carried out many to be buried, and then were carried out themselves. Altogether the interval is small [between birth and death]; and consider with how much trouble, and in company with what sort of people and in what a feeble body this interval is laboriously passed. Do not then consider life a thing of any value. For look to the immensity of time behind thee, and to the time which is before thee, another boundless space. In this infinity then what is the difference between him who lives three days and him who lives three generations?

DIOGENES LAERTIUS (About 200 A.D.)

In the ten books of the *Lives of the Philosophers,* Diogenes, probably of Laërte in Cilicia, begins with pre-Socratic times and concludes with Epicurus, whom he admired. Not remarkable either for literary or critical excellence, his work is valuable for its assemblage of interesting facts in a single account and for the realization it brings of the largeness of the part played by philosophy in ancient life. Translation by C. D. Yonge.

EPICURUS

There are plenty of witnesses of the unsurpassable kindness of the man to everybody; both his own country, which honored him with brazen statues, and his friends, who were so numerous that they could not be contained in whole cities; and all his acquaintances who were bound to him by nothing but the charms of his doctrine, none of whom ever deserted him, except Metrodorus, the son of Stratoniceus, who went over to Carneades, probably because he was not able to bear with equanimity the unapproachable excellence of Epicurus. Also, the perpetual succession of his school, which, when every other school decayed, continued without any falling off, and produced a countless number of philosophers, succeeding one another without any interruption. We may also speak here of his gratitude towards his parents, and his beneficence to his brothers, and his gentleness to his servants (as is plain from his will, and from the fact too, that they united with him in his philosophical studies, and the most eminent of them was the one whom I have mentioned already, named Inus); and his universal philanthropy towards all men.

His piety towards the Gods, and his affection for his country, was quite unspeakable; though, from an excess of modesty, he avoided affairs of state. And though he lived when very difficult times oppressed Greece, he still remained in his own country, only going two or three times across to Ionia to see his friends, who used to throng to him from all quarters, and to live with him in his garden, as we are told by Apollodorus. (This garden he bought for eighty minae.)

And Diocles, in the third book of his Excursion, says that they all lived in the most simple and economical manner; 'They were content,' says he, 'with a small cup of light wine, and all the rest of their drink was water.' He also tells us that Epicurus would not allow his followers to throw their property into a common stock, as Pythagoras did, who said that the possessions of friends were held in common. For he said that such a doctrine as that was suited rather for those who distrusted one another; and that those who distrusted one another were not friends. But he himself in his letters says that he is content with water and plain bread, and adds, 'Send me some Cytherean cheese, that if I wish to have a feast, I may have the means.' This was the real character of the man who laid down the doctrine that pleasure was the chief good. . . .

He uses in his works plain language with respect to anything he is speaking of, for which Aristophanes, the grammarian, blames him, on the ground of that style being vulgar. But he was such an admirer of perspicuity, that even in his treatise on Rhetoric, he aims at and recommends nothing but clearness of expression. And, in his letters, instead of the usual civil expressions, 'Greeting,' 'Farewell,' and so on, he substitutes, 'May you act well,' 'May you live virtuously,' and expressions of that sort. . . .

He died of the stone, as Hermarchus mentions in his letters, after having been ill a fortnight; and at the end of the fortnight, Hermippus says that he went into a brazen bath, properly tempered with warm water, and asked for a cup of pure wine and drank it; and having recommended his friends to remember his doctrines, he expired. And there is an epigram of ours on him, couched in the following language:—

> Now, fare-ye-well, remember all my words;
> This was the dying charge of Epicurus:
> Then to the bath he went, and drank some wine,
> And sank beneath the cold embrace of Pluto.

Such was the life of the man, and such was his death.

LONGINUS (250 A.D.)

The learned minister of Queen Zenobia who lost his life in 273 A.D. when Aurelian conquered Palmyra, may or may not be the author of the treatise *On the Sublime,* or *On the Grand Style,* but his name is lastingly associated with it. *On the Sublime* is the product of an experienced and mature judgment, and is remarkable for its direct appreciation of the fundamentals in literary art.

ON THE GRAND STYLE

But this is first to be inquired into by us, whether or not there is any art in the sublime or deep; since some think that those who reduce such things to the rules of art are quite deceived. 'For the sublime,' such an objector says, 'is the gift of nature, and cannot be acquired by instruction,' and 'there is but one art for it, to be born with the talent,' and 'the works of nature,' as they imagine, 'become worse, and, in every respect, inferior, when parched up by the rules of art;' but I affirm that this can be proved to be otherwise. . . . For what Demosthenes asserts about common life, 'that good fortune is the greatest advantage, but next, and no less important, is prudence, which completely takes with it, even the benefit of the other, from those with whom it is not present;' this we could also affirm of composition, that nature supplies the place of fortune, but art, that of prudence.

This fact also, and it is of greatest weight, viz., that there are some things in writing which depend on nature alone, we must learn from no other source than art. If, as I said, he who censures those learning useful precepts would consider those things separately, he would no longer, as it seems to me, suppose a few thoughts on the subject superfluous or useless. . . .

But since the first, I mean natural sublimity of thought, holds the chief place, we ought to even here, though it is the gift of nature, rather than a quality to be acquired, still educate our souls to sublimity, as far as possible, and make them, as it were, pregnant with some noble elevation. In what way? will some one ask. I have said, in another place, that such sublimity is the echo of a noble mind; whence even without words a naked thought by itself is sometimes admired, on account of that greatness of soul: such as the silence of Ajax, in the descent into Hell, is grand, and more sublime than any expression. First then, it is absolutely necessary to lay down the source from which it is derived; namely, that a true orator ought not to have mean or ungenerous thoughts. For it is not possible that those who, during their whole lives, think of and pursue low and servile things, could produce anything surprising, and worth the attention of all ages. But the expressions of those are necessarily grand whose thoughts are weighty and important; thus the sublime falls to the lot of those of the most exalted minds. . . .

Come now, let us see if we have any other thing that can render writing sublime: since then some particulars are naturally united to all things, originating with the matter itself, it would of necessity be a cause of the sublime, to select always the principal of those which offer, and be able to form them, by connecting them with each other, into one body. For sublimity attracts the audience, partly by a selection of the principal circumstances, and partly by crowding them together when judiciously selected.

Thus Sappho, from all sides, collects the passions which accompany the frenzy of love from attendant circumstances, and nature itself: but where does she show her chief excellence? In being skilful enough both to choose and connect with each other the principal and most sublime of them—

'That man appears to me to be equal to the gods, who sits opposite to you,
'And near hears you sweetly speaking; you smile, too, most enchantingly;
'It was this that made my heart beat in my breast; for when
'I behold you, my voice quickly leaves me; my tongue indeed falters,
'A subtle flame runs quickly through my veins; I see nothing with
'My eyes; my ears ring; a cold sweat is poured forth; a trembling seizes
'My whole frame, I become paler than grass; I seem not to be far
'Distant from death. Everything, however, must be tried, since the poor, &c.'

Do you not admire how, at the same time, she seeks after soul, body, ears, tongue, color, everything vanishing, as if distinct from herself? and by the most opposite changes she chills, she burns, she raves, she reasons, she is either out of her wits, or dying away: that no one passion may appear in her, but an assemblage of conflicting passions. All such things happen to lovers, but the choice, as I said, of the principal circumstances, and of uniting them together, has formed the sublimity of this ode. . . .

It is right, therefore, that we also, when we earnestly undertake anything requiring sublimity, should figure to our minds how Homer, suppose, would express this same thing, or how Plato or Demosthenes would dress it in sublimity, or Thucydides in history. For those celebrated persons occurring to us for imitation, and, in a manner, shining as a light before us, will raise our souls to the fancied measure. But still more, if we would represent this to our minds, how would Homer, were he present, listen to this expression of mine, or Demosthenes; or how would they be affected by it? For it is, in truth, a great excitement to constitute such a theater and tribunal for our compositions; and to fancy we must submit to an examination of our writings before such heroes, at once our judges and witnesses; but it is a greater motive to animate than those, if you add, 'What will future ages think of me who write thus?'

And here, if any one apprehends that he could not express anything which might outlive his own life and age, it is necessary that the conceptions of his mind, imperfect and abortive, should, as it were, miscarry, not lasting till the time when posterity may applaud him.

Come then, let us suppose a writer, in reality, free and faultless;—is it not then worth our attention to consider at large this important question, which is to be preferred in poetry and writing, sublimity with some errors, or what is moderate in its best parts, but correct and faultless? And still more, whether the number or excellence of the beauties should with justice bear the prize in writing? For these are enquiries peculiar to a treatise on sublimity, and absolutely require examination. For I well know that a sublime genius is far from being correct, for that accuracy in every point is exposed to the danger of flatness, but in sublimity, as in great wealth, something must be overlooked. But consider whether this be not a necessary consequence, that authors of humble, moderate talents, as they hazard nothing and aim not at excellence, will in general remain faultless and more safe than others; but that those of a sublime nature are liable to error on account of that very sublimity. Nor am I ignorant of this other consideration, that all human works are best known by their imperfection, and that the recollection of errors remains indelible; but that of excellencies quickly passes away. But I, who have remarked not a few faults in Homer and those other writers who are most celebrated, and am by no means pleased with such slips, although I do not consider them wilful errors, but rather oversights occasioned by their negligence, expressed carelessly, and at random, unknown to themselves from the sublimity of their nature, nevertheless I am of opinion, that excellencies of a higher order, though they may not preserve an equality throughout, should always hold the first rank, if it were for no other reason than their sublimity. Because Apollonius, the author of the *Argonautics*, was a faultless writer; and in *Pastorals* Theocritus was most happy, except in a few things where he quitted his province; would you therefore wish to be Apollonius rather than Homer? But what! Is Eratosthenes in his *Erigone*, for it is a delicate little poem without a single fault, a poet superior to Archilochus, who unexpectedly breaks out into many irregularities, by the force of that godlike spirit which it is difficult to reduce to laws? But what! In lyrics, would you choose to be Bacchylides rather than Pindar, and in tragedy, Ion of Chios, than, ye gods! the great Sophocles? for they are faultless, and with a

smooth delicate style have left nothing without decoration: whilst Pindar and Sophocles sometimes, by their rapidity, set everything, as it were, in a blaze, but are unexpectedly extinguished and sink most unhappily. Truly no man of sense, collecting together all the plays of Ion, would put them in competition with that single play of Sophocles—the Œdipus.

LUCIAN (About 125–200 A.D.)

Parody was favorite in Greece from the earliest comic imitation of Homer and the earliest writing of comic drama, and satire inhered in it or was its near relative. Both flourished in the Alexandrian period, but satire did not find a really famous representative in Greek letters until long after Horace, Persius, and Juvenal at Rome had justified Quintilian's claim that 'satire is entirely ours.'

Lucian of Samosata in Asia Minor, who flourished about 160 A.D., had a lively wit, a satiric spirit, and a light pen which made his *Dialogues of the Gods, Dialogues of the Dead, A True Story,* and *Peregrinus,* the delight of all succeeding times. *A True Story* reminds the reader of *Gulliver's Travels* and similar works inspired by Lucian, his ludicrous representations of gods and philosophers are in the spirit of an Aristophanes, and his deft and suave manner of exposing and laughing at the superstitions and pretentions of men is unsurpassed.

The translation of the *Dialogues* by W. Lucas Collins is here used with the approval of the J. B. Lippincott Company; that of *A True Story* is by A. M. Harmon, in the Loeb Library.

A TRUE STORY

Preface

Men interested in athletics and in the care of their bodies think not only of condition and exercise but also of relaxation in season; in fact, they consider this the principal part of training. In like manner students, I think, after much reading of serious works may profitably relax their minds and put them in better trim for future labor. It would be appropriate recreation for them if they were to take up the sort of reading that, instead of affording just pure amusement based on wit and humor, also boasts a little food for thought that the Muses would not altogether spurn; and I think they will consider the present work something of the kind. They will find it enticing not only for the novelty of its subject, for the humor of its plan and because I tell all kinds of lies in a plausible and specious way, but also because everything in my story is a more or less comical parody of one or another of the poets, historians and philosophers of old, who have written much that smacks of miracles and fables. I would cite them by name, were it not that you yourself will recognize them from your reading. One of them is Ctesias, son of Ctesiochus, of Cnidos, who wrote a great deal about India and its characteristics that he had never seen himself nor heard from anyone else with a reputation for truthfulness. Iambulus also wrote much that was strange about the countries in the great sea: he made up a falsehood that is patent to everybody, but wrote a story that is not uninteresting for all that. Many others, with the same intent, have written about imaginary travels and journeys of theirs, telling of huge beasts, cruel men and strange ways of living. Their guide and instructor in this sort of charlatanry is Homer's Odysseus, who tells Alcinous and his court about winds in bondage, one-eyed men, cannibals and savages; also about animals with many heads, and transformations of his comrades wrought with drugs. This stuff, and much more like it, is what our friend humbugged the illiterate Phæacians with! Well, on reading all these authors, I did not find much fault with them for their lying, as I saw that this was already a common practice even among men who profess philosophy. I did wonder, though, that they thought that they could write untruths and not get caught at it. Therefore, as I myself, thanks to my vanity, was eager to hand something down to posterity, that I might not be the only one excluded from the privileges of poetic license, and as I had nothing true to tell, not having had any adventures of significance, I

took to lying. But my lying is far more honest than theirs, for though I tell the truth in nothing else, I shall at least be truthful in saying that I am a liar. I think I can escape the censure of the world by my own admission that I am not telling a word of truth. Be it understood, then, that I am writing about things which I have neither seen nor had to do with nor learned from others—which, in fact, do not exist at all and, in the nature of things, cannot exist. Therefore my readers should on no account believe in them.

Once upon a time, setting out from the Pillars of Hercules and heading for the western ocean with a fair wind, I went a-voyaging. The motive and purpose of my journey lay in my intellectual activity and desire for adventure, and in my wish to find out what the end of the ocean was, and who the people were that lived on the other side. On this account I put aboard a good store of provisions, stowed water enough, enlisted in the venture fifty of my acquaintances who were like-minded with myself, got together also a great quantity of arms, shipped the best sailing-master to be had at a big inducement, and put my boat—she was a pinnace—in trim for a long and difficult voyage. Well, for a day and a night we sailed before the wind without making very much offing, as land was still dimly in sight; but at sunrise on the second day the wind freshened, the sea rose, darkness came on, and before we knew it we could no longer even get our canvas in. Committing ourselves to the gale and giving up, we drove for seventy-nine days. On the eightieth day, however, the sun came out suddenly and at no great distance we saw a high, wooded island ringed about with sounding surf, which, however, was not rough, as already the worst of the storm was abating.

Putting in and going ashore, we lay on the ground for some time in consequence of our long misery, but finally we arose and told off thirty of our number to stay and guard the ship and twenty to go inland with me and look over the island. When we had gone forward through the wood about three furlongs from the sea, we saw a slab of bronze, inscribed with Greek letters, faint and obliterated, which said: 'To this point came Hercules and Dionysus.' There were also two footprints in the rock close by, one of which was a hundred feet long, the other less—to my thinking, the smaller one was left by Dionysus, the other by Hercules. We did obeisance and went on, but had not gone far when we came upon a river of wine, just as like as could be to Chian. The stream was large and full, so that in places it was actually navigable. Thus we could not help having much greater faith in the inscription on the slab, seeing the evidence of Dionysus' visit. I resolved to find out where the river took its rise, and went up along the stream. What I found was not a source, but a number of large grapevines, full of clusters; beside the root of each flowed a spring of clear wine, and the springs gave rise to the river.

The Escape From the Whale's Belly is Followed by a Wonderful Series Of Adventures

From that time on, as I could no longer endure the life in the whale and was discontented with the loneliness, I sought a way of escape. First we determined to dig through the right side and make off, and we made a beginning and fell to cutting in. But when we had advanced some five furlongs without getting anywhere, we left off digging and decided to set the forest afire, thinking that in this way the whale could be killed, and in that case our escape would be easy. So we began at the tail end and set it afire. For seven days and seven nights he was unaffected by the burning, but on the eighth and ninth we gathered that he was in a bad way. For instance, he yawned less frequently, and whenever he did yawn he closed his mouth quickly. On the tenth and eleventh day mortification at last set in and he was noisome. On the twelfth we perceived just in time that if someone did not shore his jaws open when he yawned, so that he could not close them again, we stood a chance of being shut up in the dead whale and dying there ourselves. At the last moment, then, we propped the mouth open with great beams and made our boat ready, putting aboard all the water we could and the other provisions. Our sailing-master was to be Scintharus.

On the next day the whale was dead at last. We dragged the boat up, took her through the gaps, made her fast to the teeth and lowered her slowly into the sea. Climbing on the back and sacrificing to Poseidon there by the trophy, we camped

for three days, as it was calm. On the fourth day we sailed off, and in so doing met and grounded on many of the dead from the sea-fight, and measured their bodies with amazement. For some days we sailed with a moderate breeze, and then a strong norther blew up and brought on great cold. The entire sea was frozen by it, not just on the surface but to a depth of fully six fathoms, so that we could leave the boat and run on the ice. The wind held and we could not stand it, so we devised an odd remedy—the proposer of the idea was Scintharus. We dug a very large cave in the water and stopped in it for thirty days, keeping a fire burning and eating the fish that we found in digging. When our provisions at last failed, we came out, hauled up the boat, which had frozen in, spread our canvas and slid, gliding on the ice smoothly and easily, just as if we were sailing. On the fifth day it was warm again, the ice broke up and everything turned to water once more.

After sailing about three hundred furlongs we ran in at a small desert island, where we got water—which had failed by this time—and shot two wild bulls, and then sailed away. These bulls did not have their horns on their head but under their eyes, as Momus wanted. Not long afterwards we entered a sea of milk, not of water, and in it a white island, full of grapevines, came in sight. The island was a great solid cheese, as we afterwards learned by tasting it. It was twenty-five furlongs in circumference. The vines were full of grapes, but the liquid which we squeezed from them and drank was milk instead of wine. A temple had been constructed in the middle of the island in honor of Galatea the Nereid, as its inscription indicated. All the time that we stopped in the island the earth was our bread and meat and the milk from the grapes our drink. The ruler of that region was said to be Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus, who after departure from home received this guerdon from Poseidon.

After stopping five days on the island we started out on the sixth, with a bit of breeze propelling us over a rippling sea. On the eighth day, by which time we were no longer sailing through the milk but in briny blue water, we came in sight of many men running over the sea, like us in every way, both in shape and in size, except only their feet, which were of cork: that is why they were called Corkfeet, if I am not mistaken. We were amazed to see that they did not go under, but stayed on the top of the waves and went about fearlessly. Some of them came up and greeted us in the Greek language; they said that they were on their way to Cork, their native city. For some distance they traveled with us, running alongside, and then they turned off and went their way, wishing us luck on our voyage.

In a little while many islands came in sight. Near us, to port, was Cork, where the men were going, a city built on a great round cork. At a distance and more to starboard were five islands, very large and high, from which much fire was blazing up. Dead ahead was one that was flat and low-lying, not less than five hundred furlongs off. When at length we were near it, a wonderful breeze blew about us, sweet and fragrant, like the one that, on the word of the historian Herodotus, breathes perfume from Araby the blest. The sweetness that met us was as if it came from roses and narcissi and hyacinths and lilies and violets, from myrrh and laurel and vines in bloom. Delighted with the fragrance and cherishing high hopes after our long toils, we gradually drew near to the island at last. Then we saw many harbors all about it, large and unfretted by beating waves; transparent rivers emptying softly into the sea; meads, too, and woods and songbirds, some of them singing on the shore and many in the branches. A rare, pure atmosphere enfolded the place, and sweet breezes with their blowing stirred the woods gently, so that from the moving branches came a whisper of delightful, unbroken music, like the fluting of Pandean pipes in desert places. Moreover, a confused sound could be heard incessantly, which was not noisy but resembled that made at a drinking-party, when some are playing, others singing and others beating time to the flute or the lyre. Enchanted with all this, we put in, anchored our boat and landed, leaving Scintharus and two of my comrades on board. Advancing through a flowery mead, we came upon the guards and sentinels, who bound us with rosy wreaths—the strongest fetter that they have—and led us inland to their ruler. They told us on the way that the island was the one

that is called the Isle of the Blest, and that the ruler was the Cretan Rhadamanthus. On being brought before him, we were given fourth place among the people awaiting trial. The first case was that of Ajax, son of Telamon, to decide whether he should be allowed to associate with the heroes or not: he was accused of having gone mad and killed himself. At last, when much had been said, Rhadamanthus gave judgment that for the present, after taking a dose of hellebore, he should be given in charge of Hippocrates, the Coan physician, and that later on, when he had recovered his wits, he should have a place at the table of the heroes. The second case was a love-affair—Theseus and Menelaus at law over Helen, to determine which of the two she should live with. Rhadamanthus pronounced that she should live with Menelaus, because he had undergone so much toil and danger on account of his marriage: then too, Theseus had other wives, the Amazon and the daughters of Minos. The third judgment was given in a matter of precedence between Alexander, son of Philip, and Hannibal, of Carthage, and the decision was that Alexander outranked Hannibal, so his chair was placed next the elder Cyrus of Persia. We were brought up fourth; and he asked us how it was that we trod on holy ground while still alive, and we told him the whole story. Then he had us removed, pondered for a long time, and consulted with his associates about us. Among many other associates he had Aristides the Just, of Athens. When he had come to a conclusion, sentence was given that for being inquisitive and not staying at home we should be tried after death, but that for the present we might stop a definite time in the island and share the life of the heroes, and then we must be off. They set the length of our stay at not more than seven months.

Thereupon our garlands fell away of themselves, and we were set free and taken into the city and to the table of the blessed. The city itself is all of gold and the wall around it of emerald. It has seven gates, all of single planks of cinnamon. The foundations of the city and the ground within its walls are ivory. There are temples of all the gods, built of beryl, and in them great monolithic altars of amethyst, on which they make their great burnt-offerings. Around the city runs a river of the finest myrrh, a hundred royal cubits wide and five deep, so that one can swim in it comfortably. For baths they have large houses of glass, warmed by burning cinnamon; instead of water there is hot dew in the tubs. For clothing they use delicate purple spider-webs. As for themselves, they have no bodies, but are intangible and fleshless, with only shape and figure. Incorporeal as they are, they nevertheless live and move and think and talk. In a word, it would appear that their naked souls go about in the semblance of their bodies. Really, if one did not touch them, he could not tell that what he saw was not a body, for they are like upright shadows, only not black. Nobody grows old, but stays the same age as on coming there. Again, it is neither night among them nor yet very bright day, but the light which is on the country is like the gray morning toward dawn, when the sun has not yet risen. Moreover, they are acquainted with only one season of the year, for it is always spring there and the only wind that blows there is Zephyr. The country abounds in flowers and plants of all kinds, cultivated and otherwise. The grape-vines yield twelve vintages a year, bearing every month; the pomegranates, apples and other fruit-trees were said to bear thirteen times a year, for in one month, their Minoan, they bear twice. Instead of wheat-ears, loaves of bread all baked grow on the tops of the halms, so that they look like mushrooms. In the neighborhood of the city there are three hundred and sixty-five springs of water, as many of honey, five hundred of myrrh—much smaller, however—seven rivers of milk and eight of wine.

Their table is spread outside the city in the Elysian Fields, a very beautiful mead with thick woods of all sorts round about it, overshadowing the feasters. The couches they lie on are made of flowers, and they are attended and served by the winds, who, however, do not pour out their wine, for they do not need anyone to do this. There are great trees of the clearest glass around the table, and instead of fruit they bear cups of all shapes and sizes. When anyone comes to table he picks one or two of the cups and puts them at his place. These fill with wine at once, and that is the way they get their drink. Instead of garlands, the nightingales and the other song-birds gather flowers in their

bills from the fields hard by and drop them down like snow, flying overhead and singing. Furthermore, the way they are scented is that thick clouds draw up myrrh from the springs and the river, stand over the table and under the gentle manipulation of the winds rain down a delicate dew. At the board they pass their time with poetry and song. For the most part they sing the epics of Homer, who is there himself and shares the revelry, lying at table in the place above Odysseus. Their choruses are of boys and girls, led and accompanied by Eunomus of Locris, Arion of Lesbos, Anacreon and Stesichorus. There can be no doubt about the latter, for I saw him there—by that time Helen had forgiven him. When they stop singing another chorus appears, composed of swans and swallows and nightingales, and as they sing the whole wood renders the accompaniment, with the winds leading. But the greatest thing that they have for ensuring a good time is that two springs are by the table, one of laughter and the other of enjoyment. They all drink from each of these when the revels begin, and thenceforth enjoy themselves and laugh all the while.

DIALOGUES OF THE GODS

Jupiter, Æsculapius, and Hercules

J. Be quiet, do, both of you—Hercules and Æsculapius—quarreling with one another, just like mortals. It's really quite unseemly, this kind of conduct; not at all the thing in Olympian society.

H. But do you mean to say, Jupiter, this apothecary fellow is to sit above me?

Æ. Quite fair I should; I'm the better deity.

H. In what way, you staring ass? Because Jupiter struck you with his lightning for doing what you had no right to do, and now out of sheer pity has made you into an immortal?

Æ. Have you forgot, Hercules, the bonfire that you made of yourself upon Mount Œta, that you taunt me with having been burnt?

H. Our lives were considerably different. I, the son of Jove, who undertook all those labors to benefit my generation, conquering monsters and punishing tyrants, while you went about like a vagabond, collecting roots, of some little use perhaps to dose a few sick folk, but never having done a single deed of valor.

Æ. All very fine; when I healed your sores, sir, when you came up here the other day half roasted between the effects of the tunic and the fire together. Well, if I haven't done much, at least I was never a slave, as you were—never carded wool in Lydia in a woman's dress—never had my face slapped by Omphale with her gilt slipper—and never went mad and killed my wife and children.

H. If you don't stop that abuse, sir, you'll pretty soon find out that your immortality is not of much use to you. I'll take and pitch you head-first out of heaven; and it will be more than Pæan himself can do to mend you when your skull's broken.

J. Stop! I tell you both again, and don't annoy the company, or I'll turn you both out of the hall. But it's quite fair, Hercules, that Æsculapius should sit above you—because he died first.

Venus and Cupid

V. How in the world is it, Cupid, that you, who have mastered all the other gods, Jupiter and Neptune and Apollo and Rhea—and even me, your mother—yet you never try your hand upon Minerva? In her case, your torch seems to lose its fire, your quiver has no arrows, and your skill and cunning is all at fault.

C. I am afraid of her, mother; she has such a terrible look, and such stern eyes, and is so horribly man-like. Whenever I bend my bow and take aim at her, she shakes her crest at me and frightens me so that I absolutely shake, and the arrow drops out of my hands.

V. But was not Mars even more terrible? Yet you disarmed and conquered him.

C. Oh, he gives in to me of his own accord, and invites me to attack him. But Minerva always eyes me suspiciously, and whenever I fly near her with my torch, 'If you dare to touch me,' she says, 'I swear by my father, I'll run my spear through you, or take you by the leg and pitch you into Tartarus, or tear you limb from limb.' She has often threatened me so; and then she looks so savage, and has got a horrible head of some kind fixed upon her breast, with snakes for hair, which I am dread-

fully afraid of. It terrifies me, and I run away whenever I see it.

V. You are afraid of Minerva and her Gorgon, you say—you, who are not afraid of Jupiter's thunderbolt! And pray, why are the Muses still untouched, as if they were out of the reach of your arrows? Do they shake their crests too, or do they display any Gorgon's heads?

C. Oh, mother! I should be ashamed to meddle with them—they are such respectable and dignified young ladies, always deep in their studies, or busy with their music; I often stand listening to them till I quite forget myself.

V. Well, let them alone; they *are* very respectable. But Diana, now—why do you never aim a shaft at her?

C. The fact is, I can't catch her; she is always flying over the mountains; besides, she has a little private love-affair of her own already.

V. With whom, child?

C. With the game—stags and fauns—that she hunts and brings down with her arrows; she cares for nothing else, that I know of. But as for that brother of hers, great archer as he is, and far as he is said to shoot——

V. (*laughing*). Yes, yes, I know, child—you've hit *him* often enough.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD

Charon and His Passengers

Ch. Now listen to me, good people—I'll tell you how it is. The boat is but small, as you see, and somewhat rotten and leaky withal: and if the weight gets to one side, over we go: and here you are crowding in all at once, and with lots of luggage, every one of you. If you come on board here with all that lumber, I suspect you'll repent of it afterwards—especially those who can't swim.

Mercury. What's best for us to do then, to get safe across?

Ch. I'll tell you. You must all strip before you get in, and leave all those encumbrances on shore: and even then the boat will scarce hold you all. And you take care, Mercury, that no soul is admitted that is not in light marching order, and who has not left all his encumbrances, as I say, behind. Just stand at the gangway and overhaul them, and don't let them get in till they've stripped.

M. Quite right; I'll see to it.—Now, who comes first here?

Men. I—Menippus. Look—I've pitched my wallet and staff into the lake; my coat, luckily, I didn't bring with me.

M. Get in, Menippus—you're a capital fellow. Take the best seat there, in the stern-sheets, next the steersman, and watch who gets on board.—Now, who's this fine gentleman?

Charmolaus. I'm Charmolaus of Megara—a general favorite. Many a lady would give fifty guineas for a kiss from me.

M. You'll have to leave your pretty face, and those valuable lips, and your long curls and smooth skin behind you, that's all. Ah! now you'll do—you're all right and tight now: get in.—But you, sir, there, in the purple and the diadem,—who are you?

Lampichus. Lampichus, king of Gelo.

M. And what d'ye mean by coming here with all that trumpery?

L. How? Would it be seemly for a king to come here unrobed?

M. Well, for a king, perhaps not—but for a dead man, certainly. So put it all off.

L. There—I've thrown my riches away.

M. Yes—and throw away your pride too, and your contempt for other people. You'll infallibly swamp the boat if you bring all that in.

L. Just let me keep my diadem and mantle.

M. Impossible—off with them too.

L. Well—anything more? because I've thrown them all off, as you see.

M. Your cruelty—and your folly—and your insolence—and bad temper—off with them all!

L. There, then—I'm stripped entirely.

M. Very well—get in.—And you fat fellow, who are you, with all that flesh on you?

Damasias. Damasias, the athlete.

M. Ay, you look like him: I remember having seen you in the games.

D. (*smiling*). Yes, Mercury; take me on board—I'm ready stripped, at any rate.

M. Stripped? Nay, my good sir, not with all that covering of flesh on you. You must get rid of that, or you'll sink the boat the moment you set your other foot in. And you must take off your garlands and trophies too.

D. Then—now I'm really stripped, and

not heavier than these other dead gentlemen.

M. All right—the lighter the better: get in.

[In like manner the patrician has to lay aside his noble birth, his public honors, and statues, and testimonials—the very thought of them, Mercury declares, is enough to sink the boat; and the general is made to leave behind him all his victories and trophies—in the realms of the dead there is peace. Next comes the philosopher's turn.]

M. Who's this pompous and conceited personage, to judge from his looks—he with the knitted eyebrows there, and lost in meditation—that fellow with the long beard?

Men. One of those philosophers, Mercury—or rather those cheats and charlatans: make him strip too; you'll find some curious things hid under that cloak of his.

M. Take your habit off, to begin with, if you please—and now all that you have there,—great Jupiter! what a lot of humbug he was bringing with him—and ignorance, and disputatiousness, and vainglory, and useless questions, and prickly arguments, and involved statements,—ay, and wasted ingenuity, and solemn trifling, and quips and quirks of all kinds! Yes—by Jove! and there are gold pieces there, and impudence and luxury and debauchery—oh! I see them all, though you are trying to hide them! And your lies, and pomposity, and thinking yourself better than everybody else—away with all that, I say! Why, if you bring all that aboard, a fifty-oared galley wouldn't hold you!

Philosopher. Well, I'll leave it all behind then, if I must.

Men. But make him take his beard off too, Master Mercury; it's heavy and bushy, as you see; there's five pound weight of hair there, at the very least.

M. You're right. Take it off, sir!

Ph. But who is there who can shave me?

M. Menippus there will chop it off with the boat-hatchet—he can have the gunwale for a chopping-block.

Men. Nay, Mercury, lend us a saw—it will be more fun.

M. Oh, the hatchet will do! So—that's well; now you've got rid of your goatishness, you look something more like a man.

Men. Shall I chop a bit off his eyebrows as well?

M. By all means; he has stuck them up on his forehead, to make himself look grander, I suppose. What's the matter now? You're crying, you rascal, are you—afraid of death? Make haste on board, will you?

Men. He's got something now under his arm.

M. What is it, Menippus?

Men. Flattery it is, Mercury—and a very profitable article he found it, while he was alive.

Ph. (*in a fury*). And you, Menippus—leave your lawless tongue behind you, and your cursed independence, and mocking laugh; you're the only one of the party who dares laugh.

M. (*laughing*). No, no, Menippus—they're very light, and take little room; besides, they are good things on a voyage. But you, Mr. Orator there, throw away your rhetorical flourishes, and antitheses, and parallelisms, and barbarisms, and all that heavy wordy gear of yours.

Orator. There, then—there they go!

M. All right. Now then, slip the moorings. Haul that plank aboard—up anchor, and make sail. Mind your helm, master! And a good voyage to us!—What are you howling about, you fools? You, Philosopher, specially? Now that you've had your beard cropped?

Ph. Because, dear Mercury, I always thought the soul had been immortal.

Men. He's lying! It's something else that troubles him, most likely.

M. What's that?

Men. That he shall have no more expensive suppers—nor, after spending all the night in debauchery, profess to lecture to the young men on moral philosophy in the morning, and take pay for it. That's what vexes him.

Ph. And you, Menippus—are you not sorry to die?

Men. How should I be, when I hastened to death without any call to it? But, while we are talking, don't you hear a noise as of some people shouting on the earth?

M. Yes, I do—and from more than one quarter. There's a public rejoicing yonder for the death of Lampichus; and the women have seized his wife, and the boys are stoning his children; and in Sicyon they are all praising Diophantus the orator for his funeral oration upon Crato here. Yes—and there is Damasias's mother wailing for him amongst her women. But

there's not a soul weeping for you, Menippus—you're lying all alone.

Men. Not at all—you'll hear the dogs howling over me presently, and the ravens mournfully flapping their wings, when they gather to my funeral.

M. Stoutly said. But here we are at the landing-place. March off, all of you, to the judgment-seat straight; I and the ferryman must go and fetch a fresh batch.

Men. A pleasant trip to you, Mercury. So we'll be moving on. Come, what are you all dawdling for? You've got to be judged, you know; and the punishments, they tell me, are frightful—wheels, and stones, and vultures. Every man's life will be strictly inquired into, I can tell you.

Menippus and Cerberus

Men. I say, Cerberus (I'm a kind of cousin of yours, you know—they call me a dog), tell me, by the holy Styx, how did Socrates behave himself when he came down among ye? I suppose, as you're a divinity, you can not only bark, but talk like a human creature, if you like?

C. (*growling*). Well, when he was some way off, he came on with a perfectly unmoved countenance, appearing to have no dread at all of death, and to wish to make that plain to those who stood outside the gates here. But when once he got within the archway of the Shades, and saw the gloom and darkness; and when, as he seemed to be lingering, I bit him on the foot (just to help the hemlock), and dragged him down, he shrieked out like a child, and began to lament over his family and all sorts of things.

Men. So the man was but a sophist after all, and had no real contempt for death?

C. No; but when he saw it must come, he steeled himself to meet it, professing to suffer not unwillingly what he must needs have suffered anyhow, that so he might win the admiration of the bystanders. In short, I could tell you much the same story of all those kind of people: up to the gate they are stout-hearted and bold enough, but it is when they get within that the trial comes.

Men. And how did you think I behaved when I came down?

C. You were the only man, Menippus, who behaved worthy of your profession—you and Diogenes before you. You both came here by no force or compulsion, but of your own accord, laughing all the way, and bidding the others who came with you howl and be hanged to them.

Menippus and Mercury

Men. I say, Mercury, where are all the handsome men and women? Come—show me about a little, I am quite a stranger here.

M. I haven't time, really. But look yonder, on your right; there are Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, and Nireus, and Achilles,—and Tyro, and Helen, and Leda; and, in short, all the celebrated beauties.

Men. I can see nought but bones and bare skulls,—all very much alike.

M. Yet all the poets have gone into raptures about those very bones which you seem to look upon with such contempt.

Men. Anyway, show me Helen; for I should never be able to make her out from the rest.

M. This skull is Helen.

Men. And it was for this that a thousand ships were manned from all Greece, and so many Greeks and Trojans died in battle, and so many towns were laid waste!

M. Ay, but you never saw the lady alive, Menippus, or you would surely have said with Homer,

> No marvel Trojans and the well-armed Greeks
> For such a woman should long toils endure:
> Like the immortal goddesses is she.

If one looks at withered flowers which have lost their color, of course they seem to have no beauty; but when they are in bloom, and have all their natural tints, they are very beautiful to see.

Men. Still I do wonder, Mercury, that the Greeks should never have bethought themselves that they were quarreling for a thing that was so short-lived, and would perish so soon.

M. I have really no leisure for moralizing, my good Menippus. So pick out a spot for yourself, and lay yourself down quietly; I must go and fetch some more dead people.

THE SALE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

Scene, a Slave-mart; JUPITER, MERCURY, PHILOSOPHERS *in the garb of slaves for sale; audience of Buyers*

J. Now, you arrange the benches, and get the place ready for the company. You bring out the goods, and set them in a row; but trim them up a little first, and make them look their best, to attract as many customers as possible. You, Mercury, must put up the lots, and bid all comers welcome to the sale.—Gentlemen, we are here going to offer you philosophical systems of all kinds, and of the most varied and ingenious description. If any gentleman happens to be short of ready money, he can give his security for the amount, and pay next year.

M. (*to Jupiter*). There are a great many come; so we had best begin at once, and not keep them waiting.

J. Begin the sale, then.

M. Whom shall we put up first?

J. This fellow with the long hair,—the Ionian. He's rather an imposing personage.

M. You, Pythagoras! step out, and show yourself to the company.

J. Put him up.

M. Gentlemen, we here offer you a professor of the very best and most select description—who buys? Who wants to be a cut above the rest of the world? Who wants to understand the harmonies of the universe? and to live two lives?

Customer (*turning the Philosopher round and examining him*). He's not bad to look at. What does he know best?

M. Arithmetic, astronomy, prognostics, geometry, music, and conjuring—you've a first-rate soothsayer before you.

Cust. May one ask him a few questions?

M. Certainly—(*aside*) and much good may the answers do you.

Cust. What country do you come from?

Pythagoras. Samos.

Cust. Where were you educated?

P. In Egypt, among the wise men there.

Cust. Suppose I buy you, now—what will you teach me?

P. I will teach you nothing—only recall things to your memory.

Cust. How will you do that?

P. First, I will clean out your mind, and wash out all the rubbish.

Cust. Well, suppose that done, how do you proceed to refresh the memory?

P. First, by long repose, and silence—speaking no word for five whole years.

Cust. Why, look ye, my good fellow, you'd best go teach the dumb son of Crœsus! I want to talk, and not be a dummy. Well,—but after this silence and these five years?

P. You shall learn music and geometry.

Cust. A queer idea, that one must be a fiddler before one can be a wise man!

P. Then you shall learn the science of numbers.

Cust. Thank you, but I know how to count already.

P. How do you count?

Cust. One, two, three, four—

P. Ha! what you call four is ten, and the perfect triangle, and the great oath by which we swear.

Cust. Now, so help me the great Ten and Four, I never heard more divine or more wonderful words!

P. And afterwards, stranger, you shall learn about Earth, and Air, and Water, and Fire,—what is their action, and what their form, and what their motion.

Cust. What! have Fire, Air, or Water bodily shape?

P. Surely they have; else, without form and shape, how could they move?—Besides, you shall learn that the Deity consists in Number, Mind, and Harmony.

Cust. What you say is really wonderful!

P. Besides what I have just told you, you shall understand that you yourself, who seem to be one individual, are really somebody else.

Cust. What! do you mean to say I'm somebody else, and not myself, now talking to you?

P. Just at this moment you are; but once upon a time you appeared in another body, and under another name; and hereafter you will pass again into another shape still. . . .

[The next lot is Diogenes, the Cynic]

M. Who'll you have next? That dirty fellow from Pontus?

J. Ay—he'll do.

M. Here! you with the wallet on your back,—you round-shouldered fellow! come

out, and walk round the ring.—A grand character, here, gentlemen; a most extraordinary and remarkable character, I may say; a really free man here I have to offer you—who'll buy?

Cust. How say you, Mr. Salesman? Sell a free citizen?

M. Oh yes.

Cust. Are you not afraid he may bring you before the court of Areopagus for kidnapping?

M. Oh, he doesn't mind about being sold; he says he's free wherever he goes or whatever becomes of him.

Cust. But what could one do with such a dirty, wretched-looking body—unless one were to make a ditcher or a water-carrier of him?

M. Well, or if you employ him as door-porter, you'll find him more trustworthy than any dog. In fact, 'Dog' is his name.

Cust. Where does he come from, and what does he profess?

M. Ask him—that will be most satisfactory.

Cust. I'm afraid of him, he looks so savage and sulky; perhaps he'll bark if I go near him, or even bite me, I shouldn't wonder. Don't you see how he handles his club, and knits his brows, and looks threatening and angry?

M. Oh, there's no fear—he's quite tame.

Cust. (*approaching Diogenes cautiously*). First, my good fellow, of what country are you?

Diogenes (*surlily*). All countries.

Cust. How can that be?

D. I'm a citizen of the world.

Cust. What master do you profess to follow?

D. Hercules.

Cust. Why don't you adopt the lion's hide, then? I see you have the club.

D. Here's my lion's hide,—this old cloak. Like Hercules, I wage war against pleasure; but not under orders, as he did, but of my own free will. My choice is to cleanse human life.

Cust. A very good choice too. But what do you profess to know best? or of what art are you master?

D. I am the liberator of mankind, the physician of the passions; in short, I claim to be the prophet of truth and liberty.

Cust. Come now, Sir Prophet, suppose I buy you, after what fashion will you instruct me?

D. I shall first take and strip you of all your luxury, confine you to poverty, and put an old garment on you: then I shall make you work hard, and lie on the ground, and drink water only, and fill your belly with whatever comes first; your money, if you have any, at my bidding you must take and throw into the sea; and you must care for neither wife nor children, nor country; and hold all things vanity; and leave your father's house and sleep in an empty tomb, or a ruined tower,—ay, or in a tub: and have your wallet filled with lentils, and parchments close-written on both sides. And in this state you shall profess yourself happier than the King of the East. And if any man beats you, or tortures you, this you shall hold to be not painful at all.

Cust. How! do you mean to say I shall not feel pain when I'm beaten? Do you think I've the shell of a crab or a tortoise, man?

D. You can quote that line of Euripides, you know,—slightly altered.

Cust. And what's that, pray?

D.

> Thy mind shall feel pain, but thy tongue confess none.

But the qualifications you will most require are these: you must be unscrupulous, and brazen-faced, and ready to revile prince and peasant alike; so shall men take notice of you, and hold you for a brave man. Moreover, let your speech be rough, and your voice harsh, and in fact like a dog's growl; and your countenance rigid, and your gait corresponding to it, and your manner generally brute-like and savage. All modesty and gentleness and moderation put far from you; the faculty of blushing you must eradicate utterly. Seek the most crowded haunts of men; but when there, keep solitary, and hold converse with none; address neither friend nor stranger, for that would be the ruin of your empire. Do in sight of all what others are almost ashamed to do alone. At the last, if you choose, choke yourself with a raw polypus, or an onion. And this happy consummation I devoutly wish you.

Cust. (*recovering from some astonishment*). Get out with you! what abominable and unnatural principles!

D. But very easy to carry out, mind you, and not at all difficult to learn. One needs no education, or reading, or such

nonsense, for this system; it's the real short cut to reputation. Be you the most ordinary person,—cobbler, sausagemonger, carpenter, pawnbroker,—nothing hinders your being the object of popular admiration, provided only that you've impudence enough, and brass enough, and a happy talent for bad language.

Cust. Well, I don't require your instructions in that line. Possibly, however, you might do for a bargeman or a gardener, at a pinch, if this party has a mind to sell you for a couple of oboli,—I couldn't give more.

M. (*eagerly*). Take him at your own bidding; we're glad to get rid of him, he is so troublesome,—bawls so, and insults everybody up and down, and uses such very bad language.

J. Call out the next—the Cyrenaic there, in purple, with the garland on.

M. Now, gentlemen, let me beg your best attention. This next lot is a very valuable one—quite suited to parties in a good position. Here's Pleasure and Perfect Happiness, all for sale! Who'll give me a bidding now, for perpetual luxury and enjoyment? [*A Cyrenaic, bearing traces of recent debauch, staggers into the ring.*]

Cust. Come forward here, and tell us what you know: I shouldn't mind buying you, if you've any useful qualities.

M. Don't disturb him, sir, if you please, just now—don't ask him any questions. The truth is, he has taken a little too much; that's why he doesn't answer—his tongue's not quite steady.

Cust. And who in their senses, do you suppose, would buy such a debauched and drunken rascal? Faugh! how he stinks of unguents! and look how he staggers and goes from side to side as he walks! But tell us, now, Mercury, what qualifications he really has, and what he knows anything about.

M. Well, he's very pleasant company—good to drink with, and can sing and dance a little—useful to a master who is a man of pleasure and fond of a gay life. Besides, he is a good cook, and clever in made dishes—and, in short, a complete master of the science of luxury. He was brought up at Athens, and was once in the service of the Tyrants of Sicily, who gave him a very good character. The sum of his principles is to despise everything, to make use of everything, and to extract the greatest amount of pleasure from everything.

Cust. Then you must look out for some other purchaser, among the rich and wealthy here; I can't afford to buy such an expensive indulgence.

M. I fear, Jupiter, we shall have this lot left on our hands—he's unsalable.

J. Put him aside, and bring out another. Stay,—those two there, that fellow from Abdera who is always laughing, and the Ephesian, who is always crying; I've a mind to sell them as a pair.

M. Stand out there in the ring, you two.—We offer you here, sirs, two most admirable characters, the wisest we've had for sale yet.

Cust. By Jove, they're a remarkable contrast! Why, one of them never stops laughing, while the other seems to be in trouble about something, for he's in tears all the time. Holloa, you fellow! what's all this about? What are you laughing at?

Democritus. Need you ask? Because everything seems to me so ridiculous—you yourselves included.

Cust. What! do you mean to laugh at us all to our faces, and mock at all we say and do?

D. Undoubtedly; there's nothing in life that's serious. Everything is unreal and empty—a mere fortuitous concurrence of indefinite atoms.

Cust. You're an indefinite atom yourself, you rascal! Confound your insolence, won't you stop laughing? But you there, poor soul (*to Heraclitus*), why do you weep so? for there seems more use in talking to you.

Heraclitus. Because, stranger, everything in life seems to me to call for pity and to deserve tears; there is nothing but what is liable to calamity; wherefore I mourn for men, and pity them. The evil of to-day I regard not much: but I mourn for that which is to come hereafter—the burning and destruction of all things. This I grieve for, and that nothing is permanent, but all mingled, as it were, in one bitter cup,—pleasure that is no pleasure, knowledge that knows nothing, greatness that is so little, all going round and round and taking their turn in this game of life.

Cust. What do you hold human life to be, then?

H. A child at play, handling its toys, and changing them with every caprice.

Cust. And what are men?

H. Gods—but mortal.

Cust. And the gods?

H. Men—but immortal.

Cust. You speak in riddles, fellow, and put us off with puzzles. You are as bad as Apollo Loxias, giving oracles that no man can understand.

H. Yea; I trouble not myself for any of ye.

Cust. Then no man in his senses is like to buy you.

H. Woe! woe to every man of ye, I say! buyers or not buyers.

Cust. Why, this fellow is pretty near mad!—I'll have nought to do with either of them, for my part.

M. (*turning to Jupiter*). We shall have this pair left on our hands too.

J. Put up another.

M. Will you have that Athenian there, who talks so much?

J. Ay—try him.

M. Step out, there!—A highly moral character, gentlemen, and very sensible. Who makes me an offer for this truly pious lot?

[The morality which the satirist puts into the mouth of Socrates is that which was attributed to him by his enemies. The customer next asks, where he lives?]

Socrates. I live in a certain city of mine own building, a new model Republic, and I make laws for myself.

Cust. I should like to hear one of them.

S. Listen to my grand law of all, then, about wives—that no man should have a wife of his own, but that all should have wives in common.

Cust. What! do you mean to say you have abrogated all the laws of marriage?

S. It puts an end, you see, to so many difficult questions, and so much litigation in the divorce courts.

Cust. Grand idea that! But what is the main feature of your philosophy?

S. The existence of ideals and patterns of all things in nature. Everything you see—the earth, and all that is on it, the heavens, the sea—of all these there exist invisible ideals, external to this visible universe.

Cust. And pray where are they?

S. Nowhere. If they were confined to any place, you see, they could not be at all.

Cust. I never see any of these ideals of yours.

S. Of course not: the eyes of your soul are blind. But I can see the ideals of all things. I see an invisible double of yourself, and another self besides myself—in fact, I see everything double.

Cust. Bless me! I must buy you, you are so very clever and sharp-sighted. Come (*turning to Mercury*), what do you ask for him?

M. Give us two talents for him.

Cust. I'll take him at your price. I'll pay you another time.

PEREGRINUS AND THE CHRISTIANS

About this time, Peregrinus became a disciple of that extraordinary philosophy of the Christians, having met with some of their priests and scribes in Palestine. He soon convinced them that they were all mere children to him, becoming their prophet and choir-leader and chief of their synagogue, and, in short, everything to them. Several of their sacred books he annotated and interpreted, and some he wrote himself. They held him almost as a god, and made him their lawgiver and president. You know they still reverence that great man, Him that was crucified in Palestine for introducing these new doctrines into the world. On this account Proteus was apprehended and thrown into prison, which very thing brought him no small renown for the future, and the admiration and notoriety which he was so fond of. For, during the time that he was in prison, the Christians, looking upon it as a general misfortune, tried every means to get him released. Then, when this was found impossible, their attention to him in all other ways was zealous and unremitting. From early dawn you might see widows and orphans waiting at the prison-doors; and the men of rank among them even bribed the jailers to allow them to pass the night with him inside the walls. Then they brought in to him there sumptuous meals, and read their sacred books together; and this good Peregrinus (for he was then called so) was termed by them a second Socrates. There came certain Christians, too, from some of the cities in Asia, deputed by their community to bring him aid, and to counsel and encourage him. For they are wonderfully ready whenever their public interest is concerned—in short,

they grudge nothing; and so much money came in to Peregrinus at that time, by reason of his imprisonment, that he made a considerable income by it. For these poor wretches persuade themselves that they shall be immortal, and live for everlasting; so that they despise death, and some of them offer themselves to it voluntarily. Again, their first lawgiver taught them that they were all brothers, when once they had committed themselves so far as to renounce the gods of the Greeks, and worship that crucified sophist, and live according to his laws. So they hold all things alike in contempt, and consider all property common, trusting each other in such matters without any valid security. If, therefore, any clever impostor came among them, who knew how to manage matters, he very soon made himself a rich man, by practising on the credulity of these simple people.

THE FABLE

The ancients attributed their many beast-fables to Æsop, a figure of about the sixth century before Christ almost as legendary as Homer, and gifted with great powers of observation, philosophic mind, and satiric mood. Nothing of his survives, the fables so well known to all ages being the work of imitators and adapters, chiefly the Roman Phædrus, of the first century, and Babrius, of uncertain date, who wrote in Greek.

The following fables of Greek origin have been freely translated by William Ellery Leonard in his volume *Æsop and Hyssop* and are here used by permission of the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

An Ass put on a Lion's skin and went
About the forest with much merriment,
Scaring the foolish beasts by brooks and rocks,
Till at the last he tried to scare the Fox.
But Reynard, hearing from beneath the mane
That raucous voice so petulant and vain,
Remarked, 'O Ass, I too would run away,
But that I know your old familiar bray.'

That's just the way with asses, just the way.

THE GNAT AND THE BULL

Upon a Bull's horn once there sat
A consequential little Gnat.
And, as he was about to fly,
He buzzed unto the Bull, 'Good-bye,
May I go now?' 'You tiny Hum,'
Said Bull, 'I didn't know you'd come.'

Some people in their lives and labors
Seem larger to themselves than to their neighbors.

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR

A Mountain was in great distress and loud
She roared and rumbled, till there rushed a crowd
Of peasants, kings, and princes, looking at her
And wondering what of all things was the matter,
When mid her pangs there issued from her side
A Mouse—who gave one little squeak and died.
The moral here is learnèd and occult—
The bigger fuss, the smaller the result.

THE BELLY AND THE MEMBERS

The Members of the Body once rebelled against the Belly:
'What use for us to labor thus to feed you jam and jelly,
And grind you corn both night and morn, and broil you little chickens?—
No more we'll work for such a shirk who treats us like the dickens.'
And soon the Members, having done exactly what they stated,
Began to wither one by one, and, much debilitated,
The hands, the feet, the eyes, too late repented of their folly.

If men will strike, they're very like to do the same, by golly.

THE MAN AND THE LION

A Man and Lion on their travels tried
Each to convince the other in his pride
Of strength and prowess given to him alone;
And as they passed a statue carved in stone,
Labeled, 'A Lion strangled by a Man,'
The fellow said: 'How strong we are, you can

From this conceive.' The Lion he replied:
'Had but a Lion there the chisel plied,
The Man had been beneath the Lion's paws.'

'The point of view' is still the saving clause.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE WOLF

A Shepherd-boy beside a stream
'The Wolf, the Wolf,' was wont to scream,
And when the Villagers appeared,
He'd laugh and call them silly-eared.
A Wolf at last came down the steep—
'The Wolf, the Wolf—my legs, my sheep!'
The creature had a jolly feast,
Quite undisturbed, on boy and beast.

For none believes the liar, forsooth,
Even when the liar speaks the truth.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS

Some boys did pelt the Frogs with stones
And banged them on the brains;
And laughed to hear the dying groans
Of Rana Pipiens.
Till one petitioned with a croak,
His head above the water:
'Stop, Boys—for what's to you a joke,
To us, to us is slaughter.'

THE VINE AND THE GOAT

A Goat was nibbling on a Vine,
On glossy leaves and tendrils fine:
'Why wilt thou rend me thus, alas—
And is there then no good in grass?
But when the vintage comes, I'll be,
Thou bearded Goat, revenged on thee—
For at the altar 'twill be mine
To furnish to the priest the wine
Which he with pious lips and eyes
Shall pour o'er thee, thou sacrifice
To Dionysos, god of grapes.'

THE SWAN AND THE GOOSE

A rich man bought a Swan and Goose—
That for song, and this for use.
It chanced his simple-minded cook
One night the Swan for Goose mistook.
But in the dark about to chop
The Swan in two above the crop,
He heard the lyric note, and stayed
The action of the fatal blade.

And thus we see a proper tune
Is sometimes very opportune.

THE NOVEL (100–400 A.D.)

Before prose romance could rise, it was necessary that the forms of narrative usual in Greece should run the natural course of their development and use. These forms were all metrical, the epic, the tragic drama of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the New Comedy, and the Pastoral. The prose story, already known in the lost Milesian tales, developed into sophisticated form from the first Christian century on, included Greek and oriental contributions, and is represented by the surviving tales of Xenophon of Ephesus, Longus, Heliodorus, and Achilles Tatius, the last two being distinctly oriental; and by the poem *Hero and Leander,* by Musæus. All of them belong to several centuries after Christ, and all, with the story-letters of Alciphron, about 180 A.D., and the Christian Greek romances of 300 A.D. onwards, are more or less artificial in manner and romantically miraculous in material. The pastoral romance of Longus, *Daphnis and Chloe,* a beautiful story of country life whose scenes are Theocritean and whose plot is of the New Comedy sort, is an exception in its reserve and reality, and justly the favorite with modern readers.

LONGUS (About 275 A.D.)

In spite of pirates, the miraculous, declamation, coarseness, exposure and recognition by token, and all the baggage of New Comedy and formal rhetoric, Longus produced in *Daphnis and Chloe* a love story whose naïve sex-innocence and Theocritean settings gave it a lasting charm. Many have known it unawares in *Paul and Virginia,* of which it is the chief inspiration The translation of George Thornley, revised by J. M. Edmonds, is here used with the permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

The Hero and the Heroine

Mytilene is a city in Lesbos, and by ancient titles of honor it is the great and fair Mytilene. For it is distinguished and divided (the sea flowing in) by a various euripus, and is adorned with bridges built of white polished marble. You would not think you saw a city, but an island. From this Mytilene some two hundred furlongs there lay a manor of a certain rich lord, the most sweet and pleasant prospect under all the eyes of heaven. There were mountains stored with wild beasts for game; there were hills and banks that were spread with vines; the fields abounded with all sorts of corn; the valleys with orchards and gardens and purls from the hills; the pastures with sheep and goats and kine; the sea-billows, swelling and gushing upon a shore which lay extended along in an open horizon, made a soft magic and enchantment.

In this sweet country, the field and farm of Mytilene, a goatherd dwelling, by name Lamo, found one of his goats suckling an infant-boy, by such a chance, it seems, as this: There was a lawn, and in it a dell, and in the nethermost part of the dell a place all lined with wandering ivy, the ground furred over with a finer sort of grass, and on that the infant lay. The goat coming often hither, disappeared very much, neglecting still her own kid to attend the wretched child. Lamo observes her frequent outs and discursations, and pitying that the kid should be so forsaken, follows her even at high noon. And anon he sees the goat bestriding the child carefully, lest she should chance to hurt it with her hooves, and the infant drawing milk as from the breast of a kind mother. And wondering at it, as well he might, he comes nearer and finds it a man-child, a lusty boy and beautiful, and wrapped in richer clothes than you should find upon a foundling. His mantle or little cloak was purple, fastened with a golden brooch, and by his side a little dagger, the handle polished ivory.

He thought at first to take away the tokens and take no thought about the child. But afterwards conceiving shame within himself if he should not imitate the kindness and philanthropy he had seen even in that goat, waiting till the night came on he brings all to Myrtale his wife, the boy, his precious trinkets, and the goat. But Myrtale, all amazed at this, 'What?' quoth she, 'do goats cast boys?' Then he fell to tell her all, namely how he had found him exposed, how suckled; how overcome by mere shame he could not leave the sweet child to die in that forsaken thicket. And therefore, when he discerned Myrtale was of his mind, the things exposed together with him are laid up carefully and hid, they say the boy's their own child, and put him to the goat to nurse. And that his name might be indeed a shepherd's name, they agreed to call him Daphnis.

And now, when two years' time was past, a shepherd of the neighboring fields, Dryas by name, had the luck, watching his flock, to see such sights and find such rarities as Lamo did. There was a solitary sacred cave of the Nymphs, a huge rock, hollow and vaulted within, but round without. The statues or images of the Nymphs were cut out most curiously in stone; their feet unshod, their arms bare to the shoulder, their hair loose over their necks, their eyes sweetly smiling, their lawny petticoats tucked up at the waist. The whole presence made a figure as of a divine amusing dance or masque. The mouth of the cave was in the midst of that great rock; and from it gushed up a strong crystal fountain, and running off in a fair current or brook, made before the holy cave a fresh, green, and flowery mead. There were hanging up and consecrated there milking-pails, pipes, and hautboys, whistles, and reeds, the offerings of the ancient shepherds.

To this cave the often gadding of a sheep newly delivered of young, made the shepherd often think that she undoubtedly was lost. Desiring therefore to correct the straggler and reduce her to her rule, of a green with he made a snare, and looked to catch her in the cave. But when he came there he saw things he never dreamed of. For he saw her giving suck from her dugs in a very human manner to an infant, which without crying, greedily did lay, first to one dug then the tother, a most neat and fair mouth; for when the child had sucked enough, the careful nurse licked it still and trimmed it up. That infant was a girl, and in such manner as before, there lay tokens beside her; a girdle embroidered with gold, a pair of shoes gilded, and ankle-bands all of gold.

Wherefore Dryas, thinking with himself that this could not come about without the providence of the Gods, and learning mercy and love from the sheep, takes her up into his arms, puts her monuments into his scrip, and prays to the Nymphs they may have happily preserved and brought up their suppliant and votary. Now therefore, when it was time to drive home his flocks, he comes to his cottage and tells all that he had seen to his wife, shows her what he had found, bids her think she is her daughter, and, however, nurse her up, all unbeknown, as her child. Nape, that was her name, began presently to be a mother, and with a kind of jealousy would appear to love the child lest that ewe should get more praise; and, like Myrtale before, gives her the pastoral name of Chloe to assure us it's their own.

These infants grew up apace, and still their beauty appeared too excellent to suit with rustics or derive at all from clowns. And Daphnis now is fifteen and Chloe younger two years. . . .

Unconscious Love

Now besides this, the season of the year inflamed and burnt them. For now the cooler spring was ended and the summer was come on, and all things were got to their highest flourishing, the trees with their fruits, the fields with standing corn. Sweet then was the singing of the grasshoppers, sweet was the odor of the fruits, and not unpleasant the very bleating of the sheep. A man would have thought that the very rivers, by their gentle gliding away, did sing; and that the softer gales of wind did play and whistle on the pines; that the apples, as languishing with love, fell down upon the ground; and that the Sun, as a lover of beauty unveiled, did strive to undress and turn the rurals all naked. By all these was Daphnis inflamed, and therefore often he goes to the rivers and brooks, there to bathe and cool himself, or to chase the fish that went to and fro in the water. And often he drinks of the clear purls, as thinking by that to quench his inward caum and scorching.

When Chloe had milked the sheep and most of the goats and had spent much time and labor (because the flies were importune and vexatious, and would sting if one chased them) to curdle and press the milk into cheeses, she would wash herself and crown her head with pine-twigs, and when she had girt her fawnskin about her, take her piggin and with wine and milk make a sillibub for her dear Daphnis and herself.

When it grew towards noon they would fall to their catching of one another by their eyes. For Chloe, seeing Daphnis naked, was all eyes for his beauty to view it every whit; and therefore could not choose but melt, as being not able to find in him the least moment to dislike or blame. Daphnis again, if he saw Chloe, in her fawnskin and her pine coronet, give him the sillibub to drink, thought he saw one of the Nymphs of the holy cave. Therefore taking off her pine and kissing it o'er and o'er, he would put it on his own head; and Chloe, when he was naked and bathing, would in her turn take up his vest, and when she kissed it, put it on upon herself. Sometimes now they flung apples at one another, and dressed and distinguished one another's hair into curious trammels and locks. And Chloe likened Daphnis his hair to the myrtle because it was black; Daphnis, again, because her face was white and ruddy, compared it to the fairest apple. He taught her too to play on the pipe, and always when she began to blow would catch the pipe away from her lips and run it presently o'er with his. He seemed to teach her when she was out, but with that specious pretext, by the pipe, he kissed Chloe.

But it happened, when he played on his pipe at noon and the cattle took shade, that Chloe fell unawares asleep. Daphnis observed it and laid down his pipe, and without any shame or fear was bold to view her, all over and every limb, insatiably; and withal spoke softly thus: 'What sweet eyes are those that sleep! How sweetly breathes that rosy mouth! The apples smell not like to it, nor the flowery lawns and thickets. But I am afraid to kiss her. For her kiss stings to my heart and makes me mad like new honey. Besides, I fear lest a kiss should chance to wake her. Oh the prating grasshoppers! they make a noise to break her sleep. And the goats besides are fighting, and they clatter with their horns. Oh the wolves, worse dastards than the foxes, that they have not ravished them away!'

While he was muttering this passion, a grasshopper that fled from a swallow took sanctuary in Chloe's bosom. And the pursuer could not take her, but her wing by reason of her close pursuit slapped the girl upon the cheek. And she not knowing what was done cried out, and started from her sleep. But when she saw the swallow flying near by and Daphnis laughing at her fear, she began to give it over and rub her eyes that yet would be sleeping. The grasshopper sang out of her bosom, as if her suppliant were now giving thanks for the protection. Therefore Chloe again squeaked out; but Daphnis could not hold laughing, nor pass the opportunity to put his hand into her bosom and draw forth friend Grasshopper, which still did sing even in his hand. When Chloe saw it she was pleased and kissed it, and took and put it in her bosom again, and it prattled all the way.

A Greek Dance

Therefore the rest in deep silence sat still, delighted and charmed with that music. But Dryas, rising and bidding him strike up a Dionysiac tune, fell to dance before them the dance of the wine-press. And now he acted to the life the cutting and gathering of the grapes, now the carrying of the baskets, then the treading of the grapes in the press, then presently the tunning of the wine into the butts, and then again their joyful and hearty carousing the must. All these things he represented so aptly and clearly in his dancing, that they all thought they verily saw before their face the vines, the grapes, the press, the butts, and that Dryas did drink indeed.

This third old man when he had pleased them so well with his dance, embraced and kissed Daphnis and Chloe. Therefore they two, rising quickly, fell to dancing Lamo's tale. Daphnis played Pan, and Chloe Syrinx. He woos and prays to persuade and win her; she shows her disdain, laughs at his love, and flies him. Daphnis follows as to force her, and running on his tiptoes, imitates the hooves of Pan. Chloe on the other side, acts Syrinx wearied with her flight, and throws herself into the wood as she had done into the fen. But Daphnis, catching up that great pipe of Philetas,

plays at first something that was doleful and bewailing, as a lover, then something that made love and was persuasive to relenting, then a recall from the wood, as from one that dearly sought her. Insomuch that Philetas, struck with admiration and joy, could not hold from leaping up and kissing Daphnis. Then he gave him that pipe of his and commanded him to leave it to a successor like himself. Daphnis hanged up his own small one to Pan, and when he had kissed his Chloe, as returning from a true unfeigned flight, he began to drive home his flocks (for night was fallen), piping all the way. Chloe too by the same music gathered together her flocks and drove them home, the goats stritting along with the sheep, and Daphnis walking close by Chloe. Thus till it was night they filled themselves the one with the other, and agreed to drive out their flocks sooner the next morning.

And so they did. For as soon as it was day they went out to pasture,' and when they had first saluted the Nymphs and then Pan, afterwards sitting down under the oak they had the music of the pipe. After that, they kissed, embraced, and hugged one another, and lay down together on the ground; and so rose up again. Nor were they incurious of their meat, and for their drink they drank wine mingled with milk. With all which incentives being more heated and made more lively and forward, they practised between them an amorous controversy about their love to one another, and by little and little came to bind themselves by the faith of oaths. For Daphnis coming up to the pine, swore by Pan that he would not live alone in this world without Chloe so much as the space of one day. And Chloe swore in the cave of the Nymphs that she would have the same death and life with Daphnis.

Love's Stratagem

And now winter was come on, a winter more bitter than war to Daphnis and Chloe. For on a sudden there fell a great snow, which blinded all the paths, stopped up all the ways, and shut up all the shepherds and husbandmen. The torrents rushed down in flood, and the lakes were frozen and glazed with crystal. The hedges and trees looked as if they had been breaking down. All the ground was hoodwinked up but that which lay upon the fountains and the rills. And therefore no man drove out his flocks to pasture or did so much as come out of the door, but about the cock's crowing made their fires nose-high, and some spun flax, some wove tarpaulin for the sea, others with all their sophistry made gins and nets and traps for birds. At that time their care was employed about the oxen and cows that were foddered with chaff in the stalls, about the goats and about the sheep which fed on green leaves in the sheepcotes and the folds, or else about fatting their hogs in the sties with acorns and other mast.

When all was thus taken up perforce with their domestic affairs, the other husbandmen and shepherds were very jovial and merry, as being for a while discharged of their labors and able to have their breakfast in the morning after sleeping long winter nights; so that the winter was to them more pleasant than the summer, the autumn, or the very spring. But Chloe and Daphnis, when they remembered what a sweet conversation they had held before, how they had kissed, how they had embraced and hugged one another, how they had lived at a common scrip, all which were now as pleasures lost, now they had long and sleepless nights, now they had sad and pensive days, and desired nothing so much as a quick return of the spring, to become their regeneration and return from death.

Besides this, it was their grief and complaint if but a scrip came to their hands out of which they had eaten together, or a sillibub-piggin out of which they had used both to drink, or if they chanced to see a pipe laid aside and neglected such as had been not long before a lover's gift from one to the other. And therefore they prayed severally to Pan and the Nymphs that they would deliver them from these as from the other evils and miseries, and show to them and their flocks the Sun again. And while they prayed, they labored too and cast about to find a way by which they might come to see one another. Poor Chloe was void of all counsel and had no device nor plot. For the old woman her reputed mother was by her continually, and taught her to card the fine wool and twirl the spindle, or else was still a clocking for her, and ever and anon casting in words and twattling to her about her marriage. But Daphnis, who was now at leisure enough and was of a more project-

ing wit than a maid, devised this sophism to see her: Before Dryas his cottage, and indeed under the very cottage itself, there grew two tall myrtles and an ivy-bush. The myrtles stood not far off from one another, and between them the ivy ran, and so that it made a kind of arbor by clasping the arms about them both and by the order, the thickness, and interweaving of its branches and leaves, many and great clusters of berries hanging from it like those of the vines from the palmits. And therefore it was, that great store of winter birds haunted the bush, for want, it seems, of food abroad, many blackbirds, many thrushes, stock-doves and starlings, with other birds that feed on berries.

Under pretext of birding there, Daphnis came out, his scrip furnished indeed with sweet country dainties, but bringing with him, to persuade and affirm his meaning, snares and lime-twigs for the purpose. The place lay off but ten furlongs, and yet the snow that lay unmelted found him somewhat to do to pass through it. But all things are pervious to love, even fire, water, and Scythian snows. Therefore plodding through, he came up to the cottage, and when he had shook off the snow from his thighs, he set his snares and pricked his lime-twigs. Then he sat down and waited for Chloe and the birds.

There flew to the bushes many birds, and a sufficient number was taken to busy Daphnis a thousand ways, in running up and down, in gathering, killing, and depluming his game. But nobody stirred out of the cottage, not a man or woman to be seen, not so much as a hen at the door, but all were shut up in the warm house; so that poor Daphnis knew not what in the world to do, but was at a stand as if his luck had been less fair than fowl. And assuredly he would have ventured to intrude himself, if he could but have found out some specious cause and plausible enough; and so deliberated with himself what was the likeliest to be said: 'I'll say I came to fetch fire; And was there no neighbor, they will say, within a furlong, let alone ten? I came to borrow bread; But thy scrip is stuffed with cakes. I wanted wine; Thy vintage was but tother day. A wolf pursued me; Where are the tracings of a wolf? I came hither to catch birds; And when thou hast caught them why gettest thou not thyself home? I have a mind to see Chloe; But who art thou to confess such a thing as that to the father and mother of a maid?—and then, on every side vanquished, I shall stand mum. But enough; there is not one of all these things that carries not suspicion with it. Therefore it's better to go presently away in silence; and I shall see Chloe at the first peeping of the spring, since, as it seems, the Fates prohibit it in winter.'

These thoughts cast up and down in his anxious mind and his prey taken up, he was thinking to be gone and was making away, when, as if Love himself had pitied his cause, it happened thus: Dryas and his family were at table, the meat was taken up and divided to messes, the bread was laid out, the wine-bowl set and trimmed. But one of the flock-dogs took his time while they were busy, and ran out adoors with a shoulder of mutton. Dryas was vexed (for that belonged to his mess), and snatching up a club, followed at his heels as if it had been another dog. This pursuit brought him up to the ivy, where he espied the young Daphnis with his birds on his back, and about to pack away. With that, forgetting the dog, and the flesh, he cries out amain, 'Hail, boy! hail, boy!' and fell on his neck to kiss him, and catching him by the hand, led him along into the house.

And then it wanted but a little that Daphnis and Chloe fell not both to the ground when at first they saw one another. Yet while they strove with themselves to stand upright, there passed salutations and kisses between them, and those to them were as pillars and sustentations to hold them from toppling into swoons. Daphnis having now got, beyond all hope, not only a kiss but Chloe herself too, sat down by the fire and laid upon the table his blackbirds and stock-doves; and fell to tell them how tedious the business of the house and keeping within had been to him, and that therefore he was come to recreate himself and, as they saw, to catch birds; how he had taken some with lime-twigs, some with snares, as they were feeding greedily upon the ivy and the myrtle-berries.

They, on the other side, fell to commend and praise Daphnis his diligence, and bade him eat of that which the dog had left; and commanded Chloe to wait on them and fill their wine. She with a merry countenance filled to the rest, and after them to Daphnis; for she feigned a pretty anger because that when he was there he would

offer to go away in such a manner and not see her. Yet before she gave it to him she kissed the cup and sipped a little, and so gave it. Daphnis, although he was almost choked for want of drink, drank slowly, tickling himself, by that delay, with longer pleasure.

Dinner was quickly done and the table voided of bread and meat, and when they were sat down everybody began to ask how Lamo and Myrtale had done a great while, and so went on to pronounce them happy folks who had got such a stay and cherisher of their old age. And it was no small pleasure to Daphnis to be praised so in the hearing of Chloe. And when, besides, they said that he must and should tarry with them the next day because it was their sacrifice to Bacchus, it wanted but a little that for very pleasure the ravished lover had worshiped them instead of Bacchus himself; and therefore presently he drew out of his scrip good store of sweet-cakes and the birds he had caught, and these were ordered to be made ready for supper.

A fresh bowl of wine was set, a new fire kindled up, and night soon coming on they fell to eat again. When supper was done and part of their time was spent in telling of old tales, part in singing some of the ditties of the fields, they went to bed, Chloe with her mother, Daphnis with Dryas. But then nothing was sweet and pleasing to poor Chloe but that the next morning she should see her Daphnis again; and Daphnis entertained the night himself with a fantastic, empty pleasure; for it was sweet to his imagination to lie but with the father of Chloe, and he often embraced and kissed him, dreaming to himself that it was she.

And Lived Happy Ever Afterward

Dionysophanes upon that burst out louder then Megacles, and sprung away into a near withdrawing-room, and brought in Chloe finely dressed as curiosity could do it. And in haste to Megacles 'This,' quoth he, 'is that same daughter of thine that thou didst expose. This girl a sheep by a divine providence did nurse for thee, as a goat did my Daphnis. Take her tokens, take thy daughter; then by all means give her to Daphnis for a bride. We exposed both of them, and have now found them both. Pan, the Nymphs, and Love himself took care of both.' Megacles highly approved the motion, and commanded his wife Rhode should be sent for thither, and took his sweet girl to his bosom. And that night they lay where they were; for Daphnis had sworn by all the Gods he would not let Chloe go, no, not to her own father.

When it was day, 'twas agreed to turn again into the fields. For Daphnis and Chloe had impetrated that, by reason of the strangeness of city conversation to them. Besides, to the others too it seemed the best to make it a kind of pastoral wedding. Therefore coming to Lamo's house, to Megacles they brought Dryas, Nape to Rhode, and all things were finely disposed and furnished to the rural celebration. Then before the statues of the Nymphs her father gave Chloe to Daphnis, and with other more precious things suspended her tokens for offerings in the cave. Then in recognition of Dryas his care, they made up his number ten thousand drachmas.

And Dionysophanes for his share, the day being serene, open, and fair, commanded there should be beds of green leaves made up before the very cave, and there disposed the villagers to their high feasting jollity. Lamo was there and Myrtale, Dryas and Nape, Dorco's kindred and friends, Philetas and his lads, Chromis and his Lycænium. Nor was even Lampis absent; for he was pardoned by that beauty that he had loved.

Therefore then, as usually when rural revelers are met together at a feast, nothing but georgics, nothing but what was rustical was there. Here one sang like the reapers, there another prattled it and flung flirts and scoffs as in the autumn from the press. Philetas played upon his pipes, Lampis upon the hautboy. Dryas and Lamo danced to them. Daphnis and Chloe clipped and kissed. The goats too were feeding by, as themselves part of that celebrity; and that was not beyond measure pleasing to those from the city, but Daphnis calls up some of the goats by their names, and gives them boughs to browze upon from his hand, and catching them fast by the horns, took kisses thence.

And thus they did not only then for that day; but for the most part of their time held on still the pastoral mode, serving as their Gods the Nymphs, Cupid, and Pan, possessed of sheep and goats innumerable, and nothing for food more pleasant to

them than apples and milk. Besides, they laid a son down under a goat, to take the dug, and a daughter that was born after him under a sheep. Him they called Philopœmen, her they named the fair Agelæa. And so the pastoral mode grew old with them. The cave they adorned with curious work, set up statues, built an altar of Cupid the Shepherd, and to Pan a fane to dwell instead of a pine, and called him Pan Stratiotes, Pan the Soldier.

But this adorning of the cave, building an altar and a fane, and giving them their names, was afterwards at their opportunity. Then, when it was night, they all lead the bride and bridegroom to their chamber, some playing upon whistles and hautboys, some upon the oblique pipes, some holding great torches. And when they came near to the door, they fell to sing, and sang, with the grating harsh voices of rustics, nothing like the Hymenæus, but as if they had been singing at their labor with mattock and hoe. But Daphnis and Chloe lying together began to clip and kiss, sleeping no more than the birds of the night. And Daphnis now profited by Lycænium's lesson; and Chloe then first knew that those things that were done in the wood were only the sweet sports of children.

X. THE ANTHOLOGY (490 B.C.–1000 A.D.)

The Greek Anthology, or 'collection of flowers,' is a body of over four thousand epigrams and epigrammatic poems, rarely exceeding twelve lines in length, composed in elegiac meter, representing at least a thousand years and over three hundred poets, and comprising a subject matter as wide and as varied as human life itself. It owes its formation and preservation to a succession of hands: (1) Meleager of Syria and his 'Garland,' first century B.C., (2) Philippus of Thessalonica, first century after Christ, (3) Strato of Sardis, (4) Agathias of Constantinople, in the time of Justinian (527-565), (5) Cephalas of Constantinople, about 950, (6) Planudes, ambassador from Constantinople to Venice in 1327. The specimens here given are in rough chronological order, with titles mostly the editor's. Classified, as in Mackail's convenient *Select Epigrams,* the epigrams are seen to illustrate Love, Prayers and Dedications, Literature and Art, Religion, Nature, The Family, Beauty, Fate and Change, The Human Comedy, Death, and Life.

Mackail calls the *Anthology* 'an epitome, slightly sketched with a facile hand, of the book of Greek life.' In it, says Symonds, 'we possess an everlasting treasury of sweet thoughts. . . . The slight effusions of the minor poets are even nearer to our hearts than the masterpieces of the noblest Greek literature. They treat with a touching limpidity and sweetness of the joys and fears and hopes and sorrows that are common to all humanity.' Their varied and universal content, the long period they represent, their precise, clean cut, chiseled language, their simplicity, directness, and harmonious versification, make them not only a summary-like and fit, but a most pleasant, conclusion to a collection of extracts illustrating Greek letters and life.

THE PERSIAN PERIL

When on a razor's edge all Hellas stood,
We, who lie here, preserved her with our blood.

—Anon., Lord Neaves.

THE LION OVER THE TOMB OF LEONIDAS

Of beasts am I, of men was he most brave
Whose bones I guard, bestriding this his grave.

—Anon., Walter Leaf.

ON THE TOMB OF ÆSCHYLUS

The Athenian Æschylus these walls retain,
Euphorion's son, by Gela's wide champaign.
The man he was, 'tis Marathon can tell
And many a long-haired Mede who proved it well.

—Æschylus, Alexander Lothian.

FOR A BOUNTEOUS HARVEST

To Zephyr, most propitious of all airs,
Eudemus on his land erects this fane:
Zephyr, kind help, who hasted at his prayers,
To winnow from the stalk the ripened grain.

—Bacchylides, H. Wellesley.

MY STAR

Star-gazing, O my Star; would I could be
Heaven, with a host of eyes to gaze on thee.

—Plato, Alexander Lothian.

A FAREWELL

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was:
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

—Plato, Prior.

MORNING AND EVENING STAR

Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendor to the dead.
—Plato, Shelley.

RESOURCEFULNESS

The blind man bears the lame, and onward hies,
Made right by lending feet and borrowing eyes.
—Plato, Lord Neaves.

AN IRONY

A man found a treasure; and, what's very strange,
Running off with the cash, left a rope in exchange:
The poor owner, at missing his gold, full of grief,
Hung himself with the rope which was left by the thief.
—Plato, Sir Alexander Croke.

TO APOLLO AND THE MUSES

Ye mistresses of Helicon,
These offerings we bring to you—
The close-curled wild thyme lying there,
The roses, dropping with the dew.

The dark-leafed laurel branch, to thee,
O Pythian Healer, we would bring;
For this the Delphian Rock doth bear
To glorify its lord and king.

The he-goat yonder, white of horn,
Shall also, Pythian, soon be thine;
He's cropping the tips of the terebinth,
But now his blood shall stain thy shrine.
—Theocritus, Grant Showerman.

TIMON

I, Timon, hated human race;
Ye passengers, begone;
Curse as ye will, but leave the place,
And let me rest alone.
—Callimachus, H. W. Tytler.

A READER OF PLATO

Cleombrotus, high on a rock,
Above Ambracia stood,
Bade Sol adieu, and, as he spoke,
Plunged headlong in the flood.

From no mischance the leap he took,
But sought the realms beneath,
Because he read in Plato's book,
That souls live after death.
—Callimachus, H. W. Tytler.

THE LAST DRAUGHT

Twice Erasixen filled his cup,
And twice he drank the liquor up;
He drank his wine, but much too deep,
And closed his eyes in endless sleep.
—Callimachus, H. W. Tytler.

THE DEAD FRIEND

I hear, O friend, the fatal news
Of Heraclitus' death.
A sudden tear my cheek bedews,
And sighs suppress my breath.
For I must often call to mind
How from the crowd we run;
And how, to jesting still inclined,
We sported in the sun.

Alas! he's gone, and part we must,
And repartee's no more;
But, though my friend be sunk in dust,
His muse shall ever soar.
The dart of death shall never fly
To stop her waving wings;
Like Philomel, she mounts on high,
And still, like her, she sings.
—Callimachus, H. W. Tytler.

A DINNER GIFT

The Muses to Herodotus one day
Came, nine of them, and dined;
And in return, their host to pay,
Left each a book behind.
—Leonidas of Alexandria, De Teissier.

THE TRUST OF THE LITTLE SHIP

They say that I am small and frail,
And cannot live in stormy seas;

It may be so; yet every sail
  Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.
Nor strength nor size can then hold fast,
But Fortune's favor, Heaven's decree:
Let others trust in oar and mast;
  But may the gods take care of me.
—Leonidas of Tarentum, C. Merivale.

THE LAST JOURNEY

With courage seek the kingdom of the dead;
  The path before you lies,
It is not hard to find, nor tread;
No rocks to climb, no lanes to thread;
But broad, and straight, and even still,
And ever gently slopes down-hill;
You cannot miss it, though you shut your eyes.
—Leonidas of Tarentum, C. Merivale.

THE FOUNTAIN AT THE TOMB

Stay, weary traveler, stay!
  Beneath these boughs repose;
A step out of the way
  My little fountain flows.
And never quite forget
  The monumental urn,
Which Simus here hath set
  His buried child to mourn.
—Nicias, C. Merivale.

WITHOUT THE HERDSMAN

Covered with snow, the herd, with none to guide,
Came to the stall adown the mountain side;
For, ah! Therimachus beneath an oak
Slept the long sleep, from which he ne'er awoke,
Sent to his slumber by the lightning's stroke.
—Diotimus, John William Burgon.

SAIL ON

A sailor's grave. Sail on; for when with me
Perished our barque, yet others rode the sea.
—Theodorides, Alexander Lothian.

THE MOTHER'S OFFERING

Eight sons Demæneta at Sparta's call
Sent forth to fight; one tomb received them all.
No tear she shed, but shouted—'Victory!
'Sparta, I bore them but to die for thee.'
—Dioscorides, George Burges.

THE DEAD WARRIOR

Lifeless to Pitana from Argive field
Was Thrasybulus carried on his shield.
Seven wounds he showed in front. His aged sire
Placed his dead son upon the funeral pyre,
And said—'Be cowards wept for. With no tear
My own and Sparta's son I'll bury here.'
—Dioscorides, M. A. S.

UNDYING THIRST

This rudely sculptured porter-pot
Denotes where sleeps a female sot;
Who passed her life, good easy soul,
In sweetly chirping o'er her bowl.
Not for her friends or children dear
She mourns, but only for her beer.
E'en in the very grave, they say,
She thirsts for drink to wet her clay;
And, faith, she thinks it very wrong
This jug should stand unfilled so long.
—Antipater of Sidon, Robert Bland.

AT MY EXPENSE

As infant Love one morning lay
Upon his mother's breast at play,
He found my soul, that stood hard by,
And, laughing, staked it on the die.
—Meleager, J. H. Merivale.

WRIT IN WATER

In holy night we made the vow;
  And the same night, that long before
Had seen our early passion grow,
  Was witness to the faith we swore.
Did I not swear to love her ever?
  And have I ever dared to rove?
Did she not vow a rival never
  Should shake her faith, or steal her love?
Yet now she says those words are air;
  Those vows were written in the water;
And, by the lamp that heard her swear,
  Hath yielded to the first who sought her.
—Meleager, C. Merivale.

IN THE SPRING

Now the bright crocus flames, and now
  The slim narcissus takes the rain,
And, straying o'er the mountain's brow,
  The daffodillies bud again.
The thousand blossoms wax and wane
  On wold, and heath, and fragrant bough,
  But fairer than the flowers art thou,
Than any growth of hill or plain.

Ye gardens cast your leafy crown,
That my love's feet may tread it down,
  Like lilies on the lilies set;
My Love, whose lips are softer far
Than drowsy poppy petals are,
  And sweeter than the violet!

—Meleager, Andrew Lang.

ONLY WAIT

Though thou shouldst gnaw me to the root,
Destructive goat, enough of fruit
I bear, betwixt thy horns to shed,
When to the altar thou art led.

—Euenus, J. H. Merivale.

ANTICIPATION

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they
Who look for death, and fear it every day.

—Lucilius, William Cowper.

A BAD EMINENCE

The screech-owl sings; death follows at her cries:
Demophilus strikes up; the screech-owl dies.

—Nicarchus, H. Wellesley.

A CELEBRATED CASE

Defendant and plaintiff were deaf as a post,
And the judge in the cause was deafer almost:
The plaintiff he sued for a five-months' rent;
The defendant thought something different meant,
And answered—'By night I did grind the corn';
And the judge he decided with anger and scorn—
'The woman's the mother of both; why, then,
Maintain her between you, undutiful men.'

—Nicarchus, George Carless Swayne.

A HEAVYWEIGHT

Chæremon, lighter than a wisp of straw,
Sailed once uplifted on a summer's flaw
Sky-high, and might be spinning still through air,
But that his foot caught in a spider's snare.
Five days he downwards dangled there his head,
But on the sixth clomb down the spider's thread.

—Lucilius, Alexander Lothian.

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE

The miser, Asclepias, set eyes on a mouse
And cried: 'Dearie, what do you want in my house?'
Said the mouse with a smile, 'Never fear for your hoard;
I'm only enquiring for lodging, not board.'

—Lucilius, Alexander Lothian.

DEAD AT SIXTEEN

Thine, Anastasia, of each grace the bloom,
Were timely spousal and untimely tomb.
Tears, bitter tears, thy sire, thy husband shed;
In tears shall melt the boatman of the dead.
Scarce one short year to marriage joys allowed,
Thy sixteenth summer wraps thee in a shroud.

—Julian of Egypt, Francis Wrangham.

DANGEROUS DRINKING

As a rosy wreath I bound,
'Mongst the roses Love I found:
Swift I seized his pinions fast,
And in wine the wanton cast.
Taking then the laughing cup,
Swift I drank the wanton up.
Now with ever-tickling wings
Up and down my breast he springs.

—Julian of Egypt, Joseph Addison.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY

Oft have I sung—now from the tomb I cry—
Drink, ere enveloped in this dust you lie.

—Julian of Egypt, H. Wellesley.

THIS WIDE AND UNIVERSAL THEATER

This life a theater we well may call,
  Where every actor must perform with art,
Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
  Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.
—Palladas, Robert Bland.

VANITY OF VANITIES

Naked to earth was I brought—naked to earth I descend.
Why should I labor for naught, seeing how naked the end?
—Palladas, William Hardinge.

NO MATTER

My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What, whether proud or base my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men;
Perhaps I fell below them all. What then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb.
Thou knowst its use. It hides—no matter whom.
—Paulus Silentiarius, William Cowper.

THE PURE IN HEART

To the pure precincts of Apollo's portal,
  Come, pure in heart, and touch the lustral wave;
One drop sufficeth for the sinful mortal;
  All else, e'en ocean's billows cannot lave.
—Anon., J. E. Sandys.

FOOL OR SPORTSMAN?

He that once widowed fain would married be again,
Puts out new shipwrecked on a stormy sea again.
—Anon., Alexander Lothian.

NOT OF ITSELF BUT THEE

I send thee myrrh, not that thou mayest be
By it perfumed, but it perfumed by thee.
—Anon., Richard Garnett.

NATURE'S TRAVAIL

Long Nature travailed, till at last she bore
Homer: then ceased from bearing evermore.
—Anon., Goldwin Smith.

VEXATION OF SPIRIT

Dion of Tarsus, here I lie, who sixty years have seen.
I was not ever wed, and would my father had not been!
—Anon., Alma Strettell.

THE OLIVE TO THE VINE

I am Athene's sacred plant;
  Press me no more, intruding vine!
Unwreathe your wanton arms! Avaunt!
  A modest maiden loves not wine.
—Anon., M., in Bland's Collections.

LATIN LITERATURE

(500 B.C.–500 A.D.)

I. EARLY LATIN LITERATURE

If all the rude writings of Rome in law, annals, drama, song, speech, and inscription from before 240 B.C. were extant, instead of a few scant fragments, they would be of linguistic and antiquarian rather than literary interest. So far as may be judged, their promise was not great: for five hundred years from her founding, and indeed from beginning to end, the outlet of Rome's genius was in conquest, organization, and administration rather than in letters and art; but, whatever it was, the presentation at Rome in 240 by Livius Andronicus, brought to the capital a slave after the capture of Tarentum in 272 and the submission of Greek Italy, of a Greek tragedy and a Greek comedy translated into Latin, and his use as a teacher about the same time of Latin versions of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* made by himself, at once changed the course and stimulated the production of Roman literature.

APPIUS CLAUDIUS AND MARCUS CATO

Appius Claudius (Consul 307 B.C.), the builder of the Appian Way and the Appian aqueduct, was also an orator and a writer of verse. His most famous oration was delivered in 280, seventeen years after he was consul the second time and when he was blind, against treating with Pyrrhus until he had withdrawn from Italy. His verse was in the Saturnian meter, roughly represented by 'The-queen-was-in-the-parlor-eating-bread-and-honey.' Two fragments may be quoted:—'Every man is the architect of his own fortune.' 'When you see a friend you forget your troubles.'

Marcus Porcius Cato (234-149 B.C.). Cato's short essay *On Agriculture* retains the rude simplicity of early prose in a greater measure than the 150 orations known to Cicero and surviving to-day in fragments. Its uncouth style and intensely practical content may be taken as representative of the form and spirit of Latin literature before the invasion of Hellenism, and, with men like Cato who were opposed to the foreign culture, even after Hellenism was the vogue. The old censor thought little of the devotion of the Scipios and their friends to Greek letters, though in later years he turned his attention to the Greek language. He may be set down as the last and belated example of Latin culture uncontaminated.

ON AGRICULTURE

It is sometimes of advantage to venture in trade, if it were not so risky, and likewise to lend out money, if it were as honorable. Our forefathers held this way, and so set it down in their laws, that a thief should be condemned twofold, and a lender of money at interest fourfold. How much worse a citizen they judged the money-lender than the thief, you may judge from this. And when they praised a man as good, they praised him this way, 'a good farmer' and 'a good tiller of the soil.' Any man praised in that manner was thought to be most amply praised. The trader's life I consider full of action and interest in the pursuit of gain, but, as I said before, liable to risk and accident. But from among the tillers of the soil both the strongest men and the most efficient soldiers come, and that way of gaining a livelihood carries with it beyond all others fidelity to gods and men, and stability and freedom from envy, and those occupied in it are least liable to evil thoughts.

Now, to come back to my subject, the plan I proposed I will begin on in this way.

When you have in mind to buy a farm, remember this, not to buy on the spur of the moment, not to neglect going to see it, and not to be satisfied with one going over of it. Every time you go it will please you the more—if it is a good one. Keep an eye out as to how the neighbors look: if it is a good locality, of course they will look prosperous. And when you go in, see that you look about—carefully enough to know how to come out. Be sure the weather conditions are good, not troublous, and that the soil is good, and good because

of its native qualities. If possible, have it at the foot of a hill, sloping to the south, in a healthful location, with plenty of hired help to be had, and good drinking places for the animals, and near a substantial town or the sea, or a river where boats ply, or there is a good main-traveled road. Have it in a place where farms don't often change owners: where anybody that has sold an estate feels sorry for it. See that it is one with good buildings.

See that you don't disregard other men's ways of managing. You will do best to buy of an owner who is a good cultivator and a good builder.

When you go to the farmhouse, notice whether there are many vats and storage-jars with the presses; where there are not, you may know that the income is according. . . .

When you go to set out olives, elms, figs, apples, vines, pines, or cypresses, take them up with the roots in their own dirt, as much of it as possible, and tie them around so that you can carry them; have them carried in a vessel or a basket. Be sure not to dig them up or carry them during wind or rain: don't forget that of all things. When you put them in the trench, first throw in top soil; afterwards cover with dirt all over the roots, then tamp well with your feet, then tamp as firmly as you can with pole and bar: that will be the most important thing. Trees more than five inches thick, trim them off when you plant them, treat their extremities with manure, and bind them up with leaves. . . .

Remedy for cattle. If you are afraid of sickness, give them while they are well three grains of salt, three laurel leaves, three chive stems, three stalks of leek, three spikes of garlic, three grains of incense, three shoots of juniper, three leaves of rue, three stems of white-vine, three white beans, three live coals, three pints of wine. All these must be assembled, mixed, and given, standing upright. You must be on a fast when you give it. For three days give to each of the herd this drink. Divide so that when you have given it three times to each you have used it all; and remember that the cattle themselves and the one who gives it are to be standing upright. Give from a wooden container.

If an ox begins to ail, give him right away one hen's egg raw; make him swallow it whole. The day after, pound up the head of a leek with a half pint of wine and make him drink it. Pound up standing on your feet and give from a wooden container, and have the ox himself and the one who gives the dose be on their feet. You must be fasting when you give it, and the ox when he takes it. . . .

Make your threshing-floor this way. Dig out the place when you are going to make it. Afterwards, sprinkle it with olive dregs and let the ground soak well. Afterwards, pulverize well the lumps. Then level off and tamp down with beaters. Afterwards, sprinkle again and let dry. If you do it this fashion, ants will not damage it nor grass grow up in it. . . .

If you've got a dislocation, you can cure it with this charm. Take a green reed four or five feet long, cut it in two and have two persons hold the parts to your hip-bones. Begin to chant,

In alio s.f. mœtas vœta
Daries dardaries asiadarides,

and at the same try until they come together;

Motas vœta
Daries dardares astataries dissunapiter,

until they come together. Wave a knife above them. When they have come together and the one touches the other, take the knife in your hand and cut the pieces to right and left, bind them on the dislocation or fracture, and it will be cured.

—Grant Showerman.

II. THE COMING OF HELLENISM (272–169 B.C.)

As a result of contact with Greek letters through Livius Andronicus, which was but a detail following the larger contact with Greek culture during the campaigns of the first Punic war among the superior cities of southern Italy and Sicily, Roman intelligence acquired a new vision and new ambition. In the course of a single generation, the efforts of Livius (about 284-204), Nævius (about 270-199), and Ennius (239-169) had given Rome a considerable body of epic, including the story of the first Punic war and the story of Rome, as well as Latinized Homer; these narrative poems were in some cases written in hexameter, in others in the old and soon discarded Saturnian verse. The drama they produced consisted mainly of adaptations from Euripidean tragedy and New Comedy, but included Roman historical plays and Italian comedies. In addition, they had written a few lyrics and a miscellany called satire.

All three of these earliest writers may be described as good literary craftsmen, though the little that survives of Nævius and Ennius indicates a measure of originality and even of inspiration. It is to be noticed that their drama adaptations were originally called forth by the state need on public holidays, that their historical plays and epic celebrated the history of Rome and the deeds of Romans, and that the Latinized Homer of Livius was for instructional purposes. Roman literature already had the practical public and national bent which later became so manifest in the oratory of the late Republic, the epic of Virgil, the commentaries of Cæsar and the histories of Livy and Tacitus, the satire of Juvenal, and the long line of juristic writers whose work began in the time of Cicero and concluded with Justinian. Roman letters never stray far from reality and the Roman state.

GNÆUS NÆVIUS
(About 270–199 B.C.)

THE GIRL FROM TARENTUM

As if she were playing ball in a dancing-ring,
She skips about and makes up to each and all;
Nodding to one, to another giving a wink,
To one a loving tap, to another still an embrace;
With a squeeze of the hand here,
And a touch of the foot yonder;
With her ring to this one to look at,
And to that one the lure of a blown kiss;
With one a song, with another her fingers in signs.

—Grant Showerman.

QUINTUS ENNIUS
(239–169 B.C.)

FRAGMENTS

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

He hath freedom whoso beareth
Clean and constant heart within.

Pay me no tears; nor for my passing grieve:
I linger on the lips of men—and live.

J. Wight Duff.

THE ROMAN IN BATTLE

Upon the tribune like rain
From every side the spears come flying.
They pierce his shield, the boss rings with their shafts,
His helmet of brass resounds under their strokes.
Strive though his enemies may on every hand,
No one can rend his body with the steel;
The spears that ever surge upon him
He shatters and breaks in pieces.
His whole body flows with perspiration,
His travail is great, his breath is failing.

THE SKEPTIC

I have ever said and ever shall say that the gods exist on high,
But that they care at all for the lot of mankind, I deny;
For, did they care, 'twould be well with the good, and ill with the bad—which now
Is not the case.

—Grant Showerman.

III. LATIN DRAMA

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS (About 254–184 B.C.)

Plautus, an Umbrian employed in the Roman theater as stage-hand and perhaps actor, had a union of inspiration and practical knowledge of dramatics that made him the greatest of Rome's comic writers. The twenty somewhat carelessly constructed plays surviving from the much greater number written by him and the still greater number which claimed his authorship are adaptations, not without originality, from the Greek New Comedy. They are distinguished by broad, vigorous, refreshing humor, vivacious dialogue, and spirited action. The *Menæchmi* was imitated and not improved in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors,* the *Aulularia* was Molière's inspiration for *L'Avare,* the Danish Holberg made use of the *Mostellaria, Pseudolus,* and *Miles Gloriosus,* Lessing of *Trinummus,* Von Kleist of *Amphitruo,* Machiavelli of *Casina.*

The Pot of Gold, translated by Paul Nixon, is here printed by permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

AULULARIA; THE POT OF GOLD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE HOUSEHOLD GOD OF EUCLIO, *the Prologue.*
EUCLIO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
STAPHYLA, *his old slave.*
EUNOMIA, *a lady of Athens.*
MEGADORUS, *an old gentleman of Athens, Eunomia's brother*
PYTHODICUS, *his slave.*
CONGRIO, ANTHRAX } *cooks.*
STROBILUS, *slave of Lyconides.*
LYCONIDES, *a young gentleman of Athens, Eunomia's son.*
PHÆDRIA, *Euclio's daughter.*
MUSIC GIRLS.

Scene:—Athens. A street on which are the houses of Euclio and Megadorus, a narrow lane between them; in front, an altar.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY EUCLIO'S HOUSEHOLD GOD.

That no one may wonder who I am, I shall inform you briefly. I am the Household God of that family from whose house you saw me come. For many years now I have possessed this dwelling, and preserved it for the sire and grandsire of its present occupant. Now this man's grandsire as a suppliant entrusted to me, in utter secrecy, a hoard of gold: he buried it in the center of the hearth, entreating me to guard it for him. When he died he could not bear—so covetous was he—to reveal its existence to his own son, and he chose to leave him penniless rather than apprise him of this treasure. Some land, a little only, he did leave him, whereon to toil and moil for a miserable livelihood.

After the death of him who had committed the gold to my keeping, I began to observe whether the son would hold me in greater honor than his father had. As a matter of fact, his neglect grew and grew apace, and he showed me less honor. I did the same by him: so he also died. He left a son who occupies this house at present, a man of the same mold as his sire and grandsire. He has one daughter. She prays to me constantly, with daily gifts of incense, or wine, or something: she gives me garlands. Out of regard for her I caused Euclio to discover the treasure here in order that he might the more easily find her a husband, if he wished. For she has been ravished by a young gentleman of very high rank. He knows who it is that he has wronged; who he is she does not know, and as for her father, he is ignorant of the whole affair.

I shall make the old gentleman who lives

next door here [*pointing*] ask for her hand to-day. My reason for so doing is that the man who wronged her may marry her the more easily. And the old gentleman who is to ask for her hand is the uncle of the young gentleman who violated her by night at the festival of Ceres. [*an uproar in Euclio's house*] But there is old Euclio clamoring within as usual, and turning his ancient servant out of doors lest she learn his secret. I suppose he wishes to look at his gold and see that it is not stolen.

[*Exit.*

ACT I

Euclio. [*within*] Out with you, I say! Come now, out with you! By the Lord, you've got to get out of here, you snook-around, you, with your prying and spying.

[*Enter* STAPHYLA *from* EUCLIO'S *house, followed by* EUCLIO *who is pushing and beating her.*]

Staphyla. [*groaning*] Oh, what makes you go a-hitting a poor wretch like me, sir?

Euc. [*savagely*] To make sure you are a poor wretch, so as to give a bad lot the bad time she deserves.

Sta. Why, what did you push me out of the house for now?

Euc. I give my reasons to you, you,—you patch of beats, you? Over there with you, [*pointing*] away from the door! [STAPHYLA *hobbles to place indicated*] Just look at her, will you,—how she creeps along! See here, do you know what'll happen to you? Now, by heaven, only let me lay my hand on a club or a stick and I'll accelerate that tortoise crawl for you!

Sta. [*aside*] Oh, I wish Heaven would make me hang myself, I do! Better that than slaving it for you at this rate, I'm sure.

Euc. [*aside*] Hear the old criminal mumbling away to herself, though! [*aloud*] Ah! those eyes of yours, you old sinner! By heaven, I'll dig 'em out for you, I will, so that you can't keep watching me whatever I do. Get farther off still! still farther! still—Whoa! Stand there! You budge a finger's breadth, a nail's breadth, from that spot; you so much as turn your head till I say the word, and by the Almighty, the next minute I'll send you to the gallows for a lesson, so I will. [*aside*] A worse reprobate than this old crone I never did see, no, never. Oh, but how horribly scared I am she'll come some sly dodge on me when I'm not expecting it, and smell out the place where the gold is hidden. She has eyes in the very back of her head, the hell-cat. Now I'll just go see if the gold is where I hid it. Dear, dear, it worries the life out of me!

[*Exit* EUCLIO *into house.*

Sta. Mercy me! What's come over master, what crazy streak he's got, I can't imagine,—driving a poor woman out of the house this way ten times a day, often. Goodness gracious, what whim-whams the man's got into his head I don't see. Never shuts his eyes all night: yes, and then in the daytime he's sitting around the house the whole livelong day, for all the world like a lame cobbler. How I'm going to hide the young mistress's disgrace now is beyond me, and she with her time so near. There's nothing better for me to do, as I see, than tie a rope round my neck and dangle myself out into one long capital I.

[*Re-enter* EUCLIO *from house.*]

Euc. [*aside*] At last I can feel easy about leaving the house, now I have made certain everything is all right inside. [*to* STAPHYLA] Go back in there this instant, you, and keep watch inside.

Sta. [*tartly*] I suppose so! So I'm to keep watch inside, am I? You aren't afraid anyone'll walk away with the house, are you? I vow we've got nothing else there for thieves to take—all full of emptiness as it is, and cobwebs.

Euc. It is surprising Providence wouldn't make a King Philip or Darius of me for your benefit, you viper, you! [*threateningly*] I want those cobwebs watched! I'm poor, poor; I admit it, I put up with it; I take what the gods give me. In with you, bolt the door. I shall be back soon. No outsider is to be let in, mind you. And in case anyone should be looking for a light, see you put the fire out so that no one will have any reason to come to you for it. Mark my words, if that fire stays alive, I'll extinguish you instantly. And then water—if anyone asks for water, tell him it's all run out. As for a knife, or an axe, or a pestle, or a mortar,—things the neighbors are all the time wanting to borrow—tell 'em burglars got in and stole the whole lot. I won't have a living soul let into my house while I'm

gone—there! Yes, and what's more, listen here, if Dame Fortune herself comes along, don't you let her in.

Sta. Goodness me, she won't get in: she'll see to that herself, I fancy. Why, she never comes to our house at all, no matter how near she is.

Euc. Keep still and go inside. [*advances on her*]

Sta. [*hurrying out of reach*] I'm still, sir; I'm going!

Euc. Mind you lock the door, both bolts. I'll soon be back.

[*Exit* STAPHYLA *into house.*

It's agony having to leave the house, downright agony. Oh, my God, how I do hate to go! But I have my reasons. The director of our ward gave notice he was going to make us a present of two shillings a man; and the minute I let it pass without putting in my claim, they'd all be suspecting I had gold at home, I'm sure they would. No, it doesn't look natural for a poor man to think so little of even a tiny bit of money as not to go ask for his two shillings. Why, even now, hard as I try to keep every one from finding out, it seems as if every one knew: it seems as if every one has a heartier way of saying good day than they used to. Up they come, and stop, and shake hands, and keep asking me how I'm feeling, and how I'm getting on, and what I'm doing. Well, I must get along to where I'm bound; and then I'll come back home just as fast as I possibly can. [*Exit* EUCLIO.

ACT II

[*Enter* EUNOMIA *and* MEGADORUS *from latter's house*]

Eunomia. Brother, I do hope you'll believe I say this out of my loyalty to you and for your welfare, as a true sister should. Of course I'm well enough aware you men think us women are a bother; yes, awful chatterboxes—that's the name we all have, and [*ruefully*] it fits. And then that common saying: 'Never now, nor through the ages, never, any woman dumb.' But just the same, do remember this one thing, brother,—that I am closer to you and you to me than anyone else in the whole world. So both of us ought to advise and counsel each other as to what we feel is to either's advantage, not keep such things back or be afraid to speak out openly; we ought to confide in one another fully, you and I. This is why I've taken you aside out here now—so that we can have a quiet talk on a matter that concerns you intimately.

Megadorus. [*warmly*] Let's have your hand, you best of women!

Eun. [*pretending to look about*] Where is she? Who on earth is that best of women?

M. Yourself.

Eun. You say that—you?

M. [*banteringly*] Oh, well, if you deny it—

Eun. Really now, you ought to be truthful. There's no such thing, you know, as picking out the best woman: it's only a question of comparative badness, brother.

M. My own opinion precisely: I'll never differ with you there, sister, you may count on that.

Eun. Now do give me your attention, there's a dear.

M. It is all your own: use me, command me—anything you wish.

Eun. I'm going to advise you to do something that I think will be the very best thing in the world for you.

M. Quite like you, sister.

Eun. I certainly hope so.

M. And what is this something, my dear?

Eun. Something that will make for your everlasting welfare. You should have children—God grant you may!—and I want you to marry.

M. Oh-h-h, murder!

Eun. How so?

M. Well, you're knocking my poor brains out with such a proposition, my dear girl: you're talking cobble-stones.

Eun. Now, now, now, do what your sister tells you.

M. I would, if it appealed to me.

Eun. It would be a good thing for you.

M. Yes—to die before marrying. [*pause*] All right, I'll marry anyone you please, on this condition, though: her wedding to-morrow, and her wake the day after. Still wish it, on this condition? Produce her! Arrange for the festivities!

Eun. I can get you one with ever so big a dowry, dear. To be sure, she's not a young girl—middle-aged, as a matter of fact. I'll see about it for you, brother, if you want.

M. You don't mind my asking you a question, I dare say?

Eun. Why, of course not; anything you like.

M. Now supposing a man pretty well on in life marries a lady of maturity and this aged female should happen to show intentions of making the old fellow a father—can you doubt but that the name in store for that youngster is Postumus? See here, sister, I'll relieve you of all this and save you trouble. I'm rich enough, thanks be to heaven and our forbears. And I have no fancy at all for those ladies of high station and hauteur and fat dowries, with their shouting and their ordering and their ivory-trimmed carriages and their purple and fine linen that cost a husband his liberty.

Eun. For mercy's sake, tell me who you do want to marry, then?

M. I'm going to. You know the old gentleman—rather hard up, poor fellow,—that lives next door, Euclio?

Eun. Yes, indeed. Why, he seems quite nice.

M. It's his daughter—there's the engagement I'm eager for. Now don't make a fuss, sister. I know what you're about to say—that she's poor. But this particular poor girl suits me.

Eun. God's blessing on your choice, dear!

M. I trust so.

Eun. [*about to leave*] Well, there's nothing I can do?

M. Yes—take good care of yourself.

Eun. You too, brother.

[*Exit* EUNOMIA.

M. Now for an interview with Euclio, if he's at home. [*looking down street*] Hullo, though! here he is! Just getting back from somewhere or other.

[*Enter* EUCLIO.]

Euc. [*without seeing Megadorus*] I knew it! Something told me I was going on a fool's errand when I left the house; that's why I hated to go. Why, there wasn't a single man of our ward there, or the director either, who ought to have distributed the money. Now I'll hurry up and hurry home: I'm here in the body, but that's where my mind is.

M. [*advancing with outstretched hand*] Good day to you, Euclio, yes, and the best of everything to you always!

Euc. [*taking hand gingerly*] God bless you, Megadorus.

M. How goes it? All right, are you? Feeling as well as you could wish?

Euc. [*aside*] There's something behind it when a rich man puts on that smooth air with a poor one. Now that fellow knows I've got gold: that's why he's so uncommon smooth with his salutations.

M. You say you are well?

Euc. Heavens, no! I feel low, very low—in funds.

M. [*cheerily*] Well, well, man, if you have a contented mind, you've got enough to enjoy life with.

Euc. [*aside, frightened*] Oh, good Lord! The old woman has let on to him about the gold! It's discovered, clear as can be! I'll cut her tongue out, I'll tear her eyes out, the minute I get at her in the house!

M. What is that you're saying to yourself?

Euc. [*startled*] Just . . . how awful it is to be poor. And I with a grown-up girl, without a penny of dowry, that I can't get off my hands or find a husband for.

M. [*clapping him on the back*] There, there, Euclio! Cheer up. She shall be married: I'll help you out. Come now, call on me, if you need anything.

Euc. [*aside*] When he agrees to give he wants to grab! Mouth wide open to gobble down my gold! Holds up a bit of bread in one hand and has a stone in the other! I don't trust one of these rich fellows when he's so monstrous civil to a poor man. They give you a cordial handshake, and squeeze something out of you at the same time. I know all about those octopuses that touch a thing and then—stick.

M. I should be glad to have a moment of your time, Euclio. I want to have a brief talk with you on a matter that concerns us both.

Euc. [*aside*] Oh, God save us! My gold's been hooked, and now he wants to make a deal with me! I see it all! But I'll go in and look. [*hurries toward house*]

M. Where are you off to?

Euc. Just a moment . . . I'll be back . . . the fact is . . . I must see to something at home. [*Exit into house.*

M. By Jove! I suppose he'll think I'm making fun of him when I speak about his

giving me his daughter; poverty never made a fellow closer-fisted.

[*Re-enter* EUCLIO.]

Euc. [*aside*] Thank the Lord, I'm saved! It's safe—that is, if it's all there. Ah, but that was a dreadful moment! I nearly expired before I got in the house. [*to* MEGADORUS] Here I am, Megadorus, if you want anything of me.

M. Thanks. Now I trust you won't mind answering the questions I'm going to ask.

Euc. [*cautiously*] No-no—that is, if you don't ask any I don't like to answer.

M. Frankly, now, what do you think of my family connections?

Euc. [*grudgingly*] Good.

M. And my sense of honor?

Euc. Good.

M. And my general conduct?

Euc. Not bad, not disreputable.

M. You know my age?

Euc. Getting on, getting on, I know that—[*aside*]—financially, too.

M. Now Euclio, I've always considered you a citizen of the true, trusty type, by Jove, I certainly have, and I do still.

Euc. [*aside*] He's got a whiff of my gold. [*aloud*] Well, what do you want?

M. Now that we appreciate each other, I'm going to ask you—and may it turn out happily for you and your girl and me—to give me your daughter in marriage. Promise you will.

Euc. [*whining*] Now, now, Megadorus! This is unlike you, unworthy of you, making fun of a poor man like me that never harmed you or yours. Why, I never said or did a thing to you to deserve being treated so.

M. Good Lord, man! I didn't come here to make fun of you, and I'm not making fun of you: I couldn't think of such a thing.

Euc. Then why are you asking for my daughter?

M. Why? So that we may all of us make life pleasanter for one another.

Euc. Now here's the way it strikes me, Megadorus,—you're a rich man, a man of position: but as for me, I'm poor, awfully poor, dreadfully poor. Now if I was to marry off my daughter to you, it strikes me you'd be the ox and I'd be the donkey. When I was hitched up with you and couldn't pull my share of the load, down I'd drop, I, the donkey, in the mud; and you, the ox, wouldn't pay any more attention to me than if I'd never been born at all. You would be too much for me: and my own kind would haw-haw at me: and if there should be a falling out, neither party would let me have stable quarters: the donkeys would chew me up and the oxen would run me through. It is a very hazardous business for donkeys to climb into the ox set.

M. But honorable human beings—the more closely connected you are with them, the better. Come, come, accept my offer: listen to what I say and promise her to me.

Euc. But not one penny of dowry can I give.

M. Don't. Only let me have a girl that's good, and she has dowry enough.

Euc. [*forcing a laugh*] I mention this just so that you mayn't think I've found some treasure.

M. Yes, yes, I understand. Promise.

Euc. So be it. [*aside, starting at noise*] Oh, my God! Can it be I'm ruined, ruined?

M. What's the matter?

Euc. That noise? What was it—a sort of clinking sound?

[*Exit into house hurriedly.*

M. [*not noticing his departure*] I told them to do some digging in my garden here. [*looking around*] But where is the man? Gone away and left me—without a word! Scorns me, now he sees I desire his friendship! Quite the usual thing, that. Yes, let a wealthy man try to get the regard of a poorer one, and the poor one is afraid to meet him half-way: his timidity makes him injure his own interests. Then when it's too late and the opportunity is gone he longs to have it again.

[*Re-enter* EUCLIO.]

Euc. [*to* STAPHYLA *within*] By heaven, if I don't have your tongue torn out by the very roots, I give you orders, give you full authority, to hand me over to anyone you please to be skinned alive. [*approaches* MEGADORUS]

M. Upon my word, Euclio! So you think I am the proper sort of man to make a fool of, at my time of life, and without the slightest reason.

Euc. Bless my soul! I'm not making a fool of you, Megadorus: I couldn't if I would.

M. [*doubtfully*] Well, now, do you mean I am to have your daughter?

Euc. On the understanding she goes with the dowry I mentioned.

M. You consent, then?

Euc. I consent.

M. And may God prosper us!

Euc. Yes, yes,—and mind you remember our agreement about the dowry: she doesn't bring you a single penny.

M. I remember.

Euc. But I know the way you folks have of juggling things: now it's on and now it's off, now it's off and now it's on, just as you like.

M. You shall have no occasion to quarrel with me. But about the marriage —there's no reason for not having it today, is there?

Euc. Dear, dear, no! The very thing, the very thing!

M. I'll go and make arrangements, then. [*turning to leave*] Anything else I can do?

Euc. Only that. Go along. Good-bye.

M. [*calling at the door of his house*] Hey, Pythodicus! quick! [*enter* PYTHODICUS] Down to the market with me—come, look alive! [*Exeunt.*

Euc. [*looking after them*] He's gone! Ah, ye immortal gods, doesn't money count! That is what he's gaping after. That is why he's so set on being my son-in-law. [*goes to the door and calls*] Where are you, you blabber, telling the whole neighborhood I'm going to give my daughter a dowry! Hi-i! Staphyla! It's you I'm calling. Can't you hear! [*enter* STAPHYLA] Hurry up with the dishes inside there and give them a good scouring. I have betrothed my daughter: she marries Megadorus here to-day.

Sta. God bless them! [*hastily*] Goodness, though! It can't be done. This is too sudden.

Euc. Silence! Off with you! Have things ready by the time I get back from the forum. And lock the door, mind; I shall be here soon. [*Exit* EUCLIO.

Sta. What shall I do now? Now we're all but ruined, the young mistress and me: now it's all but public property about her being disgraced and brought to bed. We can't conceal it, we can't keep it dark any longer now. But I must go in and do what master ordered me before he gets back. Oh, deary me! I'm afraid I've got to take a drink of trouble and tribulation mixed. [*Exit* STAPHYLA *into house.*

[*An hour has elapsed.*]

[*Enter* PYTHODICUS, *bringing cooks,* ANTHRAX *and* CONGRIO, *music girls,* PHRYGIA *and* ELEUSIUM, *and attendants, with provisions from the market and two lambs.*]

Pythodicus. [*importantly*] After master did the marketing and hired the cooks and these music girls at the forum, he told me to take and divide all he'd got into two parts.

Anthrax. By Jupiter, you shan't make two parts of me, let me tell you that plainly! If you'd like to have the whole of me anywhere, why, I'll accommodate you.

Congrio. [*to* ANTHRAX] You pretty boy, yes, you nice little everybody's darling, you! Why, if anyone wanted to make two parts of a real man out of you, you oughtn't to be cut up about it.

Py. Now, now, Anthrax, I mean that otherwise from what you make out. Look here, my master's marrying to-day.

A. Who's the lady?

Py. Daughter of old Euclio that lives next door here. Yes, sir, and what's more, he's to have half this stuff here, and one cook and one music girl, too, so master said.

A. You mean to say half goes to him and half to you folks?

Py. Just what I do mean.

A. I say, couldn't the old boy pay for the catering for his daughter's wedding his own self?

Py. [*scornfully*] Pooh!

A. What's the matter?

Py. The matter, eh? You couldn't squeeze as much out of that old chap as you could out of a pumice stone.

A. [*incredulously*] Oh, really, now!

Py. That's a fact. Judge for yourself. Why, I tell you he begins bawling for heaven and earth to witness that he's bankrupt, gone to everlasting smash, the moment a puff of smoke from his beggarly fire manages to get out of his house. Why, when he goes to bed he strings a bag over his jaws.

A. What for?

Py. So as not to chance losing any breath when he's asleep.

A. Oh, yes! And he puts a stopper on his lower windpipe, doesn't he, so as not to chance losing any breath while he's asleep?

Py. [*ingenuously*] You should believe me, I believe, just as I should believe you.

A. [*hurriedly*] Oh, no, no, no! I do believe, of course!

Py. But listen to this, will you? Upon my word, after he takes a bath it just breaks him all up to throw away the water.

A. D'ye think the old buck could be induced to make us a present of a couple of hundred pounds to buy ourselves off with?

Py. Lord! He wouldn't make you a loan of his hunger, no sir, not if you begged him for it. Why, the other day when a barber cut his nails for him he collected all the clippings and took 'em home.

A. My goodness, he's quite a tight one, from what you say.

Py. Honest now, would you believe a man could be so tight and live so wretched? Once a kite flew off with a bit of food of his: down goes the fellow to the magistrate's, blubbering all the way, and there he begins, howling and yowling, demanding to have the kite bound over for trial. Oh, I could tell hundreds of stories about him if I had time. [*to both cooks*] But which of you is the quicker? Tell me that.

A. I am, and a whole lot better, too.

Py. At cooking I mean, not thieving.

A. Well, I mean cooking.

Py. [*to* CONGRIO] And how about you?

C. [*with a meaning glance at* ANTHRAX] I'm what I look.

A. He's nothing but a market-day cook, that chap: he only gets a job once a week.

C. You running me down, you? You five letter man, you! You T-H-I-E-F!

A. Five letter man yourself! Yes, and five times—penned!

Py. [*to* ANTHRAX] Come, come, shut up, you: and this fattest lamb here [*pointing*], take it and go over to our house.

A. [*grinning triumphantly at* CONGRIO] Aye, aye, sir.

[*Exit* ANTHRAX *into house of* MEGADORUS *leading lamb.*

Py. Congrio, you take this one he's left [*pointing*] and go into that house there, [*pointing to* EUCLIO'S] and as for you, [*indicating some of the attendants*] you follow him. The rest of you come over to our house.

C. Hang it! That's no way to divide: they've got the fattest lamb.

Py. Oh well, I'll give you the fattest music girl. [*turning to girls*] That means you, Phrygia: you go with him. As for you, Eleusium, you step over to our place. [*Exeunt* ELEUSIUM *and others into house of* MEGADORUS.]

C. Oh, you're a wily one, Pythodicus! Shoving me off on this old screw, eh? If I ask for anything there, I can ask myself hoarse before I get a thing.

Py. An ungrateful blockhead is what you are. The idea of doing you a favor, when it's only thrown away!

C. Eh? How so?

Py. How so? Well, in the first place there won't be an uproarious gang in that house to get in your way: if you need anything, just you fetch it from home so as not to waste time asking for it. Here at our establishment, though, we do have a great big uproarious gang of servants, and knick-knackery and jewelry and clothes and silver plate lying about. Now if anything was missing,—of course it's easy for you to keep your hands off, provided there's nothing in reach,—they'd say: 'The cooks got away with it! Collar 'em! Tie 'em up! Thrash 'em! Throw 'em in the dungeon!' Now over there [*pointing to* EUCLIO'S] nothing like this will happen to you—as there's nothing at all about for you to filch. [*going toward* EUCLIO'S *house*] Come along.

C. [*sulkily*] Coming. [*he and the rest follow*]

Py. [*knocking at door*] Hey! Staphyla! Come here and open the door.

Sta. [*within*] Who is it?

Py. Pythodicus.

Sta. [*sticking her head out*] What do you want?

Py. Take these cooks and the music girl and the supplies for the wedding festival. Megadorus told us to take 'em over to Euclio's.

Sta. [*examining the provisions disappointedly*] Whose festival are they going to celebrate, Pythodicus? Ceres'?

Py. Why hers?

Sta. Well, no tipple's been brought, as I notice.

Py. But there'll be some all right when the old gent gets back from the forum.

Sta. We haven't got any firewood in the house.

C. Any rafters in it?

Sta. Mercy, yes.

C. There's firewood in it, then: never mind going for any.

Sta. Hey? You godless thing! even though you are a devotee of Vulcan, do you want us to burn our house down, all for your dinner or your pay? [*advances on him*]

C. [*shrinking back*] I don't, I don't!

Py. Take 'em inside.

Sta. [*brusquely*] This way with you.

[*Exeunt* CONGRIO *and others into* EUCLIO's *house.*

Py. [*as they leave*] Look out for things. [*starting for* MEGADORUS's *house*] I'll go see what the cooks are at. By gad, it's the devil's own job keeping an eye on those chaps. The only way is to make 'em cook dinner in the dungeon and then haul it up in baskets when it's done. Even so, though, if they're down there gobbling up all they cook, it's a case of starve in heaven and stuff in hell. But here I am gabbling away just as if there wasn't anything to do, and the house all full of those young Grabbits. [*Exit* PYTHODICUS.

[*Enter* EUCLIO *from forum carrying a small package and a few forlorn flowers.*]

Euc. Now I did want to be hearty today, and do the handsome thing for daughter's wedding, yes, I did. Off I go to the market—ask for fish! Very dear! And lamb dear . . . and beef dear . . . and veal and tunny and pork . . . everything dear, everything! Yes, and all the dearer for my not having any money! It just made me furious, and seeing I couldn't buy anything, I up and left. That's how I circumvented 'em, the whole dirty pack of 'em. Then I began to reason things out with myself as I walked along. 'Holiday feasting makes everyday fasting,' says I to myself, 'unless you economize.' After I'd put the case this way to my stomach and heart, my mind supported my motion to cut down daughter's wedding expenses just as much as possible. Now I've bought a little frankincense here and some wreaths of flowers: we'll put 'em on the hearth in honor of our Household God, so that he may bless daughter's marriage. [*looking toward house*] Eh! What's my door open for? A clattering inside, too! Oh, mercy on us! It can't be burglars, can it?

C. [*within, to an attendant*] See if you can't get a bigger pot from one of the neighbors: this here's a little one: it won't hold it all.

Euc. Oh, my God! my God! I'm ruined! They're taking my gold! They're after my pot! Oh, oh, Apollo, help me, save me! Shoot your arrows through them, the treasure thieves, if you've ever helped a man in such a pinch before! But I must rush in before they ruin me entirely! [*Exit* EUCLIO.

[*Enter* ANTHRAX *from house of* MEGADORUS.]

A. [*to servants inside*] Dromo, scale the fish. As for you, Machaerio, you bone the conger and lamprey as fast as you know how. I'm going over next door to ask Congrio for the loan of a bread-pan. And you there! if you know what's good for you, you won't hand me back that rooster till it's plucked cleaner than a ballet dancer. [*sound of scuffle in* EUCLIO's *house*] Hullo, though! What's the row in the house next door? Hm! the cooks settling down to business, I reckon! I'll hustle back, or we'll be having a rumpus at our place, too. [*Exit.*

ACT III

[*Enter* CONGRIO *and his associates tumbling out of* EUCLIO's *house, slamming door behind them.*]

Congrio. [*in burlesque panic*] Hi—i—i! Citizens, natives, inhabitants, neighbors, foreigners, every one—give me room to run! Open up! Clear the street! [*stopping at some distance from the house*] This is the first time I ever came to cook for Bacchantes at a Bacchante den. Oh dear, what an awful clubbing I and my disciples did get! I'm one big ache! I'm dead and gone! The way that old codger took me for a gymnasium! [EUCLIO's *door opens and he appears, cudgel in hand*] Oh—ow—ow! Good Lord, be merciful! I'm done for! He's opening the den: he's at the door: he's after me! I know what I'll do: [*retires*] he's taught me my lesson, my master has. I never in all my life saw a place where they were freer-handed with their wood: [*rubbing his shoulders*] why, when he drove the lot of us out he let us have big sticks of it, all we could stagger under.

Euc. [*going into street*] Come back. Where are you running to now? Stop him, stop him!

C. What are you yelling for, stupid?

Euc. Because I am going to report your name to the police this instant.

C. Why?

Euc. Well, you carry a knife.

C. And so a cook should.

Euc. And how about your threatening me?

C. It's a pity I didn't jab it through you, I'm thinking.

Euc. There isn't a more abandoned villain than you on the face of the earth, or one I'd be gladder to go out of my way to punish more, either.

C. Good Lord! That's evident enough, even if you didn't say so: the facts speak for themselves. I've been clubbed till I'm looser than any fancy dancer. Now what did you mean by laying hands on me, you beggar?

Euc. What's that? You dare ask me? Didn't I do my duty by you—is that it? [*lifts cudgel*]

C. [*backing away*] All right: but by gad, you'll pay heavy for it, or I'm a numskull.

Euc. Hm! I don't know anything about the future of your skull, but [*chuckling and tapping his cudgel*] it must be numb now. [*savagely*] See here, what the devil were you doing in my house without my orders while I was gone? That's what I want to know.

C. Well then, shut up. We came to cook for the wedding, that's all.

Euc. And how does it concern you, curse you, whether I eat my food cooked or take it raw—unless you are my guardian?

C. Are you going to let us cook dinner here or not? That's what I want to know.

Euc. Yes, and I want to know whether my things at home will be safe?

C. All I hope is I can get safe away with my own things that I brought there. That'll do for me: don't worry about my hankering for anything you own.

Euc. [*incredulous*] I know. You needn't go on. I quite understand.

C. Why won't you let us cook dinner here now? What have we done? What have we said that you didn't like?

Euc. A pretty question, you villainous rascal, with your making a public highway of every nook and cranny in my whole house! If you had stayed by the oven where your business lay, you wouldn't be carrying that cloven pate: it serves you right. [*with forced composure*] Now further, just to acquaint you with my sentiments in the matter,—you come any nearer this door without my permission, and I will make you the most forlorn creature in God's world. Now you know my sentiments. [*Exit into house.*

C. [*calling after him*] Where are you off to? Come back! So help me, holy Mother of Thieves, but I'll soon make it warm for you, the way I'll rip up your reputation in front of the house here, if you don't have my dishes brought back! [*as* Euclio *closes the door*] Now what? Oh, hell! It certainly was an unlucky day when I came here! Two shillings for the job, and now it'll take more than that to pay the doctor's bill.

[*Re-enter* Euclio *from house with object under his cloak.*]

Euc. [*aside*] By heaven, wherever I go this goes [*peering under cloak*] too: I won't leave it there to run such risks, never. [*to* Congrio *and others*] Very well, come now, in with you, cooks, music girls, every one! [*to* Congrio] Go on, take your understrappers inside if you like, the whole hireling herd of 'em. Cook away, work away, scurry around to your hearts' content now.

C. A nice time for it, after you've clubbed my head till it's all cracks!

Euc. In with you. You were engaged to get up a dinner here, not a declamation.

C. I say, old boy, I'll come to you with my bill for that basting, by the Lord I will. I was hired a while ago to be cook, not to be thumped.

Euc. Well, go to law about it. Don't bother me. Away with you: get dinner, or else get to the devil out of here.

C. You just get to—[*mildly, as he pushes in past him*] one side, then.

[*Exeunt* Congrio *and his associates into house.*

Euc. [*looking after them*] He's disappeared. My Lord, my Lord! It's an awful chance a poor man takes when he begins to have dealings or business with a wealthy man. Here's Megadorus now, trying to catch me—oh, dear, dear!—in all sorts of ways. Sending cooks over here and pretending it's because of regard for me! Sent 'em to steal this [*looking under cloak*] from a poor old man—that's what his sending 'em was because of! And then

of course that dunghill cock of mine in there, that used to belong to the old woman, had to come within an inch of ruining me, beginning to scratch and claw around where this [*looking under cloak*] was buried. Enough said. It just got me so worked up I took a club and annihilated that cock, the thief, the redhanded thief! By heaven, I do believe the cooks offered that cock a reward to show them where this [*looking under cloak*] was. I took the handle [*looking under cloak*] out of their hands! [*looking down street*] Ah, but there is son-in-law Megadorus swaggering back from the forum. I suppose it would hardly do for me to pass him without stopping for a word or two, now.

[*Enter* MEGADORUS.]

M. [*not seeing* EUCLIO] Well, I've told a number of friends of my intentions regarding this match. They were full of praise for Euclio's daughter. Say it's the sensible thing to do, a fine idea. Yes, for my part I'm convinced that if the rest of our well-to-do citizens would follow my example and marry poor men's daughters and let the dowries go, there would be a great deal more unity in our city, and people would be less bitter against us men of means than they are, and our wives would stand in greater awe of marital authority than they do, and the cost of living would be lower for us than it is. . . .

Euc. [*aside*] God bless my soul, how I do love to hear him talk! Those thoughts of his about economizing—beautiful, beautiful!

M. Then you wouldn't hear them saying: 'Well, sir, you never had anything like the money I brought you, and you know it. Fine clothes and jewelry, indeed! And maids and mules and coachmen and footmen and pages and private carriages—well, if I haven't a right to them!'

Euc. [*aside*] Ah, he knows 'em, knows 'em through and through, these society dames! Oh, if he could only be appointed supervisor of public morals—the women's!

M. Wherever you go nowadays you see more wagons in front of a city mansion than you can find around a farmyard. That's a perfect glorious sight, though, compared with the time when the tradesmen come for their money. The cleanser, the ladies' tailor, the jeweler, the woolen worker—they're all hanging round. And there are the dealers in flounces and underclothes and bridal veils, in violet dyes and yellow dyes, or muffs, or balsam scented foot-gear. . . .

Euc. [*aside*] I'd hail him, only I'm afraid he'd stop talking about how the women go on. No, no, I'll let him be.

M. When you've got all these fellows of fluff and ruffles satisfied, along comes a military man, bringing up the rear, and wants to collect the army tax. . . . [*seeing* EUCLIO] But there's my new relative in front of the house! How are you, Euclio?

Euc. Gratified, highly gratified with your discourse—I devoured it.

M. Eh? you heard?

Euc. Every word of it.

M. [*looking him over*] But I say, though, I do think it would be a little more in keeping, if you were to spruce up a bit for your daughter's wedding.

Euc. [*whining*] Folks with the wherewithal and means to let 'em spruce up and look smart remember who they are. My goodness, Megadorus! I haven't got a fortune piled up at home [*peers slyly under cloak*] any more than people think, and no other poor man has, either.

M. [*genially*] Ah well, you've got enough, and heaven make it more and more, and bless you in what you have now.

Euc. [*turning away with a start*] 'What you have now!' I don't like that phrase! He knows I have this money just as well as I do! The old hag's been blabbing!

M. [*pleasantly*] Why that secret session over there?

Euc. [*taken aback*] I was—damme sir, —I was framing the complaint against you that you deserve.

M. What for?

Euc. What for, eh? When you've filled every corner of my house with thieves, confound it! When you've sent cooks into my house by the hundred and every one of 'em a Geryonian with six hands apiece! Why, Argus, who had eyes all over him and was set to guarding Io once by Juno, couldn't ever keep watch on those fellows, not if he tried. And that music girl besides! She could take the fountain of Pirene at Corinth and drink it dry, all by

herself, she could,—if it ran wine. Then as for the provisions—

M. Bless my soul! Why, there's enough for a regiment. I sent you a lamb, too.

Euc. Yes, and a more shearable beast than that same lamb doesn't exist, I know that.

M. I wish you would tell me how the lamb is shearable.

Euc. Because it's mere skin and bones, wasted away till it's perfectly—[*tittering*] sheer. Why, why, you put that lamb in the sun and you can watch its inwards work: it's as transparent as a Punic lantern.

M. [*protestingly*] I got that lamb in myself to be slaughtered.

Euc. [*dryly*] Then you'd best put it out yourself to be buried, for I do believe it's dead already.

M. [*laughing and clapping him on the shoulder*] Euclio, we must have a little carouse to-day, you and I.

Euc. [*frightened*] None for me, sir, none for me! Carouse! Oh my Lord!

M. But see here, I'll just have a cask of good old wine brought over from my cellars.

Euc. No, no! I don't care for any! The fact is, I am resolved to drink nothing but water.

M. [*digging him in the ribs*] I'll get you properly soaked to-day, on my life I will, you with your 'resolved to drink nothing but water.'

Euc. [*aside*] I see his game! Trying to fuddle me with his wine, that's it, and then give this [*looking under cloak*] a new domicile! [*pauses*] I'll take measures against that: yes, I'll secrete it somewhere outside the house. I'll make him throw away his time and wine together.

M. [*turning to go*] Well, unless I can do something for you, I'll go take a bath and get ready to offer sacrifice.

[*Exit into house.*

Euc. [*paternally to object under cloak*] God bless us both, pot, you do have enemies, ah yes, many enemies, you and the gold entrusted to you! As matters stand, pot, the best thing I can do for you is to carry you off to the shrine of Faith: I'll hide you away there, just as cosy! You know me, Faith, and I know you: don't change your name, mind, if I trust this to you. Yes, I'll go to you, Faith, relying on your faithfulness. [*Exit* EUCLIO.

ACT IV

[*Enter* STROBILUS.]

Strobilus. [*self-complacently*] This is the way for a good servant to act, the way I do: no thinking master's orders are a botheration and nuisance. I tell you what, if a servant wants to give satisfaction, he'd just better make it a case of master first and man second. Even if he should fall asleep, he ought to do it with an eye on the fact that he's a servant. He's got to know his master's inclinations like a book, so that he can read his wishes in his face. And as for orders, he must push 'em through faster than a fast four-in-hand. If a chap minds all this, he won't be paying taxes on rawhide, or ever spend his time polishing a ball and chain with his ankles. Now the fact is, master's in love with the daughter of poor old Euclio here; and he's just got word she's going to be married to Megadorus there. So he's sent me over to keep my eyes peeled and report on operations. I'll just settle down alongside this sacred altar [*does so*] and no one'll suspect me. I can inspect proceedings at both houses from here.

[*Enter* EUCLIO *without seeing* STROBILUS.]

Euc. [*plaintively*] Only be sure you don't let anyone know my gold is there, Faith: no fear of anyone finding it, not after the lovely way I tucked it in that dark nook. [*pauses*] Oh my God, what a beautiful haul he would get, if anyone should find it—a pot just crammed with gold! For mercy's sake, though, Faith, don't let him! [*walks slowly toward house*] Now I'll have a bath, so that I may sacrifice and not hinder my prospective son-in-law from marrying my girl the moment he claims her. [*looking down street toward temple*] Take care now, Faith, do, do, do take care I get my pot back from you safe. I've trusted my gold to your good faith, laid it away in your grove and shrine.

[*Exit* EUCLIO *into house.*

Str. [*jumping up*] Ye immortal gods! What's all this I heard the fellow tell of! A pot just crammed with gold hidden in the shrine of Faith here! For the love of heaven, Faith, don't be more faithful to him than to me. Yes, and he's the father of the girl that is master's sweetheart, or I'm mistaken. I'm going in there: I'll search that shrine from top to bottom and

see if I can't find the gold somewhere while he's busy here. But if I come across it—oh, Faith, I'll pour you out a five pint pot of wine and honey! There now! that's what I'll do for you; and when I've done that for you, why, I'll drink it up for myself. [*Exit to temple on the run.*

[*Re-enter* EUCLIO *from house.*]

Euc. [*excitedly*] It means something—that raven cawing on my left just now! And all the time a-clawing the ground, croaking away, croaking away! The minute I heard him my heart began to dance a jig and jumped up into my throat. But I must run, run! [*Exit to temple.*

[*A few moments elapse. Then the sound of a scuffle down the street. Re-enter* EUCLIO *dragging* STROBILUS.]

Euc. Come! out, you worm! crawling up from underground just now! A minute ago you weren't to be found anywhere, and [*grimly*] now you're found you're finished! Oh-h-h-h, you felon! I'm going to give it to you, this very instant! [*beats him*]

Str. What the devil's got into you? What business have you got with me, old fellow? What are you pounding me for? What are you jerking me along for? What do you mean by battering me?

Euc. [*still pummeling him*] Mean, eh? You batterissimo. You're not a thief: you're three thieves.

Str. What did I steal from you?

Euc. [*threatening*] You kindly give it back.

Str. Back? What back?

Euc. A nice question!

Str. I didn't take a thing from you, honestly.

Euc. Well, what you took dishonestly, then! Hand it over! Come, come, will you!

Str. Come, come what?

Euc. You shan't get away with it.

Str. What is it you want?

Euc. Down with it!

Str. Down with it, eh! Looks as if you'd downed too much of it yourself already, old boy.

Euc. Down with it, I tell you! None of your repartee. I'm not in the humor for trifling now.

Str. Down with what? Come along, speak out and give it its name, whatever it is. Hang it all, I never took a thing nor touched a thing, and that's flat.

Euc. Show me your hands.

Str. [*stretching them out*] All right—there they are: have a look.

Euc. [*dryly*] I see. Come now, the third one: out with it.

Str. [*aside*] He's got 'em! The old chap's mad, stark, staring mad! [*to* EUCLIO, *virtuously*] Now aren't you doing me an injury?

Euc. I am, a hideous injury—in not hanging you. And I'll soon do that, too, if you don't confess.

Str. Confess what?

Euc. What did you carry off from here? [*pointing toward temple*]

Str. [*solemnly*] May I be damned, if I carried off a thing of yours. [*aside*] Likewise if I didn't want to.

Euc. Come on, shake out your cloak.

Str. [*doing so*] Anything you say.

Euc. Um! probably under your tunic.

Str. [*cheerfully*] Feel anywhere you please.

Euc. Ugh! you rascal! How obliging you are! That I may think you didn't take it! I'm up to your dodges. [*searches him*] Once more now—out with your hand, the right one!

Str. [*obeying*] There you are.

Euc. Now the left one.

Str. [*obeying*] Why, certainly: here's the both of 'em.

Euc. Enough of this searching. Now give it here.

Str. What?

Euc. Oh-h! Bosh! You must have it!

Str. I have it? Have what?

Euc. I won't say: you're too anxious to know. Anything of mine you've got, hand it over.

Str. Crazy! You went all through me as much as you liked without finding a solitary thing of yours on me.

Euc. [*excitedly*] Wait, wait! [*turns toward temple and listens*] Who's in there? Who was that other fellow in there along with you? [*aside*] My Lord! this is awful, awful! There's another one at work in there all this time. And if I let go of this one, he'll skip off. [*pauses*] But then I've searched him already: he hasn't anything. [*aloud*] Off with you, anywhere! [*releases him with a final cuff*]

Str. [*from a safe distance*] You be everlastingly damned!

Euc. [*aside, dryly*] Nice way he has of showing his gratitude. [*aloud, sternly*]

I'll go in there, and that accomplice of yours—I'll strangle him on the spot. Are you going to vanish? Are you going to get out, or not? [*advances*]

Str. [*retreating*] I am, I am!

Euc. And kindly see I don't set eyes on you again.

[*Exit* EUCLIO *toward temple.*

Str. I'd sooner be tortured to death than not give that old fellow a surprise today. [*reflecting*] Well, after this he won't dare hide his gold here. What he'll most likely do is bring it out with him and put it somewhere else. [*listening*] Hm-m-m! There goes the door! Aha! the old boy's coming out with it. I'll just back up by the doorway for a while. [*hides by* MEGADORUS'S *house*]

[*Re-enter* EUCLIO *with pot.*]

Euc. I used to fancy Faith, of all deities, was absolutely faithful, and here she's just missed making a downright ass of me. If that raven hadn't stood by me, I'd be a poor, poor ruined man. By heavens, I'd just like that raven to come and see me, the one that warned me, I certainly should, so that I might pay him a handsome—compliment. As for tossing him a bite to eat, why, that would amount to throwing it away. [*meditating*] Let me think now; where is some lonely spot to hide this in? [*after a moment*] There's that grove of Silvanus outside the wall, solitary, willow thickets all around. There's where I'll pick my place. I'd sooner trust Silvanus than Faith, and that's settled. [*Exit* EUCLIO.

Str. Good! Good! The gods are with me: I'm a made man! Now I'll run on ahead and climb some tree there so as to sight the place where the old fellow hides it. What if master did tell me to wait here! I'd sooner look for a thrashing along with the cash, and that's settled.

[*Exit* STROBILUS.

[*Enter* LYCONIDES *and* EUNOMIA.]

Lyconides. That's the whole story, mother: you see how it is with me and Euclio's daughter as well as I do. And now, mother, I beg you, beg you again and again, as I did before: do tell my uncle about it, mother dear.

Eun. Your wishes are mine, dear; you know that yourself: and I feel sure your uncle will not refuse me. It's a perfectly reasonable request, too, if it's all as you say and you actually did get intoxicated and treat the poor girl so.

L. Is it like me to look you in the face and lie, my dear mother?

Ph. [*within Euclio's house*] Oh—oh! Nurse! Nurse dear! Oh, God help me! The pain!

L. There, mother! There's better proof than words give. Her cries! The child!

Eun. [*agitated*] Come, darling, come in to your uncle with me, so that I may persuade him to let it be as you urge.

L. You go, mother: I'll follow you in a moment.

[*Exit* EUNOMIA *into* MEGADORUS'S *house.*

I wonder [*looking around*] where that fellow Strobilus of mine is that I told to wait for me here. [*pauses*] Well, on thinking it over, if he's doing something for me, it's all wrong my finding fault with him. [*turning toward* MEGADORUS'S *door*] Now for the session that decides my fate.

[*Exit.*

[*Enter* STROBILUS *with pot.*]

Str. [*elated*] Woodpeckers that haunt the Hills of Gold, eh! I can buy 'em up my own single self. As for the rest of your big kings—not worth mentioning, poor beggarlets! I am the great King Philip. Oh, this is a grand day! Why, after I left here a while ago I got there long before him and was up in a tree long before he came: and from there I spotted where the old chap hid the stuff. After he'd gone I scrabbled down, dug up the pot full of gold! Then I saw him coming back from the place; he didn't see me, though. I slipped off a bit to one side of the road. [*looking down street*] Aha! there he comes! I'll home and tuck this out of sight. [*Exit* STROBILUS.

[*Enter* EUCLIO *frantic.*]

Euc. [*running wildly back and forth*] I'm ruined, I'm killed, I'm murdered! Where shall I run? Where shan't I run? Stop thief! Stop thief! What thief? Who? I don't know! I can't see! I'm all in the dark! Yes, yes, and where I'm going, or where I am, or who I am—oh, I can't tell, I can't think! [*to audience*] Help, help, for heaven's sake, I beg you, I implore you! Show the man that took it. Eh, what's that? What are you grin-

ning for? I know you, the whole lot of you! I know there are thieves here, plenty of 'em, that cover themselves up in dapper clothes and sit still as if they were honest men. [*to a spectator*] You, sir, what do you say? I'll trust you, I will, I will. Yes, you're a worthy gentleman; I can tell it from your face. Ha! none of them has it? Oh, you've killed me! Tell me, who has got it, then? You don't know? Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! I'm a ruined man! I'm lost, lost! Oh, what a plight! Oh, such a cruel, disastrous, dismal day—it's made a starveling of me, a pauper! I'm the forlornest wretch on earth! Ah, what is there in life for me when I've lost all that gold I guarded, oh, so carefully! I've denied myself, denied my own self comforts and pleasures; yes, and now others are making merry over my misery and loss! Oh, it's unendurable!

[*Enter* LYCONIDES *from house of* MEGADORUS.]

L. Who in the world is raising all this howling, groaning hullabaloo before our house here? [*looking round*] Upon my word, it's Euclio, I do believe. [*drawing back*] My time has certainly come: it's all out. He's just learned about his daughter's child, I suppose. Now I can't decide whether to leave or stay, advance or retreat. By Jove, I don't know what to do!

Euc. [*hearing sound of voice only*] Who's that talking here?

L. [*stepping forward*] I'm the poor wretch, sir.

Euc. No, no, I'm the poor wretch, a poor ruined wretch, with all this trouble and tribulation.

L. Keep your courage up, sir.

Euc. For heaven's sake, how can I?

L. Well, sir, that outrage that distresses you—[*hesitantly*] I'm to blame, and I confess it, sir.

Euc. Hey? What's that?

L. The truth.

Euc. How have I ever harmed you, young man, for you to act like this and try to ruin me and my children?

L. It was some demon got hold of me, sir, and led me on.

Euc. How is this?

L. I admit I've done wrong, sir; I deserve your reproaches, and I know it; more than that, I've come to beg you to be patient and forgive me.

Euc. How did you dare do it, dare touch what didn't belong to you?

L. [*penitently*] Well, well, sir,—it's done, and it can't be undone. I think it must have been fated; otherwise it wouldn't have happened, I'm sure of that.

Euc. Yes, and I think it must have been fated that I'm to shackle you at my house and murder you!

L. Don't say that, sir.

Euc. Then why did you lay hands on what was mine, without my permission?

L. It was all because of drink . . . and . . . love, sir.

Euc. The colossal impudence of it! To dare to come to me with a tale like that, you shameless rascal! Why, if it's legal to clear yourself that way, we should be stripping ladies of their jewelry on the public highways in broad daylight! And then when we were caught we'd excuse ourselves on the score that we were drunk and did it out of love. Drink and love are altogether too cheap, if your drunken lover can do what he likes and not suffer for it.

L. Yes, but I've come of my own accord, sir, to entreat you to pardon my madness.

Euc. I have no patience with men who do wrong and then try to explain it away. You knew you had no right to act so: you should have kept hands off.

L. Well, now that I did venture to act so, I have no objection to holding to it, sir,—I ask nothing better.

Euc. [*more angry*] Hold to it? Against my will?

L. I won't insist on it against your will, sir; but I do think my claim is just. Why, you'll soon come to realize the justice of it yourself, sir, I assure you.

Euc. I'll march you off to court and sue you, by heaven I will, this minute, unless you bring it back.

L. I? Bring what back?

Euc. What you stole from me.

L. I stole something of yours? Where from? What?

Euc. [*ironically*] God bless your innocence—you don't know!

L. Not unless you say what you're looking for.

Euc. The pot of gold, I tell you; I want back the pot of gold you owned up to taking.

L. Great heavens, man! I never said that or did it, either.

Euc. You deny it?

L. Deny it? Absolutely. Why, I don't know, haven't any idea, about your gold, or what that pot is.

Euc. The one you took from the grove of Silvanus—give it me. Go, bring it back. [*pleadingly*] You can have half of it, yes, yes, I'll divide. Even though you are such a thief, I won't make any trouble for you. Do, do go and bring it back, oh do!

L. Man alive, you're out of your senses, calling me a thief. I supposed you had found out about something else that does concern me, Euclio. There's an important matter I'm anxious to talk over quietly with you, sir, if you're at leisure.

Euc. Give me your word of honor: you didn't steal that gold?

L. [*shaking his head*] On my honor.

Euc. And you don't know the man that did take it?

L. Nor that, either, on my honor.

Euc. And if you learn who took it, you'll inform me?

L. I will.

Euc. And you won't go shares with the man that has it, or shield the thief?

L. No.

Euc. What if you deceive me?

L. Then, sir, may I be dealt with as great God sees fit.

Euc. That will suffice. All right now, say what you want.

L. In case you're not acquainted with my family connections, sir,—Megadorus here is my uncle: my father was Antimachus, and my own name is Lyconides: Eunomia is my mother.

Euc. I know who you are. Now what do you want? That's what I wish to know.

L. You have a daughter.

Euc. Yes, yes, at home there!

L. You have betrothed her to my uncle, I understand.

Euc. Precisely, precisely.

L. He has asked me to inform you now that he breaks the engagement.

Euc. [*furious*] Breaks the engagement, with everything ready, the wedding prepared for? May all the everlasting powers above consume that villain that's to blame for my losing my gold, all that gold, poor God-forsaken creature that I am!

L. Brace up, sir: don't curse. And now for something that I pray will turn out well and happily for yourself and your daughter—'God grant it may!' Say that.

Euc. [*doubtfully*] God grant it may!

L. And God grant it may for me, too! Now listen, sir. There isn't a man alive so worthless but what he wants to clear himself when he's done wrong and is ashamed. Now, sir, if I've injured you or your daughter without realizing what I was doing, I implore you to forgive me and let me marry her as I'm legally bound to. [*nervously*] It was the night of Ceres' festival . . . and what with wine and . . . a young fellow's natural impulses together . . . I wronged her, I confess it.

Euc. Oh, oh, my God! What villainy am I hearing of?

L. [*patting his shoulder*] Lamenting, sir, lamenting, when you're a grandfather, and this your daughter's wedding day? You see it's the tenth month since the festival—reckon it up—and we have a child, sir. This explains my uncle's breaking the engagement: he did it for my sake. Go in and inquire if it isn't just as I tell you.

Euc. Oh, my life is wrecked, wrecked! The way calamities swarm down and settle on me one after another! Go in I will, and have the truth of it!

[*Exit into his house.*

L. [*as he disappears*] I'll soon be with you, sir. [*after a pause, contentedly*] It does look as if we were pretty nearly safe in the shallows now. [*looking around*] Where in the world my fellow Strobilus is I can't imagine. Well, the only thing to do is to wait here a bit longer; then I'll join father-in-law inside. Meanwhile, I'll let him have an opportunity to inquire into the case from the old nurse that's been his daughter's maid: she knows about it all. [*waits in doorway*]

ACT V

[*Enter* STROBILUS.]

Str. Ye immortal gods, what joy, what bliss, ye bless me with! I have a four pound pot of gold, chock full of gold! Show me a man that's richer! Who's the chap in all Athens now that Heaven's kinder to than me?

L. Why, it surely seemed as if I heard some one's voice just then. [*catches a glimpse of* STROBILUS's *face, the latter wheeling around as he sees* LYCONIDES]

Str. [*aside*] Hm! Is that master there?

L. [*aside*] My servant, is it?

Str. [*aside, after a quick glance*] It's the governor.

L. [*aside*] Himself.

Str. [*aside*] Here goes. [*moves toward* LYCONIDES]

L. [*aside*] I'll go meet him. No doubt he's followed instructions and been to see that old woman I mentioned, my girl's nurse.

Str. [*aside*] Why not tell him I've found this prize? Then I'll beg him to set me free. I'll up and let him have the whole story. [*to* LYCONIDES, *as they meet*] I've found——

L. [*scoffingly*] Found what?

Str. No such trifle as youngsters hurrah over finding in a bean.

L. At your old tricks? You're chaffing. [*pretends to be about to leave*]

Str. Hold on, sir: I'll tell you all about it this minute. Listen.

L. Well, well, then, tell away.

Str. Sir, to-day I've found—boundless riches!

L. [*interested*] You have? Where?

Str. A four pound pot, sir, I tell you, a four pound pot just full of gold!

L. What's all this you've done? He's the man that robbed old Euclio. Where is this gold?

Str. In a box at home. Now I want you to set me free.

L. [*angrily*] I set you free, you, you great lump of iniquity?

Str. [*crestfallen, then laughing heartily*] Go along with you, sir! I know what you're after. Gad! that was clever of me, testing you in that way! And you were just getting ready to drop on it! Now what would you be doing, if I really had found it?

L. No, no, that won't pass. Off with you: hand over the gold.

Str. Hand over the gold? I?

L. Yes, hand it over, so that it may be handed over to Euclio.

Str. Gold? Where from?

L. The gold you just admitted was in the box.

Str. Bless your heart, sir, my tongue's all the time running on foolish-like.

L. . . . .

Str. That's what I say.

L. [seizing him] See here, do you know what you'll get?

Str. By heaven, sir, you can even kill me, but you won't have it from me, never—

The rest of the play is lost, save for a few fragments. Apparently LYCONIDES, *on returning the pot of gold, was given permission to marry* EUCLIO'S *daughter; and* EUCLIO, *having a change of heart, or influenced by his Household God, gave it to the young couple as a wedding present.*

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER (About 195-159 B. C.)

In the steps of Plautus followed Cæcilius Statius (219-166), a North Italian Gaul, and at one time a slave. He is known by over forty titles, mostly Greek and Menandrian, is praised by Horace for *gravitas,* and to him Terence submitted his first play.

Terence, a slave of African origin, educated and freed, a protégé and friend of Scipio Africanus the Younger and Lælius, dying young during a visit to Greece, where he was said to have gone for a stock of Menander's plays, left six comedies: *The Girl from Andros, The Mother-in-law, The Brothers, The Self-tormentor, The Eunuch,* and *Phormio the Parasite.* Four are Menandrian, two from Apollodorus, three are 'contaminations,' or blending of two originals in one play for the sake of greater interest. They are skillful in plot, pure in language, and polished in expression, their characterization and psychology excellent, and their wisdom genial and mellow; Horace says Terence 'surpasses in art.' Their lack as produced on the stage was felt in the author's own time, when in the prologues he pleaded with his audience not to be drawn away by the attractions of the street shows, and throughout Roman times, whose sentiment is expressed by Cæsar's epigram addressing Terence as a 'halved Menander, lover of pure speech, worthy of a place among the best,' and lamenting only that 'comic power was not also added to his suavity, so that he might share honors equally with the Greeks.' In a word, Terence was an artist writing to please his own and his friends' refined tastes, while Plautus was a genius, more or less undisciplined and thinking of how his product would act. The play-reader will enjoy them both.

With Terence the history of Roman comic production is at an end. The tragic drama ran a parallel course, beginning with Livius, Nævius, and Ennius, finding its greatest genius in Marcus Pacuvius, about 220-130 B.C., and Lucius Accius, 170 to about 86 B.C., and there coming to an end; with this difference, that tragedy about a hundred years after the death of Accius enjoyed a revival, beginning under Augustus and culminating in Seneca.

Terence's *Adelphi,* translated by John Sargeaunt, is here printed with the permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

THE BROTHERS

SUMMARY OF THE PLAY

BY GAIUS SULPICIUS APOLLINARIS

Demea having two sons, Æschinus and Ctesipho, allowed the one to be adopted by his brother Micio but kept the other. Demea was a grim and harsh father, and Ctesipho being captivated by the charms of a cithern-player was sheltered by his brother Æschinus, who allowed rumor to ascribe the intrigue to himself. Further, he carried off the girl from the slave-dealer who owned her. Æschinus had himself seduced an Athenian lady of scanty means and pledged himself to marry her. Demea angrily protested against the affair, but on the truth becoming known Æschinus married the lady and Ctesipho was left in possession of the fiddle-girl.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MICIO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
DEMEA, *brother to Micio, resident in the country.*
ÆSCHINUS, *son to Demea, adopted by Micio.*
CTESIPHO, *son to Demea.*
HEGIO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
SANNIO, *a slave-dealer.*
SYRUS, *servant [slave] to Micio and Æschinus.*
DROMO, *servant [slave] to Micio.*
GETA, *servant [slave] to Sostrata.*
SOSTRATA, *a lady of Athens.*
CANTHARA, *an old crone, servant to Sostrata.*

PERSONÆ MUTÆ

PARMENO, *servant [slave] to Æschinus.*
PAMPHILA, *beloved by Æschinus.*
BACCHIS, *a cithern-player.*

PROLOGUE

Our playwright, having become aware that his composition is unfairly criticized and that his enemies carp at the play which we are about to present, will give evidence in his own case and you shall be the court to decide whether the line he has taken ought to redound to his honor or to his discredit. 'Linked in Death' is a comedy by Diphilus. Plautus turned it into Latin without change of title. In the Greek play there is a young man who in the first act carries off a girl from a slave-dealer. Plautus omitted this incident. Our playwright has introduced it, translated word for word, into his 'Brothers.' This is the new play which we are about to present. It is for you to scrutinize whether in your view this is a theft or the recovery of an incident which was negligently omitted.

As for the malignant accusation that our playwright is assisted by men of high rank who perpetually aid him with the pen, his enemies may regard it as a bitter reproach, but he himself considers it as a high honor that he finds favor with those who are in favor with all of you and with the country at large, men of whose assistance in war and in the various occupations of peace every one has at his need availed himself and thought no shame.

I will not detain you on the plot of the play. Part of it will be opened by the old men who first come on the stage, the rest will appear in the course of the action. See that your candor stimulates the poet's zeal in his calling.

SCENE:—*Athens, a place where four streets meet. On one side the house of Micio, next to it that of Sostrata.*

ACT I

[*Time, Early Morning.*]

[*Enter* MICIO *from his house.*]

Micio. [*calling through the door*] Storax! [*after a pause he turns round and advances*] Then Æschinus never came back last night after dinner nor any of the servant lads who went to escort him. I am sure it is a true saying that if you are away anywhere or at least slow to return it is better to have happen to you what your wife says at you, even what she thinks in her heart, when she is in a temper, than what indulgent parents fear. The wife, if you are late, thinks you are after another woman or another woman after you, or that you are at a drinking-party and making merry, enjoying yourself without her while she is miserable. I, now, what things I imagine from my son's not returning, what anxieties harry me! I dread his having caught a chill or fallen in the street or broken a limb. Bah! why should a man take it into his head to procure a thing to be dearer to him than his own self? Yes, and this lad isn't my own son but my brother's. My brother's bent has differed from mine right away from boyhood. I have led this easy life of town without a calling and, a thing which men at the clubs call a blessing, without even taking a wife. His career has been the very opposite. He has passed his days in the country, always lived a sparing and hard life, married, and had two sons. The elder of them I have adopted. I have brought him up from his childhood, regarded him and loved him as my own son. In that is the joy of my life, the one thing I hold dear. I am zealous that he should show the same spirit towards me. I give him money, overlook his peccadilloes, don't feel compelled to exercise full authority over him. In fact, whereas other sons hide their youthful pranks from their fathers, I have trained my son not to keep his a secret from me; for if a lad has got accustomed or brings himself to meet his father with falsehoods or tricks, all the more will he so meet others.

In my view honor and gentlemanly feeling are better curbs on a gentleman's son than fear. My brother and I disagree in this, he is quite against this view. He comes to me perpetually, crying 'What are you about, Micio? Why are you bringing the boy to ruin on our hands? Why this licence? Why these drinking parties? Why do you pile him up the guineas for such a life and let him spend so much at the tailor's? It's extremely silly of you.' He himself is extremely hard, past right and sense, and in my opinion it's a great mistake to suppose that the authority which is founded on force has more weight and stability than that which hangs by the link of friendliness. My system, my theory, is this: he who does his duty under the lash of punishment has no dread except in the thought of detection; if he thinks he won't

be found out, back he goes to his natural bent. When you link a son to you by kindness, there is sincerity in all his acts, he sets himself to make a return, and will be the same behind your back as to your face. That's the spirit of a true father, to accustom his son to do right rather by his own inclination than by fear of another, and that's the difference between the parent of sons and the owner of slaves. A man who can't do this should own that he doesn't know how to rule a gentleman's sons. Ah, is that the man I was talking of? It is. He looks a bit glum. I suppose we shall now have the usual scolding.

[*Enter* DEMEA *as from the country.*]

Glad to see you well, Demea.

Demea. [*bluntly*] Ah, well met! you're the man I'm hunting up.

M. Why are you so glum?

D. A pretty question! Asking why I'm glum when we have an Æschinus on our hands!

M. [*aside*] Didn't I say so? [*aloud*] What's he done?

D. Done? Ashamed of nothing, afraid of nobody, holding himself above the check of law! Of his old doings I say nothing: what is his last outrage?

M. What is it?

D. Broken a door-lock, forced his way into a strange house, beaten the owner and all the household almost to death, carried off the girl he loved. All the town is crying out at it as a most scandalous business. Man after man has told me of it in the streets, it's on everybody's lips. Bad enough that, and, if he wants a pattern set him, doesn't he see how his brother attends to business and leads a thrifty and sober life in the country on quite other lines? My reproaches to *him* are reproaches to *you*, Micio: it's you that let him grow debauched.

M. [*calmly*] There is nothing more unjust than a man without knowledge of the world: he thinks nothing right except what he has done himself.

D. [*gruffly*] And the point of that observation?

M. Is that you, Demea, misjudge these matters, There is no heinous crime, believe me, in a stripling's having an amour or attending a drinking party. [DEMEA *makes a gesture of dissent*] No, there isn't, nor in his breaking a door-lock. If neither you nor I did these things, it was our poverty wouldn't let us. Do you now take credit for an abstinence which at the time was due only to lack of means? It's not just, for if we had had the wherewithal we should have done the same. And if you were flesh and blood you'd allow that son of yours to do it now, while his youth makes it reasonable, rather than have him look forward to tumbling your corpse out of doors and then at a less fitting time of life run riot for all your care.

D. [*furiously*] Good God! you're a man to drive one to Bedlam! Not a heinous crime for these things to be done by a stripling?

M. [*stopping his ears*] Oh! listen to me instead of stunning me by your perpetual repetitions. You gave me your son to adopt; he is become mine: if he commits an offence, Demea, it's an offence against me, the chief share in the matter is mine. His dinner parties, drinking parties, reeking of perfumes, are at my cost. He has an amour, I shall give him the money so long as it's convenient; when it isn't, possibly his mistress will shut her door against him. He has broken a door-lock, I'll send a locksmith: he has torn a man's coat, I'll send a tailor. The means for this, thank God, the means I have, and up to now it isn't irksome. To end all, either have done or else name an arbitrator. I shall show that you are the worse offender in the matter.

D. Man, man, learn to be a father from those who know what it is.

M. You are his father by nature, but by design I am.

D. [*sneering*] Design? You and design?

M. Oh, if you are going on, I'm off.

D. [*in remonstrance*] Is that the way you treat me?

M. Am I to hear the same story over and over again?

D. It touches me.

M. It touches me too. But, Demea, let the concern for it be divided between us, you looking after one and I after the other. Your looking after both is as good as asking back the son you gave me.

D. No, no, Micio.

M. Well, *I* think so.

D. Very well, then. If that's your pleasure, let him squander, ruin and be ruined, it's no concern of mine. Now if ever again one single word—

M. [*interrupting*] Again going into a passion, Demea?

D. Don't you take my word? Do I ask back the son I gave you? It troubles me: his blood is mine. If I oppose—[MICIO *makes a gesture of remonstrance*] Well, well, I have done. You wish me to look after one: so I do, and I thank God he is a son after my heart. That fellow of yours will find out some day—well, harsher words against him I won't use. [*Exit.*

M. There's something in what he says, but it isn't everything. Not but what these doings annoy me, still I wouldn't let him see my vexation. This is the nature of the man: to pacify him I must earnestly thwart him and scare him off, though even that hardly brings him to human patience. Still, if I inflamed or even fell in with his passionate temper, I should surely give him another madman for company. Not but what Æschinus does me no little wrong in this matter. His love affairs have been innumerable, and every one of them has cost a pretty penny. At last only the other day, weary, I suppose, of them all he announced a desire to marry. I hoped his hot blood had cooled down and I was delighted. And now, bless us, he starts again. But in any case I should like to know the facts and for that end to see my gentleman. He may be in the Piazza. [*Exit.*

ACT II

[*Half an hour has elapsed. Æschinus had the night before carried off the girl to the house where he dined. He is now bringing her to* MICIO'S *house and* SANNIO *has intercepted him. He enters with* PARMENO *and the girl followed by a small crowd.*]

Sannio. In heaven's name, good people, help an unfortunate and innocent man assist the distressed.

Æschinus. [*to the girl*] Don't be afraid, stand just there. Why look over your shoulder? There's no danger, he shall never lay a finger on you while I am by.

San. In spite of all the world, I'll—

Æ. Rogue as he is, he'll never make the mistake of getting a second cudgelling.

San. One word, Æschinus. You shan't say you didn't know my character. I am a slave-dealer.

Æ. [*drily*] I know it.

San. But as honest a man at that as ever man was anywhere. As for your apologizing afterwards and saying you are sorry, I shan't care that for it. [*snaps his fingers*] You may take it from me that I shall go to law for my rights, and it's not words will pay for your maltreatment of me. I know your ways: 'Sorry,' you'll say, 'sorry; I'll take an oath you're a man it was a shame to wrong like that,' and that when I have been treated in the most shameful way.

Æ. [*to* PARMENO] Go on, be brisk, open the door.

San. What? No regard for what I say? [PARMENO *opens the door of* MICIO'S *house*]

Æ. [*to the girl*] In with you straight.

San. [*getting between her and the door*] I tell you I won't have it.

Æ. Stand near him, Parmeno: you've got too much this way. Here, stand here close to the fellow. [PARMENO *does so*] Yes, that's right. Now take care you never take your eyes off mine, so that, if I nod to you, you may be quick and plant your fist on his jaw that very instant.

San. I should just like to see him try. [*the girl goes towards the door and* SANNIO *clutches her*]

Æ. There, look out; let go the girl. [*nods to* PARMENO *who gives* SANNIO *a violent blow*]

San. Shameful, shameful!

Æ. He'll give you another if you don't look out. [PARMENO *repeats the blow*]

San. Oh, oh!

Æ. I hadn't nodded but it's better to err on that side, it's true. [*to the girl*] Now in with you.

[*Exeunt the girl and* PARMENO *into the house.*

San. What's all this? Are you a monarch here, Æschinus?

Æ. [*drily*] If I were a monarch, you should have a place to suit your qualities.

San. What have you to do with me?

Æ. Nothing.

San. Do you know what sort of man I am?

Æ. I have no yearning for that knowledge.

San. Have I laid a finger on anything of yours?

Æ. If you had, you'd have been suffering for it.

San. What greater right have you to detain my girl whom I bought and paid for? Answer me that.

Æ. You will find it just as well not to bellow in front of the house. Ay, if you

persist in your annoyance, you shall be haled in straight away and be covered with stripes till you're half dead.

San. Stripes to a free man?

Æ. You'll find it so.

San. Beast of a man! And this is Athens, where they say all free men are equal!

Æ. If you have brawled enough, master slave-dealer, now be so good as to listen.

San. Who's the brawler? I or you?

Æ. Drop that, come to business.

San. What business? What am I to come to?

Æ. Are you ready yet for me to tell you what concerns you?

San. Ready? Eager; it must be a fair proffer, though.

Æ. Bah! A slave-dealer and wants me to make no unfair proffer.

San. Slave-dealer I am, the common bane, I own it, of youth, liar, and nuisance; still *I* didn't start outraging *you.*

Æ. [*sarcastically*] Pugh! that's to come, is it?

San. Please go back to your starting point, Æschinus.

Æ. You gave a hundred pounds for her. (Curse on your purchase!) You shall have the sum.

San. What? If I refuse to sell, will you force me?

Æ. Not at all.

San. Oh, I was afraid you would.

Æ. And I don't think she ought to be sold, being a free woman. Yes, I enter a plea that free she is. Now then consider your choice, getting the money or getting up your case. Think it over till I come back, [*sneering*] master slave-dealer.

[*Exit into his house.*

San. God in heaven! I don't wonder that outrage drives men into Bedlam. He tore me out of my house, cudgelled me, carried off my girl in spite of my teeth, showered a thousand blows or more on an unhappy creature, and in requital for these enormities he demands to have the girl at cost price. [*ironically*] However, in return for all his noble services to me, so be it: he has a right to be gratified. Come now, come, I am eager for it, if only he would pay me. But I talk like a fool. As soon as I agree to the price he will have witnesses to prove that I have sold her and the money will be moonshine. 'I'll pay you before long, come again to-morrow.' Even that I could put up with, provided he does pay, outrage though it is. But I face facts: when you set up in my line, you must receive and pocket outrages from young men. Still here nobody will pay me, so these private calculations are all beside the mark.

[*Enter* Syrus *from* Micio's *house.*]

Syrus [*to* Æschinus *within*] No more, Sir: I'll see him in person, I'll soon make him eager to treat and say he has been well treated besides. [*comes forward*] What's this I hear, Sannio, of your having a bit of a fight with my master?

San. The unfairest match that ever I saw, that between us to-day. I taking, he giving, a drubbing, we're both fairly worn out.

Sy. It was your fault.

San. What ought I to have done?

Sy. Humored him, being he's young.

San. How could I better, man? Why, I let him hit me on the mouth.

Sy. Come now, do you know what I say about it? Slighting money at the right moment is sometimes the way to make it. Phew? you were afraid that if you gave up an inch or two of your rights and humored our young gentleman, you silliest of all silly fellows, that it wouldn't come back to you with interest.

San. Pay cash for expectations? Not I.

Sy. You'll never make your fortune. Go along with you, you don't know the baits to catch men with, Sannio.

San. [*ironically*] No doubt yours is the better way, but I never had sharpness enough not to prefer all I could get on the nail.

Sy. Come, I know your spirit. Surely a hundred pounds is neither here nor there to you if you can oblige our man. Besides, they tell me you're bound on a voyage to Cyprus.

San. [*aside*] The devil!

Sy. That you've got together a pile of purchases to take there and chartered a merchantman. I'm sure this puts you in two minds between this and that. Anyhow, when you are come back you'll attend, I hope, to this.

San. Not a step do I budge. [*aside*] Damnation! that was the hope that set 'em on this.

Sy. [*aside*] He's frightened: grit in his shoes!

San. [*aside*] The scoundrels! Look at

that now, he's hit me on the very joint. I've bought a shipload of women and other goods here to export to Cyprus. If I'm too late for the fair, it's a devil of a loss. If I drop this business now and take it up again when I get back, it's no go, it will be a frost. The court will say 'What? After all this time? Why did you put up with it? Where have you been?' In fact I'd better lose it than either stop here ever so long or go into court so late.

Sy. Reckoned up yet what you may count your gain?

San. Is this conduct worthy of the party? A gentleman like Æschinus scheming to get the girl from me by a surprise attack?

Sy. [*aside*] He's on the seesaw. [*aloud*] I've only one word more, see if it satisfies you. Rather than take the hazard of getting or losing the whole, halve it, Sannio. Fifty pounds he'll scrape up from somewhere or other.

San. Good heavens! is a poor wretch put in doubt about his principal even? Is your man utterly shameless? He's loosened every tooth in my head, beside my skull being all swellings from his blows, and on the top of it all is he to cheat me? [*stamping his foot*] Here I stop.

Sy. [*turning to go*] As you please. Anything more I can do for you before leaving you?

San. No, no, hang it! please, Syrus, please. Never mind how I've been treated, rather than go to law let me have my own repaid me, cost price anyhow, Syrus. [*wheedling*] I know you've had no tokens of my friendship up to now: [*giving him moneys*] you shall have cause to say that I don't forget and am grateful.

Sy. I'll put my back into it. Ah, here comes Ctesipho: he's in joy about his mistress.

San. But about my request?

Sy. One moment.

[*Enter* CTESIPHO *in raptures.*]

Ctesipho. [*not seeing the others*] To get a good thing from anyone, when you want it, may give you joy, but the only real delight is when your benefactor is the right man. O brother, brother mine, how can I find words to praise you? This I am sure of, my most splendid phrases must fall short of your goodness. So there's one thing in which I think I take first place of all: there isn't a man with a brother such a complete master in every good quality.

Sy. [*coming forward*] You, Sir, is it?

Cte. Oh Syrus, where is Æschinus?

Sy. At home there, waiting for you.

Cte. [*ecstatically*] Oh heaven!

Sy. What do you mean?

Cte. Don't you know? O Syrus, it's his doing that I'm now alive. A pearl of a man! Why he sacrificed all his interests to mine: the hard words, the disrepute, my trouble and offence, he took 'em all on himself. It's beyond anything. Why's the door on the move? [*turns to go*]

Sy. Stop, stop, it's your brother himself.

[*Enter* ÆSCHINUS.]

Æ. Where's that piece of impiety?

San. [*starting forward*] It's me he means. Anything in his hand? Damn! I can't see anything.

Æ. [*to* CTESIPHO] Ah, well met: I was looking for you. How goes it, Ctesipho? All's secure: no more of your glum looks!

Cte. No more, indeed, by Jove, no, with a brother like you. My dear Æschinus, my true brother! Oh, I dare not praise you more to your face; you might take it for flattery else instead of gratitude.

Æ. Silly boy! Surely at this time we know one another, Ctesipho. What pains me is that on this side the discovery was so late and things were almost come to the pass where the best will of the whole world couldn't have helped you.

Cte. [*bashfully*] I was too modest.

Æ. Folly, dear boy, not modesty. A trifle like that almost make you flee the country? Scandalous! God forbid such a thing!

Cte. I was wrong.

Æ. [*to* SYRUS] Pray, what says our friend Sannio.

Sy. He's tamed down.

Æ. I'm going to the Piazza to pay him. In with you, Ctesipho, to your love.

[*Exit* CTESIPHO *into the house.*

San. [*aside to* SYRUS] Press it, Syrus.

Sy. [*airily*] Let's be off: our friend's for Cyprus and in haste. [*teasing him*]

San. [*angrily*] Not so much as you want. I've plenty of time and here I stop.

Sy. You shall be paid, never fear.

San. But will he pay in full?

Sy. He'll pay in full. Only hold your tongue and go along with him.

San. I'm with you.

[*Exeunt* Æschinus *and* Sannio. Syrus *is following when* Ctesipho *reappears at the door.*

Cte. Hi, hi, Syrus!

Sy. [*stopping*] What's the matter?

Cte. In heaven's name pay that beast of a man as soon as possible, else, if his rage increases, it may leak through by some channel to my father and then I'm ruined for good and all.

Sy. It won't: courage, Sir! Enjoy yourself with the lady indoors and have dinner laid for us and so on. As soon as the business is settled I shall come back with the fish and vegetables.

Cte. Please do: as things have gone so well with us let us make merry for the day.

[*Goes back into the house. Exit* Syrus.

ACT III

[*About a quarter of an hour has elapsed. Enter* Sostrata *from her house with* Canthara.]

Sostrata. Nurse, dear nurse, how will it go with her?

Can. Go with her? Quite well, I warrant you. [*looking towards the house*] My poor dear, your first throes are just beginning. [*turning to* Sostrata] Afraid now, as though you'd never been present at a childbirth or borne a child yourself.

So. Oh dear, we have no friend, we have only ourselves. And then Geta is out and there's no one to send for the midwife or fetch Æschinus.

Can. Bless you, he'll be here in a minute: he never misses a day, he always comes.

So. He's my only stay in my troubles.

Can. Considering the circumstances things are as well as they could be, Ma'am. It's well the lover was a man like that, such a character and such a good heart, and of such a high family too.

So. Indeed he is what you call him: Heaven preserve him to us!

[*Enter* Geta *in much excitement.*]

Geta. [*pacing up and down and not seeing the others*] Now it's come to this that if all the world put their heads together to find a way out of this trouble, they couldn't help us the least bit, trouble to me and my mistress and my mistress's daughter. Lord, deliver us! A bristling wall of evils and not a way over it! Violence, poverty, wickedness, helplessness, disgrace! What a world! Oh the sins of it, the tribes of impiety, the unnatural wretch!

So. [*aside to* Canthara] Mercy on us, why is Geta so terrified and so agitated?

G. [*as before*] His honor, his oath, compassion, not one of them kept him or turned him back, not even the throes, so near at hand, of the poor lady whom he had so shamefully and violently outraged.

So. [*as before*] I can't quite follow what he says.

Can. Let us go nearer, Ma'am, pray. [*they come more forward*]

G. [*as before*] Heavens! I'm almost off my head, I'm such a blaze of passion. There's nothing I should like better than to have that whole household put in front of me so as to disgorge all my fury on them while the smart is fresh. First, I'd crush the breath out of the old man, the master, him that brought the monster up. Then as for Syrus who set him on, God! how I'd mangle *him!* I'd catch him by the waist, lift him up, and dash his skull right on the ground to scatter his brains over the pavement. For the young man I'd tear out his eyes and then hurl him over a precipice. The rest of 'em I'd knock down, worry to bits, trample and crush under my feet. But why don't I hurry and tell the mistress about this disaster? [*moves towards the door*]

So. [*behind him*] Let's call him back. Geta!

G. No, I shan't stop whoever you are.

So. It's me, Sostrata.

G. [*turning round*] Where? Oh, I've been looking for you, seeking for you, Ma'am. Very lucky you met me. Ma'am, —[*hesitates*]

So. What's the matter? Why are you panting?

G. Oh dear!

Can. Why so excited, my dear Geta? Get your breath back.

G. We are utterly—[*hesitates*]

So. Utterly what, then?

G. Undone: all's over.

So. For heaven's sake explain.

G. Now—[*hesitates*]

So. 'Now' what, Geta?

G. Æschinus—

So. What of Æschinus?

G. —has cut himself off from our family.

So. What? Heaven save us! [*buries her face in her hands*] Ah, why?

G. He's fallen in love with some one else.

So. Heaven help me!

G. And makes no secret of it, carried her off himself from a slave-dealer's with no concealment.

So. Are you quite sure of it?

G. Quite. I saw it myself, Ma'am.

So. [*crying bitterly*] Unhappy woman that I am! What is one to believe any longer? Whom can one trust? What, our Æschinus, the life of all of us, on whom all our hopes and chances lay? He who swore that without my daughter he wouldn't live a single day? He who said he would put his boy in his father's arms and thus implore his leave to marry her?

G. Stop weeping, Ma'am; rather look to the future and see what we must do. Are we to sit down under it or tell the facts to some one?

Can. Gracious goodness, man alive, are you in your senses? Do you think it ought to be disclosed anywhere?

G. No, I don't for one. In the first place the facts show that he is estranged from us: now, if we disclose the thing, he'll deny it, I'm sure of that; consequently your good name, Ma'am, and your daughter's life will fall into hazard. What's more, even if he owned up to the full, as he's in love with some one else, it would be a bad thing for her to be married to him. So, take it as you will, we must hold our tongues.

So. No, no, not for the world: I won't.

G. What shall you do?

So. Disclose it.

Can. Oh dear, my dear lady, are you sure what you are about?

So. Things can't be in a worse position than they are now. In the first place she has no dowry: next, what's worse, that which was next best to a dowry is lost. She can't be married with an untarnished name. There's only one way left: if he denies the fact, I have a witness in the ring which he let drop. Lastly, as my conscience tells me that with this fault I have no connection and that there has been no payment of money or anything else unfitting my daughter or me, Geta, I will go to court.

G. Very well, Ma'am, I give in, your suggestion is the better.

So. Off with you quick as you can and give her kinsman Hegio a full account of the facts. He was my poor dear Simulus's nearest friend and has always been most attentive to us.

G. [*bitterly*] Most indeed! There's no one else regards us at all. [*Exit*

So. Now, dear Canthara, make haste, run and call the midwife that she may be at hand when she's wanted.

[*Exeunt,* SOSTRATA *into her house,* CANTHARA *down the street.*

[*Enter* DEMEA *much agitated.*]

D. Death and destruction! I have learnt that Ctesipho had a hand with Æschinus in this affray. It's the crown of my miseries if the son who is still good for something can be enticed by the other into debauchery. Where am I to look for the boy? Drawn, I suppose, into some home of iniquity, allured by that profligate, that I'm sure of! Ah, here comes Syrus: he'll tell me at once where he is. Yet, by heaven, he's one of that gang. If he smells out that I'm on the hunt for him, he'll never tell me, the villain.

[*Enter* SYRUS *carrying a fishbasket.*]

I won't let out my wishes.

Sy. [*making as if he did not see* DEMEA] I've just told this whole story to our old gentleman, every point in it as it fell out. I never saw a body more delighted.

D. [*aside*] Powers above us! what a fool of a man!

Sy. [*as before*] He praised his son to the skies, and me he thanked for having given him that advice.

D. [*aside*] I burst with rage.

Sy. The coins he counted down on the spot, and gave me a couple of sovereigns besides for an entertainment: *that* I've laid out quite satisfactorily. [*looking into the basket*]

D. [*aside*] See there! This is the fellow for a commission, if you want it rightly executed. [*comes forward*]

Sy. [*pretending surprise*] O Sir, I didn't see you were there. What's going on?

D. Going on? I can't enough wonder at the management of you people.

Sy. Yes, on my word, Sir, it is silly; to be frank with you it's ridiculous. [*goes to the door and hands in the basket*] Gut

these fish, Dromo, except the biggest conger, let that play in the water for a bit; when I come back it shall be filleted, not before, mind.

D. Perfectly scandalous!

Sy. [*turning round*] It doesn't satisfy me either, Sir: I often protest. [*turning again to the door*] Those salt fish, Stephanio, see they're properly soaked.

D. Good heavens! does he do it on purpose or think it will be a credit to him if he ruins the boy? Lord help me! I think I see the day when he will flee the country a beggar and enter some foreign service.

Sy. [*mockingly*] Ah Sir, that is indeed wisdom, not only seeing what is in front of your nose but foreseeing what is to come.

D. Here you, is that cithern-girl still in your house?

Sy. That's what she is, Sir.

D. Lord bless us! is he to keep her there at home?

Sy. I suppose so: there's lunacy enough for it.

D. Incredible!

Sy. His father's foolish mildness, Sir, so easy-going, quite wicked.

D. I am sick and ashamed of my brother.

Sy. The difference between you, Sir (it's not because you are on the spot that I say it), the enormous difference! You, Sir, from top to toe [*bowing low*] are nothing but wisdom, he's a dotard. You wouldn't have been likely to let that son of yours do such things, would you now?

D. Let him? Shouldn't I have smelt it out six months before he started anything?

Sy. *You* talk to *me* of your all-aliveness? Really now, Sir!

D. My only prayer is that he may remain what he is now.

Sy. Each of you finds his son what he would like him to be.

D. What of my son? Have you seen him to-day?

Sy. Your son, Sir! [*aside*] I'll pack the old boy into the country. [*aloud*] I think he's been some time in the country on some farm job.

D. Are you sure he's there?

Sy. Oh yes, Sir: I walked out with him myself.

D. Good; I was afraid he was hanging about here.

Sy. And a pretty temper he was in.

D. What about?

Sy. He attacked his brother with hard words in the Piazza about that cithern-girl.

D. [*delighted*] Really?

Sy. Dear me, yes, he didn't mince matters. Just as the money was counting out, up comes our gentleman unexpectedly and cries out 'O Æschinus, *you* to do such wicked things! *You* to bring disgrace upon the family.'

D. Oh, it makes me weep for joy.

Sy. 'It's not money you're squandering, it's your life.'

D. Bless him, bless him! The good old blood comes out.

Sy. Good indeed!

D. Syrus, he's full of those maxims, my boy is.

Sy. No wonder, Sir: he had some one at home to learn from.

D. I'm a zealous teacher, never let a point slide, train him to it. In fine, I tell him to look into all men's ways of living as into a looking-glass, and draw from others a model for himself. 'Do this' I say.

Sy. Very right and proper.

D. 'Avoid that.'

Sy. A skilful lesson.

D. 'That is a credit to you.'

Sy. Hits the nail.

D. 'That is reprehensible.'

Sy. Perfect.

D. Then moreover—

Sy. [*interrupting*] Lord, Sir, I haven't time to listen at the moment. I have hit on a good bargain in fish and must see they're not spoiled in the cooking. Yes, it's just as much a sin in us servants not to do this as it is in you masters, Sir, not to do what you said just now, and as far as I can I school my fellow servants after that same pattern of yours. [*imitating* Demea] 'That's too salt,' I say, 'that's roasted to a cinder, that's not properly cleaned; that one's right, remember to do like that again.' I'm a zealous teacher up to my lights. Lastly I tell 'em to look into the dishes as into a looking-glass, Sir, and I teach 'em what ought to be done. Silly enough these doings of ours I'm aware, but what can one do? As a man's made, so you should humor him. Anything more I can do for you, Sir?

D. [*gruffly*] Get yourself supplied with a better mind.

Sy. You'll be off to the country, Sir?

D. Straight away.

Sy. Yes, what should you do in town where your good instructions fall on deaf ears? [*Exit into the house.*

D. Off to the country? I should think so, as the boy I came about is off there already. He is my sole care, he is my possession. As my brother so desires it, let him look to the other fellow himself. But who's that down the street? Is it my connexion Hegio? If my eyes speak truth, Hegio it certainly is. Ah, a man who has been a friend of ours from a boy. Bless us all, we have a sore lack of men of that stamp, men of the old worth and honor. It would be long before any harm to the country grew out of *him*. What a pleasure to see him! When I look on the remains of that breed still among us, ah, there's joy in life yet. I'll stop to greet him and talk with him.

[*Enter* HEGIO *and* GETA *in conversation.*]

Hegio. [*not seeing* DEMEA] Great heavens! a monstrous act, Geta: can it be so?

Geta. It's a fact, Sir.

H. That house the source of such an ungentlemanly action! Æschinus, Æschinus, I swear you've not trodden in your father's steps.

D. [*aside*] Obviously he has heard about this cithern-girl. It's painful to him though he's a stranger in blood, the father doesn't care a jot. Dear, dear, I wish he'd been by somewhere to hear this.

H. If they don't take the righteous line, they shan't carry it off like this.

G. Oh Sir, all our hope rests on you, there's no one else, you are her champion, her father. My old master entrusted us to you with his last breath: if you forsake us, we are undone.

H. Don't name it: I won't do it: I should think myself deaf to the call of affection.

D. [*aside*] I will go up to him. [*aloud, coming forward*] The best of health to you, Hegio.

H. [*coldly*] Ah, the very man I was looking for. Good day to you, Demea.

D. You were looking for me?

H. Yes. Your elder son, Æschinus, whom you gave to your brother to adopt, has acted very unlike an honest man and a gentleman.

D. How is that?

H. You knew our friend and contemporary Simulus?

D. Of course I did.

H. His daughter has been wronged by your son.

D. Heaven above us.

H. One moment: you haven't yet heard the worst.

D. Can there be anything worse to tell?

H. Indeed there is. So much must in some way be put up with. There were the inducements of darkness, passion, wine, young blood: it's human nature. On realizing what he had done he came of his own accord to the girl's mother, weeping, begging, beseeching, promising, swearing to marry her. He was forgiven, the matter was hushed up, his word was taken. The girl is now with child, it's the tenth month. Our honest gentleman, bless us all, has bought a cithern-player to live with: the other he deserts.

D. Are you quite sure of your facts?

H. The girl's mother can be produced, there's the girl herself, there's the obvious fact, and here's Geta too, not a bad fellow as slaves go and active enough. He finds them a livelihood, he's the sole prop of the whole house. Take him off, put him in fetters, have the truth out of him.

G. Ay, put me on the rack if it isn't the truth, Sir. Put him to it and he won't deny it. Have him up before you.

D. [*aside*] I'm ashamed. I don't know what to do or how to answer him.

Pam. [*within*] Oh, the pain, the pain! Help, Madonna! Save me for mercy's sake.

H. What, is her time come?

G. Certainly, Sir.

H. See now, there she is, appealing to the honor of your house, Demea. Let what you are forced to do be done of your good will. I pray heaven that, if possible, your course may be such as becomes you all, but if your intentions are different, I, Demea, will strain every nerve in support of the girl and my departed friend. He was my kinsman, we were brought up together from our earliest infancy, we stood side by side in war and in peace, side by side we wore through the bitterness of poverty. For that cause I shall toil, be active, go to law, yes, lay down my very life rather than forsake them. What is your answer?

D. I will see my brother, Hegio.

H. Yes, Demea, but see that you take this thought to heart: the more easy your life and your brother's, the greater your influence, riches, prosperity, rank, the more are you bound in the spirit of justice to recognize what is just, if you wish to have a reputation for probity.

D. You may go back home: everything that is just shall be done.

H. That course befits you. Geta, take me in to Sostrata.

[*Exit with* Geta *into* Sostrata's *house.*

D. I foretold as much. Would to heaven this were the end of it! but that excessive licence will certainly end in some grievous catastrophe. I will go and find my brother to pour out this iniquity on him. [*Exit.*

[*Re-enter* Hegio.]

H. [*at the door*] Keep a good heart, Sostrata, and do what you can to comfort your daughter. I will see Micio, if he's in the Piazza and tell him the whole course of events. If it prove that he means to do his duty, let him do it. If he takes a different view of the situation, let him give me an answer so that I may know as soon as possible what steps to take. [*Exit.*

ACT IV

[*Half an hour has elapsed.*]

[*Enter* Ctesipho *and* Syrus *from* Micio's *house.*]

Cte. Do you really mean that my father is gone off to the country?

Sy. Some time ago.

Cte. No, but really?

Sy. He's at your country house. [*grinning*] I expect at this very moment he's on some farm job.

Cte. I hope to heaven he is! Short of hurting his health I should like him to get so tired out that for the next three days he couldn't get out of bed.

Sy. That I desire, or, if possible, something better.

Cte. Just so, for I'm dreadfully eager to pass the whole day as I have begun it in unbroken delight. And the chief spite I have against our country place is that it's so near. If it were further off, night would have overtaken him before he could get back here a second time. As it is, not finding me there, he'll trot back here in a moment, I am sure of that. There'll be a volley of questions where I've been: 'I haven't had a sight of you all day.' What's to be my answer?

Sy. Nothing occur to you?

Cte. [*blankly*] Nothing at all.

Sy. The more good for nothing you! Is there no dependent, acquaintance, family friend?

Cte. There are: what follows?

Sy. So that you had business with 'em?

Cte. When I hadn't? Not to be said!

Sy. To be said.

Cte. [*dubiously*] For the daytime, but if I stop the night here, what excuse can I make, Syrus?

Sy. Bah, how I could have wished it were the custom to attend to one's friends' business by night as well! Never mind, be you easy: I've got the hang of his disposition finely. When he's at his hottest I make him as gentle as an ewe.

Cte. How?

Sy. He's delighted to hear you praised. I make you out to him to be an angel. Virtues are my theme.

Cte. [*astonished*] Mine?

Sy. Yours. The tears start at once down his old cheeks like a boy's for delight. [*points up the street*] There's for you now!

Cte. What is it?

Sy. The wolf in the story.

Cte. Is it my father?

Sy. Your father it is.

Cte. [*alarmed*] Syrus, what are we to do?

Sy. Run away indoors, I'll see to it.

Cte. If he asks, you haven't seen me anywhere, do you hear?

Sy. Can't you shut up? [*pushes him off*]

[*Enter* Demea.]

D. [*not seeing* Syrus] On my word I'm an unfortunate creature! I can't find my brother anywhere in the world. More, while I was looking for him, I caught sight of one of my farm servants: he says my son is not in the country, and I don't know what to do.

Cte. [*putting his head out at the door and whispering*] Syrus!

Sy. [*whispering*] What's the matter?

Cte. Is it me he's looking for?

Sy. Yes.

Cte. Confound it!

Sy. Just you keep your heart up. [Ctesipho *disappears*]

D. [*as before*] What the plague does this ill luck mean? I can't account for it, only I believe that's what I was born for, enduring distresses. I'm the first to become aware of our troubles, the first to find everything out, the first too to give the bad news. Any trouble, and I alone bear the annoyance.

Sy. [*aside*] He makes me laugh: he says he's the first to know: he's the only one that's quite in the dark.

D. Now I come back to see if my brother happens to be back.

Cte. [*reappearing at the door*] Syrus, for mercy's sake don't let him dash straight in here.

Sy. *Will* you be quiet? I'll take care.

Cte. By Jove, I won't, no I won't trust that to you. I'll lock myself up in some room with her. That's the safest way.

Sy. All right: I'll clear him away from here all the same. [Ctesipho *disappears.*

D. Ah, there's that scoundrel Syrus.

Sy. [*whining, as if to himself*] By Jove, there isn't a soul can endure living here if this is to go on. I should like to know for my part how many masters I've got. Pretty misery this is!

D. What's the fellow grunting about? What does he want? [*louder and sneering*] Now then, my worthy Sir, is my brother at home?

Sy. Why the plague do you say 'worthy Sir' to me? I'm a dead man, I am.

D. What's happened to you?

Sy. Happened? Ctesipho's fists have pretty nearly been the death of poor me and that cithern-girl.

D. What? What's that?

Sy. There, see how he's cut my lip. [*shows it*]

D. What for?

Sy. He says it was I prompted buying the girl.

D. Didn't you say just now that you'd gone with him into the country?

Sy. So I did, but he came back here raving. He had no mercy. Fancy not being ashamed to drub an old fellow, and when he was an urchin no bigger than that [*illustrates*] I carried him in my arms.

D. Bravo, Ctesipho! Good, good! A man, I warrant you!

Sy. Bravo indeed! My word, in future, if he's wise, he'll keep his fists to himself.

D. Bravely done!

Sy. Oh very! Because he got the best of a poor lady and a bit of a slave who daren't hit him back, phew, mighty bravely!

D. It couldn't have been better. He sees as I do that you are at the bottom of this business. But is my brother at home?

Sy. [*sulkily*] No, he ain't.

D. I wonder where I can find him.

Sy. I know where he is, [*half aside*] but hang me if I ever tell you.

D. What's that you say?

Sy. What I say.

D. I'll break your head on the spot.

Sy. [*still affecting the sulks*] Well, I don't know the man's name, but I know the place where he is.

D. Tell me the place then.

Sy. Do you know the colonnade by the meat-market, down that way? [*points*]

D. Of course I do.

Sy. Go that way straight up the street. When you get there the Slope is right down in front of you: down it you go. At the end there's a chapel on this side. Just by the side of it there's an alley.

D. Which?

Sy. That where the great wild-fig-tree is.

D. I know it.

Sy. Take that way.

D. [*reflecting*] That's a blind alley.

Sy. So it is, by Jove. Tut, tut, you must think me a fool. I made a mistake. Come back to the colonnade: yes, yes, that's a much nearer way and much less chance of missing it. Do you know Cratinus's house, the millionaire man there?

D. Yes.

Sy. When you are past it turn to your left, go straight along the street and when you come to the Church turn to the right. Before you come to the town-gate, close by the pool there's a baker's shop and opposite it a workshop. That's where he is.

D. What's he doing there?

Sy. Giving an order for some garden seats with holmoak legs.

D. [*sneering as at extravagance*] For one of your drinking parties, quite so, quite so. I'd better go to him at once. [*Exit.*

Sy. [*looking after him*] Yes, go your way. I'll give you the exercise you deserve, I swear I will, [*with a loud cackle*] old Drybones! [*turning round and yawning*] Æschinus is cursedly late, this dinner's spoiling, Ctesipho is drowned in love. Now I'll look out for myself, for I'll go off at once and pick out every blessed tid-

bit and with one glass after another I'll lazily lengthen out the day.

[*Exit into the house.*

[*Enter* MICIO *and* HEGIO.]

M. Really, Hegio, I see no reason in this matter why you should belaud me so much. I am only doing my duty. The offence was ours and I make amends. You can hardly have reckoned me with the class of men who take the view that it is an unprovoked wrong, if you protest against a wrong done by themselves and themselves positively attack you. Is it because I have not acted thus that you thank me?

H. Not at all, not at all. I have never imagined your disposition to be other than it is. Now be so good as to come with me and see the girl's mother, Micio, and say in person to the lady just what you have said to me, that what has caused her suspicion was done for his brother's sake, that the cithern-girl is Ctesipho's.

M. If you think it the right course or if it is necessary, let us go.

H. That is right. Not only will it be a relief to her mind, wasting away as she is, under pain and affliction, but you will have done your duty. If you don't take this view, I will myself repeat to her what you have said.

M. Oh no, I will go.

H. That is right. When people are not so prosperous as they might be, they are always somehow more inclined to take offence, to imagine that a slight is intended. Their want of means always makes them think that you are toying with them. Hence an apology made in person is the better way to soothe them.

M. A just and true observation.

H. Then come with me indoors.

M. By all means.

[*Exeunt into* SOSTRATA'S.

[*Enter* ÆSCHINUS *in much dejection.*]

Æ. What torture this is! To be suddenly confronted with such disaster! What to do with myself, what line to take, I can't see. Apprehension brings palsy on my limbs, fear has dazed my thoughts. Confound it, how am I to clear myself from this coil? To what a horrible suspicion I am exposed! And such a natural one! Sostrata thinks I have bought this cithern-girl for myself: the old crone let me into that. I happened to catch sight of her on her way to the midwife's, ran up and asked her how Pamphila was, whether the birth was imminent, whether that was the cause of her errand. 'Go away,' cries she, 'go away; you have deceived us long enough, young Sir; we want no more of your broken promises.' 'What?' I said: 'For heaven's sake, what do you mean by that?' 'Good-bye,' says she, 'stick to the girl of your choice.' I saw in a flash the suspicion they had, but I checked myself, for one word about my brother to that chatterbox and all would be out. What am I to do now? Say the girl is my brother's? That secret must be kept at all hazards. I won't breathe a word of it. Absolute secrecy is still possible. Besides, I doubt if they would ever believe the truth. All the probabilities are against it: it was I that carried her off, I that paid the money, it was to our house she was taken. It was all my own fault, I own it. Badly as I may have acted, why didn't I tell my father all about it? I could have won him over to let me marry her. I have been dilatory all this time: from this moment, Æschinus, wake up! The first thing to do is to go to the women and clear myself. There's the door. [*moves towards it, then stops*] Confusion! I'm always of a shudder when I start knocking at this door, poor wretch. [*knocks*] Anyone there? It's Æschinus. Open the door some one at once. [*the door opens*] Some one coming out? I'll stand aside. [*goes behind the door*]

[*Enter* MICIO *through the doorway.*]

M. [*at the door*] Do as I have told you, Sostrata, both of you. I will see Æschinus to let him know of these arrangements. [*turns round*] Some one knocked: who was it?

Æ. [*aside*] Heavens! it's my father. Destruction!

M. Æschinus!

Æ. [*aside in confusion*] What's the meaning of this?

M. Was it you knocked here? [*aside*] No answer? Why shouldn't I play with him a bit? He deserves it for never choosing to tell me himself. [*aloud*] Have you no answer for me?

Æ. N-n-not there, Sir, as far as I know.

M. So? I wondered what business you could have there. [*aside*] He blushed: all's well.

Æ. Tell me, father, please what takes you there?

M. No business of my own: a friend of mine brought me here just now to help him in a law affair.

Æ. What affair?

M. I will tell you. There are some ladies living here in a very small way. I think you don't know them, in fact I'm sure you don't: it isn't long since they moved here.

Æ. What follows?

M. There's a girl and her mother.

Æ. Yes, and?

M. The girl has lost her father, my friend is next of kin, and the law enjoins a marriage between them.

Æ. [*aside but overheard*] Destruction!

M. What's the matter?

Æ. Nothing, nothing; it's all right: well?

M. He is come to take her with him: Miletus he lives at.

Æ. What! Take the girl with him?

M. That is so.

Æ. O heavens, all the way to Miletus?

M. Yes.

Æ. [*aside*] Oh my heart! [*aloud*] And the ladies? what do *they* say?

M. What do you expect them to say? Some nonsense. The mother has faked up a story about a child by some other man, but she doesn't give him a name. He came first, she says, and her daughter oughtn't to be married to my friend.

Æ. Good Lord! and don't you think the claim is just!

M. No, I don't.

Æ. You don't? Oh heavens! and is he to take her away, father?

M. Why shouldn't he?

Æ. Your side has acted harshly and barbarously and what's more, if I must speak more openly, father, not like gentlemen.

M. How so?

Æ. Can you ask? Pray what do you suppose will be the feelings of the unhappy man who loved her first and for all I know is desperately in love with her still, poor wretch, when he sees her snatched off before his very eyes, dragged out of his sight? A monstrous act, father!

M. How do you make that out? Who betrothed her? Who gave her in marriage? Who is her husband? When was the wedding? Who gave consent? Why did the man marry another's bride?

Æ. Was a girl of that age to sit at home and wait for a kinsman to turn up from Miletus? That's what in justice you ought to have said, my dear father, and stood to the point too.

M. Absurd! Was I to plead against the man for whom I was briefed? However, my boy, how does this concern us? Let us come away. [ÆSCHINUS *bursts into tears*] What's the matter? What are you weeping for?

Æ. Father, in heaven's name hear me.

M. My boy, I have heard all, I know all, for I love you, and so all your doings touch me the more.

Æ. May I never deserve your love in all your life, father mine, if my fault against you doesn't cause me grievous pain and I can't look you in the face. [*hides his face in his hands*]

M. By heaven, I believe it: I know you have a gentleman's heart, but I am afraid you are very heedless. Pray, what country do you think you are living in? You have wronged a girl contrary to all law. That's a great fault to start with, a great fault, but still not unnatural: honest men have often done it before you. But after it happened, tell me, had you any consideration, any forethought for yourself, what was to be done, how it was to be done? If you were ashamed to tell me openly yourself, did you ever think how I was to find it out? You hesitated and hesitated and ten months passed away. You have been false to yourself and to the poor lady and to the child, as far as it lay with you. What, did you think heaven would do your work while you slept, that without your lifting a finger the wife would be brought home to the bridal chamber? I should be sorry to see you so thoughtless in the rest of your affairs. [*a pause*] Be of good heart: you shall marry her.

Æ. What, Sir!

M. Be of good heart, I say.

Æ. Father, in honor's name, you're not mocking me, are you?

M. No indeed: why should I?

Æ. I don't know; I'm so desperately eager for this to be true, and that makes me fear the more.

M. Go off home, pray for heaven's favor in fetching your wife. Off with you.

Æ. What? My wife at once?

M. At once.

Æ. At once?

M. As soon as ever you can.

Æ. All the anger of heaven on my head, father, if I don't love you more than my own eyes!

M. What? More than—eh? [*smiles and points to* PAMPHILA'S *house*]

Æ. Just the same.

M. Very kind of you.

Æ. [*starting*] But by the way, where's that Milesian?

M. Lost, vanished, gone aboard ship. Why are you lingering?

Æ. *You* go, father: you are more likely to gain heaven's favor. I am sure you are a much better man than I am and they will have more ear for your prayers.

M. I am going indoors to make the necessary preparations. Do as I tell you if you are wise.

Æ. Did ever anyone hear the like? Is this to be a father or this to be a son? Had he been my brother or my friend could he have been more complaisant? Is he not a man to be loved, to be next one's heart? It's wonderful, and so his kindness fills me with the most vehement desire not to do from want of thought anything to displease him. Forewarned is forearmed. But I must go in at once or I shall be myself a hindrance to my own speedy marriage. [*Exit.*

ACT V

[*About an hour has elapsed.*]

[*Enter* DEMEA *wearily.*]

Demea. I've walked and walked till I'm dead tired. Devil take you, Syrus, and your directions! I've hobbled all over the town, to the gate, to the pool, where not? Deuce a workshop there, and not a soul could speak of having seen my brother. Now I'm determined to sit on blockading his house till he comes back.

[*Enter* MICIO.]

M. [*at the door to* ÆSCHINUS *within*] I'll go and tell them we are quite ready to receive her.

D. There he is. I've been looking for you ever so long, Micio.

M. What for?

D. I have news for you of other crimes, monstrous crimes, of your good young man.

M. At it again!

D. Fresh ones, of the worst.

M. You bore me, man.

D. You don't know what he is.

M. I do.

D. Fool of a man, you fancy I'm talking about the cithern-girl. This wrong is against an Athenian born.

M. I know.

D. Good heavens, you know it and allow it?

M. Why shouldn't I?

D. Just tell me, don't you burst out? don't you go mad?

M. I don't. It's true I should prefer——

D. [*interrupting*] There's a child born.

M. Heaven bless it!

D. The girl hasn't a penny.

M. So I'm told.

D. And must be married without a dowry.

M. Undoubtedly.

D. What's to happen now?

M. What the circumstances suggest. The lady shall be moved across from that house to this. [*points*]

D. Heaven above us! is that the proper thing?

M. What more can I do?

D. Why, if the thing doesn't cause you genuine anguish, it is unnatural not at least to affect that it does.

M. No, I have already betrothed the lady to him, the matter is settled, the wedding goes on, I have removed all their apprehensions. That is the more natural course.

D. But, but are you pleased with the transaction, Micio?

M. No, not if I could alter it. As it is I can't, so I bear it with equanimity. Human life is like a game with dice; if you don't get the throw you most want, you must show your skill in making the best of the throw which you do get.

D. Make the best, you? By your skill you've thrown away a hundred pounds on the cithern-girl, for she must be sold out of hand and if no one bids be given away.

M. Sold she can't be, and I admit I'm not keen on selling her.

D. What shall you do then?

M. She will remain in my house.

D. [*astounded*] Heaven above us! A

concubine and a married wife under one roof?

M. Why not?

D. Do you suppose you are in your senses?

M. I imagine so.

D. As I hope to be saved, I see your tomfoolery. I believe your object is to sing to her accompaniment.

M. Why not?

D. And the new bride will be taught the same songs.

M. Undoubtedly.

D. And you'll dance with a string and one of them on each side of you. [*imitates such a dance*]

M. To be sure.

D. To be sure?

M. And you shall make a fourth if we want one.

D. Heaven save us, aren't you ashamed of yourself?

M. Enough, Demea, enough; drop your ill temper, think of the occasion, be merry and sociable at your son's wedding. I'm going to call there. [*points to* Sostrata's] Afterwards I'm coming back here. [*Exit.*

D. Heaven above us. What a life! What morals! What lunacy! The bride won't bring a halfpenny, the cithern-girl's in the house, a home of extravagance, a son ruined by luxury, and the head of the house a maniac! It is absolutely beyond the power of Providence itself to save this household.

[*Re-enter* Syrus *tipsy.*]

Sy. S'help me, little Syrus, you've taken downy care of yourself and filled your office in fine style. G'along. Still, as I've filled my belly indoors from all the dishes, taking a stroll out here has caught my fancy.

D. Look at that, so please you: a pattern of domestic discipline!

Sy. [*seeing* Demea] Hello now, here's our old man. [*staggers up to him*] What's going on? Why are you s' glum?

D. You scoundrel!

Sy. That'll do. So you're pouring out your maxims here, old Wisdom?

D. If you were my man—

Sy. [*interrupting*] You'd be rich, you would, Master, and have put your fortunes on a firm footing. [*lurches*]

D. —I should have made an example of you to the whole household.

Sy. What for? What have I done?

D. Done? In the very middle of this trouble, with a great wrong committed and hardly settled yet, you've been drinking, you scoundrel, as if you were celebrating a great achievement.

Sy. [*aside*] Sorry I came out, that I am.

[Dromo *appears at* Micio's *door.*]

Dromo. Hi, Syrus! Ctesipho wants you to come back.

Sy. Go along. [Dromo *disappears.*

D. What does he say of Ctesipho?

Sy. It's nothing.

D. What, you gallows-bird, is Ctesipho in there?

Sy. No, he isn't.

D. Why does that fellow speak of him?

Sy. It's another person, a bit of an adventurer fellow: d'you know him?

D. I shall soon find out. [*going towards the door*]

Sy. [*catching hold of him*] What are you about? Where are you going?

D. Let go of me.

Sy. Don't, I say.

D. Hands off, whipping-post! Would you rather I knocked your brains out on the spot? [*strikes him, wrenches himself free, and dashes into the house*]

Sy. [*looking stupidly after him*] He's gone! A noisy unbidden guest, and a damnably unwelcome one too, especially to Ctesipho. What am I to do now? Till this to-do quiets down, best go off to a corner somewhere and sleep off this little drop of wine. That's what I'll do.

[*Exit drunkenly.*

[*Re-enter* Micio *from* Sostrata's.]

M. [*at the door*] Yes, as I have told you, Sostrata, we have everything ready, when you like. [*turns round.* Micio's *door is thrown violently open*] Who's making all that noise at my door?

[*Enter* Demea *hastily.*]

D. Great heavens, what shall I do? How shall I act? What cries and protests are enough? O heaven and earth! O great sea!

M. [*aside*] There you are. He has found it all out: that's what he's crying out about. Ring down the curtain! Now for a row! I must go to the rescue.

D. [*seeing* MICIO] There he is, the corrupting spirit of both our sons!

M. Do, pray, curb your passion and be yourself again.

D. I have curbed it, I am myself again; not another hard word from me. Let us look at the facts. Was it agreed between us (the proposal, remember, came from you) that you should not look to my boy nor I to yours? Answer me that.

M. It was so agreed, I don't deny it.

D. Why is he now at his cups in your house? Why do you harbor the boy that is mine? Why do you buy him a mistress, Micio? Is it not right that I should have my due from you as you have yours from me? As I don't look to your boy, don't you look to mine.

M. You don't put it fairly.

D. I don't?

M. No, it's an old saying that friends have all things in common.

D. Smart! The sentiment comes to birth a little late.

M. Listen to me for a minute if it doesn't annoy you, Demea. To start with, if what grieves you is the money which the boys spend, please reflect on it in this light: in days past you chose to bring up two sons as a thing your means would stand, reckoning that your own property would be enough for the pair, and of course at that time you expected me to marry. Now keep to your original reckoning: hoard, get, save, endeavor to have as much as possible to leave them; hold to that as your glory. My property, coming as a windfall, let them enjoy. There will be no loss in your capital, the addition from me should be reckoned a clear gain. If you will think this over in a true light, Demea, you will find that you have relieved me and yourself and them of a world of trouble.

D. Property I say nothing of: it's the way of life which both of them—

M. [*interrupting*] One moment; I know, I was coming to that. There are many tokens in a man, Demea, which facilitate an inference; I mean that in the case of two doing the same thing you can often say 'The one may, the other may not, do this without harm,' the difference lying not in the deed but in the doer. I see in our boys tokens which give me confidence that they will come up to our wishes concerning them. I see in them sense, intelligence, reverence at the right time, mutual affection. You may leave their natural inclinations a free scope, being sure that any day you can call them to hand. You may tell me you would fear them being a little careless in money matters. Oh, my dear Demea, in all other respects we get wiser as we grow older: there is only this one flaw that old age brings on a man, we all think too much of money. In this point years will make them sharp enough.

D. [*bitterly*] Only see that these fine reasonings of yours, Micio, and your easiness of temper do not prove our ruin.

M. Hush, man, it won't be so. Now away with your fears, for this day be ruled by me, smooth your brow.

D. [*half unwillingly*] Undoubtedly the occasion requires it. I must do it. Still to-morrow I shall be off with my son to the country at daybreak.

M. Before daybreak I should say, only make yourself pleasant to-day.

D. And that cithern-girl shall be haled off with me.

M. [*smiling*] You'll have hit it there, for in that way you'll keep your son tied at home for the future. Only mind she doesn't run away.

D. I'll see to that, and when she's there, what with cooking and with grinding corn I'll take care she's a mass of ashes, smoke, and meal. Yes, and I'll set her gathering stubble under the midday sun, I'll make her as dry and as black as a lump of charcoal.

M. [*laughing*] Good! Now I count you wise. And for my part I'd make your son then, even against his will, treat her as his wife.

D. [*bitterly*] Laughing at me, are you? Lucky you to have that disposition. I feel—

M. [*interrupting*] Ah, again?

D. Well, well, I've done.

M. In with you then and let us spend to-day as it ought to be spent. [*Exeunt.*

ACT VI

[*An hour has elapsed.*]

[*Enter* DEMEA *in town dress.*]

Demea. However well a man may have calculated his scheme of life, still circumstances, years, experience, always introduce a new element and teach new lessons. You find that you don't know what you thought you did know, and what you

thought of primary importance that in practice you reject. That's what has happened to me. The hard life, which up to now I have lived, now that my race is almost run I renounce. And why? Hard facts have taught me that a man can have no better qualities than mildness and complaisance. The truth of this anyone can see by looking at me and my brother. He has spent all his days without a calling given up to society, complaisant, easy-going, affronting no man and having a smile for everybody. He has lived for himself and spent his money on himself, all the world speaks well of him and loves him. I, the rugged countryman, sour and thrifty, hot-headed and close-fisted, took a wife. What a world of misery that brought me! Sons were born to me; another anxiety! Heigho! struggling to make all the money I could for them I have worn out the prime of my life in getting it. Now in this last act of life's drama the reward that my toil for them receives is—dislike! That brother of mine with no effort enjoys all a father's comforts. They love *him*, they skulk from *me*. To him they confide all their designs, on him they bestow their affection, in his house the pair of them spend their time, and I am left desolate. They pray for his life, with me it's death they are waiting for, not a doubt of it. To me it has been an endless toil to bring them up, and he has made them his at an insignificant cost. I endure all the misery, he enjoys all the delight. Come then, come, let us now adventure the opposite course and see whether *I* have any power of winning speech and kind act, since he challenges me to it. Like him I desire to be loved and valued by my own kin. If the means to that end be liberality and complaisance, I will play none but the leading part. The money will fail, but that matters least to me who am the oldest of the four.

[*Enter* SYRUS.]

Sy. Please, Sir, your brother begs you not to go and leave us.

D. [*affecting great politeness*] Whom do I see? My good Syrus, good evening to you. What's doing? What's in hand?

Sy. [*astonished*] All well, Sir.

D. Excellent! [*aside*] I have already used three new phrases which are not natural to me, 'my good,' 'what's doing,' 'what's in hand.' [*aloud*] You are a servant but you have something of the gentleman about you, and I should be delighted to do you a good turn.

Sy. [*bowing but incredulous*] Thank you, Sir.

D. But, Syrus, I really mean it and you will find it so directly. [*Exit* SYRUS.

[*Enter* GETA *from* SOSTRATA'S.]

G. [*at the door*] I'm stepping round, Ma'am, to see how soon they are ready to send for the bride. Ah, there's Demea. [*comes forward*] Good evening, Sir.

D. Ah, what is your name?

G. Geta, Sir.

D. Geta, I assure you I have settled in my mind that you are a very valuable person. Dear me, yes, it's a tried and proved servant that looks after his master's interests, as I have perceived you to do, Geta, and for this reason I shall be glad of the opportunity of doing you a good turn. [*aside*] I am practising affability, and with much success.

G. A kind gentleman you are, Sir, to think so well of me.

D. [*aside*] Man by man I make a start in winning over the masses.

[*Enter* ÆSCHINUS.]

Æ. [*not seeing the others*] They bore me to death with their anxiety over all the ceremonies of the wedding. They're wasting the whole day over the arrangements.

D. What's in hand, Æschinus?

Æ. Ah, father dear, are you there?

D. Yes indeed, your father in heart no less than by nature, who loves you more than his own eyes. But why don't you fetch your wife across?

Æ. I'm keen on it, but there's a hitch. They're waiting for the musician and the choir for the marriage hymn.

D. I say, my boy, will you listen to an old man?

Æ. What is it, Sir?

D. Drop all this, the hymn, the to-do, the lanterns, the musicians, and have a hole knocked in the garden-wall this very moment. Bring her in that way, make one house of the two, bring mother and household and all into ours.

Æ. Agreed, you old dear of a father!

D. [*aside*] Bravo! I'm called an old dear now. My brother's house will be

turned into a thoroughfare, he'll have no end of people in, and it'll cost him heavens knows what. What does it matter to me? I'm an old dear and step into favor. Now that Don Magnifico may pay down his hundred at a time. [*aloud*] Syrus, why don't you go and do it?

Sy. Do what, Sir?

D. Knock a hole in the wall. [*to* Æschinus] You go round and bring 'em through. [*Exit* Syrus.

G. Heaven bless you, Sir! I see you're a hearty well-wisher to our family.

D. I think they deserve it. [*to* Æschinus] What do you say to it? [*Exit* Geta.

Æ. I am quite of your mind.

D. Much better than for a mother in her weak state to be carried along the street.

Æ. Yes, I never saw anything better done, father.

D. [*off-hand*] My way, my way. Ah, here comes Micio.

[*Enter* Micio *much surprised.*]

M. My brother's orders? Where is he? [*comes forward*] Your orders, Demea?

D. Yes, my orders. In this way and in every other way I would have us make one household of it, support, assistance, union, everything.

Æ. Yes, please, father.

M. I'm not against it.

D. I should think not: it's the thing for us to do. Now in the first place our boy's wife has a mother.

M. True: what follows?

D. An honest and reputable person.

M. They tell me so.

D. Not quite young.

M. That's evident.

D. Too old to be a mother and with no one to look after her. She's alone in the world.

M. What's he got in his head?

D. The right thing is for you to—marry her, and you [*to* Æschinus] ought to bring him to it.

M. [*horrified*] *I* marry?

D. You.

M. I?

D. You, I say.

M. How silly you are!

D. [*to* Æschinus] If you were worth your salt he'd do it.

Æ. [*to* Micio *coaxingly*] Father mine.

M. And why do *you* listen to him, donkey?

D. It's no good objecting, you can't help it.

M. You're clean mad.

Æ. Do it for my sake, father. [*lays his hands on* Micio's *shoulder*]

M. You're daft, off with you! [*shakes him off*]

D. Come now, oblige your son.

M. Are you in your senses? *I* become a bridegroom after five and sixty years and marry a broken-down old woman? Is that what you advise me?

Æ. Do, please; I have promised them.

M. Promised them, have you? Be bountiful with your own self, child.

D. Come, what if he asked for something bigger?

M. Bigger? Could there be anything bigger?

D. Do comply.

Æ. Don't be obdurate.

D. Do it, promise now. [Demea *and* Æschinus *have each a hand on a shoulder of* Micio]

M. Won't you leave me alone?

Æ. Not till you're won over.

M. This is direct violence.

D. Come, be generous, Micio. [*a pause*]

M. [*unwillingly*] Though this seems to me wrong, silly, ridiculous, and foreign to my way of life, still, if you are both so bent on it, be it so.

Æ. You are very kind.

D. You deserve my affection, but—— [*pauses*]

M. Well?

D. I will tell you, since so far my wishes are answered.

M. What else is there?

D. There is Hegio, their nearest relative, now a connexion of ours, not a rich man: we ought to do something for him.

M. Do what?

D. You have something of a small farm a little way out of town which you are by way of letting: let us give it to him for an income.

M. Small do you call it?

D. If it's a big one, still it must be done. He has been a father to her, he's a worthy person, he's one of ourselves; it's right to give it. In fact I adopt as mine the sound and wise saying which you uttered some time ago: 'It's a flaw com-

mon to us all that in old age we think too much of money.' That is a stain we ought to avoid. The saying was sound and should be carried out in action.

Æ. Do, father.

M. Very well: Hegio shall have the farm as the boy desires it.

Æ. How glad I am.

D. Now you're my real brother, soul as well as body. [*aside chuckling*] I cut his throat with his own sword.

[*Enter* SYRUS.]

Sy. [*to* DEMEA] Your instructions have been carried out, Sir.

D. That's an honest fellow. [*to* MICIO] Well then, on my word here's one juryman at any rate says it's right Syrus should be made a free man.

M. That fellow made a free man? Why?

D. For many reasons.

Sy. [*to* DEMEA] O Sir, you are a good man, Sir, I vow you are. I have looked after both the young gentlemen since their boyhood, zealously I have. I've taught 'em, counseled 'em, always given 'em good instructions as far as my power went.

D. The thing's manifest. Why, such things as honest marketing, helping in a love affair, supplying a dinner at short notice, call for no mean fellow to do them.

Sy. Oh, what a dear old gentleman!

D. To crown all to-day in buying the cithern-girl he was chief helper, it was he that got it done. It's right to do him some good, it'll improve the other fellows. Besides 'the boy desires it.'

M. [*to* ÆSCHINUS] Do you desire it?

Æ. Immensely.

M. [*ironically*] Of course, if you wish it—Here, Syrus, come here. [*turns* SYRUS *round and boxes his ear*] Be free on that.

Sy. Thank you, Sir, thank you. I am grateful to everybody and especially to you, Sir. [*to* DEMEA]

D. I am delighted.

Æ. So am I.

Sy. I am sure of it. [*wheedling*] To make my joy complete, oh if I could only see my wife Phrygia free with me!

D. Yes, an excellent woman.

Sy. Indeed, Sir, she was the first to act as wet nurse to your grandson, your son's son, Sir, she was indeed.

D. Then, by Jove, in real earnest, as she was the first, beyond all doubt it is just that she should be emancipated.

M. For that?

D. For that. To end it let me pay you her value.

Sy. O Sir, may heaven always give you every blessing you pray for!

M. Syrus, you've done pretty well for yourself to-day.

D. Yes, if only, Micio, you will complete your duty and advance the man something in hand to live on. He'll repay you before long.

M. Less than that! [*snaps his fingers*]

Æ. He's a good creature.

Sy. I'll repay it, I swear I will. Do but give it, Sir.

Æ. Do now, father.

M. I'll think about it.

D. [*to* ÆSCHINUS] He'll do it.

Sy. The best of men you are, Sir.

Æ. Oh, my dear delightful father!

[*Exit* SYRUS.

M. What's the meaning of this? What has brought about this sudden change in your ways? What's the whim of it? What's this sudden openness of hand?

D. I will tell you. I did it to show that what our boys account your good nature and pleasant ways doesn't spring from sincerity, no, nor from justice and goodness, but from complaisance, from indulgence, from an open hand, Micio. Now if the reason why my life is odious to you, Æschinus, and to your brother is that I do not at once wholly fall in with all your desires, right or wrong, I wash my hands of it. Squander, spend, indulge every caprice. But if you choose rather, in points where your youthful eyes cannot see so far, where your desires are stronger and your consideration inadequate, to have one to reprove and correct you and to indulge you when it is right, here am I to do it for you.

Æ. We submit to you, father: you know better what is needful for us. But what is to be done about my brother?

D. I consent, let him have his will, but let it be the last thing of the kind.

M. A right decision.

Mus. Clap your hands. [*Exeunt omnes.*

IV. THE TIMES OF CICERO (106–43 B.C.)

Up to the first century before Christ, drama, usually the most easily adapted of literary forms and the first to be borrowed, was the only form to be perfected in the rising Roman state. Other forms, less transferable because more dependent upon Roman content and Roman inspiration, were still in process of development after comedy in Terence and tragedy in Accius had reached their terms and ceased. Of these, some were to attain their stature in Augustan times. The epic left by Ennius, and the bare chronicles of the Annalists, were to wait for their masters in Virgil and Livy; satire in its proper character was to come only with Horace and Juvenal, and the meditative poem with the elegies of Tibullus and Propertius. Others were to attain their growth a generation earlier, in Ciceronian times. In the drama itself, the native Italian farce and the mime were greatest in the days of Cicero and Cæsar, the farce in Pomponius and Novius, the mime in Laberius and Publilius Syrus. The literature of learning then first assumed stature in the vast activities of Cicero's friend Varro. The lyric rose to its height in Catullus, and the philosophical poem in Lucretius. The oration, the philosophical essay, the rhetorical and political treatise, and the epistle all found their supreme expression in Cicero alone.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

By virtue of sheer talent and moral earnestness, Cicero, born to middle-class rank near the provincial town of Arpinum, seventy-five miles from Rome, rose to the patrician class, held the highest offices in the state, and, in the latter days of opposition to Antony and the enemies of the old régime, became the tragic figure whose fall symbolized the death of the Republic. By virtue of this political significance, by virtue of his intellectual range, to which we owe the preservation of an ample store of the best Greek thought as well as most of the facts and sentiment of his own times, and by virtue of the style which made him one of the world's two greatest orators, its greatest letter-writer, and one of its best essayists, he became for all after generations the most important character of his century, and one of the most important of all antiquity.

Cicero's life was marked by his political rise, culminating in 63 in the consulship, his exile in 58-57 through the effort of his personal enemy, Clodius, on the pretext of his having put Roman citizens to death without appeal to the people, his governorship of Cilicia in 51-50, his support of Pompey and forgiveness by Cæsar in 49-47, and his stand against Antony in 44-43. His works include *Orations* from 81 to 43; *Essays* on oratory, philosophy, politics, law, ethics, and religion, including *On Old Age* and *On Friendship; Letters* to his brother Quintus, to Atticus, to Brutus, and to friends, in all amounting to 774; and a number of not very important verses.

The translation of the letters to Atticus is by E. O. Winstedt, and is used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library; the translation of other letters is by E. S. Shuckburgh.

THE LAWS

The Cicero Home at Arpinum

Atticus. Do you feel inclined, since we have had walking enough for the present, and since you must now take up a fresh part of the subject for discussion, to vary our situation? If you do, let us pass over to the island which is surrounded by the Fibrenus, for such, I believe, is the name of the other river, and sit down while we prosecute the remainder of our discourse.

Cicero. I like your proposal; for that is the very spot which I generally select when I want a place for undisturbed meditation, or uninterrupted reading or writing.

Att. In truth, now I am come to this delicious retreat, I cannot see too much of it. Would you believe that the pleasure I find here makes me almost despise magnificent villas, marble pavements, and

paneled ceilings? Who would not smile at the artificial canals which our great folks call their Niles and Euripi, after he had seen these beautiful streams? Therefore, as you just now, in our conversation on justice and law, referred all things to Nature, so you seek to preserve her domination even in those things which are constructed to recreate and amuse the mind. I therefore used to wonder before, as I expected nothing better in this neighborhood than hills and rocks (and, indeed, I had been led to form these ideas by your own speeches and verses)—I used to wonder, I say, that you were so exceedingly delighted with this place. But my present wonder, on the contrary, is how, when you retire from Rome, you condescend to rusticate in any other spot.

Cic. But when I can escape for a few days, especially at this season of the year, I usually do come here, on account of the beauty of the scenery, and the salubrity of the air; but it is but seldom that I have it in my power to do so. There is one reason, however, why I am so fond of this Arpinum, which does not apply to you.

Att. What reason is that?

Cic. Because, to confess the truth, it is the native place of myself and my brother; for here indeed, descended from a very ancient race, we first saw the day. Here is our altar, here are our ancestors, and here still remain many vestiges of our family. Besides, this villa which you behold in its present form was originally constructed, at considerable expense, under my father's superintendence; for having very infirm health, he spent the later years of his life here, engaged in literary pursuits. And on this very place, too, while my grandfather was alive, and while the villa, according to the olden custom, was but a little one, like that one of Curius in the Sabine district, I myself was born. There is, therefore, an indescribable feeling insensibly pervading my soul and sense which causes me, perhaps, to find a more than usual pleasure in this place. And even the wisest of men, Ulysses, is related to have renounced immortality that he might once more revisit his beloved Ithaca.

Att. I indeed think what you have mentioned a very sufficient reason for your feelings, and for your coming hither with pleasure, and being attached to this place . . . I shall for the future love the place the more where you were born.

Cic. That being the case, I am very glad that I have brought you here, and shown you what I may almost call my cradle.

Att. And I am greatly pleased at having seen it. . . . But here we are arrived at your favorite island. How beautiful it appears! How bravely it stems the waves of the Fibrenus, whose divided waters lave its verdant sides, and soon rejoin their rapid currents! The river just embraces space enough for a moderate walk; and having discharged this office, and secured us an arena for disputation, it immediately precipitates itself into the Liris; and then, like those who ally themselves to patrician families, it loses its more obscure name, and gives the waters of the Liris a greater degree of coolness. For I have never found water much colder than this, although I have seen a great number of rivers; and I can hardly bear my foot in it, when I wish to do what Socrates did in Plato's *Phaedrus*.

—C. D. YONGE.

LETTERS

FAMILY DIFFICULTIES

(Menturnæ, May 5 or 6, B.C. 51.)

Cicero to Atticus, Greeting.—Yes, I did see your feelings when we parted, and to my own I can testify. That is an additional reason why you should take care that no new decrees are passed, to prevent this painful separation from lasting more than one year. You have taken the right steps with Annius Saturninus. As to the guarantee, please give it yourself, while you are in town. There are some proofs of ownership, for instance, those for Mennius' or rather Atilius' estate. You have done exactly what I wanted in Oppius' case, especially in putting the £7,000 to his credit. I must have that paid off without waiting till I've got in all my arrears, even if I have to get into the hands of the Jews over it.

Now I come to the line you wrote crosswise at the end of your letter, in which you give me a word of advice about your sister. The facts of the case are that when I reached Arpinum and my brother had

come, the first thing we did was to have a long talk about you. After that I brought the talk round to the discussion you and I had about your sister at Tusculum. My brother's behavior then to your sister was gentleness and kindness itself. If there ever was any quarrel about expense, there were no signs of it. So passed that day. On the next day we started from Arpinum. A festival caused Quintus to stop at Arcanum, while I went on to Aquinum: but we lunched together at Arcanum. You know his place there. Well, when we reached it, Quintus said most politely, 'Pomponia, you invite the ladies, I will ask the men.' Nothing, so far as I could see, could have been more gentle than his words or his intention or his expression. But before us all she answered 'I'm only a stranger here'; just because Statius had been sent on in front to get dinner ready for us, I suppose. Says Quintus to me: 'There you are. That's what I have to put up with every day.' You may say there surely was not much in that. But there was a good deal: indeed she upset me myself; she answered with such uncalled for acrimony in word and look. I concealed my annoyance. We all took our places except her: but Quintus sent her something from the table, which she refused. In a word, it seemed to me that my brother was as good-tempered and your sister as cross as could be, and I have omitted a lot of things that aroused my wrath more than Quintus'. Then I went on to Aquinum. Quintus stayed at Arcanum, and came to me the next morning, and told me that she would not sleep with him and, when she was leaving, she was as cross as when I saw her. In fact, I don't care if you tell her herself, that to my mind she behaved with a lack of courtesy that day.

I have said perhaps more than necessary about it to show you that it is your turn to do a little instructing and advising too. It only remains for you to fulfil all my commissions before you start, and send me an account of all of them, to rout Pomptinus out, and when you have left, to let me know, believing that there is nothing I hold dearer than yourself, nothing that gives me more delight. I bade that good fellow, A. Torquatus, a most affectionate farewell at Menturnæ. I should like you to tell him I mentioned him in a letter.

After the Rubicon

(Formiæ, the evening of Feb. 8 or morning of Feb. 9, B.C. 49.)

Cicero to Atticus, Greeting.—I see there is not a foot of ground in Italy which is not in Cæsar's power. I have no news of Pompey, and I imagine he will be captured unless he has taken to the sea. What marvellous dispatch! While our leader—: but it grieves me to blame him, as I am in an agony of suspense on his account. There is reason for you to fear butchery, not that anything could be less advantageous to secure Cæsar a lasting victory and power; but I see on whose advice he will act. I hope it will be all right; and I think we shall have to yield. As regards the Oppii I have no suggestion to make. Do what you think best. You should speak with Philotimus, and besides you will have Terentia on the 13th. What can I do? In what land or on what sea can I follow a man, when I don't know where he is? After all how can I follow on land, and by sea whither? Shall I then surrender to Cæsar? Suppose I could surrender with safety, as many advise, could I surrender with honor? By no means. I will ask your advice as usual. The problem is insoluble. Still, if anything comes into your head, please write; and let me know what you will do yourself.

The Qualities of Cæsar

(Formiæ, March 1, B.C. 49.)

Cicero to Atticus, Greeting.—Let my secretary's handwriting be proof that I am suffering from inflammation of the eyes, and that is my reason for brevity, though now to be sure I have no news. I depend entirely on news from Brundisium. If Cæsar has come up with our friend Pompey, there is some slight hope of peace: but, if Pompey has crossed the sea, we must look for war and massacre. Do you see the kind of man into whose hands the state has fallen? What foresight, what energy, what readiness! Upon my word, if he refrain from murder and rapine, he will be the darling of those who dreaded him most. The people of the country towns and the farmers talk to me a great deal. They care for nothing at all but their lands, their little homesteads and their tiny hoards. And see how public

opinion has changed. They fear the man they once trusted, and adore the man they once dreaded. It pains me to think of the mistakes and wrongs of ours that are responsible for this reaction. I wrote you what I thought would be our fate, and I now await a letter from you.

Cæsar to Cicero

(On the march, March, B.C. 49.)

Cæsar the Imperator sends greetings to Cicero the Imperator.—Though I have only had a glimpse of our friend Furnius, and have not yet been able conveniently to speak to him or hear what he has to say, being in a hurry and on the march, yet I could not neglect the opportunity of writing to you and sending him to convey my thanks. Be sure I have often thanked you and I expect to have occasion to do so still more often in the future: so great are your services to me. First I beg you, since I trust that I shall quickly reach Rome, to let me see you there, and employ your advice, favor, position and help of all kinds. I will return to what I began with: pardon my haste and the shortness of my letter. All the other information you may get from Furnius.

Cicero to Cæsar

(Formiæ, March 19, B.C. 49.)

Cicero the Imperator to Cæsar the Imperator, Greeting.—On reading your letter, which I got from our friend Furnius, in which you told me to come near Rome, I was not much surprised at your wishing to employ 'my advice and my position;' but I asked myself what you meant by my 'influence' and 'help.' However, my hopes led me to think that a man of your admirable statesmanship would wish to act for the comfort, peace, and agreement of the citizens, and for that purpose I considered my own character and inclination very suitable. If that is the case, and if you are touched by the desire to protect our friend Pompey and reconcile him to yourself and the State, I am sure you will find no one more suited for the purpose than I am. I have always advocated peace both with Pompey and the Senate ever since I have been able to do so, nor since the outbreak of hostilities have I taken any part in the war; I have considered that the war was attacking your rights in that envious and hostile persons were opposing a distinction conferred on you by the grace of the Roman people. But, as at that time I not only upheld your rights but urged others to assist you, so now I am greatly concerned with the rights of Pompey. It is many years since I chose you two men for my special respect, and to be my closest friends, as you are. So I ask you, or rather beseech and entreat you with all urgency, that in spite of all your anxieties you may devote some time to considering how I may be enabled by your kindness to be what decency and gratitude, nay good-feeling, require, in remembering my great debt to Pompey. If this only mattered to myself, I should yet hope to obtain my request; but to my mind it touches your honor and the public weal that I, a friend of peace and of both of you, should be so supported by you that I may be able to work for peace between you and peace amongst our fellow-citizens. I thanked you formerly in the matter of Lentulus, for having saved him, as he had saved me. Yet on reading the letter he has sent me full of thankfulness for your generous kindness, I feel that his safety is my debt as much as his. If you understand my gratitude to him, pray give me the opportunity of showing my gratitude to Pompey too.

A Famous Interview

(Arpinum, March 28, B.C. 49.)

Cicero to Atticus, Greeting.—In both respects I followed your advice. I spoke so as to gain Cæsar's respect rather than his gratitude; and I persisted in my resolve not to go to Rome. We were mistaken in thinking he would be easy to manage. I have never seen anyone less easy. He kept on saying that my decision was a slur on him, and that others would be less likely to come, if I did not come. I pointed out that my case was very unlike theirs. After much talk he said, 'Well, come and discuss peace.' 'On my own terms?' I asked. 'Need I dictate to you?' said he. 'Well,' said I, 'I shall contend that the Senate cannot sanction your invasion of Spain or your going with an army into Greece, and,' I added, 'I shall lament Pompey's fate.' He replied, 'That is not what I want.' 'So I fancied,' said I: 'but I do not

want to be in Rome, because either I must say that and much else, on which I cannot keep silent, if I am present, or else I cannot come.' The upshot was that I was to think over the matter, as Cæsar suggested, with a view to closing our interview. I could not refuse. So we parted. I am confident then he has no liking for me. But I like myself, as I have not for a long time.

For the rest, ye gods, what a following! What *âmes damnées* in your phrase! Celer is an hero to the rest. What an abandoned cause, and what desperate gangs! What can one think of a son of Servius and a son of Titinius being in an army which beset Pompey? Six legions! He is very wide-awake and bold. I see no end to our evil days. Now assuredly you must produce your advice. This was the limit we contemplated.

Cæsar's *finale*, which I had almost forgotten, was hateful:—'If I may not use your advice, I shall use the advice I can and go to any length.' You will say: 'You have seen him to be as you have described him: and did you heave a sigh?' Indeed I did. You ask for the rest of our talk. What more is there to tell? He went straight to Pedum, I to Arpinum. From thence I await the 'twittering swallow' you talk of. You will say you prefer me not to dwell on past mistakes. Even Pompey, our leader, has made many.

But I await a letter from you. There is no room now, as before, for your 'await the event.' The limit we fixed was that interview; and I have no doubt I annoyed Cæsar; so I must act the more quickly. Please send me a letter and deal with *la haute politique*. I await a letter from you now very anxiously.

A Warning

(April 16, on the march.)

Cæsar Imperator to Cicero Imperator, Greeting.—Although I had concluded that you would do nothing rashly or imprudently, nevertheless I have been so stirred by what people say that I thought it best to write to you and ask you in the name of our goodwill to each other not to go anywhere, now that fortune inclines my way, where you did not think it necessary to go before anything was certain. For you will have done a serious injury to our friendship and consulted your own interest very little, if you show that you are not following fortune (for everything that has happened seems most favorable to me and most unfavorable to Pompey), nor yet following the right cause (for the cause was the same then, when you thought fit to hold aloof from it), but that you have condemned some act of mine, the greatest harm you could do me. Do not take such a step, I pray you by the right of our friendship. Finally what better befits a good and peaceful man and a loyal citizen than to keep out of civil disturbance. There are some who approved such a course, but could not follow it because of the danger. But you may examine the evidence of my life and the opinion given by my friendship, you will find no safer or more honorable course than to keep quite clear of the quarrel.

To Terentia (At Rome)

(Brundisium, November 4, 48 B.C.)

You say that you are glad of my safe arrival in Italy. I only hope you may continue to be glad. But I am afraid that, disordered as I was by mental anguish and the signal injuries which I have received, I have taken a step involving complications which I may find some difficulty in unraveling. Wherefore do your best to help me: yet what you can do I cannot think. It is no use your starting on a journey at such a time as this. The way is both long and unsafe; and I don't see what good you can do me if you do come. Good-bye.

Servius Sulpicius Consoles Cicero

(Athens, March, 45 B.C.)

When I received the news of your daughter Tullia's death, I was indeed as much grieved and distressed as I was bound to be, and looked upon it as a calamity in which I shared. For, if I had been at home, I should not have failed to be at your side, and should have made my sorrow plain to you face to face. That kind of consolation involves much distress and pain, because the relations and friends, whose part it is to offer it, are themselves overcome by an equal sorrow. They cannot attempt it without many tears,

so that they seem to require consolation themselves rather than to be able to afford it to others. Still I have decided to set down briefly for your benefit such thoughts as have occurred to my mind, not because I suppose them to be unknown to you, but because your sorrow may perhaps hinder you from being so keenly alive to them.

Why is it that a private grief should agitate you so deeply? Think how fortune has hitherto dealt with us. Reflect that we have had snatched from us what ought to be no less dear to human beings than their children—country, honor, rank, every political distinction. What additional wound to your feelings could be inflicted by this particular loss? Or where is the heart that should not by this time have lost all sensibility and learned to regard everything else as of minor importance? Is it on her account, pray, that you sorrow? How many times have you recurred to the thought—and I have often been struck with the same idea—that in times like these theirs is far from being the worst fate to whom it has been granted to exchange life for a painless death? Now what was there at such an epoch that could greatly tempt her to live? What scope, what hope, what heart's solace? That she might spend her life with some young and distinguished husband? How impossible for a man of your rank to select from the present generation of young men a son-in-law, to whose honor you might think yourself safe in trusting your child! Was it that she might bear children to cheer her with the sight of their vigorous youth? who might by their own character maintain the position handed down to them by their parent, might be expected to stand for the offices in their order, might exercise their freedom in supporting their friends? What single one of these prospects has not been taken away before it was given? But, it will be said, after all it is an evil to lose one's children. Yes, it is: only it is a worse one to endure and submit to the present state of things.

I wish to mention to you a circumstance which gave me no common consolation, on the chance of its also proving capable of diminishing your sorrow. On my voyage from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to survey the localities that were on every side of me. Behind me was Ægina, in front Megara, on my right Piræus, on my left Corinth: towns which at one time were most flourishing, but now lay before my eyes in ruin and decay. I began to reflect to myself thus: 'Hah! do we mannikins feel rebellious if one of us perishes or is killed —we whose life ought to be still shorter— when the corpses of so many towns lie in helpless ruin? Will you please, Servius, restrain yourself and recollect that you are born a mortal man?' Believe me, I was no little strengthened by that reflection. Now take the trouble, if you agree with me, to put this thought before your eyes. Not long ago all those most illustrious men perished at one blow; the empire of the Roman people suffered that huge loss: all the provinces were shaken to their foundations. If *you* have become the poorer by the frail spirit of one poor girl, are you agitated thus violently? If she had not died now, she would yet have had to die a few years hence, for she was mortal born. You, too, withdraw soul and thought from such things, and rather remember those which become the part you have played in life: that she lived as long as life had anything to give her; that her life outlasted that of the Republic; that she lived to see you—her own father—prætor, consul, and augur; that she married young men of the highest rank; that she had enjoyed nearly every possible blessing; that, when the Republic fell, she departed from life. What fault have you or she to find with fortune on this score? In fine, do not forget that you are Cicero, and a man accustomed to instruct and advise others; and do not imitate bad physicians, who in the diseases of others profess to understand the art of healing, but are unable to prescribe for themselves. Rather suggest to yourself and bring home to your own mind the very maxims which you are accustomed to impress upon others. There is no sorrow beyond the power of time at length to diminish and soften: it is a reflection on you that you should wait for this period, and not rather anticipate that result by the aid of your wisdom. But if there is any consciousness still existing in the world below, such was her love for you and her dutiful affection for all her family, that she certainly does not wish you ~~to~~ act as you are acting. Grant this to her—your lost one! Grant it to your friends and comrades who mourn with you in your sorrow! Grant it to your country, that if the need arises she may

have the use of your services and advice.

Finally—since we are reduced by fortune to the necessity of taking precautions on this point also—do not allow anyone to think that you are not mourning so much for your daughter as for the state of public affairs and the victory of others. I am ashamed to say any more to you on this subject, lest I should appear to distrust your wisdom. Therefore, I will only make one suggestion before bringing my letter to an end. We have seen you on many occasions bear good fortune with a noble dignity which greatly enhanced your fame: now is the time for you to convince us that you are able to bear bad fortune equally well, and that it does not appear to you to be a heavier burden than you ought to think it. I would not have this be the only one of all the virtues that you do not possess.

As far as I am concerned, when I learn that your mind is more composed, I will write you an account of what is going on here, and of the condition of the province. Good-bye.

Gaius Trebonius to Cicero on Marcus Junior, Student at Athens

(Athens, May 25, 44 B.C.)

If you are well, I am glad. I arrived at Athens on the 22nd of May, and there, as I was very anxious to do, I saw your son devoting himself to the best kinds of learning, and enjoying an excellent reputation for steadiness. How much pleasure that gave me you can imagine without a word from me: for you are not ignorant of my high esteem for you, and how much our very old friendship and very sincere affection make me rejoice in everything good that happens to you, however small, to say nothing of such a great blessing as this. Do not imagine, my dear Cicero, that I send you this report merely to please you. Nothing could be more popular with everybody at Athens than your young man—indeed I should call him *ours*, for I can have no interest disconnected with yourself. Nor could there be greater devotion than his to the studies which you love above everything, that is, to the most excellent. Accordingly, as I can do with sincerity, I am delighted to congratulate you —and myself quite as much—that we have in him, whom we should be obliged to love in any case, whatever his conduct, one whom we can love with pleasure as well. In the course of conversation he remarked to me that he would like to visit Asia, and was not only invited but pressed by me to do so if possible while I was governing the province. You ought to have no doubt that in affection and love I shall be a father to him in your place. Another thing I shall take care of is that Cratippus accompanies him, that you may not imagine him in Asia as taking a complete holiday from the studies to which he is inspired by your admonitions. For though I see that he is fully prepared, and has already taken a great stride in that direction, I will not omit my exhortations, to induce him to make farther progress every day by learning and keeping himself in practice.

Marcus Junior to Tiro

(Athens, August, 44 B.C.)

After I had been anxiously expecting letter-carriers day after day, at length they arrived forty-six days after they left you. Their arrival was most welcome to me: for while I took the greatest possible pleasure in the letter of the kindest and most beloved of fathers, still your most delightful letter put a finishing stroke to my joy. So I no longer repent of having suspended writing for a time, but am rather rejoiced at it; for I have reaped a great reward in your kindness from my pen having been silent. I am, therefore, exceedingly glad that you have unhesitatingly accepted my excuse. I am sure, dearest Tiro, that the reports about me which reach you answer your best wishes and hopes. I will make them good, and will do my best that this belief in me, which day by day becomes more and more *en évidence*, shall be doubled. Wherefore you may with confidence and assurance fulfil your promise of being the trumpeter of my reputation. For the errors of my youth have caused me so much remorse and suffering, that not only does my heart shrink from what I did, my very ears abhor the mention of it. And of this anguish and sorrow I know and am assured that you have taken your share. And I don't wonder at it! for while you wished me all success for my sake, you did so also for your own; for I have ever meant you to be my partner in all my good fortunes. Since, therefore, you

have suffered sorrow through me, I will now take care that through me your joy shall be doubled. Let me assure you that my very close attachment to Cratippus is that of a son rather than a pupil: for though I enjoy his lectures, I am also specially charmed with his delightful manners. I spend whole days with him, and often part of the night: for I induce him to dine with me as often as possible. This intimacy having been established, he often drops in upon us unexpectedly while we are at dinner, and laying aside the stiff airs of a philosopher joins in our jests with the greatest possible freedom. He is such a man—so delightful, so distinguished—that you should take pains to make his acquaintance at the earliest possible opportunity. I need hardly mention Bruttius, whom I never allow to leave my side. He is a man of a strict and moral life, as well as being the most delightful company. For in him fun is not divorced from literature and the daily philosophical inquiries which we make in common. I have hired a residence next door to him, and as far as I can with my poor pittance I subsidize his narrow means. Furthermore, I have begun practising declamation in Greek with Cassius; in Latin I like having my practice with Bruttius. My intimate friends and daily company are those whom Cratippus brought with him from Mitylene—good scholars, of whom he has the highest opinion. I also see a great deal of Epicrates, the leading man at Athens, and Leonides, and other men of that sort. So now you know how I am getting on.

You remark in your letter on the character of Gorgias. The fact is, I found him very useful in my daily practice of declamation; but I subordinated everything to obeying my father's injunctions, for he had written ordering me to give him up at once. I wouldn't shilly-shally about the business, for fear my making a fuss should cause my father to harbor some suspicion. Moreover, it occurred to me that it would be offensive for me to express an opinion on a decision of my father's. However, your interest and advice are welcome and acceptable. Your apology for lack of time I quite accept; for I know how busy you always are. I am very glad that you have bought an estate, and you have my best wishes for the success of your purchase. Don't be surprised at my congratulations coming in at this point in my letter, for it was at the corresponding point in yours that you told me of your purchase. You are a man of property! You must drop your city manners: you have become a Roman country-gentleman. How clearly I have your dearest face before my eyes at this moment! For I seem to see you buying things for the farm, talking to your bailiff, saving the seeds at dessert in the corner of your cloak. But as to the matter of money, I am as sorry as you that I was not on the spot to help you. But do not doubt, my dear Tiro, of my assisting you in the future, if fortune does but stand by me; especially as I know that this estate has been purchased for our joint advantage. As to my commissions about which you are taking trouble—many thanks! But I beg you to send me a secretary at the earliest opportunity—if possible a Greek; for he will save me a great deal of trouble in copying out notes. Above all, take care of your health, that we may have some literary talk together hereafter. I commend Anteros to you.

BRUTUS

Cicero's Training for Oratory

But as you seem desirous not so much to be acquainted with any incidental marks of my character, or the first sallies of my youth, as to know me thoroughly, I shall mention some particulars, which otherwise might have seemed unnecessary. At this time my body was exceedingly weak and emaciated; my neck long and slender; a shape and habit which I thought to be liable to great risk of life, if engaged in any violent fatigue, or labor of the lungs. And it gave the greater alarm to those who had a regard for me, that I used to speak without any remission or variation, with the utmost stretch of my voice, and a total agitation of my body. When my friends, therefore, and physicians, advised me to meddle no more with forensic causes, I resolved to run any hazard rather than quit the hopes of glory which I had proposed to myself from pleading; but when I considered, that by managing my voice, and changing my way of speaking, I might both avoid all future danger of that kind and speak with greater ease, I took a resolution of traveling into Asia, merely for an

opportunity to correct my manner of speaking; so that after I had been two years at the bar, and acquired some reputation in the forum, I left Rome. When I came to Athens, I spent six months with Antiochus, the principal and most judicious philosopher of the old Academy; and under this able master, I renewed those philosophical studies which I had laboriously cultivated and improved from my earliest youth. At the same time, however, I continued my *rhetorical exercises* under Demetrius the Syrian, an experienced and reputable master of the art of speaking. After leaving Athens, I traversed every part of Asia, where I was voluntarily attended by the principal orators of the country, with whom I renewed my rhetorical exercises. The chief of them was Menippus of Stratonica, the most eloquent of all the Asiatics; and if to be neither tedious nor impertinent is the characteristic of an Attic orator, he may be justly ranked in that class. Dionysius also of Magnesia, Æschylus of Cnidos, and Xenocles of Adramyttium, who were esteemed the first rhetoricians of Asia, were continually with me. Not contented with these, I went to Rhodes, and applied myself again to Molo, whom I had heard before at Rome; and who was both an experienced pleader and a fine writer, and particularly judicious in remarking the faults of his scholars, as well as in his method of teaching and improving them. His principal trouble with me was to restrain the luxuriancy of a juvenile imagination, always ready to overflow its banks, within its due and proper channel. Thus, after an excursion of two years, I returned to Italy, not only much improved, but almost changed into a new man. The vehemence of my voice and action was considerably abated; the excessive ardor of my language was corrected; my lungs were strengthened; and my whole constitution confirmed and settled.

—J. S. Watson.

ON THE ORATOR

But the chief point of all is that which (to say the truth) we hardly ever practice (for it requires great labor, which most of us avoid); I mean, to write as much as possible. *Writing* is said to be *the best and most excellent modeler and teacher of oratory;* and not without reason; for if what is meditated and considered easily surpasses sudden and extemporary speech, a constant and diligent habit of writing will surely be of more effect than meditation and consideration itself; since all the arguments relating to the subject on which we write, whether they are suggested by art, or by a certain power of genius and understanding, will present themselves, and occur to us, while we examine and contemplate it in the full light of our intellect; and all the thoughts and words, which are the most expressive of their kind, must of necessity come under and submit to the keenness of our judgment while writing; and a fair arrangement and collocation of the words is effected by writing, in a certain rhythm and measure, not poetical, but oratorical. Such are the qualities which bring applause and admiration to good orators; nor will any man ever attain them, unless after long and great practice in writing, however resolutely he may have exercised himself in extemporary speeches; and he who comes to speak after practice in writing, brings this advantage with him, that though he speak at the call of the moment, yet what he says will bear a resemblance to something written; and if ever, when he comes to speak, he brings anything with him in writing, the rest of his speech, when he departs from what is written, will flow on in a similar strain. As, when a boat has once been impelled forward, though the rowers suspend their efforts, the vessel herself still keeps her motion and course during the intermission of the impulse and force of the oars; so, in a continued stream of oratory, when written matter fails, the rest of the speech maintains a similar flow, being impelled by the resemblance and force acquired from what was written.

But in my daily exercises I used, when a youth, to adopt chiefly that method which I knew that Caius Carbo, my adversary, generally practised; which was, that, having selected some nervous piece of poetry, or read over such a portion of a speech as I could retain in my memory, I used to declaim upon what I had been reading in other words, chosen with all the judgment that I possessed. But at length I perceived that in that method there was this inconvenience, that Ennius, if I exercised myself on his verses, or Gracchus, if I laid one of his orations before me, had

forestalled such words as were peculiarly appropriate to the subject, and such as were the most elegant and altogether the best; so that, if I used the same words, it profited nothing; if others, it was prejudicial to me, as I habituated myself to use such as were less eligible. Afterwards I thought proper, and continued the practice at a rather more advanced age, to translate the orations of the best Greek orators; by fixing upon which I gained this advantage, that while I rendered into Latin what I had read in Greek, I not only used the best words, and yet such as were of common occurrence, but also formed some words by imitation, which would be new to our countrymen, taking care, however, that they were unobjectionable.

As to the exertion and exercise of the voice, of the breath, of the whole body, and of the tongue itself, they do not so much require art as labor; but in those matters we ought to be particularly careful whom we imitate and whom we would wish to resemble. Not only orators are to be observed by us, but even actors, lest by vicious habits we contract any awkwardness or ungracefulness. The memory is also to be exercised, by learning accurately by heart as many of our own writings, and those of others, as we can. In exercising the memory, too, I shall not object if you accustom yourself to adopt that plan of referring to places and figures which is taught in treatises on the art. Your language must then be brought forth from this domestic and retired exercise, into the midst of the field, into the dust and clamor, into the camp and military array of the forum; you must acquire practice in everything; you must try the strength of your understanding; and your retired lucubrations must be exposed to the light of reality. The poets must also be studied; an acquaintance must be formed with history; the writers and teachers in all the liberal arts and sciences must be read, and turned over, and must, for the sake of exercise, be praised, interpreted, corrected, censured, refuted; you must dispute on both sides of every question; and whatever may seem maintainable on any point, must be brought forward and illustrated. The civil law must be thoroughly studied; laws in general must be understood; all antiquity must be known; the usages of the senate, the nature of our government, the rights of our allies, our treaties and conventions, and whatever concerns the interests of the state, must be learned. A certain intellectual grace must also be extracted from every kind of refinement, with which, as with salt, every oration must be seasoned. I have poured forth to you all I had to say, and perhaps any citizen whom you had laid hold of in any company whatever would have replied to your inquiries on these subjects equally well.

—J. S. Watson.

DE OFFICIIS

Preface

My dear son Marcus, you have now been studying a full year under Cratippus, and that too in Athens, and you should be fully equipped with the practical precepts and the principles of philosophy; so much at least one might expect from the preëminence not only of your teacher but also of the city; the former is able to enrich you with learning, the latter to supply you with models. Nevertheless, just as I for my own improvement have always combined Greek and Latin studies—and I have done this not only in the study of philosophy but also in the practice of oratory—so I recommend that you should do the same, so that you may have equal command of both languages. And it is in this very direction that I have, if I mistake not, rendered a great service to our countrymen, so that not only those who are unacquainted with Greek literature but even the cultured consider that they have gained much both in oratorical power and in mental training.

You will, therefore, learn from the foremost of present-day philosophers, and you will go on learning as long as you wish; and your wish ought to continue as long as you are not dissatisfied with the progress you are making. For all that, if you will read my philosophical books, you will be helped; my philosophy is not very different from that of the Peripatetics (for both they and I claim to be followers of Socrates and Plato). As to the conclusions you may reach, I leave that to your own judgment (for I would put no hindrance in your way), but by reading my philosophical writings you will be sure to render your mastery of the Latin language

more complete. But I would by no means have you think that this is said boastfully. For there are many to whom I yield precedence in knowledge of philosophy; but if I lay claim to the orator's peculiar ability to speak with propriety, clearness, elegance, I think my claim is in a measure justified, for I have spent my life in that profession.

Propriety and Decency

Since, too, the duties that properly belong to different times of life are not the same, but some belong to the young, others to those more advanced in years, a word must be said on this distinction also.

It is, then, the duty of a young man to show deference to his elders and to attach himself to the best and most approved of them, so as to receive the benefit of their counsel and influence. For the inexperience of youth requires the practical wisdom of age to strengthen and direct it. And this time of life is above all to be protected against sensuality and trained to toil and endurance of both mind and body, so as to be strong for active duty in military and civil service. And even when they wish to relax their minds and give themselves up to enjoyment they should beware of excesses and bear in mind the rules of modesty. And this will be easier, if the young are not unwilling to have their elders join them even in their pleasures.

The old, on the other hand, should, it seems, have their physical labors reduced; their mental activities should be actually increased. They should endeavor, too, by means of their counsel and practical wisdom to be of as much service as possible to their friends and to the young, and above all to the state. But there is nothing against which old age has to be more on its guard than against surrendering to feebleness and idleness, while luxury, a vice in any time of life, is in old age especially scandalous. But if excess in sensual indulgence is added to luxurious living, it is a twofold evil; for old age not only disgraces itself; it also serves to make the excesses of the young more shameless.

At this point it is not at all irrelevant to discuss the duties of magistrates, of private individuals, and of foreigners.

It is, then, peculiarly the place of a magistrate to bear in mind that he represents the state and that it is his duty to uphold its honor and its dignity, to enforce the law, to dispense to all their constitutional rights, and to remember that all this has been committed to him as a sacred trust.

The private individual ought first, in private relations, to live on fair and equal terms with his fellow-citizens, with a spirit neither servile and groveling nor yet domineering; and second, in matters pertaining to the state, to labor for her peace and honor; for such a man we are accustomed to esteem and call a good citizen.

As for the foreigner or the resident alien, it is his duty to attend strictly to his own concerns, not to pry into other people's business, and under no condition to meddle in the politics of a country not his own.

In this way I think we shall have a fairly clear view of our duties when the question arises what is proper and what is appropriate to each character, circumstance, and age. But there is nothing so essentially proper as to maintain consistency in the performance of every act and in the conception of every plan.

But the propriety to which I refer shows itself also in every deed, in every word, even in every movement and attitude of the body. And in outward, visible propriety there are three elements—beauty, tact, and taste; these conceptions are difficult to express in words, but it will be enough for my purpose if they are understood. In these three elements is included also our concern for the good opinion of those with whom and amongst whom we live. For these reasons I should like to say a few words about this kind of propriety also.

First of all, nature seems to have had a wonderful plan in the construction of our bodies. Our face and our figure generally, in so far as it has a comely appearance, she has placed in sight; but the parts of the body that are given us only to serve the needs of nature and that would present an unsightly and unpleasant appearance she has covered up and concealed from view. Man's modesty has followed this careful contrivance of nature's; all right-minded people keep out of sight what nature has hidden and take pains to respond to nature's demands as privately as possible; and in the case of those parts of the body which only serve nature's needs, neither

the parts nor the functions are called by their real names. To perform these functions—if only it be done in private—is nothing immoral; but to speak of them is indecent. And so neither public performance of those acts nor vulgar mention of them is free from indecency.

But we should give no heed to the Cynics (or to some Stoics who are practically Cynics) who censure and ridicule us for holding that the mere mention of some actions that are not immoral is shameful, while other things that are immoral we call by their real names. Robbery, fraud, and adultery, for example, are immoral indeed, but it is not indecent to name them. To beget children in wedlock is indeed morally right; to speak of it is indecent. And they assail modesty with a great many other arguments to the same purport. But as for us, let us follow nature and shun everything that is offensive to our eyes or our ears. So, in standing or walking, in sitting or reclining, in our expression, our eyes, or the movements of our hands, let us preserve what we have called 'propriety.'

In these matters we must avoid especially the two extremes: our conduct and speech should not be effeminate and overnice, on the one hand, nor coarse and boorish, on the other. And we surely must not admit that while this rule applies to actors and orators, it is not binding upon us. As for stage-people, their custom, because of its traditional discipline, carries modesty to such a point that an actor would never step out upon the stage without a breech-cloth on, for fear he might make an improper exhibition, if by some accident certain parts of his person should happen to become exposed. And in our own custom, grown sons do not bathe with their fathers, nor sons-in-law with their fathers-in-law. We must, therefore, keep to the path of this sort of modesty, especially when nature is our teacher and guide.

Conversation

Conversation, then, in which the Socratics are the best models, should have these qualities. It should be easy and not in the least dogmatic; it should have the spice of wit. And the one who engages in conversation should not debar others from participating in it, as if he were entering upon a private monopoly; but, as in other things, so in a general conversation he should think it not unfair for each to have his turn. He should observe, first and foremost, what the subject of conversation is. If it is grave, he should treat it with seriousness; if humorous, with wit. And above all, he should be on the watch that his conversation shall not betray some defect in his character. This is most likely to occur, when people in jest or in earnest take delight in making malicious and slanderous statements about the absent, on purpose to injure their reputations.

The subjects of conversation are usually affairs of the home or politics or the practice of the professions and learning. Accordingly, if the talk begins to drift off to other channels, pains should be taken to bring it back again to the matter in hand—but with due consideration to the company present; for we are not all interested in the same things at all times or in the same degree. We must observe, too, how far the conversation is agreeable and, as it had a reason for its beginning, so there should be a point at which to close it tactfully.

But as we have a most excellent rule for every phase of life, to avoid exhibitions of passion, that is, mental excitement that is excessive and uncontrolled by reason; so our conversation ought to be free from such emotions: let there be no exhibition of anger or inordinate desire, of indolence or indifference, or anything of the kind. We must also take the greatest care to show courtesy and consideration toward those with whom we converse.

Virtues of Self-command

We have still left our fourth division, comprising propriety, moderation, temperance, self-restraint, self-control.

Can anything be expedient, then, which is contrary to such a chorus of virtues? And yet the Cyrenaics, adherents of the school of Aristippus, and the philosophers who bear the name of Anniceris find all good to consist in pleasure and consider virtue praiseworthy only because it is productive of pleasure. Now that these schools are out of date, Epicurus has come into vogue—an advocate and supporter of practically the same doctrine. Against

such a philosophy we must fight it out 'with horse and foot,' as the saying is, if our purpose is to defend and maintain our standard of moral rectitude.

For if, as we find it in the writings of Metrodorus, not only expediency but happiness in life depends wholly upon a sound physical constitution and the reasonable expectation that it will always remain sound, then that expediency—and what is more, the highest expediency, as they estimate it—will assuredly clash with moral rectitude. For, first of all, what position will wisdom occupy in that system? The position of collector of pleasures from every possible source? What a sorry state of servitude for a virtue—to be pandering to sensual pleasure! And what will be the function of wisdom? To make skilful choice between sensual pleasures? Granted that there may be nothing more pleasant, what can be conceived more degrading for wisdom than such a rôle?

Then again, if anyone hold that pain is the supreme evil, what place in his philosophy has fortitude, which is but indifference to toil and pain? For however many passages there are in which Epicurus speaks right manfully of pain, we must nevertheless consider not what he says, but what is consistent for a man to say who has defined the good in terms of pleasure and evil in terms of pain.

And further, if I should listen to him, I should find that in many passages he has a great deal to say about temperance and self-control; but 'the water will not run,' as they say. For how can he command self-control and yet posit pleasure as the supreme good? For self-control is the foe of the passions, and the passions are the handmaids of pleasure.

And yet when it comes to these three cardinal virtues, those philosophers shift and turn as best they can, and not without cleverness. They admit wisdom into their system as the knowledge that provides pleasures and banishes pain; they clear the way for fortitude also in some way to fit in with their doctrines, when they teach that it is a rational means for looking with indifference upon death and for enduring pain. They bring even temperance in—not very easily, to be sure, but still as best they can; for they hold that the height of pleasure is found in the absence of pain. Justice totters or rather, I should say, lies already prostrate; so also with all those virtues which are discernible in social life and the fellowship of human society. For neither goodness nor generosity nor courtesy can exist, any more than friendship can, if they are not sought of and for themselves, but are cultivated only for the sake of sensual pleasure or personal advantage.

Let us now recapitulate briefly.

As I have shown that such expediency as is opposed to moral rectitude is no expediency, so I maintain that any and all sensual pleasure is opposed to moral rectitude. And therefore Calliphon and Dinomachus, in my judgment, deserve the greater condemnation; they imagined that they should settle the controversy by coupling pleasure with moral rectitude; as well yoke a man with a beast! But moral rectitude does not accept such a union; she abhors it, spurns it. Why, the supreme good, which ought to be simple, cannot be a compound and mixture of absolutely contradictory qualities. But this theory I have discussed more fully in another connection; for the subject is a large one. Now for the matter before us.

We have, then, fully discussed the problem how a question is to be decided, if ever that which seems to be expediency clashes with moral rectitude. But if, on the other hand, the assertion is made that pleasure admits of a show of expediency also, there can still be no possible union between it and moral rectitude. For, to make the most generous admission we can in favor of pleasure, we will grant that it may contribute something that possibly gives some spice to life, but certainly nothing that is really expedient.

Herewith, my son Marcus, you have a present from your father—a generous one, in my humble opinion, but its value will depend upon the spirit in which you receive it. And yet you must welcome these three books as fellow-guests, so to speak, along with your notes on Cratippus's lectures. But as you would sometimes give ear to me also, if I had come to Athens (and I should be there now, if my country had not called me back with accents unmistakable, when I was half-way there), so you will please devote as much time as you can to these volumes, for in them my voice will travel to you; and you can devote to them as much time as you will. And when I see that you take delight in this branch of philosophy, I shall then talk further with

you—at an early date, I hope, face to face—but as long as you are abroad, I shall converse with you thus at a distance.

Farewell, my dear Cicero, and be assured that, while you are the object of my deepest affection, you will be dearer to me still, if you find pleasure in such counsel and instruction.

—Walter Miller, in Loeb Library.

ON FRIENDSHIP

For friendship is nothing else than agreement in thought and feeling on all things, divine and human, accompanied by good will and affection; and I think that perhaps, with the exception of wisdom, no better gift has come from the immortal gods to mankind. Some set riches first, others good health, others power, others preferment in office, and many even pleasure. But, really, this last belongs to beasts, and the former, too, are subject to failure and uncertain, and grounded not so much in our counsels as in the chance of fortune; while those who look to virtue for the highest good, do admirably indeed, but this very virtue both begets friendship and keeps it, and without virtue friendship can in no wise exist.

Now let us interpret friendship from our ordinary habit of life and speech, and not, like certain of the erudite, measure it by pompous words. Let us number among good men those so regarded, men like Paullus, Cato, Galus, Scipio, Philus. Ordinary life is content with these. On the other hand, let us take no account of those nowhere to be found. Well, between men of this kind friendship is attended by blessings so great that I can hardly express them.

In the first place, how can there be a 'living life,' as Ennius says, which does not repose in the mutual good will of a friend? What is sweeter than to have some one with whom you feel at liberty to discuss everything as with yourself? How would there be so great enjoyment in your prosperity if you had not some one to delight in it equally with yourself? and, really, to support ill fortune would be difficult without one who bore it with greater grief than even yourself. And, finally, all other things which men pursue are useful each for its individual purpose: riches, to use; power, to bring deference; preferment, to bring you praise; pleasures, to enjoy; good health, to keep you free from pain and in proper function of body—but friendship comprises a great many uses. Wherever you turn it is at hand, it is excluded from no place, it is never untimely, never an annoyance; so true is it, that we do not use water or fire, as the saying goes, on more occasions than friendship. And I am not speaking now of the common or the mediocre sort, which nevertheless both profits and delights, but about true and perfect friendship, such as was that of the few who have come to be named among men. For friendship both makes success more splendid, and makes failure, by dividing and sharing it, a lighter burden.

And while friendship brings with it a great many very great advantages, it also beyond a doubt excels all in this, that it sheds the light of a good hope over the future, and does not allow our spirits to weaken or fall. He who looks upon the face of a true friend looks, so to speak, upon a sort of exemplar of himself; so that the absent are present, and the needy have abundance, and the weak are strong, and, what is a harder saying, the dead live—so great is the honor, the remembrance, and the affection of friends that follows them; so that as a consequence the death of the departed seems blessed, the life of their friends praiseworthy. But if you should remove from nature the uniting power of good will, no house and no city would be able to stand, and not even the tillage of the fields would continue.

If it is not entirely clear how great is the might of friendship and harmony, it may be realized from dissension and discord; for what house is so stable, what state so solid, that it may not by hatred and disunion be overthrown to its foundation? From this it can be judged how much good there is in friendship. Indeed, they say that a certain philosopher of Agrigentum taught in Greek verses that all things in nature and the whole world which cohere, and all things which are subject to movement, are drawn together by friendship and dispersed by discord, and this, to be sure, all mankind both understand and in their actions prove. . . .

It is virtue, virtue, I say, Gaius Fannius, and you, Quintus Mucius, that draws us together in friendship and keeps us, for in it lies harmony, in it stability, in it con-

sistency. When friendship has arisen, and displayed her light, and likewise beheld and recognized the light in another, she draws near, and in her turn receives that which is in the other, so that there is a kindling, whether of love or of friendship —for both words are derived from 'loving.' To love, too, is nothing else than to cherish him whom you love, prompted by no need, and seeking no advantage; yet this very thing flowers out of friendship even though you may not have made it your first object. . . . And, since the plan of our life and nature is so constituted that another generation is ever rising, it is surely to be desired earnestly that we cross the chalk-line, as they say, with those of our own years, with whom, so to speak, we were started in the race; but, since human existence is frail and fleeting, we must always feel out for some one to love and be loved by, for with affection and kindly feeling removed all joy is taken from life.

To take my own case, I assure you that for me Scipio, though suddenly snatched away, still lives, and always will live, for it was virtue in the man which I loved, and that is not extinguished; and not to my eyes alone is it ever present, mine, who had it ever to enjoy, but to posterity also it will be bright and renowned, for no one will ever undertake large things either in spirit or in hope who will not think that he must set before him the memory and the image of that man. For my part, out of all the blessings bestowed upon me by either fortune or nature, there is nothing I can compare with the friendship of Scipio. In it I had sympathy in public undertakings, in it counsel for my private affairs, and in it, too, a repose that was full of delight. Never in even the slightest matter did I offend him, so far as I could perceive, I heard no single word from him that I was not willing to hear, our home was in common, our living was the same and likewise in common, and in common were not only our army service but even our sojourns abroad and in the country. For what need I say about our eagerness always to be knowing and learning; in which, remote from the eyes of the people, we consumed all our leisure time?

If the recollection and the memory of these things had perished at the same time with him, I could in no wise endure the separation from that most intimate and affectionate man. But these things are not extinct; rather, they are nourished and made greater by my thoughts as I remember, and if I had been entirely bereft of them, my time of life would nevertheless bring me great consolation. For I cannot now be long separated from him; and, besides, all things of brief duration, even if of great moment, ought to be tolerable.

This is what I had to say on friendship. As for you, I exhort you to give such a place to virtue, without which friendship cannot be, that, with this exception, you consider nothing more excellent than friendship.

—Grant Showerman.

THE SECOND PHILIPPIC

To what destiny of mine, O conscript fathers, shall I say that it is owing, that none for the last twenty years has been an enemy to the republic without at the same time declaring war against me? Nor is there any necessity for naming any particular person; you yourselves recollect instances in proof of my statement. They have all hitherto suffered severer punishments than I could have wished for them; but I marvel that you, O Antonius, do not fear the end of those men whose conduct you are imitating. And in others I was less surprised at this. None of those men of former times was a voluntary enemy to me; all of them were attacked by me for the sake of the republic. But you, who have never been injured by me, not even by a word, in order to appear more audacious than Catiline, more frantic than Clodius, have of your own accord attacked me with abuse, and have considered that your alienation from me would be a recommendation of you to impious citizens.

The name of peace is sweet, the thing itself is most salutary. But between peace and slavery there is a wide difference. Peace is liberty in tranquillity; slavery is the worst of all evils,—to be repelled, if need be, not only by war, but even by death. But if those deliverers of ours have taken themselves away out of our sight, still they have left behind the example of their conduct. They have done what no one else had done. Brutus pursued Tarquinius with war; who was a king when it was lawful for a king to exist in Rome. Spurius Cassius, Spurius Mælius, and Marcus Manlius were all slain because

they were suspected of aiming at regal power. These are the first men who have ever ventured to attack, sword in hand, a man who was not aiming at regal power, but actually reigning. And their action is not only of itself a glorious and godlike exploit, but it is also one put forth for our imitation; especially since by it they have acquired such glory as appears hardly to be bounded by heaven itself. For although in the very consciousness of a glorious action there is a certain reward, still I do not consider immortality of glory a thing to be despised by one who is himself mortal.

Recollect then, O Marcus Antonius, that day on which you abolished the dictatorship. Set before you the joy of the senate and people of Rome; compare it with this infamous market held by you and by your friends; and then you will understand how great is the difference between praise and profit. But in truth, just as some people, through some disease which has blunted the senses, have no conception of the niceness of food, so men who are lustful, avaricious, and criminal, have no taste for true glory. But if praise cannot allure you to act rightly, still cannot even fear turn you away from the most shameful actions? You are not afraid of the courts of justice. If it is because you are innocent, I praise you; if because you trust in your power of overbearing them by violence, are you ignorant of what that man has to fear, who on such an account as that does not fear the courts of justice?

But if you are not afraid of brave men and illustrious citizens, because they are prevented from attacking you by your armed retinue, still, believe me, your own fellows will not long endure you. And what a life is it, day and night to be fearing danger from one's own people! Unless, indeed, you have men who are bound to you by greater kindnesses than some of those men by whom he was slain were bound to Cæsar; or unless there are points in which you can be compared with him.

In that man were combined genius, method, memory, literature, prudence, deliberation, and industry. He had performed exploits in war which, though calamitous for the republic, were nevertheless mighty deeds. Having for many years aimed at being a king, he had with great labor, and much personal danger, accomplished what he intended. He had conciliated the ignorant multitude by presents, by monuments, by largesses of food, and by banquets; he had bound his own party to him by rewards, his adversaries by the appearances of clemency. Why need I say much on such a subject? He had already brought a free city, partly by fear, partly by patience, into a habit of slavery.

With him I can, indeed, compare you as to your desire to reign; but in all other respects you are in no degree to be compared to him. But from the many evils which by him have been burnt into the republic, there is still this good, that the Roman people has now learnt how much to believe every one, to whom to trust itself, and against whom to guard. Do you never think on these things? And do you not understand that it is enough for brave men to have learnt how noble a thing it is as to the act, how grateful it is as to the benefit done, how glorious as to the fame acquired, to slay a tyrant? When men could not bear him, do you think they will bear you? Believe me, the time will come when men will race with one another to do this deed, and when no one will wait for the tardy arrival of an opportunity.

Consider, I beg you, Marcus Antonius, do some time or other consider the republic: think of the family of which you are born, not of the men with whom you are living. Be reconciled to the republic. However, do you decide on your conduct. As to mine, I myself will declare what that shall be. I defended the republic as a young man, I will not abandon it now that I am old. I scorned the sword of Catiline, I will not quail before yours. May the indignation of the Roman people at last bring forth what it has been so long laboring with. In truth, if twenty years ago in this very temple I asserted that death could not come prematurely upon a man of consular rank, with how much more truth must I now say the same of an old man? To me, indeed, O conscript fathers, death is now even desirable, after all the honors which I have gained, and the deeds which I have done. I only pray for these two things: one, that dying I may leave the Roman people free. No greater boon than this can be granted me by the immortal gods. The other, that every one may meet with a fate suitable to his deserts and conduct towards the republic.

—C. D. Yonge.

LUCRETIUS (95–55 B.C.)

Cicero's attitude toward religion as a part of society and the state was one of acquiescence. Personally, his religion was philosophic rather than popular, and he probably conformed to ordinary cult practice without concerning himself as to belief. Titus Lucretius Carus, whose work Cicero edited, was of another type. He wrote the six books of *De Rerum Natura*, which might be interpreted as *The World and Man*, with the purpose of setting forth to his times the Epicurean theory of creation and man's relation to it, and of liberating mankind from the obsessions of religion. His work is consequently a mingling of the scientific and the philosophical, but it is so permeated as a whole by deep feeling for nature, sympathy for men, and the emotion of high purpose that it is rightly famed as poetry rather than either philosophy or science.

The science of Lucretius, which is after all more surprising for fundamental truths than for the amusing falsities with which they are entangled, is the atomic theory of Democritus the Greek, who lived four hundred years before him. The infinite variety of the universe is composed of matter only; the beginning and the end of every existing object and phenomenon find their causes in the association and the dissipation of material particles called atoms; the variations of nature and man, of matter and the senses, of the physical and the spiritual, being due to variety in atomic form, combination, and movement. The end of man, therefore, as of all else that exists, is the dissociation of the atoms which form him, body and soul. There is no future life, and there should be no fear of death. Man has risen by evolution from primordial nature to savagery, and from savagery to civilization, and will continue his ascent until he reaches full measure of perfection. The gods exist, but without intervention in human affairs, and without concern for them. The belief that they are concerned has been the source of nothing but unhappiness to mankind.

Lucretius appeals to the intelligence because he asks and attempts to answer questions that thoughtful men have always asked and always will ask. He appeals to the emotions because he feels deeply the tragedy of the common lot, with its hardships, struggles, and fears, its vain affections and hopes, its pathetic separations, and its final hopeless descent into nothingness. He appeals to lovers of poetry because of these, and because of his fresh depictions of charming terrestrial nature and his splendid stagings of the stupendous drama of creation in the infinite spaces of the cosmos.

Lucretius died at forty and insane, made mad, it was said, by a love potion from the hands of his wife. Tennyson's *Lucretius* is a stimulating amplification of the story which also presents the main lines of Lucretian thought.

Mr. William Ellery Leonard's translation reproduces the archaic and austere quality of Lucretian diction, the ruggedness of the verse, and the solemnity of the poet's feeling. It is here used in part by permission of the publishers, J. M. Dent and Sons.

OF THE NATURE OF THINGS

INVOCATION

Mother of Rome, delight of Gods and men,
Dear Venus that beneath the gliding stars
Makest to teem the many-voyagèd main
And fruitful lands—for all of living things
Through thee alone are evermore conceived,
Through thee are risen to visit the great sun—
Before thee, Goddess, and thy coming on,
Flee stormy wind and massy cloud away,
For thee the dædal Earth bears scented flowers,
For thee the waters of the unvexèd deep
Smile, and the hollows of the sérene sky
Glow with diffusèd radiance for thee!
For soon as comes the springtime face of day,
And procreant gales blow from the West unbarred,
First fowls of air, smit to the heart by thee,
Foretoken thy approach, O thou Divine,
And leap the wild herds round the happy fields
Or swim the bounding torrents. Thus amain,

Seized with the spell, all creatures follow thee
Whithersoever thou walkest forth to lead,
And thence through seas and mountains and swift streams,
Through leafy homes of birds and greening plains,
Kindling the lure of love in every breast,
Thou bringest the eternal generations forth,
Kind after kind. And since 'tis thou alone
Guidest the Cosmos, and without thee naught
Is risen to reach the shining shores of light,
Nor aught of joyful or of lovely born,
Thee do I crave co-partner in that verse
Which I presume on Nature to compose
For Memmius mine, whom thou hast willed to be
Peerless in every grace at every hour—
Wherefore indeed, Divine one, give my words
Immortal charm.

THE GUILT OF RELIGION

I fear perhaps thou deemest that we fare
An impious road to realms of thought profane;
But 'tis that same religion oftener far
Hath bred the foul impieties of men:
As once at Aulis, the elected chiefs,
Foremost of heroes, Danaan counsellors,
Defiled Diana's altar, virgin queen,
With Agamemnon's daughter, foully slain.
She felt the chaplet round her maiden locks
And fillets, fluttering down on either cheek,
And at the altar marked her grieving sire,
The priests beside him who concealed the knife,
And all the folk in tears at sight of her.
With a dumb terror and a sinking knee
She dropped; nor might avail her now that first
'Twas she who gave the king a father's name.
They raised her up, they bore the trembling girl
On to the altar—hither led not now
With solemn rites and hymeneal choir,
But sinless woman, sinfully foredone,
A parent felled her on her bridal day,
Making his child a sacrificial beast
To give the ships auspicious winds for Troy:
Such are the crimes to which religion leads.

KNOWLEDGE WILL DRIVE OUT FEAR

'Tis sweet, when, down the mighty main, the winds
Roll up its waste of waters, from the land
To watch another's laboring anguish far,
Not that we joyously delight that man
Should thus be smitten, but because 'tis sweet
To mark what evils we ourselves be spared;
'Tis sweet, again, to view the mighty strife
Of armies embattled yonder o'er the plains,
Ourselves no sharers in the peril; but naught
There is more goodly than to hold the high
Serene plateaus, well fortressed by the wise,
Whence thou may'st look below on other men
And see them ev'rywhere wand'ring, all dispersed
In their lone seeking for the road of life;
Rivals in genius, or emulous in rank,
Pressing through days and nights with hugest toil
For summits of power and mastery of the world.
O wretched minds of men! O blinded hearts!
In how great perils, in what darks of life
Are spent the human years, however brief!—
O not to see that nature for herself
Barks after nothing, save that pain keep off,
Disjoined from the body, and that mind enjoy
Delightsome feeling, far from care and fear!
Therefore we see that our corporeal life
Needs little, altogether, and only such
As takes the pain away, and can besides
Strew underneath some number of delights.
More grateful 'tis at times (for nature craves
No artifice nor luxury), if forsooth
There be no golden images of boys
Along the halls, with right hands holding out
The lamps ablaze, the lights for evening feasts,
And if the house doth glitter not with gold
Nor gleam with silver, and to the lyre resound
No fretted and gilded ceilings overhead,
Yet still to lounge with friends in the soft grass
Beside a river of water, underneath
A big tree's boughs, and merrily to refresh
Our frames, with no vast outlay—most of all
If the weather is laughing and the times of the year
Besprinkle the green of the grass around with flowers.
Nor yet the quicker will hot fevers go,
If on a pictured tapestry thou toss,
Or purple robe, than if 'tis thine to lie
Upon the poor man's bedding. Wherefore, since
Treasure, nor rank, nor glory of a reign

Avail us naught for this our body, thus
Reckon them likewise nothing for the mind:
Save then perchance, when thou beholdest forth
Thy legions swarming round the Field of Mars,
Rousing a mimic warfare—either side
Strengthened with large auxiliaries and horse,
Alike equipped with arms, alike inspired;
Or save when also thou beholdest forth
Thy fleets to swarm, deploying down the sea:
For then, by such bright circumstance abashed,
Religion pales and flees thy mind; O then
The fears of death leave heart so free of care.
But if we note how all this pomp at last
Is but a drollery and a mocking sport,
And of a truth man's dread, with cares at heels,
Dreads not these sounds of arms, these savage swords,
But among kings and lords of all the world
Mingles undaunted, nor is overawed
By gleam of gold nor by the splendor bright
Of purple robe, canst thou then doubt that this
Is aught, but power of thinking?—when, besides
The whole of life but labors in the dark.
For just as children tremble and fear all
In the viewless dark, so even we at times
Dread in the light so many things that be
No whit more fearsome than what children feign,
Shuddering, will be upon them in the dark.
This terror then, this darkness of the mind,
Not sunrise with its flaring spokes of light,
Nor glittering arrows of morning can disperse,
But only nature's aspect and her law.

THE SWERVE OF THE ATOMS

In these affairs
We wish thee also well aware of this:
The atoms, as their own weight bears them down
Plumb through the void, at scarce determined times,
In scarce determined places, from their course
Decline a little—call it, so to speak,
Mere changèd trend. For were it not their wont
Thuswise to swerve, down would they fall, each one,
Like drops of rain, through the unbottomed void;
And then collisions ne'er could be nor blows
Among the primal elements; and thus
Nature would never have created aught.
But, if perchance be any that believe
The heavier bodies, as more swiftly borne
Plumb down the void, are able from above
To strike the lighter, thus engendering blows
Able to cause those procreant motions, far
From highways of true reason they retire.
For whatsoever through the waters fall,
Or through thin air, must quicken their descent,
Each after its weight—on this account, because
Both bulk of water and the subtle air
By no means can retard each thing alike
But give more quick before the heavier weight;
But contrariwise the empty void cannot,
On any side, at any time, to aught
Oppose resistance, but will ever yield,
True to its bent of nature. Wherefore all,
With equal speed, though equal not in weight,
Must rush, borne downward through the still inane.
Thus ne'er at all have heavier from above
Been swift to strike the lighter, gendering strokes
Which cause those divers motions, by whose means
Nature transacts her work. And so I say,
The atoms must a little swerve at times—
But only the least, lest we should seem to feign
Motions oblique, and fact refute us there.

THE SOUL IS MORTAL

Now come: that thou mayst able be to know
That minds and the light souls of all that live
Have mortal birth and death, I will go on
Verses to build meet for thy rule of life,
Sought after long, discovered with sweet toil.
But under one name I'd have thee yoke them both;
And when, for instance, I shall speak of soul,
Teaching the same to be but mortal, think
Thereby I'm speaking also of the mind—
Since both are one, a substance inter-joined.
First, then, since I have taught how soul exists

A subtle fabric, of particles minute,
Made up from atoms smaller much than those
Of water's liquid damp, or fog, or smoke,
So in mobility it far excels,
More prone to move, though strook by lighter cause,
Even moved by images of smoke or fog—
As where we view, when in our sleeps we're lulled,
The altars exhaling steam and smoke aloft—
For, beyond doubt, these apparitions come
To us from outward. Now, then, since thou seest,
Their liquids depart, their waters flow away,
When jars are shivered, and since fog and smoke
Depart into the winds away, believe
The soul no less is shed abroad and dies
More quickly far, more quickly is dissolved
Back to its primal bodies, when withdrawn
From out man's members it has gone away.
For, sure, if body (container of the same
Like as a jar), when shivered from some cause,
And rarefied by loss of blood from veins,
Cannot for longer hold the soul, how then
Thinkst thou it can be held by any air—
A stuff much rarer than our bodies be?
Besides we feel that mind to being comes
Along with body, with body grows and ages.
For just as children totter round about
With frames infirm and tender, so there follows
A weakling wisdom in their minds; and then,
Where years have ripened into robust powers,
Counsel is also greater, more increased
The power of mind; thereafter, where already
The body's shattered by master-powers of eld,
And fallen the frame with its enfeebled powers,
Thought hobbles, tongue wanders, and the mind gives way;
All fails, all's lacking at the selfsame time.
Therefore it suits that even the soul's dissolved,
Like smoke, into the lofty winds of air;
Since we behold the same to being come
Along with body and grow, and, as I've taught,
Crumble and crack, therewith outworn by eld.
Then, too, we see, that, just as body takes
Monstrous diseases and the dreadful pain,
So mind its bitter cares, the grief, the fear;
Wherefore it tallies that the mind no less
Partaker is of death; for pain and disease
Are both artificers of death,—as well
We've learned by the passing of many a man ere now.
Nay, too, in diseases of body, often the mind
Wanders afield; for 'tis beside itself,
And crazed it speaks, or many a time it sinks,
With eyelids closing and a drooping nod,
In heavy drowse, on to eternal sleep;
From whence nor hears it any voices more,
Nor able is to know the faces here
Of those about him standing with wet cheeks
Who vainly call him back to light and life.

OUR BODIES AFTER DEATH NO CONCERN TO US

Hence, where thou seest a man to grieve because
When dead he rots with body laid away,
Or perishes in flames or jaws of beasts,
Know well: he rings not true, and that beneath
Still works an unseen sting upon his heart,
However he deny that he believes
His shall be aught of feeling after death.
For he, I fancy, grants not what he says,
Nor what that presupposes, and he fails
To pluck himself with all his roots from life
And cast that self away, quite unawares
Feigning that some remainder's left behind.
For when in life one pictures to oneself
His body dead by beasts and vultures torn,
He pities his state, dividing not himself
Therefrom, removing not the self enough
From the body flung away, imagining
Himself that body, and projecting there
His own sense, as he stands beside it: hence
He grieves that he is mortal born, nor marks
That in true death there is no second self
Alive and able to sorrow for self destroyed,
Or stand lamenting that the self lies there
Mangled or burning. For if it an evil is
Dead to be jerked about by jaw and fang
Of the wild brutes, I see not why 'twere not
Bitter to lie on fires and roast in flames,
Or suffocate in honey, and, reclined
On the smooth oblong of an icy slab,
Grow stiff in cold, or sink with load of earth
Down-crushing from above.
'Thee now no more
The joyful house and best of wives shall welcome.
Nor little sons run up to snatch their kisses
And touch with silent happiness thy heart.
Thou shalt not speed in undertakings more,

Nor be the warder of thine own no more.
Poor wretch,' they say, 'one hostile hour hath ta'en
Wretchedly from thee all life's many guerdons,'
But add not, 'yet no longer unto thee
Remains a remnant of desire for them.'
If this they only well perceived with mind
And followed up with maxims, they would free
Their state of man from anguish and from fear.
'O even as here thou art, aslumber in death,
So shalt thou slumber down the rest of time,
Released from every harrying pang. But we,
We have bewept thee with insatiate woe,
Standing beside whilst on the awful pyre
Thou wert made ashes; and no day shall take
For us the eternal sorrow from the breast.'
But ask the mourner what's the bitterness
That man should waste in an eternal grief,
If, after all, the thing's but sleep and rest?
For when the soul and frame together are sunk
In slumber, no one then demands his self
Or being. Well, this sleep may be forever,
Without desire of any selfhood more,
For all it matters unto us asleep.
Yet not at all do those primordial germs
Roam round our members, at that time, afar
From their own motions that produce our senses—
Since, when he's startled from his sleep, a man
Collects his senses. Death is, then, to us
Much less—if there can be a less than that
Which is itself a nothing: for there comes
Hard upon death a scattering more great
Of the throng of matter, and no man wakes up
On whom once falls the icy pause of life.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

In the beginning, earth gave forth, around
The hills and over all the length of plains,
The race of grasses and the shining green;
The flowery meadows sparkled all aglow
With greening color, and thereafter, lo,
Unto the divers kinds of trees was given
An emulous impulse mightily to shoot,
With a free rein, aloft into the air.
As feathers and hairs and bristles are begot
The first on members of the four-foot breeds
And on the bodies of the strong-y-winged,
Thus then the new Earth first of all put forth
Grasses and shrubs, and afterward begat
The mortal generations, there upsprung—
Innumerable in modes innumerable—
After diverging fashions. For from sky
These breathing-creatures never can have dropped,
Nor the land-dwellers ever have come up
Out of sea-pools of salt. How true remains,
How merited is that adopted name
Of earth—'The Mother!'—since from out the earth
Are all begotten. And even now arise
From out the loams how many living things—
Concreted by the rains and heat of the sun
Wherefore 'tis less a marvel, if they sprang
In Long Ago more many, and more big,
Matured of those days in the fresh young years
Of earth and ether. First of all, the race
Of the wingèd ones and parti-colored birds,
Hatched out in spring-time, left their eggs behind;
As now-a-days in summer tree-crickets
Do leave their shiny husks of own accord,
Seeking their food and living. Then it was
This earth of thine first gave unto the day
The mortal generations; for prevailed
Among the fields abounding hot and wet.
And hence, where any fitting spot was given,
There 'gan to grow womb-cavities, by roots
Affixed to earth. And when in ripened time
The age of the young within (that sought the air
And fled earth's damps) had burst these wombs, O then
Would Nature thither turn the pores of earth
And make her spurt from open veins a juice
Like unto milk; even as a woman now
Is filled, at child-bearing, with the sweet milk,
Because all that swift stream of aliment
Is thither turned unto the mother-breasts.
There earth would furnish to the children food;
Warmth was their swaddling cloth, the grass their bed
Abounding in soft down. Earth's newness then
Would rouse no dour spells of the bitter cold,
Nor extreme heats nor winds of mighty powers—
For all things grow and gather strength through time
In like proportions; and then earth was young.

—William Ellery Leonard.

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN

Translated by Grant Showerman.

That primal race of man, that roamed the fields,
Were hardier far than we, and so 'twas fit,
For hard the mother earth that brought them forth.
More massive were their frames, more firm their bones,
And powerful sinews all their members knit.
Not easily did summer's tide of heat,
Nor frigid winter bring them aught of harm,
Nor change of food, nor any fleshly ill.
And many lustra did the sun through heaven
Roll on its course, while yet their life they lived
In manner like the wild wide-wandering beasts.
No robust ruler of the curvèd share
As yet was known, no one with iron tool
To break the stubborn glebe, no delver dug
To plant in earth the shrub, no one with hook
Pruned old and withering branches from the tree.
What sun and rains brought forth, earth's self-given gift,
This was enough to satisfy their hearts.
Oft times, among the acorn-bearing groves
They found the food to give their bodies strength,
And berries such as now in winter time
You see red-ripening on the arbute tree,
The earth gave then more plenteously and large.
And many things the fresh and flowery world
Brought forth for them besides, fare hard and coarse,
But ample for the wretched race of men.
Their thirst to slake, the water brooks and founts
Invited, just as now the waters clear
From mountain cliffs down plashing, call from far
The thirsting races of wild animals.
At last, no longer vagabond, for homes
They sought the well-known haunts of woodland nymphs,
Whence well they knew there issued gliding streams,
Laving with generous flood the humid rocks,—
The humid rocks, green-mossed and saturate,—
And bursting forth to moist the level plain.
The benefits of fire they knew not yet,
Nor how to cloth their nakedness in skins,
The furry spoil of slain wild animals.
But groves and caves and hills and forests deep
They dwelt in, laying down their shaggy frames
Mid thickets dense, when forced to shelter them
From windy blasts or lashings of the storm.
Of common weal they had no thought, nor knew
The use of law and custom among men.
Whatever prey chance threw before him, each
Seized on and bore away, by instinct taught
To live and use his powers for self alone.
'Twas Venus wedded lovers in the woods;
For either mutual flame the union wrought,
Or the fierce male resorted to his strength,
By passion fired, or mayhap wooed with gifts,
As acorns, arbute-berries, or chosen pears.
Their hands and feet of wondrous strength and speed,
In chase they plied the woodland tribes of beasts
With missile rocks and clubs of mighty weight.
Full many fell before them; from a few
Their only safety was to hide themselves.
Like bristle-bearing swine, their shaggy frames
Nude on the ground they laid, by night o'erta'en,
Rolling themselves about with leaves and fronds.
And when the sun and light of day had gone,
With wailings loud they did not roam the fields,
Crying for it among the shades of night,
But quiet lay, in slumber sepulchred,
Until the sun, with rosy torch, should come
And bring his light into the heaven again.
From earliest childhood they had always seen
Light follow darkness, darkness follow light;
And so no wonder ever touched their minds,
Nor were they ever fearful lest the night
Should hold the earth in everlasting sway,
And they should never see the sunlight more.
And yet this greater care was theirs, that oft
At night the races of wild animals
Brought peril to the wretches while they slept.
Driven from their homes, they fled the den of rocks
Before the advent of the foaming boar,
Or mighty lion, and in the dead of night

In terror from their leaf-strown lairs withdrew
And gave them over to their savage guests.
Yet not much more did mortals then than now
Leave the sweet light of failing life behind.
'Tis true, more danger hedged them round, lest, caught,
They fill with living food the maws of beasts,
Torn by their fangs, while grove and hill and wood
Resounded with the shrieks they sent abroad,
Viewing their living limbs fill living tombs.
They who escaped with torn and bloody flesh
Pressed 'neath their tremulous palms the dreadful wounds,
And begged for death with horror-striking cries,
Until by cruel torments reft of life;
For helpless were they, ignorant as yet
Of any proper treatment of their hurt.
And yet by thousands met they not their death
Beneath the standards on a single day,
Nor did the turbid billows of the sea
Dash men and ships in fury on the rocks.
In vain the sea oft rose in surging rage:
It lightly laid aside its idle threats;
For no one felt the lure of placid seas,
No laughing waves enticed him to his death,
Since yet unknown the seaman's impious lore.
Then lack of food it was that gave to death
Their weak and wasted members; but for us,
'Tis very plenty whelms us o'er with doom.
Then, oft themselves, unknowing, poured the bane
That cost them life, which now, with greater skill,
Men mix for those whose death will bring them gain.
Next, huts and garb of skins and fire they got,
And male and female, joined in one abode,
Together shared the rights of wedded life,
And looked on young begotten of themselves.
Then first of softer temper grew the race.
To fire accustomed, now no more their frames
Could bear the cold beneath heaven's canopy;
And Venus undermined their fleshly strength,
And children learned with easy blandishment
To break the haughty nature of their sires.
Then, too, began the friendly bond to join
Those dwelling near; for mutual was the will
No longer to assail, or be assailed.
Their children they commended, and their wives
For mercy, as with stammering speech and sign
They signified 'twas right to spare the weak.
Yet universal concord could not rise,
Though mostly they observed their pledges well.
In other case even then had human kind
Perished from off the earth, nor had endured
Through all the generations since begot.
The tongue to utter forth its various sounds
Nature impelled, and 'twas utility
Forged out the name by which each thing was known.
Not other far than in our infancy
The lack of speech to gesture spurs us on
To point the finger at the thing we see;
For each one has instinctive sense to know
His power, and how far 'twill serve his end.
The young bull's horns yet swelling in his front,
In angry mood he plies them in attack;
The panther kitten and the lion whelp
Fight back with nail and paw, and even bite
When scarce as yet their teeth and claws are sprung;
And all the pinioned race of birds we see
With trembling trust their wings to bear them up.
Therefore to think one only man gave forth
The names for things, and from him all mankind
Their first words learned, is utter silliness.
For how could he make all things known by words,
And others at the same time lack the power?
Besides, if others also had not yet
Made use of words among themselves, whence came
The concept of the usefulness of speech?
And whence acquired the power that this man had
Of seeing clearly what he wished to do?
Likewise one single man could never force
The rest to yield and learn the names of things;
Nor could one easily persuade the dull
By any method what were best to do;
For all impatient, they would ne'er endure
To hear the unaccustomed sound of words
Din vainly on the portals of their ears.
And lastly, what so passing strange in this,
If human beings, who were furnished forth
With nimble voice and tongue, gave diverse names
To diverse objects, as instinct impelled;

When cattle dumb, and races of wild beasts
Raise various cries of widely different sort,
When roused by fear or pain, or moved by joy?
This you may know, forsooth, from patent facts.
When first you rouse the great Molossian dogs,
With tender jowls upraised, and laying bare
Their hard white teeth, far else the threatening sound,
Their rage still curbed, than when with baying loud
They make the air resound with noisy cries.
Or when their whelps they lick with bland caress,
Or when in play they toss them with their paws,
Or feign to bite, or with suspended tooth
Make fond pretense to rend and swallow them,
Far other then their loving whine than when
Alone they fill the home with echoing howls,
Or yelping try to 'scape their master's blow.
Again, does not likewise the courser's neigh
Seem different, when 'mong mares with youthful fire
He raves, pricked on by spurs of winged love,
Or when, with nostrils dilate, in the field
He snorts forth fury at the sound of arms,
Or some emotion else invades his frame?
And, last of all, the wingèd race of birds,
And every flying thing after his kind,
The hawk, the osprey, and the plunging gull
Seeking subsistence in the salt sea-wave,
Have widely different cries to utter forth
To suit the time, as when they fight for food
Among themselves, or struggle with their prey.
And some there are that with the changing skies
Vary their hoarsely sounding notes, as when
The ancient raven race, or flocks of crows,
Are said with croaking cries to invoke the rain,
Or sometimes call on wind and breeze to blow.
And so, if various feelings brutes impel,
Mute though they be, to utter various sounds,
How much more likely that mankind could then
Make known by different sounds the things they saw.

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION

And now, what cause it was that spread abroad
Through all the world the thought of power divine,
And filled with shrines the cities, and evolved
The solemn practice of the sacred rites
Which now with much of pomp and circumstance
Men celebrate in consecrated spots;
And how the same ideas of power unseen
Have deep implanted in the mortal breast
The awful dread that throughout all the earth
Rears temples to the gods, and forces men
To throng their portals on the festal day—
Of this to render reason 'tis not hard.
For even then, forsooth, the race of men,
In moments when their souls exalted were
In waking vision, often saw appear
Divinely beauteous shapes, whom still more oft
They saw in sleep, increased to wondrous size.
These forms with senses they endowed, for this,
Because they seemed to see their members move,
And hear them utter forth majestic speech,
As fit their brilliant beauty and ample strength.
Eternal life they gave them, for their shapes
Were e'er renewed, their form the same remained;
And furthermore, because they could not think
That beings with such wondrous parts endowed
Could ever be o'erthrown by any power.
And blest beyond all beings thought they them
For this, that dread of death ne'er touched their hearts,
And for that likewise often in their dreams
They saw full many wonders by them wrought,
Whence nothing of fatigue themselves they took.
Besides, the movements of the heaven they saw
In order changeless, and the circling year
Its various seasons bring, but could not tell
What cause it was that wrought the wondrous change;
And so their thoughts found refuge in the gods,
And by their will they held all things were ruled.

Aloft in heaven their templed seats they placed
Because through heaven the night and moon are rolled—
The moon, the day, and night, night's awesome stars,
Night-roaming cressets and heaven's flying flames,
Clouds, sun, rain, snow, winds, thunderbolts, and hail,
Impetuous crashings and great thundering threats.
O hapless race of mortals, to conceive
The gods wrought all these changes, and to think
Their breasts indwelt by bitter wrath besides!
What groanings for themselves, for us what wounds,
What tears begot they for our sons unborn!
For 'tis not real religion to be seen
Oft veiled turning to the graven stone,
And drawing near to every sacred shrine,
Nor forward falling, on the ground to lie
Prostrate with supplicating palms outspread
Before the sanctuaries of the gods,
Nor altars to besprinkle with much blood
Of sacrifice four-footed, nor to pray
Unending chains of prayers—. No; rather, 'tis
To look on all the world with tranquil soul.
For when we gaze upon the mighty world,
The great celestial vaults of aether blue
Above us, fixed with twinkling starry points,
And think upon the paths of sun and moon,
Then in our breasts, weighed down with other woes,
There wakens, too, and rears its head this care,
Lest it should be perchance the gods, with might
All measureless, that roll in various course
The gleaming constellations of the sky.
For doubt invades our souls, because we fail
'To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things Entire:'
Whether the world had birth, and thus began,
And likewise whether there shall be an end,
When all this universal frame shall cease
To bear the stress and strain of its career;
Or whether, by the gods with strength endowed,
For age enduring, it shall glide along
Through all the tract of time, and scorn the night,
However great, of ages measureless.
Besides, who does not feel his spirit shrink
Within his breast, in awful fear of gods,
Who does not feel his members all a-quake,
When fulminates the dreadful thunderstroke,
And sears the earth, all trembling 'neath the blow,
And mighty murmurs course across the skies?
Do not whole tribes and nations tremble sore,
And haughty monarchs shake in every limb,
In dreadful fear, lest for some sinful deed
Unknowing wrought, or some proud word let slip,
The time be ripe for heavy punishment?
And when the towering tempest strikes the sea,
And admiral and fleet before it sweeps
Careering o'er the waves, and with them borne
The powerful legions and great elephants,
Doth not he haste to offer up his vows
And, terror-stricken, sue the gods for peace,
And pray the passing of the stormy winds,
And gently blowing breezes in their stead?—
In vain, since none the less the whirling blast
Oft sweeps him onward to the shoals of death!
So true it is that some deep hidden power
Doth ever crush to earth the plans of men,
And trample 'neath its heel the rods and axe,
Illustrious emblems of the stern decree,
As if it did but use them for its mirth!
And last, when all the earth beneath our feet
Begins to sway, and cities with the shock
Fall crashing to the ground, or threat to fall,
What wonder if the mortal race of men
Regard with scorn themselves, and in the gods
Look for the source of all the mighty power
And wondrous strength that rule the universe?

THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC

The liquid notes of birds to imitate
With voice, came long ere men could please the ear
By union of harmonious verse with song.
The zephyr, sighing through the hollow reed
With whistling sound first taught the rustic race
To blow upon the hollowed hemlock stalk.

Thence by degrees they learned the tender plaint
The pipe pours forth, touched by the finger-tip
Of him who breathes upon it—the pipe, first known
In pathless glade and wooded country side,
In shepherd solitudes of heavenly calm.
This was their recreation and delight
When they were sate with food; for at such times
All things like this bring pleasure to the heart.
So, oft in groups upon the tender turf,
Prostrate they lay along the river's marge
Beneath the branches of some lofty tree,
Supplying all the needs their bodies felt
With little effort and with gladsome heart,—
Then most of all when smiling skies prevailed,
And verdant spring painted the mead with flowers.
Then would they pass the jest, and share the word,
And loudly send abroad the merry laugh.
For then the rustic muse began to wake,
Then heedless merriment begot the thought
To crown the head and wreathe the shoulders round
With woven flowers and leaves, and forth to step
In rude and graceless measure, as they beat
Their common mother earth with clownish foot;
And merry peals of laughter rose, for then
Delights like this were new, and wonderful.
In watches of the night, their solace this:
To sound the tuneful voice in varied wise,
To modulate the song, and o'er the pipes
The lip to press, and draw the running note;
Whence comes the present custom of the watch,
Who late have learned to keep the rhythmic tune.
Nor is the vantage sweet they take from it
Aught greater than their fathers took of yore,
The sylvan race that sprang from mother earth.
For that which lies before us, so our lot
Hath never brought us better to enjoy,
Doth chiefest pleasure bring, and perfect seems;
And later joys, and better, oft obscure
The excellence of those we knew before,
And change our feelings toward all former things.

THE RISE OF CIVILIZATION

Thus acorns they began to loathe, and left
Their lairs with grasses strown and spread with fronds.
The hairy garb of beasts they likewise spurned;
Though, in my thought, such envy once it roused
That he who found its use and wore it first,
In ambush caught was done to treacherous death.
And yet, in tatters torn and drenched with blood
Beneath their hands, it perished utterly,
And might not then bring weal to any man.
So then 'twas skins that vexed the heart of man,
And wore his life away in broils of war,
While in their stead 'tis purple now, and gold:
The greater blame for us, so saith my heart.
For, naked yet, without the furry garb,
The frost was torment to the sons of earth;
But we need take no harm to be without
The purpled robe with rich embroideries
Of gold in wondrous figures, so we have
Plebeian stuffs to ward away the cold.
Thus 'tis with vain attempt the race of man
Forever toils, consuming all its years
In idle care, because it has not learned
The proper goal of getting, and the bound
To which its real enjoyment may advance.
'Tis this that, ever greater grown, hath swept
The ship of life into the deeps, and stirred
The mighty tides of war unto their depths.
Meanwhile those wakeful orbs, the sun and moon,
In circled course illuming with their light
The Universe's great revolving vault,
Taught men to know the measure of the year,
The sequence of the seasons, and how all
By changeless scheme in order changeless moved.
Betimes, with walls and mighty towers they learned
To hedge themselves; the land they set apart
And portioned to the tiller of the soil;
Soon blossomed all the sea with sail-winged craft;
Aid and allies to render and receive,
Cities began to federate themselves;
The deeds of men then first began to find

Commemoration in the poet's verse.
Not long ere this it was that men first wrote;
And this the reason why our present age
May not look back upon those earliest times,
Except where reason points the scanty trace.
Seafaring, husbandry, the builder's art,
The law, the use of arms, the great highway,
The stuffs we wear, and all else like in sort,
Nor less, whate'er delights lend life a charm—
Poems and paintings, statues finely wrought—
All these the fruits of long experience,
And constant effort of man's eager mind,
In halting progress ever faring on.
Thus all the arts soe'er by slow degrees
The age-long travail of the mind of man
At length upraises to the shores of light.
For, ever by a slowly brightening path,
In order due must man's achievements mount
Till they have risen to perfection's peak.

GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS (84–54 B.C.)

The short life of Catullus of Verona was made intense by a number of episodes which furnished the content of his best lyrics and made them the most spontaneous and the most passionate of his time. He was writing at fifteen; he went to Rome in his early years, and was acquainted with important people like Cicero, the orator Hortensius, and the literary men of the time; he fell desperately in love with Clodia, the Lesbia of his poems, wife of Metellus, governor of North Italy, and sister of Cicero's enemy Clodius, whose passion for him was followed at first by heartless breaking of faith and later by notorious conduct with other lovers; when he was about twenty-five, his elder brother, to his intense grief, died in the Troad; in sorrow for his loss and disillusioned in love, he returned to Verona and afterward joined the staff of Memmius, governor of Bithynia. The poems of his own passion are the greatest factor in his fame, but they are surpassed by the equally genuine and less unrestrained lyrics on Sirmio, the visit to his brother's grave, and the farewell to Bithynia. His one hundred and sixteen poems represent not only the deeper and more acute passions, but include satire, the lighter vein, Alexandrian cleverness, and lyrics that prove a sensitiveness to religion. Genuineness and directness of feeling, with the utmost simplicity and spontaneity of expression, are the qualities whose union has given Catullus a place in the front rank of the world's lyric poets.

TO CORNELIUS NEPOS

My little volume is complete,
Fresh pumice-polished and as neat
  As book need wish to be;
And now, what patron shall I choose
For these gay sallies of my muse?
  Cornelius, whom but thee!

For though they are but trifles, thou
Some value didst to them allow,
  And that from thee is fame,
Who dared in thy three volumes' space,
Alone of all Italians, trace
  Our history and name.

Great Jove, what lore, what labor there!
Then take this little book, whate'er
  Of good or bad it store;
And grant, oh guardian Muse, that it
May keep the flavor of its wit
  A century or more!

—Theodore Martin.

THE DEAD SPARROW

Ye Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread;
My Lesbia's favorite bird is dead,
  Whom dearer than her eyes she loved.

For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
  But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to clear the air,
But chirruped oft, and, free from care,
  Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having passed the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
  Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save;
  For thou hast ta'en the bird away:
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'er flow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
  Receptacle of life's decay.

—Lord Byron.

TO FURIUS AND AURELIUS

Dear Furius, and Aurelius, ye
Who frankly would companion me,
Whate'er my fortune or my fate,
If I should seek to penetrate,

Where breaks on Ind's remotest shore
The sea with far-resounding roar;
Or to the Hyrcans, or the mild
Arabians, or the Sacæ wild,
And arrow-bearing Parthian horde,
Or where, through sevenfold channels poured,
Nile stains the ocean with his hue,
Or across the skyey Alps to view
Great Cæsar's trophies, Gallic Rhine,
And savage Britain's far confine;
Dear friends, prepared such toils to share,
Or what more heavy tasks soe'er
The gods in their high wills may send,
Now do the office of a friend,
And to my too, too fickle fair
This brief, ungracious message bear:—
'Enjoy thy paramours, false girl!
Sweep gaily on in passion's whirl,
By scores caressed, but loving none
Of all the fools by thee undone;
Nor give that love a thought, which I
So nursed for thee in days gone by,
Now by thy guile slain in an hour,
Even as some little wilding flower,
That on the meadow's border blushed,
Is by the passing ploughshare crushed.

—Theodore Martin.

TO HIMSELF

Wretched Catullus, play the fool no more:
The lost is lost, the dead forever dead—
White were the suns that gleamed for you of yore,
When roamed your footsteps where your lady led,
O loved by us as none was loved before:
O then I spoke those playful words so dear
That then my lady loved so well to hear—
White were the suns that gleamed for you of yore.

She wishes them no more; and 'tis for you,
Poor weakling, now to cease to wish them too.
No longer strive to follow what will flee:
No longer live the wretch you've lived to be.
But now with steadfast mind, be calm and bear.
Farewell, my child, Catullus now is strong;
He will not ask nor seek you anywhere
Unbidden more.

But you shall grieve for long,
When none will ask. O what a life is there,
Miscreant woman. Who will come, ah who
Hereafter? Unto whom shall you be fair?
Who now will love? To whom shall you belong?
Whom will you kiss? and bite whose lips!—
But you,
Catullus, still remember to be strong.

—William Ellery Leonard.

LOVE'S UNREASON

I hate and love—the why I cannot tell,
But by my tortures know the fact too well.

ON ARRIUS

Whenever Arrius wished to name
'Commodious,' out 'Chommodious' came:
And when of his intrigues he blabbed,
With his 'hintrigues' our ears he stabbed,
And thought, moreover, he displayed
A rare refinement, when he made
His h's thus at random fall
With emphasis most guttural.
So spoke his mother, I'll be bound,
His uncle so his h's ground,
His grandam so the vowels tried
And grandsire on the mother's side.

To Syria Arrius was despatched,
And then our ears a respite snatched.
'Twas quite a comfort and delight
To hear such words pronounced aright,
With no alarm lest they should grate
With the redundant aspirate;
When suddenly came news one day,
Which smote the city with dismay,
That the Ionian seas a change
Had undergone most sad and strange;
For, since by Arrius crossed, the wild
'Hionian Hocean' they were styled.

—Theodore Martin.

A DANGEROUS DRAUGHT

Your country-house is not exposed
To any blustering gale—
But, since your mortgagees foreclosed,
It's now exposed for sale:
And *this* exposure, none can doubt,
Is likely, friend, to freeze you out.

SAPPHO

Like to a god he seems to me,
O more than god, if that may be,
The man who, seated next to thee,
Gazes, and hears

Thy laugh of love that snatched away
My soul and sense: for on the day
I saw thee, lady, voice could say
Not any word;

But tongue grew stark, and thro my frame
Fed unforeseen a subtle flame,
And rang my ears, and eyes became
Veiled, as in night.

—William Ellery Leonard.

A HYMN

Diana's faithful ones are we,
Maids and youths yet fancy free;
Youths and maids by fancy's flame
Untouched, we sing Diana's name.

O great Latonia, child of Jove,
Throned all other gods above,
Whom thy mother, long of yore,
Beneath the Delian olive bore,

Of mountain heights to be the queen,
Mistress of the forest green
And far secluded countryside
And every stream's resounding tide—

To thee when travailing mothers pray,
As Lucine Juno thou 'rt their stay;
Now potent Trivia art thou hight,
Now Luna with her borrowed light.

Thou, goddess, in thy monthly sphere
Meting out the journeying year,
Dost the rustic garner still
With abundant fruitage fill.

Be thou invoked by whate'er name
Best please thine ear, and still the same,
Grant, as of old, thine aid divine,
To prosper the Romulean line.

-Grant Showerman.

CATULLUS AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

O'er many a sea, o'er many a stranger land,
I bring this tribute to thy lonely tomb,
My brother! and beside the narrow room
That holds thy ashes weeping stand.
Vainly I call to thee. Who can command
An answer forth from Orcus' dreary gloom?
Oh brother, brother! life lost all its bloom,
When thou wert snatched from me with pitiless hand!
Woe, Woe, is me, that we shall meet no more!
Meanwhile, these gifts accept, which to the grave
Of those they loved in life our sires of yore
With pious hand and reverential gave—
Gifts that are streaming with a brother's tears!
And now, farewell, and rest thee from all fears!

FAREWELL TO BITHYNIA

A balmy warmth comes wafted o'er the seas,
The savage howl of wintry tempests drear
In the sweet whispers of the western breeze
Has died away; the spring, the spring is here!

Now quit, Catullus, quit the Phrygian plain,
Where days of sweltering sunshine soon shall crown
Nicæa's fields with wealth of golden grain,
And fly to Asia's cities of renown!

Already through each nerve a flutter runs
Of eager hope, that longs to be away;
Already 'neath the light of other suns
My feet, new-winged for travel, yearn to stray.

And you, ye band of comrades tried and true,
Who side by side went forth from home, farewell!
How far apart the paths shall carry you
Back to your native shore, ah, who can tell?

—Theodore Martin.

SIRMIO

O my gem of almost-islands and of islands, Sirmio,
Whatsoever, wheresoever lucid inland waters flow,
Wheresoever out in ocean sun may shine or wind may blow!
O how gladly, O how madly I rejoice again to be
(After all the Asian lowlands wandered over wearily)
Here at last, my little island, safe at last with home and thee!
What so dear as cares completed when the mind lays down the load,

And the way-worn feet that wandered take again the homeward road;
And upon the bed we longed for we can go to sleep again—
O alone reward enough for all the labor, all the pain!
Hail, my Sirmio, the lovely, greet your master and be gay;
Greet him, all ye Lydian billows, plashing up the sands at play—
With your laughter greet Catullus, back again with you to-day.

—William Ellery Leonard.

NUPTIAL SONG

Youths. Lo, Hesper is at hand! Rise, youths! His light
Expected long now harbingers the night.
'Tis time to quit the feast. We must away.
Swell high with me the hymeneal lay.
Anon the virgin comes in blushes by.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

Maidens. Mark you the youths? Rise up, rise up, each maid!
Already hath the evening star displayed
In the dim welkin his Œtæan flame.
Mark you their nimbleness? Then know their aim!
Anon they'll sing a lay we must outvie.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

Y. No easy triumph, comrades, shall we gain.
See how the maids are practising their strain!
Nor vainly so. With undivided care
Their task is wrought—what marvel, if 'tis fair?
Whilst we, who labor with distracted wit,
Are like to lose the palm, and so 'tis fit,
Bestowing here our voice and there our ear.
Well studied work to victory is dear—
Pains undivided, toil that will not tire;
Then kindle to your task with answering fire!
Anon they will begin; we must reply.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

Y. Say, Hesper, say, what fire of all that shine
In Heaven's great vault more cruel is than thine?
Who from the mother's arms her child can tear—
The child that clasps her mother in despair;
And to the youth, whose blood is all aflame,
Consigns the virgin sinking in her shame!
When towns are sacked, what cruelty more drear?
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

Y. Say, Hesper, say, what fire of all that shine
In Heaven's great vault more jocund is than thine?
Who with thy flame dost ratify the bond
Of wedlock-troth first vowed by lovers fond,
By parents vowed, but consummated ne'er,
Until thy star hath risen upon the air?
What choicer hour sends heaven our life to cheer?
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

M. Woe, my companions, woe, that Hesper thus
Hath reft the fairest of our mates from us!
Why were we heedless of thy coming—why?
For most it fits to watch, when thou art nigh.
To stolen delights by night the lover hies,
And him wilt thou, oh Hesper, oft surprise,
When thou in other name dost reappear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

Y. Heed not the railing of the virgin choir!
They joy to chide thee with fictitious ire.
How, if within their secret soul they long
For what they so vituperate in song?
Then to their chiding turn a heedless ear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, draw thou near!

M. As in a garden grows some floweret fair,
Safe from the flocks, safe from the ploughman's share,
Nursed by the sun, by gentle breezes fanned,
Fed by the showers, admired on every hand,
There as it coyly blossoms in the shade,
Desired by many a youth, by many a maid;
But pluck that flower, its witchery is o'er,
And neither youth nor maid desires it more.
So is the virgin prized, endeared as much,
Whilst yet unsullied by a lover's touch;
But if she lose her chaste and virgin flower,
Her beauty's bloom is blighted in an hour:
To youths no more, no more to maidens dear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou near!

Y. As grows a widowed vine in open fields,
It hangs its head, no mellow clusters yields;
So droops the fragile stem, its topmost shoot
With nerveless tendril hangs about its root;

That vine no husbandman nor rustic swain
Hath cared to tend or cultivate or train;
But if by happier chance that self-same vine
Around a husband elm its tendrils twine,
Then many a husbandman and rustic swain
Its shoots will tend and cultivate and train.
Even such the virgin, and unprized as much,
That fades, untended by a lover's touch;
But when, in fulness of her maiden pride,
Some fitting mate has won her for his bride,
She's loved as never was she loved before,
And parents bless her and are stern no more.

Y. and M. Then spurn not, oh ye virgins, such a groom!
Unmeet it is to spurn the man to whom
Thy father gave thee, and thy mother too;
For unto them is thy obedience due.
Not wholly thine is thy virginity;
Thy parents own some part of it in thee.
One third thy father's is by right divine,
One third thy mother's; one alone is thine.
Then war not with these twain, who with thy dower
Have given their son-in-law their rights and power.
Come! to the bridal-chamber hence-away!
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, bless our rites to-day!

—Theodore Martin.

GAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR (100?–44 B.C.)

Cæsar, one of the few Roman-born Latin authors, was of old patrician stock but with leanings toward the popular and opposition party in politics. He was a man of much spirit, attractive, ambitious, resolute, energetic, and fearless, capable of great highmindedness, but also of egotism, unscrupulousness, and cruelty. As a general, his striking qualities were resourcefulness, decisiveness, and rapidity; as a statesman, impatience with the old régime. which he finally thrust aside in the civil war of 49-45, vision, executive capacity, and autocratic but clement disposition. As an author, he is represented by the seven books of *Commentaries* on the Gallic Wars, the three on the Civil War, and a few crisp and exceedingly interesting letters preserved in the Cicero collections. The *Commentaries* cover the period 58-52, and were at the same time the record of events momentous in the history of civilization, and a defense against possible enemies at Rome. Their diction is of the purest, their style plain, perfectly disciplined, and mathematically accurate even when intricate, their narrative and description fascinating to the student or traveler in Switzerland, France, and Belgium, and their characterizations, direct and incidental, of great human interest.

The translation, by H. J. Edwards, is here used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library.

THE GALLIC WARS

The Nervii

Upon this information Cæsar sent forward scouts and centurions to choose a fit place for the camp. Now a considerable number of the surrendered Belgæ and of the other Gauls were in the train of Cæsar and marched with him; and certain of these, as was afterwards learned from prisoners, having remarked the usual order of our army's march during those days, came by night to the Nervii and showed to them that between legion and legion a great quantity of baggage was interposed, and that it was an easy matter, when the first legion had reached camp and the rest were a great space away, to attack it while it was in heavy marching order; if it were driven back, and the baggage plundered, the rest would not dare to withstand. The plan proposed by those who brought the information was further assisted by an ancient practice of the Nervii. Having no strength in cavalry (for even to this day they care naught for that service, but all their power lies in the strength of their infantry), the easier to hamper the cavalry of their neighbors, whenever these made a raid on them, they cut into young saplings and bent them over, and thus by the thick horizontal growth of boughs, and by intertwining with them brambles and thorns, they contrived that these wall-like hedges should serve them as fortifications which not only could not be penetrated, but not even seen through. As the route of our column was hampered by these abatis, the Nervii considered that the proposed plan should be tried.

The character of the ground selected by our officers for the camp was as follows. There was a hill, inclining with uniform slope from its top to the river Sambre above mentioned. From the river-side there rose another hill of like slope, over against and confronting the other, open for about two hundred paces at its base, wooded in its upper half, so that it could not easily be seen through from without. Within those woods the enemy kept themselves in hiding. On open ground along the river a few cavalry posts were to be seen. The depth of the river was about three feet.

Cæsar had sent on the cavalry, and was following up with all his forces; but the arrangement and order of the column was different from the report given by the Belgæ to the Nervii. For, as he was approaching an enemy, Cæsar, according to his custom, was moving with six legions in light field order; after them he had

placed the baggage of the whole army; then the two legions which had been last enrolled brought up the rear of the whole column and formed the baggage-guard. Our cavalry crossed the river along with the slingers and archers, and engaged the enemy's horsemen. The latter retired repeatedly upon their comrades in the woods, and issuing thence, again charged our men; nor did our men dare to follow in pursuit farther than the extent of level open ground. Meanwhile the six legions first to arrive measured out the work, and began to entrench camp. The moment that the first baggage-detachments of our army were seen by the enemy, who were lurking hidden in the woods—the moment agreed upon among them for joining battle—they suddenly dashed forth in full force, having already in the woods ordered their line in regular ranks and encouraged one another for the conflict; and so charged down upon our cavalry. These were easily beaten and thrown into disorder, and with incredible speed the enemy rushed down to the river, so that almost at the same moment they were seen at the edge of the woods, in the river, and then at close quarters. Then with the same speed they hastened up-hill against our camp and the troops engaged in entrenching it.

Cæsar had everything to do at one moment—the flag to raise, as signal of a general call to arms; the trumpet-call to sound; the troops to recall from entrenching; the men to bring in who had gone somewhat farther afield in search of stuff for the camp; the line to form; the troops to harangue; the signal to give. A great part of these duties was prevented by the shortness of the time and the advance of the enemy. The stress of the moment was relieved by two things: the knowledge and experience of the troops—for their training in previous battles enabled them to appoint for themselves what was proper to be done as readily as others could have shown them—and the fact that Cæsar had forbidden the several lieutenant-generals to leave the entrenching and their proper legions until the camp was fortified. These generals, seeing the nearness and the speed of the enemy, waited no more for a command from Cæsar, but took on their own account what steps seemed to them proper.

Cæsar gave the necessary commands, and then ran down in a chance direction to harangue the troops, and came to the Tenth Legion. His harangue to the troops was no more than a charge to bear in mind their ancient valor, to be free from alarm, and bravely to withstand the onslaught of the enemy; then, as the enemy were no farther off than the range of a missile, he gave the signal to engage. . . .

This engagement brought the name and nation of the Nervii almost to utter destruction. Upon report of the battle, the older men, who, as above mentioned, had been gathered with the women and children in the creeks and marshes, supposed that there was nothing to hinder the victors, nothing to save the vanquished; and so, with the consent of all the survivors, they sent deputies to Cæsar and surrendered to him. In relating the disaster which had come upon their state, they declared that from six hundred senators they had been reduced to three, and from sixty thousand to barely five hundred that could bear arms. To show himself merciful towards their pitiful suppliance, Cæsar was most careful for their preservation; he bade them keep their own territory and towns, and commanded their neighbors to restrain themselves and their dependents from outrage and injury.

The First Invasion of Britain

These arrangements made, he caught a spell of fair weather for sailing, and weighed anchor about the third watch: he ordered the cavalry to proceed to the further harbor, embark, and follow him. They took somewhat too long to despatch the business; he himself reached Britain about the fourth hour of the day, and there beheld the armed forces of the enemy displayed on all the cliffs. Such was the nature of the ground, so steep the heights which banked the sea, that a missile could be hurled from the higher levels on to the shore. Thinking this place to be by no means suitable for disembarkation, he waited at anchor till the ninth hour for the rest of the flotilla to assemble there. Meanwhile he summoned together the lieutenant-generals and tribunes, to inform them what he had learnt from Volusenus, and what he wished to be done; and he warned them that, to meet the requirements of tactics and particularly of navigation—with its liability to movements as rapid as they were irregular—they must do everything

in the nick of time at a hint from him. He then dismissed them; and catching at one and the same moment a favorable wind and tide, he gave the signal, and weighed anchor, and moving on about seven miles from that spot, he grounded his ships where the shore was even and open.

The natives, however, perceived the design of the Romans. So they sent forward their cavalry and charioteers—an arm which it is their regular custom to employ in fights—and following up with the rest of their forces, they sought to prevent our troops from disembarking. Disembarkation was a matter of extreme difficulty, for the following reasons. The ships, on account of their size, could not be run ashore, except in deep water; the troops—though they did not know the ground, had not their hands free, and were loaded with the great and grievous weight of their arms—had nevertheless at one and the same time to leap down from the vessels, to stand firm in the waves, and to fight the enemy. The enemy, on the other hand, had all their limbs free, and knew the ground exceeding well; and either standing on dry land or advancing a little way into the water, they boldly hurled their missiles, or spurred on their horses, which were trained to it. Frightened by all this, and wholly inexperienced in this sort of fighting, our troops did not press on with the same fire and force as they were accustomed to show in land engagements.

When Cæsar remarked this, he commanded the ships of war (which were less familiar in appearance to the natives, and could move more freely at need) to remove a little from the transports, to row at speed, and to bring up on the exposed flank of the enemy; and thence to drive and clear them off with slings, arrows, and artillery. The movement proved of great service to our troops; for the natives, frightened by the shape of the ships, the motion of the oars, and the unfamiliar type of the artillery, came to a halt, and retired, but only for a little space. And then, while our troops still hung back, chiefly on account of the depth of the sea, the eagle-bearer of the Tenth Legion, after a prayer to heaven to bless the legion by his act, cried: 'Leap down, soldiers, unless you wish to betray your eagle to the enemy; it shall be told that I at any rate did my duty to my country and my general.' When he had said this with a loud voice, he cast himself forth from the ship, and began to bear the eagle against the enemy. Then our troops exhorted one another not to allow so dire a disgrace, and leapt down from the ship with one accord. And when the troops on the nearest ships saw them, they likewise followed on, and drew near to the enemy. . . .

Peace was thus established. Four days after the arrival in Britain the eighteen ships above mentioned, which had embarked the cavalry, weighed anchor, in a gentle breeze, from the upper port. When they were nearing Britain, and in view of the camp, so fierce a storm suddenly arose that none of them could hold on its course; some were carried back to the self-same port whence they had started, others were driven away, with great peril to themselves, to the lower, that is, to the more westerly, part of the island. None the less, they cast anchor; but when they began to fill with the waves they were obliged to stand out to sea in a night of foul weather, and made for the Continent.

That same night, as it chanced, the moon was full, the day of the month which usually makes the highest tides in the Ocean, a fact unknown to our men. Therefore the tide was found to have filled the warships, in which Cæsar had caused his army to be conveyed across, and which he had drawn up on dry land; and at the same time the storm was buffeting the transports which were made fast to anchors. Nor had our troops any chance of handling them or helping. Several ships went to pieces; and the others, by loss of cordage, anchors, and the rest of their tackle, were rendered useless for sailing. This, as was inevitable, caused great dismay throughout the army. For there were no other ships to carry them back; everything needful for the repair of ships was lacking. . . .

Their manner of fighting from chariots is as follows. First of all they drive in all directions and hurl missiles, and so by the mere terror that the teams inspire and by the noise of the wheels they generally throw ranks into confusion. When they have worked their way in between the troops of cavalry, they leap down from the chariots and fight on foot. Meanwhile the charioteers retire gradually from the combat, and dispose the chariots in such fashion that, if the warriors are hard pressed by the host of the enemy, they may

have a ready means of retirement to their own side. Thus they show in action the mobility of cavalry and the stability of infantry; and by daily use and practice they become so accomplished that they are ready to gallop their teams down the steepest of slopes without loss of control, to check and turn them in a moment, to run along the pole, stand on the yoke, and then, quick as lightning, to dart back into the chariot.

When our troops were thrown into confusion in this fashion by the novel character of the fighting, Cæsar brought assistance in the very nick of time; for his arrival caused the enemy to halt, and enabled our men to recover from their fear. This done, he deemed the moment unsuitable for provoking and engaging in a combat; he therefore stood to his own ground and, after a brief interval, led the legions back to camp. In the course of these events all our troops were busily occupied, and the natives who remained in the fields withdrew. Then for several days on end storms ensued, severe enough to keep our men in camp and to prevent the enemy from fighting. Meanwhile the natives despatched messengers in every direction, to tell of the scanty numbers of our troops and to show how great a chance was given of getting booty and of liberating themselves for ever by driving the Romans out of their camp. By this means they speedily collected a great host of footmen and horsemen, and came on towards the camp.

Alesia and Vercingetorix

The actual stronghold of Alesia was set atop of a hill, in a very lofty situation, apparently impregnable save by blockade. The bases of the hill were washed on two separate sides by rivers. Before the town a plain extended for a length of about three miles; on all the other sides there were hills surrounding the town at a short distance, and equal to it in height. Under the wall, on the side which looked eastward, the forces of the Gauls had entirely occupied all this intervening space, and had made in front a ditch and a rough wall six feet high. The perimeter of the siege-works which the Romans were beginning had a length of eleven miles. Camps had been pitched at convenient spots, and three-and-twenty forts had been constructed on the line. In these piquets would be posted by day to prevent any sudden sortie; by night the same stations were held by sentries and strong garrisons. . . .

Vercingetorix now made up his mind to send away all his horsemen by night before the Romans could complete their entrenchments. His parting instructions were that each of them should proceed to his own state and impress for the campaign all men whose age allowed them to bear arms. He set forth his own claims upon them, and adjured them to have regard for his personal safety, and not to surrender to the torture of the enemy one who had done sterling service for the general liberty. He showed them that if they proved indifferent eighty thousand chosen men were doomed to perish with him. He had calculated that he had corn in short rations for thirty days, but that by economy he could hold out just a little longer. After giving these instructions he sent the horsemen silently away in the second watch, at a point where a gap was left in our works. He ordered all the corn to be brought to his headquarters; he appointed death as the penalty for any disobedience of the order; the cattle, of which great store had been driven together by the Mandubii, he distributed man by man; he arranged that the corn should be measured out sparingly and gradually; he withdrew into the town all the force which he had posted in front of it. By such measures did he prepare for the conduct of the campaign, in anticipation of the succors from Gaul.

Cæsar had report of this from deserters and prisoners, and determined on the following types of entrenchments. He dug a trench twenty feet wide with perpendicular sides, in such fashion that the bottom thereof was just as broad as the distance from edge to edge at the surface. He set back the rest of the siege-works four hundred paces from the trench; for as he had of necessity included so large an area, and the whole of the works could not be easily manned by a ring-fence of troops, his intention was to provide against any sudden rush of the enemy's host by night upon the entrenchments, or any chance of directing their missiles by day upon our troops engaged on the works. Behind this interval he dug all around two trenches, fifteen feet broad, and of equal depth; and the inner one, where the ground was level

with the plain or sank below it, he filled with water diverted from the river. Behind the trenches he constructed a ramp and palisade twelve feet high; to this he added a breastwork and battlements, with large fraises projecting at the junctions of screens and ramp, to check the upward advance of the enemy; and all round the works he set turrets at intervals of eighty feet.

As it was necessary that at one and the same time timber and corn should be procured, and lines of such extent constructed, our forces, having to proceed to a considerable distance from camp, were reduced in number; and sometimes the Gauls would try to make an attempt upon our works by a sortie in force from several gates of the town. Cæsar, therefore, thought proper to make a further addition to these works, in order that the lines might be defensible by a smaller number of troops. Accordingly, trunks or very stout branches of trees were cut, and the tops thereof barked and sharpened and continuous trenches five feet deep were dug. Into these the stumps were sunk and fastened at the bottom so that they could not be torn up, while the bough-ends were left projecting. They were in rows of five fastened and entangled together, and any one who pushed into them must impale himself on the sharpest of stakes. These were called 'markers.' In front of these, in diagonal rows arranged like a figure of five, pits three feet deep were dug, sloping inwards slightly to the bottom. In these, tapering stakes as thick as a man's thigh, sharpened at the top and fire-hardened, were sunk so as to project no more than four fingers' breadth from the ground; at the same time, to make all strong and firm, the earth was trodden down hard for one foot from the bottom, and the remainder of the pit was covered over with twigs and brushwood to conceal the trap. Eight rows of this kind were dug, three feet apart. From its resemblance to the flower the device was called a 'lily.' In front of all these, logs a foot long, with iron hooks firmly attached, were buried altogether in the ground and scattered at brief intervals all over the field, and these were called 'spurs.'

When all these arrangements had been completed Cæsar constructed parallel entrenchments of the same kind facing the other way, against the enemy outside, following the most favorable ground that the locality afforded, with a circuit of fourteen miles. This he did to secure the garrisons of the entrenchments from being surrounded by a host, however large it might chance to be. . . .

On the morrow Vercingetorix summoned a council, at which he stated that he had undertaken that campaign, not for his own occasions, but for the general liberty; and as they must yield to fortune he offered himself to them for whichever course they pleased—to give satisfaction to the Romans by his death, or to deliver him alive. Deputies were despatched to Cæsar to treat of this matter. He ordered the arms to be delivered up, the chiefs to be brought out. He himself took his seat in the entrenchments in front of the camp; the leaders were brought out to him there. Vercingetorix was surrendered, arms were thrown down. Keeping back the Ædui and the Arverni, to see if through them he could recover their states, he distributed the rest of the prisoners, one apiece to each man throughout the army, by way of plunder.

When these affairs were settled he started for the country of the Ædui and recovered the state. The Arverni sent deputies to him there who promised to carry out his commands: he required of them a great number of hostages. He sent the legions into cantonments. . . . He himself decided to winter at Bibracte. When the despatches of the campaign were published at Rome a public thanksgiving of twenty days was granted.

GAIUS SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS (86–35 B.C.)

Sallust of Amiternum, seventy-two miles north of Rome in the Apennines, was tribune in 52, engaged in the political quarrels of the time, was removed from the senate in 50 on the ground of dissoluteness, supported Cæsar in the civil war and regained his standing, served in Illyricum and Numidia, and was pro-consul of the latter in its erection into a province. The nine years before his death he spent in the luxurious and celebrated gardens in the northern part of the city which were known by his name, occupying part of his leisure in composing *The Conspiracy of Catiline, The Jugurthine War,* and a history covering the decade after Sulla's death in 78. The first two survive. Sallust is the first Roman historian as distinguished from the chroniclers of events by years called annalists, whose method is still employed by Cæsar, though properly and perhaps inevitably because of the nature of the subject. His two monographs are not free from the manipulation of fact for political purposes, they sometimes offend with the preachiness of the reformed rake, and contain mannerisms; but their pages, alive with telling characterization and moving event, their philosophic interpretations of the times, and the terseness, energy, and rapidity of their style make them remarkable examples of history as literary art. Sallust's model was Thucydides, but he fell short of the Greek both in philosophic grasp and in style.

THE CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE

Lucius Catiline was a man of noble birth, and of eminent mental and personal endowments; but of a vicious and depraved disposition. His delight, from his youth, had been in civil commotions, bloodshed, robbery, and sedition; and in such scenes he had spent his early years. His constitution could endure hunger, want of sleep, and cold, to a degree surpassing belief. His mind was daring, subtle, and versatile, capable of pretending or dissembling whatever he wished. He was covetous of other men's property, and prodigal of his own. He had abundance of eloquence, though but little wisdom. His insatiable ambition was always pursuing objects extravagant, romantic, and unattainable.

Since the time of Sylla's dictatorship, a strong desire of seizing the government possessed him, nor did he at all care, provided that he secured power for himself, by what means he might arrive at it. His violent spirit was daily more and more hurried on by the diminution of his patrimony, and by his consciousness of guilt; both which evils he had increased by those practices which I have mentioned above. The corrupt morals of the state, too, which extravagance and selfishness, pernicious and contending vices, rendered thoroughly depraved, furnished him with additional incentives to action. . . .

There were some, at that time, who said that Catiline, having ended his speech, and wishing to bind his accomplices in guilt by an oath, handed round among them, in goblets, the blood of a human body mixed with wine; and that when all, after an imprecation, had tasted of it, as is usual in sacred rites, he disclosed his design; and they asserted that he did this, in order that they might be the more closely attached to one another, by being mutually conscious of such an atrocity. But some thought that this report, and many others, were invented by persons who supposed that the odium against Cicero, which afterwards arose, might be lessened by imputing an enormity of guilt to the conspirators who had suffered death. The evidence which I have obtained, in support of this charge, is not at all in proportion to its magnitude. . . .

Fulvia, having learned the cause of his extravagant behavior, did not keep such danger to the state a secret; but, without naming her informant, communicated to several persons what she had heard, and under what circumstances, concerning Catiline's conspiracy. This intelligence it was that incited the feelings of the citizens to give the consulship to Marcus Tullius

Cicero. For before this period, most of the nobility were moved with jealousy, and thought the consulship in some degree sullied, if a man of no family, however meritorious, obtained it. But when danger showed itself, envy and pride were laid aside.

Accordingly, when the comitia were held, Marcus Tullius and Caius Antonius were declared consuls; an event which gave the first shock to the conspirators. The ardor of Catiline, however, was not at all diminished; he formed every day new schemes; he deposited arms, in convenient places, throughout Italy; he sent sums of money, borrowed on his own credit, or that of his friends, to a certain Manlius, at Fæsulæ, who was subsequently the first to engage in hostilities. At this period, too, he is said to have attached to his cause great numbers of men of all classes, and some women, who had, in their earlier days, supported an expensive life by the price of their beauty, but who, when age had lessened their gains but not their extravagance, had contracted heavy debts. By the influence of these females, Catiline hoped to gain over the slaves in Rome, to get the city set on fire, and either to secure the support of their husbands or take away their lives. . . . At last, with a view to dissemble, and under pretense of clearing his character, as if he had been provoked by some attack, he walked into the senate-house. It was then that Marcus Tullius, the consul, whether alarmed at his presence, or fired with indignation against him, delivered that splendid speech, so beneficial to the republic, which he afterwards wrote and published.

When Cicero sat down, Catiline, being prepared to pretend ignorance of the whole matter, intreated, with downcast looks and suppliant voice, that 'the Conscript Fathers would not too hastily believe anything against him;' saying 'that he was sprung from such a family, and had so ordered his life from his youth, as to have every happiness in prospect; and that they were not to suppose that he, a patrician, whose services to the Roman people, as well as those of his ancestors, had been so numerous, should want to ruin the state, when Marcus Tullius, a mere adopted citizen of Rome, was eager to preserve it.' When he was proceeding to add other invectives, they all raised an outcry against him, and called him an enemy and a traitor. Being thus exasperated, 'Since I am encompassed by enemies,' he exclaimed, 'and driven to desperation, I will extinguish the flame kindled around me in a general ruin.'

He then hurried from the senate to his own house; and then, after much reflection with himself, thinking that, as his plots against the consul had been unsuccessful, and as he knew the city to be secured from fire by the watch, his best course would be to augment his army, and make provision for the war before the legions could be raised, he set out in the dead of night, and with a few attendants, to the camp of Manlius. . . . Matters having proceeded thus far, and a night being appointed for the departure of the deputies, Cicero, being by them made acquainted with everything, directed the prætors, Lucius Valerius Flaccus and Caius Pomtinus, to arrest the retinue of the Allobroges, by lying in wait for them on the Milvian Bridge; he gave them a full explanation of the object with which they were sent, and left them to manage the rest as occasion might require. Being military men, they placed a force, as had been directed, without disturbance, and secretly invested the bridge; when the deputies, with Volturcius, came to the place, and a shout was raised from each side of the bridge, the Gauls, at once comprehending the matter, surrendered themselves immediately to the prætors. Volturcius, at first, encouraging his companions, defended himself against numbers with his sword; but afterwards, being unsupported by the Allobroges, he began earnestly to beg Pomtinus, to whom he was known, to save his life, and at last, terrified and despairing of safety, he surrendered himself to the prætors as unconditionally as to foreign enemies.

The affair being thus concluded, a full account of it was immediately transmitted to the consul by messengers. Great anxiety and great joy affected him at the same moment. He rejoiced that, by the discovery of the conspiracy, the state was freed from danger; but he was doubtful how he ought to act, when citizens of such eminence were detected in treason so atrocious. He saw that their punishment would be a weight upon himself, and their escape the destruction of the Commonwealth. . . .

Their birth, age, and eloquence, were nearly on an equality; their greatness of mind similar, as was also their reputation,

though attained by different means. Cæsar grew eminent by generosity and munificence; Cato by the integrity of his life. Cæsar was esteemed for his humanity and benevolence; austereness had given dignity to Cato. Cæsar acquired renown by giving, relieving, and pardoning; Cato by bestowing nothing. In Cæsar, there was a refuge for the unfortunate; in Cato, destruction for the bad. In Cæsar, his easiness of temper was admired; in Cato, his firmness. Cæsar, in fine, had applied himself to a life of energy and activity; intent upon the interests of his friends, he was neglectful of his own; he refused nothing to others that was worthy of acceptance, while for himself he desired great power, the command of an army, and a new war in which his talents might be displayed. But Cato's ambition was that of temperance, discretion, and, above all, of austerity; he did not contend in splendor with the rich, or in faction with the seditious, but with the brave in fortitude, with the modest in simplicity, with the temperate in abstinence; he was more desirous to be, than to appear, virtuous; and thus, the less he courted popularity, the more it pursued him.

When the senate, as I have stated, had gone over to the opinion of Cato, the consul, thinking it best not to wait till night, which was coming on, lest any new attempts should be made during the interval, ordered the triumvirs to make such preparations as the execution of the conspirators required. He himself, having posted the necessary guards, conducted Lentulus to the prison; and the same office was performed for the rest by the prætors.

There is a place in the prison, which is called the Tullian dungeon, and which, after a slight ascent to the left, is sunk about twelve feet under ground. Walls secure it on every side, and over it is a vaulted roof connected with stone arches; but its appearance is disgusting and horrible, by reason of the filth, darkness, and stench. When Lentulus had been let down into this place, certain men, to whom orders had been given, strangled him with a cord. Thus this patrician, who was of the illustrious family of the Cornelii, and who had filled the office of consul at Rome, met with an end suited to his character and conduct. On Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and Cœparius, punishment was inflicted in a similar manner. . . .

When the battle was over, it was plainly seen what boldness, and what energy of spirit, had prevailed throughout the army of Catiline; for, almost everywhere, every soldier, after yielding up his breath, covered with his corpse the spot which he had occupied when alive. A few, indeed, whom the prætorian cohort had dispersed, had fallen somewhat differently, but all with wounds in front. Catiline himself was found, far in advance of his men, among the dead bodies of the enemy; he was not quite breathless, and still expressed in his countenance the fierceness of spirit which he had shown during his life. Of his whole army, neither in the battle, nor in flight, was any free-born citizen made prisoner, for they had spared their own lives no more than those of the enemy.

Nor did the army of the Roman people obtain a joyful or bloodless victory; for all their bravest men were either killed in the battle, or left the field severely wounded.

Of many who went from the camp to view the ground, or plunder the slain, some, in turning over the bodies of the enemy, discovered a friend, others an acquaintance, others a relative; some, too, recognized their enemies. Thus, gladness and sorrow, grief and joy, were variously felt throughout the whole army.

—J. S. Watson.

V. THE AUGUSTAN AGE (43 B.C.–A.D. 14)

PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO (70–19 B.C.)

Virgil's life fell in a period of great moment, and was actively affected by the fortunes of the time. He passed its first twenty-nine years on the estate of his peasant father at Andes, near Mantua, probably for the most part in thoughtful study. Meanwhile, Pompey, Cicero, and Cæsar had fretted their hour and met their tragic ends, and Antony and Augustus after Philippi had begun the new drama of the Empire. Virgil first felt the actualities of the conflict when in 41 he was deprived of his lands in the interest of Antony's veterans. Reinstated in them, introduced by the statesman Mæcenas to the attention of Augustus, persuaded by association and by event of the inevitability and rightness of the change through which the state was passing, he became the friend and supporter of the emperor, and by reason of vision, feeling, and the gift of expression the prophet and poet of Italy and Rome. The *Eclogues,* or *Pastorals,* written from his twenty-seventh to thirty-third year, are Theocritean imitations which in spite of artificialities are full of the warmth and beauty of Italy. The *Georgics,* written during the next seven years and reminiscent mainly of Hesiod, consist of four finished books on the raising of crops, the care of trees and vines, of cattle, and of bees, with their practical directions often glorified by poetry, and the whole made golden by patriotic, religious, and literary sensibility. The *Æneid,* occupying the last eleven years of the poet's life and regarded by him at his death as needing three years more, is the great national poem of ancient Rome. Over a century had passed since the rapid period of expansion had ended which made the Mediterranean a Roman lake. The times had been marked by abuse and mistake abroad and dissension at home as the city-state of Rome struggled with the difficulties of ruling its vast, diverse, and too suddenly acquired territorial possessions, and of preserving peace and the constitution in the midst of the social and civic antagonisms of a citizenry grown great in numbers and diversity of interests. When the century of civil conflict and anarchy terminated, and the conviction came that the empire was a unit and the state secure, the belief, already long in existence, that Rome was divinely appointed to the mission of uniting the world in the blessings of civilization, was deepened into faith. The grave and stately epic of Virgil, with its story of Æneas, the man of Destiny, under divine direction founding the Latin state, with its glorification of the achievements of Roman arms and the Roman virtues, and with its prophecy of Rome the just, the merciful, the benevolent benefactress of all mankind, not only gave lofty expression to this faith, but at the same time so amplified the ideal and made its outlines clear as to play a creative part in molding the actual character of emperor and state.

The *Æneid* as compared with its great Homeric forerunners is a literary or art epic rather than a natural or folk epic. Its ornament is often conscious, and it is frequently weighted with learning. It is always beautiful, but with the beauty of cultivated thought, feeling, and expression. It must not be judged by the Homeric standard. Homer's epic is a stuff of simple, genuine, yielding texture, whose ornament is inherent; the *Æneid* is a stately brocade of calculated pattern, rich with embroidered gold and silver and gems.

The translation is John Dryden's.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL

Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier strain!
Tho' lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finished course: Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven descends.
O chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains,
And haste the glorious birth! thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,

Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace;
Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.
The father banished virtue shall restore,
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden Earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring),
As her first offerings to her infant king.
The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward speed,
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flowers be crowned:
The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlabored harvests shall the fields adorn,
And clustered grapes shall blush on every thorn;
The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep,
And thro' the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.
Yet of old fraud some footsteps shall remain:
The merchant still shall plow the deep for gain;
Great cities shall with walls be compassed round,
And sharpened shares shall vex the fruitful ground;
Another Tiphys shall new seas explore;
Another Argo land the chiefs upon the Iberian shore;
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripened manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego;
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware,
For every soil shall every product bear.
The laboring hind his oxen shall disjoin;
No plow shall hurt the glebe, no pruning hook the vine;
Nor wool shall in dissembled colors shine.
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrowed gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred clew, and bid it smoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honors move,
O of celestial seed! O foster son of Jove!
See, laboring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main!
See to their base restored, earth, seas, and air;
And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks appear.
To sing thy praise, would Heaven my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus crowned with never-fading bays;
Tho' each his heavenly parent should inspire;
The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges should their god condemn.
Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother single out:
Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travel to requite.
Then smile: the frowning infant's doom is read;
No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the bed.

THE SEVENTH PASTORAL

Beneath a holm repaired two jolly swains
(Their sheep and goats together grazed the plains),
Both young Arcadians, both alike inspired
To sing, and answer as the song required.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat,
And fortune thither led my weary feet;
For, while I fenced my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wandered from the fold.
Of Daphnis I enquired: he, smiling, said:
'Dismiss your fear;' and pointed where he fed;
'And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At watering time will seek the neighboring ford.

Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending reeds.
And see, from yon old oak that mates the skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees arise.'
What should I do! Nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,
To house, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the strutting udders of their dams.
Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains;
And I preferred my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
These Corydon rehearsed, and Thyrsis those.

Corydon. Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus, O inspire my breast!
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
Or, if my wishes have presum'd too high,
And stretched their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign,
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

Thyrsis. Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy wreaths; tho' surly Codrus frown:
Or, if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays,
Lest his ill arts, or his malicious tongue,
Should poison, or bewitch my growing song.

C. These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untried before)
Young Micon offers, Delia, to thy shrine:
But speed his hunting with thy power divine;
Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

T. This bowl of milk, these cakes (our country fare),
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care;
But, if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turned to gold.

C. Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla sweet,
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul!
Come, when my lated sheep at night return,
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn!

T. May I become as abject in thy sight
As seaweed on the shore, and black as night;
Rough as a bur; deformed like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for shame: the flock deserves
No better feeding while the shepherd starves.

C. Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep,
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains keep,
Defend my flock! The summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

T. With heapy fires our cheerful hearth is crowned;
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

C. Our woods, with juniper and chestnuts crowned,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores around:
But, if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Even running rivers leave their channels dry.

T. Parched are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield;
But, if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives, the woods are green again,
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain.

C. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves;
With hazel Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And, while she loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazel shall compare.

T. The towering ash is fairest in the woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:

But, if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the towering ash shall yield in woods,
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

Melibœus. These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquished Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

THE GEORGICS

PRELUDE

What makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine,
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.
Ye deities, who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct,
Bacchus and fostering Ceres, powers divine,
Who gave us corn for mast, for water, wine;
Ye Fauns, propitious to the rural swains,
Ye nymphs, that haunt the mountains and the plains,
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful succor; for your gifts I sing.
And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth,
And made a passage for the courser's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cæan shore sustains
Thy milky herds, that graze the flow'ry plains;
And thou, the shepherds' tutelary god,
Leave, for a while, O Pan, thy loved abode;
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my song repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plow, and plowman's toil;
And thou, whose hands the shroud-like cypress rear,
Come, all ye gods and goddesses, that wear
The rural honors, and increase the year:
You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain;
And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain;
And chiefly thou, whose undetermined state
Is yet the business of the gods' debate,
Whether in after times to be declared
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
And the round circuit of the year to guide—
Powerful of blessings, which thou strewest around,
And with thy goddess-mother's myrtle crowned.
Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the watery reign,
To smooth the surges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray;
Even utmost Thule shall thy power obey,
And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea. . . .
But thou, propitious Cæsar, guide my course,
And to my bold endeavors add thy force:
Pity the poet's and the plowman's cares;
Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our prayers.

FRUITFUL ITALY

But neither Median woods (a plenteous land),
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields,
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with sweet Italy contend in fame.
No bulls whose nostrils breathe a living flame
Have turned our turf; no teeth of serpents here
Were sown, an armed host and iron crop to bear.
But fruitful vines, and the fat olive's freight,
And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to train;
There flows Clitumnus thro' the flowery plain,
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosperous war,
The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.
Perpetual spring our happy climate sees:
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
Nor poisonous aconite is here produced,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refused;
Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
Or raised on such a spiry volume ride.
Next add our cities of illustrious name,

Their costly labor, and stupendous frame;
Our forts on steepy hills, that far below
See wanton streams in winding valleys flow;
Our twofold seas, that, washing either side,
A rich recruit of foreign stores provide;
Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first; and next
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vexed.
Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake?
Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
Roars round the structure, and invades the fence,
There, where secure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?
Our quarries, deep in earth, were famed of old
For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
The inhabitants themselves their country grace:
Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race,
Strong-limbed and stout, and to the wars inclined,
And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind,
And Volscians armed with iron-headed darts.
Besides, an offspring of undaunted hearts,
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus, came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name;
And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms,
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome,
Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.
Hail, sweet Saturnian soil! of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illustrious men!
For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
And treat of arts disclosed in ancient days;
Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring,
And old Ascræan verse in Roman cities sing.

NEXT TO THE SOIL

Happy the man, who, studying nature's laws,
Thro' known effects can trace the secret cause;
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune, and resigned to fate!
And happy too is he who decks the bowers
Of Sylvans, and adores the rural powers;
Whose mind, unmoved, the bribes of courts can see,
Their glittering baits, and purple slavery;
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown,
Nor, when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will set up one, or pull another down.
Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults, and descents, and distant war;
Nor with a superstitious fear is awed
For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their heapy store,
Nor his own peace disturbs with pity for the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford.
From his loved home no lucre him can draw
The senate's mad decrees he never saw;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the seas, and some to camps resort,
And some with impudence invade the court.
In foreign countries others seek renown;
With wars and taxes others waste their own,
And houses burn, and household gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glittering gems enchase,
To loll on couches, rich with citron steads,
And lay their guilty limbs in Tyrian beds.
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hovering and brooding on his buried store.
Some patriot fools to popular praise aspire,
Or public speeches, which worse fools admire,
While from both benches, with redoubled sounds,
The applause of lords and commoners abounds.
Some thro' ambition, or thro' thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, or their country sold;
And, leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another sun.
The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked plow the fertile fallows tills,
And the round year with daily labor fills.
From hence the country markets are supplied;
Enough remains for household charge beside,
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
Nor cease his labors till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harvest yield:
A crop so plenteous, as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus every several season is employed,
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoyed.
The yeaning ewes prevent the springing year;

The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Baked in the sunshine of ascending fields.
The winter comes; and then the falling mast
For greedy swine provides a full repast;
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
And winter fruits are mellowed by the frost.
His cares are eased with intervals of bliss:
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crowned with chaste delight.
His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepared,
Fight harmless battles in his homely yard:
Himself, in rustic pomp, on holidays,
To rural powers a just oblation pays,
And on the green his careless limbs displays.
The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen, round
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crowned.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize:
The groom his fellow-groom at butts defies,
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes;
Or, stripped for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother god were bred,
From whom the austere Etrurian virtue rose;
And this rude life our homely fathers chose.
Old Rome from such a race derived her birth
(The seat of empire, and the conquered earth),
Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel son usurped the skies,
When beasts were only slain for sacrifice,
While peaceful Crete enjoyed her ancient lord,
Ere sounding hammers forged the inhuman sword,
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death,
The good old god his hunger did assuage
With roots and herbs, and gave the Golden Age.

THE POWER OF LOVE

The youthful bull must wander in the wood
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood,
Or in the stall at home his fodder find,
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast:
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest;
Forsakes his food, and, pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass.
The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.
A beauteous heifer in the woods is bred:
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns; with dreadful sound
The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and, pushing, loudly roar:
Their dewlaps and their sides are bathed in gore.
Nor, when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquished bull his claim release;
But, feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driven from his native land to foreign grounds,
He with a generous rage resents his wounds,
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And, more than both, the loves, which unrevenged he lost.
Often he turns his eyes, and, with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms, once his own;
And therefore to repair his strength he tries,
Hardening his limbs with painful exercise,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies,
On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind; his heels the sand excite;
But when he stands collected in his might,
He roars, and promises a more successful fight.
Then, to redeem his honor at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the watery war;
And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore.

They mate the middle region with their height,
And fall no less than with a mountain's weight;
The waters boil, and, belching, from below
Black sands as from a forceful engine throw.
Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The secret joys of sweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame;
For Love is lord of all, and is in all the same.

THE ÆNEID

I

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latin realm, and built the destined town;
His banished gods restored to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line,
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.
O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provoked, and whence her hate;
For what offense the Queen of Heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man;
Involved his anxious life in endless cares,
Exposed to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?
Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea;
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:
Carthage the name; beloved by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot; here, if Heaven were kind,
The seat of awful empire she designed.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumor fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky,)
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor thus confined, the yoke of sovereign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She pondered this, and feared it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she waged of late
For conquering Greece against the Trojan state.
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind:
Deep graven in her heart the doom remained
Of partial Paris, and her form disdained;
The grace bestowed on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injured bed.
Each was a cause alone; and all combined
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host;
And seven long years the unhappy wandering train
Were tossed by storms, and scattered thro' the main.
Such time, such toil, required the Roman name,
Such length of labor for so vast a frame.
Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Entering with cheerful shouts the watery reign,
And plowing frothy furrows in the main;
When, laboring still with endless discontent,
The Queen of Heaven did thus her fury vent:
'Then am I vanquished? must I yield?' said she,
'And must the Trojans reign in Italy?'

Juno asks Æolus, keeper of the winds, for help.

To this the god: 'Tis yours, O queen, to will
The work which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand:
Yours is my sovereign's grace; and, as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast;
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you.'
He said, and hurled against the mountain side
His quivering spear, and all the god applied.
The raging winds rush thro' the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;
Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, East, and West with mixed confusion roar,

And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
And heaven itself is ravished from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief;
And, 'Thrice and four times happy those,' he cried,
'That under Ilian walls before their parents died!
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train!
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields
Where Simoïs rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismembered hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear!'
Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets; the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies:
Nor can the shivering oars sustain the blow;
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Thro' gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.
Those hidden rocks the Ausonian sailors knew:
They called them Altars, when they rose in view,
And showed their spacious backs above the flood.
Three more fierce Eurus, in his angry mood,
Dashed on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid ocean left them moored aland.

The sea is calmed, and the Trojans land. They see and enter Carthage, and on temple walls find pictured the story of Troy.
Æneas and his men are introduced to Dido's palace.

II

Æneas relates the tale of Troy, beginning with Sinon and the wooden horse.

'With such deceits he gained their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done—
False tears and fawning words the city won.
A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoön, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrificed a steer;
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spied
Two serpents, ranked abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show;
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain they held;
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were filled;
Their nimble tongues they brandished as they came,
And licked their hissing jaws, that sputtered flame.
We fled amazed; their destined way they take,
And to Laocoön and his children make;
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpened fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes rolled;
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly choked, their crests divide,
And towering o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labors at the knots;
His holy fillets the blue venom blots;
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.
Their tasks performed, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
Couched at her feet, they lie protected there
By her large buckler and protended spear.
Amazement seizes all; the general cry
Proclaims Laocoön justly doomed to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dared to violate the sacred wood.

All vote to admit the steed, that vows be paid
And incense offered to the offended maid.
A spacious breach is made; the town lies bare;
Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels prepare
And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest
With cables haul along the unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls;
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crowned,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus raised aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threats the town.
O sacred city, built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We haul along the horse in solemn state,
Then place the dire portent within the tower.
Cassandra cried, and cursed the unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate; but, by the god's decree,
All heard, and none believed the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
In jollity, the day ordained to be the last.

The Greeks enter Troy, and take the palace of Priam.

He hews apace; the double bars at length
Yield to his ax and unresisted strength.
A mighty breach is made: the rooms concealed
Appear, and all the palace is revealed;
The halls of audience, and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
Armed soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
With not a door, and scarce a space, between.
The house is filled with loud laments and cries,
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies;
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
And all his father sparkles in his eyes;
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain:
The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all the apartments fill;
Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
These eyes beheld him when he marched between
The brother kings: I saw the unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallowed altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
So large a promise, of a progeny),
The posts, of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter and possess the place.
'Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire.
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruined palace, and his entering foes,
On every side inevitable woes,
In arms, disused, invests his limbs, decayed,
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain;
Loaded, not armed, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!
Uncovered but by heaven, there stood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Doddered with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
Driven like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
"What rage," she cried, "has seiz'd my husband's mind?
What arms are these, and to what use designed?
These times want other aids! Were Hector here,

Even Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be joined."
She said, and with a last salute embraced
The poor old man, and by the laurel placed.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
Thro' swords and foes, amazed and hurt, he flies
Thro' empty courts and open galleries.
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth, transfixed, with lamentable cries,
Expires before his wretched parent's eyes:
Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law;
And, shaking more with anger than with age,
"The gods," said he, "requite thy brutal rage!
As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
If there be gods in heaven, and gods be just—
Who takest in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a son's death to infect a father's sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his—not he, thy vaunted sire,
Thus used my wretched age: the gods he feared,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheered my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent."
'This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, fluttering, seemed to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.
'Then Pyrrhus thus: "Go thou from me to fate,
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!" With that he dragged the trembling sire,
Sliddering thro' clottered blood and holy mire,
(The mingled paste his murdered son had made,)
Hauled from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody fauchion bare,
His left he twisted in his hoary hair;
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing thro' the wound,
And sanguine streams distained the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shared one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruined state:
He, who the scepter of all Asia swayed,
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obeyed.
On the bleak shore now lies the abandoned king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.'

The city is burned, and Æneas escapes with his father Anchises, and his son Ascanius. In the third book, he narrates his wanderings before reaching Carthage. Dido is smitten with love for Æneas.

IV

Juno plots the union of Æneas and Dido

Now had they reached the hills, and stormed the seat
Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.
The cry pursues the mountain goats: they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground;
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
And a long chase in open view maintain.
The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs thro' the vale, and these and those outrides.
His horse's flanks and sides are forced to feel
The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.
Meantime, the gathering clouds obscure the skies:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding showers.
The company, dispersed, to coverts ride,
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom hides.

Then first the trembling earth the signal gave,
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave;
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.
From this ill-omened hour in time arose
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.
The queen, whom sense of honor could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But called it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime and sanctify the shame.
The loud report thro' Libyan cities goes.
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows:
Swift from the first; and every moment brings
New vigor to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Inraged against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produced her last of the Titanian birth.
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste:
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast.
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes inlarge her sight;
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And every mouth is furnished with a tongue,
And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes;
By day, from lofty towers her head she shews,
And spreads thro' trembling crowds disastrous news;
With court informers haunts, and royal spies;
Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles truth with lies.
Talk is her business, and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, lost to honor and the sense of shame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wandering guest, who from his country fled.

Mercury is sent by Jupiter to warn Æneas to leave Carthage. He secretly prepares to sail. On his departure, Dido resolves to die.

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said
(For, when she left her country, hers was dead):
'Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
The sheep, and all th' atoning offerings, bring,
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops; then let her come, and thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,
And, as that burns, my passion shall expire.'
The nurse moves onward, with officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involved,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolved.
With livid spots distinguished was her face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discomposed her pace;
Ghastly she gazed, with pain she drew her breath,
And nature shivered at approaching death.
Then swiftly to the fatal place she passed,
And mounts the funeral pile with furious haste;
Unsheathes the sword the Trojan left behind
(Not for so dire an enterprise designed).
But when she viewed the garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paused, and with a sigh the robes embraced;
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repressed the ready tears, and spoke her last:
'Dear pledges of my love, while Heaven so pleased,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eased:
My fatal course is finished; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is raised,
Pygmalion punished, and my lord appeased.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touched my shore!'
Then kissed the couch; and, 'Must I die,' she said,
'And unrevenged? 'Tis doubly to be dead!
Yet even this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;

These boding omens his base flight pursue!'
She said, and struck; deep entered in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dyed:
Clogged in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands. . . .
Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
A death so lingering, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of laboring nature, and dissolve her life.
For since she died, not doomed by Heaven's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,
And rage of love, that plunged her in despair,
The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know;
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colors from the light;
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said: 'I thus devote thee to the dead.
This offering to the infernal gods I bear.'
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair;
The struggling soul was loosed, and life dissolved in air.

V

Leaving Carthage, the fleet is carried by a storm to Sicily. Æneas holds funeral games in honor of his father Anchises, who had died the year before.

This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
The strife of archers with contending bows.
The mast Sergesthus' shattered galley bore
With his own hands he raises on the shore.
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance,
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names; the lots are drawn:
On the first scroll was read Hippocoön.
The people shout. Upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honors crowned.
The third contained Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame,
Whom Pallas urged the treaty to confound,
And send among the Greeks a feathered wound.
Acestes' in the bottom last remained,
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrained.
Soon all with vigor bend their trusty bows,
And from the quiver each his arrow chose.
Hippocoön's was the first: with forceful sway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fixed in the mast the feathered weapon stands:
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands,
And the tree trembled, and the shouting cries
Of the pleased people rend the vaulted skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above,
But made a glancing shot, and missed the dove;
Yet missed so narrow, that he cut the cord
Which fastened by the foot the flitting bird.
The captive thus released, away she flies,
And beats with clapping wings the yielding skies.
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood;
And, having first invoked his brother god,
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped.
The fatal message reached her as she fled:
She leaves her life aloft; she strikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains,
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
The feathered arrow gave a dire portent,
And latter augurs judge from this event.
Chafed by the speed, it fired; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames ascending drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way;
Across the skies as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,
And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.
The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace;
Then, honoring him with gifts above the rest,
Turned the bad omen, nor his fears confessed.
'The gods,' said he, 'this miracle have wrought,
And ordered you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet, rough with figured gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old:

This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give.'
He said, and, with the trumpets' cheerful sound,
Proclaimed him victor, and with laurel crowned.
Nor good Eurytion envied him the prize,
Tho' he transfixed the pigeon in the skies.
Who cut the line, with second gifts was graced;
The third was his whose arrow pierced the mast.

The fleet leaves Sicily. Palinurus the helmsman is lost.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
Within the hero's mind his joys renewed.
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.
Ahead of all the master pilot steers;
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
The steeds of Night had traveled half the sky,
The drowsy rowers on their benches lie,
When the soft God of Sleep, with easy flight,
Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his destined prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he bears;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
'The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I
Will take the rudder and thy room supply.'
To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep:
'Me dost thou bid to trust the treacherous deep,
The harlot smiles of her dissembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
Shall I believe the Siren South again,
And, oft betrayed, not know the monster main?'
He said: his fastened hands the rudder keep,
And, fixed on heaven, his eyes repel invading sleep.
The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in Lethe dipped, and drunk with Stygian dew:
The pilot, vanquished by the power divine,
Soon closed his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
The god, insulting with superior strength,
Fell heavy on him, plunged him in the sea,
And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong, he fell, and, struggling in the main,
Cried out for helping hands, but cried in vain.
The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air,
While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies;
But what the man forsook, the god supplies,
And o'er the dangerous deep secure the navy flies;
Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones. The impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks, and found
The tossing vessel sailed on shoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he grieved, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplored his death; and thus his pain expressed:
'For faith reposed on seas, and on the flattering sky,
Thy naked corpse is doomed on shores unknown to lie.'

VI

The funeral of Misenus the trumpeter is held, and the Sibyl conducts Æneas to the lower world.

Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirled aloft, and in Cocytus lost.
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast—
A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncombed, unclean;
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.
He spreads his canvas; with his pole he steers;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.

He looked in years; yet in his years were seen
A youthful vigor and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which filled the margin of the fatal flood:
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
And youths, intombed before their fathers' eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forced, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands;
Such, and so thick, the shivering army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands.
Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld with wondering eyes
The tumult mixed with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Asked of his guide, what the rude concourse meant;
Why to the shore the thronging people bent;
What forms of law among the ghosts were used;
Why some were ferried o'er, and some refused.
'Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,'
The Sibyl said, 'you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred stream which heaven's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected are the unhappy crew
Deprived of sepulchers and funeral due:
The boatman, Charon; those, the buried host,
He ferries over to the farther coast;
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
With such whose bones are not composed in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore;
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.'
The Trojan chief his forward pace repressed,
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.
He saw his friends, who, whelmed beneath the waves,
Their funeral honors claimed, and asked their quiet graves.
The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met;
The sailors mastered, and the ship o'erset.
Amidst the spirits, Palinurus pressed,
Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,
Who, while he steering viewed the stars, and bore
His course from Afric to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fixed his view,
And scarcely thro' the gloom the sullen shadow knew.

Æneas converses with various shades, including his father, who foretells the future.

Thus having said, the father spirit leads
The priestess and his son thro' swarms of shades,
And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny.
'Survey,' pursued the sire, 'this airy throng,
As, offered to thy view, they pass along. . . .
Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
The mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world, and grasps his promised power.
But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promised oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn ruled of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric and India shall his power obey;
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crowned.
At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake:
Their seers behold the tempest from afar,
And threatening oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates. . . .
Next view the Tarquin kings, the avenging sword
Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restored.
He first renews the rods and ax severe,
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourged, in open sight,
He dooms to death deserved, asserting public right.

Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'Tis love of honor, and his country's good:
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
And, next, the two devoted Decii view:
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
With standards well redeemed, and foreign foes o'ercome.
The pair you see in equal armor shine,
Now, friends below, in close embraces join;
But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
And, clothed in bodies, breathe your upper light,
With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter shall ensue!
From Alpine heights the father first descends;
His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore!
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou, of my blood, who bearest the Julian name! . . .
Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease to admire
The plowman consul in his coarse attire?
Tired as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordained in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mold the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way;
To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free:
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.'

He paused; and, while with wondering eyes they viewed
The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
'See great Marcellus! how, untired in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
He, when his country, threatened with alarms,
Requires his courage and his conquering arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;
Then to the Capitol in triumph move,
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove.'
Æneas here beheld, of form divine,
A godlike youth in glitt'ring armor shine,
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
He saw, and, wondering, asked his airy guide,
What and of whence was he, who pressed the hero's side:
'His son, or one of his illustrious name?
How like the former, and almost the same!
Observe the crowds that compass him around;
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
But hovering mists around his brows are spread,
And night, with sable shades, involves his head.'
'Seek not to know,' the ghost replied with tears,
'The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatched away.
The gods too high had raised the Roman state,
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
What funeral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve;
The Trojan honor, and the Roman boast,
Admired when living, and adored when lost;
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe, unpunished, in the fighting field
Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield;

Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
Ah! couldst thou break thro' fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mixed with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with funeral flowers his body strow;
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!'
Thus having said, he led the hero round
The confines of the blest Elysian ground;
Which when Anchises to his son had shown,
And fired his mind to mount the promised throne,
He tells the future wars, ordained by fate;
The strength and customs of the Latian state;
The prince, and people; and forearms his care
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.
Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of polished ivory this, that of transparent horn:
True visions thro' transparent horn arise;
Thro' polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
Of various things discoursing as he passed,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
Then, thro' the gate of ivory, he dismissed
His valiant offspring and divining guest.
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,
Embarked his men, and skimmed along the sea,
Still coasting, till he gained Cajeta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his galleys moor;
Their heads are turned to sea, their sterns to shore.

VII

Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,
And wav'd her saffron streamer thro' the skies;
When Thetis blushed in purple not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds were blown,
A sudden silence sate upon the sea,
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades and a brown horror stood:
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force,
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And rolled his yellow billows to the sea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bathed within, or basked upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.
The captain gives command; the joyful train
Glide thro' the gloomy shade, and lave the main.
Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire!
Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings;
Declare the past and present state of things,
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,
And how the rivals loved, and how they fought.
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man:
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage;
And haughty souls, that, moved with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate;
That roused the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involved in arms.
A larger scene of action is displayed;
And, rising hence, a greater work is weighed.

Æneas is involved in war with Turnus the Rutulian and the chieftains of Latium and Etruria. Father Tiber in a dream directs him to visit Evander on the Palatine, site of future Rome.

VIII

He said, and plunged below. While yet he spoke,
His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing, and the day arise.
Then water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood, and thus the powers bespoke:
'Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And Father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery stores; where'er they rise,
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies;

Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
Shalt share my morning song and evening vows.
But, O be present to thy people's aid,
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made!'
Thus having said, two galleys, from his stores,
With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars.
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found.
Wondrous to tell!—She lay along the ground:
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty young.
Æneas takes the mother and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are bestowed.
The following night, and the succeeding day,
Propitious Tiber smoothed his watery way:
He rolled his river back, and poised he stood,
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood.
The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore,
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their course,
And the pitched vessels glide with easy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of shields, and painted ships that stem the stream.
One summer's night and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the greenwood shades, and cut the liquid glass.
The fiery sun had finished half his race,
Looked back, and doubted in the middle space,
When they from far beheld the rising towers,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bowers,
Thin as they stood, which, then of homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan saw, and turned his ships to shore.
'Twas on a solemn day: the Arcadian states,
The king and prince, without the city gates,
Then paid their offerings in a sacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies,
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
But, when they saw the ships that stemmed the flood,
And glittered thro' the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left the unfinished feast,
Till dauntless Pallas reassured the rest
To pay the rites. Himself without delay
A javelin seized, and singly took his way;
Then gained a rising ground, and called from far:
'Resolve me, strangers, whence, and what you are;
Your business here; and bring you peace or war?'
High on the stern Æneas took his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand.

Æneas is entertained by Evander.

The rites performed, the cheerful train retire.
Betwixt young Pallas and his aged sire,
The Trojan passed, the city to survey,
And pleasing talk beguiled the tedious way.
The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
New objects viewing still, with new surprise;
With greedy joy enquires of various things,
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman towers:
'These woods were first the seat of sylvan powers,
Of Nymphs and Fauns, and savage men, who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of laboring oxen, or the shining share,
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gained to spare.
Their exercise the chase; the running flood
Supplied their thirst, the trees supplied their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove,
Robbed of his realms, and banished from above.
The men, dispersed on hills, to towns he brought,
And laws ordained, and civil customs taught,
And Latium called the land where safe he lay
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
With his mild empire, peace and plenty came;

And hence the golden times derived their name.
A more degenerate and discolored age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
The Ausonians then, and bold Sicanians came;
And Saturn's empire often changed the name.
Then kings, gigantic Tybris, and the rest,
With arbitary sway the land oppress'd:
For Tiber's flood was Albula before,
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I last arrived, driven from my native home
By fortune's power, and fate's resistless doom.
Long tossed on seas, I sought this happy land,
Warned by my mother nymph, and called by Heaven's command. . . .'
Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads;
Now roofed with gold, then thatched with homely reeds.
A reverent fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) even then possessed the swains.
Some god, they knew—what god, they could not tell—
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
The Arcadians thought him Jove; and said they saw
The mighty Thunderer with majestic awe,
Who took his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
And scattered tempests on the teeming ground.

Venus visits Vulcan, and directs him to forge armor for Æneas.

While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labors thus, and ply the Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed: his buskins meet
Above his ankles; sandals sheathe his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.
Two menial dogs before their master pressed.
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promised aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Æneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend,
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands; a secret seat they choose;
The Arcadian first their former talk renews:
'Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command the assistance of a faithful friend;
But feeble are the succors I can send.

In Æneas' absence, Turnus attacks the camp. Nisus and Euryalus engage in the fatal effort to summon Æneas, on whose return there are bloody battles. Evander's gallant son Pallas is slain.

XI

Thus having mourned, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the flower of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral,
To bear him back and share Evander's grief:
A well-becoming, but a weak relief.
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier,
Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.
The body on this rural hearse is borne:
Strewed leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
New cropped by virgin hands, to dress the bower:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe. . . .
Acœtes on his pupil's corpse attends,
With feeble steps, supported by his friends.
Pausing at every pace, in sorrow drowned,
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground;
Where groveling while he lies in deep despair,
He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmeared with hostile blood, and honorably foul.
To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,
Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
Stripped of his trappings, with a sullen pace
He walks; and the big tears run rolling down his face.
The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,
Are borne behind: the victor seized the rest.
The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound;
The pikes and lances trail along the ground. . . .
And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Thro' the short circuit of the Arcadian town,
Of Pallas slain—by Fame, which just before

His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
Each with a funeral flambeau in his hand.
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:
The fields are lightened with a fiery blaze,
That cast a sullen splendor on their friends,
The marching troop which their dead prince attends.
Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry;
The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply,
And their mixed mourning rends the vaulted sky.
The town is filled with tumult and with tears,
Till the loud clamors reach Evander's ears:
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
With a disordered pace, and cleaves the throng;
Falls on the corpse; and groaning there he lies,
With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes.
Short sighs and sobs succeed; till sorrow breaks
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks: . . .
'Go, friends, this message to your lord relate:
Tell him, that, if I bear my bitter fate,
And, after Pallas' death, live lingering on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
I stay for Turnus, whose devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead.
My son and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more; but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with such news below.'
The morn had now dispelled the shades of night,
Restoring toils, when she restored the light.
The Trojan king and Tuscan chief command
To raise the piles along the winding strand.
Their friends convey the dead to funeral fires;
Black smoldering smoke from the green wood expires;
The light of heaven is choked, and the new day retires.
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
(For ancient custom had ordained it so);
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led;
And thrice, with loud laments, they hail the dead.
Tears, trickling down their breasts, bedew the ground,
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe:
Helms, bits embossed, and swords of shining steel;
One casts a target, one a chariot wheel;
Some to their fellows their own arms restore:
The fauchions which in luckless fight they bore,
Their bucklers pierced, their darts bestowed in vain,
And shivered lances gathered from the plain.
Whole herds of offered bulls, about the fire,
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep expire.
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burning friends;
Lingering along the shore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heav'n with starry light.

The battles continue. The Princess Camilla's exploits are celebrated, and her death approaches.

Now, when the javelin whizzed along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turned their eyes,
Directed by the sound. Of either host,
The unhappy virgin, tho' concerned the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
Infixed, and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady, drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confused with joys;
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,
Or even to bear the sight of his expiring foe.
As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide
At unawares, or ranched a shepherd's side,
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quivering tail between his thighs:
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends,
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrenched the javelin with her dying hands,
But wedged within her breast the weapon stands;
The wood she draws, the steely point remains;

She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:
(A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy color flies:)
Then turns to her, whom of her female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
'Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus; fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed,
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath receive.'
She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:
Dying, her opened hand forsakes the rein;
Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.
She drops her sword; she nods her plumy crest,
Her drooping head declining on her breast:
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,
And, murmuring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.

XII

Æneas, wounded but miraculously healed, at last forces Turnus to single combat. His sister Juturna, the water deity, cannot save him.

The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
A lazy chillness crept along his blood;
Choked was his voice; his hair with horror stood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew the ill omen, by her screaming cry
And stridor of her wings. Amazed with fear,
Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing hair.
'Ah me!' she cries, 'in this unequal strife
What can thy sister more to save thy life? . . .'
She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
But in her azure mantle wrapped her head,
Then plunged into her stream, with deep despair,
And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.
Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
'What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbored in his mind?
'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight;
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
What skill and courage can attempt in war,
Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;
Or hid, within the hollow earth to lie!'
The champion shook his head, and made this short reply:
'No threats of thine my manly mind can move;
'Tis hostile heaven I dread, and partial Jove.'
He said no more, but, with a sigh, repressed
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.
Then, as he rolled his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw, the common bound
Of neighboring fields, and barrier of the ground;
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
The enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
He heaved it at a lift, and, poised on high,
Ran staggering on against his enemy,
But so disordered, that he scarcely knew
His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load,
And shivering cold congeals his vital blood.
The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short
For want of vigor, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy sleep has closed the sight,
The sickly fancy labors in the night;
We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry;
The nerves, unbraced, their usual strength deny;
And on the tongue the faltering accents die:
So Turnus fared; whatever means he tried,
All force of arms and points of art employed,
The Fury flew athwart, and made the endeavor void.
A thousand various thoughts his soul confound;
He stared about, nor aid nor issue found;
His own men stop the pass, and his own walls surround.
Once more he pauses, and looks out again,
And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.
Trembling he views the thundering chief advance,

And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
Amazed he cowers beneath his conquering foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
Astonished while he stands, and fixed with fear,
Aimed at his shield he sees the impending spear.
The hero measured first, with narrow view,
The destined mark; and, rising as he threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or stones from battering-engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on, and bore the death along.
Naught could his sevenfold shield the prince avail,
Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of mail:
It pierced thro' all, and with a grisly wound
Transfixed his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upward, and with arms displayed,
And, recreant, thus to the proud victor prayed:
'I know my death deserved, nor hope to live:
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think, O think, if mercy may be shown—
Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son—
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
And for Anchises' sake old Daunus save!
Or, if thy vowed revenge pursue my death,
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife;
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife.'
In deep suspense the Trojan seemed to stand,
And, just prepared to strike, repressed his hand.
He rolled his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt;
When, casting down a casual glance, he spied
The golden belt that glittered on his side,
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, roused anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes):
'Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful offering go!
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.'
He raised his arm aloft, and, at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood distained his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the wound.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS (65–8 B.C.)

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, born in Venusia in southeastern Italy, on December 8, 65 B.C., and buried on the Esquiline in Rome in B.C. 8, lived in stirring and tragic times, had a wide experience as the son of a freedman, a schoolboy at Rome, a student in Athens, an officer in the army of Brutus at Philippi, a pardoned combatant, a government clerk, a protégé of the prime minister Mæcenas, who gave him the famous Sabine Farm and assured him independence and leisure, a friend of the Emperor Augustus and his court, a poet laureate. He published successively a first book of *Satires* at the age of thirty, a second book, with a collection of lyrics called *Epodes,* at thirty-five, three books of *Odes* at forty-two, a first book of *Epistles* at about forty-six, the *Secular Hymn,* in honor of a great state celebration, at forty-eight, and a second book of *Epistles* and fourth book of *Odes* at about fifty-two. The lyrics of Horace are remarkable—and unapproachable—in their unity, concentration, and finish, in their inevitability of phrase, in their urbane reserve. Their subjects range from bantering addresses to coquette and friend, and exhortations to seize upon the moment ere it flies, to moral and patriotic themes of high seriousness. The *Satires* and *Epistles,* which he called *Conversations, Talks,* or *Causeries,* have delighted twenty centuries of cultivated readers by their mellow wisdom, their genial humor, their simple and quiet but refined expression, their homely and convincing precepts for the living of life, their sensible admonitions to the literary artist. All his work abounds in cameo-like pictures of Italian landscape and Italian life, and in Italian and Roman sentiment. Much has been made of his Hellenic borrowings and Hellenic qualities, but the view that he is not original, is very superficial. He is a deeply Roman and Italian poet. The intimate and personal nature of Horace's writings has made him the spiritual companion of men through the ages, and his quiet and gentle inspiration has had much to do with the world's thinking, writing, and living. No author is more difficult to translate; he has been called 'the type of the untranslatable.'

TO MÆCENAS

O thou, of ancient monarchs born,
Whose favors shield me and adorn,
Beloved Mæcenas! some there are
Who joy to gather on the car
Olympian dust, and, as they roll
On kindling wheel, to shun the goal:
Whom, lords of earth, the palm of praise
To the immortal gods can raise.

Not he whom fickle Rome's acclaim,
With threefold honor, lifts to fame;
Nor he who counts his proper stores
Whate'er is brushed from Libyan floors;
Nor he who joys to cleave the plain
With parent hoe, for Asia's gain
Would dare, with keel of Cyprian wood,
(Trembling) to cut the Ægean flood.

The merchant, when the southwest raves,
Contending with Icarian waves,
Praises the calm his village yields,
And oh, how pleasant are its fields!
But see him soon his wreck repair,
Untutored poverty to bear.

Some scorn not ancient Massic wine,
Nor blush, ere solid day decline,
With flowing bowls at leisure laid,
Their careless limbs beneath the shade
Of the green arbutus to fling,
Or near some sweet and sacred spring.

Some, horns with trumpets mixed delight,
And wars that tender mothers fright.
Forgetful of his loving wife,
The hunter leads abroad his life
In the cold air; whether some hound,
Stanch to his game, a deer hath found,
Or Marsyan boar (a mighty spoil)
Hath broken the too slender toil.

Thee ivy-wreaths, to learning given,
Exalt amid the powers of Heaven.

Me the cool forest shades invite;
Me, Nymphs with Satyrs dancing light
Draw from the vulgar, if, nor mute,
Euterpe should refuse her flute,
Nor Polyhymnia withhold
Her Lesbian lyre. But if enrolled
By thee 'mid lyric bards I rise,
My lofty front shall strike the skies!

—Robert Bradstreet.

THE CALL OF SPRING

Biting winter's frost is going, and the smiling
spring-wind blowing,
And the sailor rigs his boat along the
shore;
Flocks roam now the pastures wide, the plow-
man leaves the ingleside,
And the whitened mead with hoarfrost
gleams no more.

Now doth Venus tread the tune under over-
hanging moon,
Leading Nymphs and comely Graces in the
dance,
And the Cyclops' lurid blaze lights up Vulcan
with its rays,
As they ply their ponderous anvils 'neath
his glance.

'Tis the fitting season now to adorn the
anointed brow
With the wreath of myrtle green, or first-
ling flowers;
Meet now, too, to slay a kid, or an ewe, if
Faunus bid,
And to sacrifice to him in woodland bowers.

Pallid Death knocks no more sure at the
hovels of the poor
Than at palaces of kings with turrets high;
Happy though have been thy days, Sestius,
life but briefly stays,
And to build long hopes is vain, with
death so nigh.

Even now the night is falling, and the fabled
shades are calling,
And the cheerless home infernal soon will
yawn;
Never more will it be thine to be crowned
o'er merry wine,
When to Pluto's distant vale thou once hast
gone.

—Grant Showerman.

THE COQUETTE

What slender youth, with perfumed locks,
In some sweet nook beneath the rocks,
Pyrrha, where clustering roses grow,
Bends to thy fatal beauty now?
For whom is now that golden hair
Wreathed in a band so simply fair?
How often will he weep to find
Thy pledges frail, Love's power unkind?
And start to see the tempest sweep
With angry blast the darkening deep;
Though sunned by thy entrancing smile,
He fears no change, suspects no guile.
A sailor on bright summer seas,
He wots not of the fickle breeze.
For me—yon votive tablet scan;
It tells that I, a shipwrecked man,
Hung my dank weeds in Neptune's fane,
And ne'er will tempt those seas again.

—Goldwin Smith.

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS

You see how, deep with gleaming snow,
Soracte stands, and, bending low,
Yon branches droop beneath their burden,
And streams o'erfrozen have ceased their
flow.

Away with cold! The hearth pile high
With blazing logs; the goblet ply
With cheering Sabine, Thaliarchus;
Draw from the cask of long years gone
by.

All else the gods entrust to keep,
Whose nod can lull the winds to sleep,
Vexing the ash and cypress aged,
Or battling over the boiling deep.

Seek not to pierce the morrow's haze,
But for the moment render praise;
Nor spurn the dance, nor love's sweet
passion,
Ere age draws on with its joyless days.

Now should the campus be your joy,
And whispered loves your lips employ,
What time the twilight shadows gather,
And tryst you keep with the maiden coy.

From near-by nook her laugh makes plain
Where she had meant to hide, in vain!
How arch her struggles o'er the token
From yielding which she can scarce re-
frain!

THE PANGS OF THE JEALOUS

When 'Telephus, the rosy-necked,'
And 'Telephus, with wax-white arms,'
You praise, I boil with jealous rage,
To hear you harping on his charms.

My senses leave me for the time,
My color comes and goes again;
And stealthy tears glide down my cheek,
Telling how deep has gone the pain.

I burn with ire to see him give
His rough caresses, hot with wine,
Or when he madly wounds your lips
With kisses, leaving telltale sign.

Do not, I warn you, hope him true
Forever, who so barbarous rude
Assails those lips that Love herself
With sweetest nectar hath imbued.

Thrice blest, and more, they who enjoy
Unbroken love till life's last breath;
Whom petty quarrels ne'er distract;
Whose love is only loosed by death.

POET AND LOVER

Fuscus, the man of pure and noble heart
Ne'er needs the Moorish spear or poisoned dart,
Nor exercised to be in warlike art,
To guard his way,
Whether his steps he bends o'er burning sands,
Or where Hydaspes laves his fabled strands,
Or peaks of Caucasus in wintry bands
Lie grim and grey.

For as I wandering sang of Lalage
In Sabine wood, unarmed, my heart care free,
A wolf that met me straight began to flee
In wild surprise—
A monster such as never yet was reared
In oak-clad Daunias, home of warriors feared,
Nor Africa, the land of lions, seared
By torrid skies.

Place me in treeless fields of ice and snow
Where ne'er is felt the balm of summer's glow,
Where threatening skies and storms tempestuous show
The wrath of Jove;
Or place me in the sun-scorched desert bare,
With refuge none from noontide's withering glare:
Sweet-smiling, prattling Lalage even there
I still shall love.

—Grant Showerman.

TO CHLOE

Chloe, thou fliest me like a fawn
That on some lonely upland lawn,
Seeking its dam, in winds and trees
Imaginary dangers sees.
Does Spring's fresh breeze the foliage shake
Or lizard rustle in the brake?
At once it quakes in heart and limb.
Yet I, sweet girl, no tiger grim,
No fierce Gætulian lion am.
Then, no more, fawn-like, seek thy dam,
But bury all thy fond alarms—
'Tis time thou should'st—in true love's arms.

—Goldwin Smith.

A FRIEND OF THE MUSES

The Muses' friend, I'll bid farewell to fear,
And all my gloom to wanton winds consign
To bear away to Cretan billows drear,
Careless who reigns where Arctus cold doth shine,
Or who frights Tiridates' battle line.
Sweet Muse Pimplea, who lov'st clear-welling springs,
Bright flowers for Lamia weave: the task is thine,
(My strain unaided him no honor brings)
Thine and thy Sisters': sweep for him the Lesbian strings!

—Lily Ross Taylor.

THE POET'S PRAYER

When, kneeling at Apollo's shrine,
The bard from silver goblet pours
Libations due of votive wine,
What seeks he, what implores?

Not harvests from Sardinia's shore;
Not grateful herds that crop the lea
In hot Calabria; not a store
Of gold, and ivory;

Not those fair lands where slow and deep
Thro' meadows rich and pastures gay
Thy silent waters, Liris, creep,
Eating the marge away.

Let him to whom the gods award
  Calenian vineyards prune the vine;
The merchant sell his balms and nard,
  And drain the precious wine

From cups of gold—to Fortune dear
  Because his laden argosy
Crosses, unshattered, thrice a year
  The storm-vexed Midland sea.

Ripe berries from the olive bough,
  Mallows and endives, be my fare.
Son of Latona, hear my vow!
  Apollo, grant my prayer!

Health to enjoy the blessings sent
  From heaven; a mind unclouded, strong;
A cheerful heart; a wise content;
  An honored age; and song.

—Sir Stephen E. De Vere.

A RECANTATION

I, whom the Gods had found a client,
Rarely with pious rites compliant,
At unbelief disposed to nibble,
And pleased with every sophist quibble—
I, who had deemed great Jove a phantom,
Now own my errors, and recant 'em!

Have I not lived of late to witness,
Athwart a sky of passing brightness,
The God, upon his car of thunder,
Cleave the calm elements asunder?
And, through the firmament careering,
Level his bolts with aim unerring?

Then trembled Earth with sudden shiver;
Then quaked with fear each mount and river;
Stunned at the blow, Hell reeled a minute,
With all the darksome caves within it;
And Atlas seemed as he would totter
Beneath his load of land and water!

Yes! of a God I hail the guidance;
The proud are humbled at his biddance;
Fortune, his handmaid, now uplifting
Monarchs, and now the scepter shifting,
With equal proof His power evinces,
Whether she raise or ruin princes.

—Francis Mahony
('Father Prout').

HERE AND NOW

When dangers press, a mind sustain
  Unshaken by the storms of fate,
And when delight succeeds to pain
  With no glad insolence elate;
For death will end the various toys
Of hopes, and fears, and cares, and joys.

Mortal alike, if sadly grave
  You pass life's melancholy day,
Or in some green, retired cave,
  Wearing the idle hours away,
Give to the Muses all your soul,
And pledge them in the flowing bowl,

Where the broad pine, and poplar white,
  To join their hospitable shade
With intertwisted boughs delight,
  And, o'er its pebbly bed conveyed,
Labors the winding stream to run,
Trembling and glittering to the sun.

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,
  And fragrant roses hither bring,
That with the early zephyrs bloom,
  And wither with declining spring.
While joy and youth not yet have fled,
And Fate still holds the uncertain thread.

You soon must leave your verdant bowers
  And groves yourself had taught to grow,
Your soft retreats from sultry hours,
  Where Tiber's gentle waters flow,
Soon leave; and all you call your own
Be squandered by an heir unknown.

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,
  A high patrician name you bear,
Or pass ignoble in the crowd,
  Unsheltered from the midnight air,
'Tis all alike; no age or state
Is spared by unrelenting Fate.

To the same port our barks are bound;
  One final doom is fixed for all;
The universal wheel goes round,
  And, soon or late, each lot must fall,
When all together shall be sent
To one eternal banishment.

—John Herman Merivale.

A POEM OF FRIENDSHIP

Septimius, who with me would brave
  Far Gades, and Cantabrian land
Untamed by Rome, and Moorish wave
  That whirls the sand;

Fair Tibur, town of Argive kings,
  There would I end my days serene,

At rest from seas and travelings,
And service seen.

Should angry Fate those wishes foil,
Then let me seek Galesus, sweet
To skin-clad sheep, and that rich soil,
The Spartan's seat.

Oh, what can match the green recess,
Whose honey not to Hybla yields,
Whose olives vie with those that bless
Venafrum's fields?

Long springs, mild winters glad that spot
By Jove's good grace, and Aulon, dear
To fruitful Bacchus, envies not
Falernian cheer.

That spot, those happy heights desire
Our sojourn; there, when life shall end,
Your tear shall dew my yet warm pyre,
Your bard and friend.

—John Conington.

THE INEVITABLE HOUR

Alas! my Postumus, alas! how speed
The passing years: nor can devotion's deed
Stay wrinkled age one moment on its way,
Nor stay one moment death's appointed day;

Not though with thrice a hundred oxen slain
Each day thou prayest Pluto to refrain,
The unmoved by tears, who threefold Geryon drave,
And Tityus, beneath the darkening wave—

The wave we all must one day surely sail
Who live and breathe within this mortal vale,
Whether our lot with princely rich to fare,
Whether the peasant's lowly life to share.

In vain for us from murderous Mars to flee,
In vain to shun the storms of Hadria's sea,
In vain to fear the poison-laden breath
Of Autumn's sultry south-wind, fraught with death;

Adown the wandering stream we all must go,
Adown Cocytus' waters, black and slow;
The ill-famed race of Danaus all must see,
And Sisyphus, from labors never free.

All must be left—lands, home, beloved wife—
All left behind when we have done with life;
One tree alone, of all thou holdest dear,
Shall follow thee—the cypress, o'er thy bier!

Thy wiser heir will soon drain to their lees
The casks now kept beneath a hundred keys;
The proud old Cæcuban will stain the floor,
More fit at pontiffs' solemn feasts to pour.

—Grant Showerman.

CONTENT IS A KINGDOM

Away, ye herd profane!
Silence! Let no unhallowed tongue
Disturb the sacred rites of song,
Whilst I, the high priest of the Nine,
For youths and maids alone entwine
A new and loftier strain.

Nations before their monarchs bow:
Jove, who from heaven the giants hurled,
Rules over kings and moves the world
With the majestic terrors of his brow.

Follies perverse of mortal life!
Insane ambitions, futile strife!
One vainly brags a happier skill
His vines to range, his glebes to till;
Another boasts his nobler name,
His client throngs, his purer fame:
Poor fools, inexorable Fate
Deals equal law to small and great,
Shaking the urn from which allotted fly
Joy, pain, life, death, despair, and victory.

To him above whose impious head
Th' avenging sword impends
Sicilian feasts no joy impart,
Nor bird, nor lute, nor minstrel art
His vigil charms. Upon his bed
No healing dew of innocent sleep descends.

Sleep hovers with extended wing
Above the roof where labor dwells;
Or where the river, murmuring,
Ripples beneath the beechen shade;
Or where in Tempe's dells
No sound but Zephyr's breath throbs through the sylvan glade.

The humble man who naught requires
Save what sufficed his frugal sires
Laughs at the portents vain
Of fierce Arcturus' sinking star,
Or rising Hædus; sees afar
Unmoved the raging main;
Content though farms their fruits deny,
Though shattered vineyards prostrate lie,
Though floods and frost the fields despoil,
Or hot suns rend the arid soil,
Contented still to live and toil.

The lord of wide domains
Unsated still his ample bound disdains,
And through the bosom of the deep
Drives the huge mole, down-flinging heap on heap.
The finny race behold the new-born land
Amazed, see towers arise, and fields expand,
And 'mid his hireling crew th' usurper stand.
Proudly he stands; but at his side
Terror still dogs the steps of pride:
Behind the horseman sits black Care,
And o'er the brazen trireme bends Despair.

Not marble from the Phrygian mine,
Nor robes star-bright, Falernian wine,
Nor Achæmenian balm,
Can soothe the weary heart opprest,
Or still the tumult of the breast
With one brief moment's calm.
Then wherefore change my Sabine home,
Where Envy dwells not, life is free,
For pillared gate, and lofty dome,
And the dull load of luxury?

—Sir Stephen E. De Vere.

THE SPRING

O crystal-bright Bandusian Spring,
Worthy thou of the mellow wine
And flowers I bring to thy pure depths:
A kid the morrow shall be thine.

The day of lustful strife draws on,
The starting horns begin to gleam;
In vain! His red blood soon shall tinge
The waters of thy clear, cold stream.

The dog-star's fiercely blazing hour
Ne'er with its heat doth change thy pool;
To wandering flock and ploughworn steer
Thou givest waters fresh and cool.

Thee, too, 'mong storied founts I'll place,
Singing the oak that slants the steep
Above the hollowed home of rock
From which thy prattling streamlets leap.

—Grant Showerman.

TO A JAR OF WINE

O precious crock, whose summers date,
Like mine, from Manlius' consulate,
I wot not whether in your breast
Lie maudlin wail or merry jest,
Or sudden choler, or the fire
Of tipsy Love's insane desire,
Or fumes of soft caressing sleep,
Or what more potent charms you keep;
But this I know, your ripened power
Befits some choicely festive hour!
A cup peculiarly mellow
Corvinus asks; so come, old fellow,
From your time-honored bin descend,
And let me gratify my friend!
No churl is he, your charms to slight,
Though most intensely erudite:
And even old Cato's worth, we know,
Took from good wine a nobler glow.

Your magic power of wit can spread
The halo round a dullard's head,
Can make the sage forget his care,
His bosom's inmost thoughts unbare,
And drown his solemn-faced pretense
Beneath your blithesome influence.
Bright hope you bring and vigor back
To minds outworn upon the rack,
And put such courage in the brain
As makes the poor be men again,
Whom neither tyrants' wrath affrights,
Nor all their bristling satellites.

Bacchus, and Venus, so that she
Bring only frank festivity,
With sister Graces in her train,
Twining close in lovely chain,
And gladsome tapers' living light,
Shall spread your treasures o'er the night,
Till Phœbus the red East unbars,
And puts to rout the trembling stars.

—Sir Theodore Martin.

TO DIANA

Maid of the mountains and the glades,
Who, thrice invoked, dost hear and save
Pang-stricken mothers from the grave,
Goddess of triple guise—
Thine be the pine my cot that shades,
Which, each year's end, I'll gladly stain
With blood of threatening wild boar, slain
His side stroke ere he plies.

—Grant Showerman.

A REGRET

For ladies' love I late was fit,
And good success my warfare blest;
But now my arms, my lyre I quit,
And hang them up to rust or rest.
Here, where arising from the sea
Stands Venus, lay the load at last,

Links, crowbars, and artillery,
Threatening all doors that dared be fast.
O Goddess! Cyprus owns thy sway,
And Memphis, far from Thracian snow:
Raise high thy lash, and deal me, pray,
That haughty Chloe just one blow!
—John Conington.

THE POET'S PROPHECY

Not lasting bronze nor pyramid upreared
By princes shall outlive my powerful rhyme.
The monument I build, to men endeared,
Not biting rain, nor raging wind, nor time,
Endlessly flowing through the countless years,
Shall e'er destroy. I shall not wholly die;
The grave shall have of me but what appears;
For me fresh praise shall ever multiply.
As long as priest and silent Vestal wind
The Capitolian steep, tongues shall tell o'er
How humble Horace rose above his kind
Where Aufidus's rushing waters roar
In the parched land where rustic Daunus reigned,
And first taught Grecian numbers how to run
In Latin measure. Muse! the honor gained
Is thine, for I am thine till time is done.
Gracious Melpomene, O hear me now,
And with the Delphic bay gird round my brow.
—Grant Showerman.

TO AUGUSTUS

From gods benign descended, thou
Best guardian of the fates of Rome,
Too long already from thy home
Hast thou, dear chief, been absent now;

Oh, then return, the pledge redeem,
Thou gav'st the Senate, and once more
Its light to all the land restore;
For when thy face, like springtide's gleam,

Its brightness on the people sheds,
Then glides the day more sweetly by,
A brighter blue pervades the sky,
The sun a richer radiance spreads!

As on her boy the mother calls,
Her boy, whom envious tempests keep
Beyond the vexed Carpathian deep,
From his dear home, till winter falls.

And still with vow and prayer she cries,
Still gazes on the winding shore,
So yearns the country evermore
For Cæsar, with fond, wistful eyes.

For safe the herds range field and fen
Full-headed stand the shocks of grain,
Our sailors sweep the peaceful main,
And man can trust his fellow-men.

No more adulterers stain our beds,
Laws, morals, both that taint efface,
The husband in the child we trace,
And close on crime sure vengeance treads.

The Parthian, under Cæsar's reign,
Or icy Scythian, who can dread,
Or all the tribes barbarian bred
By Germany, or ruthless Spain?

Now each man, basking on his slopes,
Weds to his widowed trees the vine,
Then, as he gaily quaffs his wine,
Salutes thee God of all his hopes;

And prayers to thee devoutly sends,
With deep libations; and, as Greece
Ranks Castor, and great Hercules,
Thy godship with his Lares blends.

Oh, mayst thou on Hesperia shine,
Her chief, her joy, for many a day!
Thus, dry-lipped, thus at morn we pray,
Thus pray at eve, when flushed with wine.
—Sir Theodore Martin.

THE RACE FOR RICHES

Tell me, Mæcenas, if you can,
How comes it, that no mortal man
Is with his lot in life content,
Whether he owes it to the bent
Of his free choice, or fortune's whim?
And why is there such charm for him
In the pursuit his neighbor plies?
'O happy, happy merchants!' cries
The soldier crippled with the banes
Of age, and many hard campaigns.
'A soldier's is the life for me!'
The merchant shouts, whilst on the sea
His argosies are tossing far;
'For, mark ye, comes the tug of war,
Host grapples host, and in a breath
'Tis glorious victory or death!'
The lawyer deems the farmer blest,
When roused at cock-crow from his rest

By clients—those prodigious bores—
Thundering réveillé on his doors;
Whilst he, by business dragged to town
From farmy field and breezy down,
Vows happiness is only theirs,
Who dwell in crowded streets and squares.
The cases of this kind we see,
So multitudinous they be,
Would tire e'en Fabius' self, that fount
Of endless babble, to recount.
But to my point at once I'll come,
Lest you should think me wearisome. . . .
But to proceed, and not to seem
To skim the surface of my theme,
Like one who has no higher views
Than with quaint fancies to amuse:—
Yet why should truth not be impressed
Beneath the cover of a jest,
As teachers, gentlest of their tribe,
Their pupils now and then will bribe
With cakes and sugar-plums to look
With favor on their spelling-book?
Still, be this as it may, let us
Treat a grave subject gravely—thus:
The man who turns from day to day
With weary plough the stubborn clay,
Yon vintner—an exceeding knave,
The soldier, sailor rashly brave,
Who sweeps the seas from pole to pole,
All, to a man, protest their sole
Incentive thus to toil and sweat
Is a bare competence to get,
On which to some calm nook they may
Retire, and dream old age away.
Just as the tiny ant—for this
Their favorite illustration is—
Whate'er it can, away will sweep,
And add to its still growing heap,
Sagacious duly to foresee,
And cater for the time to be.
True sage, for when Aquarius drear
Enshrouds in gloom the inverted year,
She keeps her nest, and on the hoard
Subsists, her prudent care has stored;
Whilst you nor summer's fervent heat
From the pursuit of wealth can beat,
Nor fire, nor winter, sword, nor wrack;
Nothing can daunt, or hold you back,
As long as lives the creature, who
Can brag he's wealthier than you.
Where is the pleasure, pray unfold,
Of burying your heaps of gold
And silver in some darkling hole,
With trepidation in your soul?
Diminish them, you say, and down
They'll dwindle to a paltry crown.
But say you don't, what beauty lies
In heaps, however huge their size?
Suppose your granaries contain
Measures ten thousandfold of grain,
Your stomach will not, when you dine,
Hold one iota more than mine.
Like the poor slave, that bears the sack
Of loaves upon his aching back,
You'll get no more, no, not one jot,
Than does his mate, who carries nought.
Or say, what boots it to the man,
Who lives within boon Nature's plan,
Whether he drive his ploughshare o'er
A thousand acres or five score?
But then, you urge, the joy is deep
Of taking from a bulky heap.
Still, if we're free to pick out all
Our needs require from one that's small,
What better with your barns are you,
Than we with our poor sack or two?
Let us imagine, you desire
Some water, and no more require
Than might be in a jar ta'en up,
Or ev'n in, shall we say, a cup?
'I will not touch this trickling spring,
But from yon rolling river bring
What store I want,' you proudly cry.
Well, be it so! But by-and-by
Those who still strive and strain, like you,
For something more than is their due,
By surly Aufidus will be
Swept with its banks into the sea;
Whilst he, who all-abundant thinks
What for his wants suffices, drinks
His water undefiled with mud,
Nor sinks unpitied in the flood. . . .
Then let this lust of hoarding cease;
And, if your riches shall increase,
Stand less in dread of being poor,
And, having managed to secure
All that was once your aim, begin
To round your term of toiling in;
Nor act like that Ummidius, who
(Brief is the tale) was such a screw—
Although so rich, he did not count
His wealth, but measured its amount—
That any slave went better dressed,
And to the last he was possessed
By dread that he should die of sheer
Starvation. Well, the sequel hear!
His housekeeper, tried past all bearing,
With more than Clytemnestra's daring
Resolved to cure him of his pain,
So cleft him with an axe in twain. . . .
And so this brings me round again
To what I started from, that men
Are like the miser, all, in this:
They ever think their state amiss,
And only those men happy, who
A different career pursue;

Pine if their neighbor's she-goat bears
An ampler store of milk than theirs;
Ne'er think how many myriads are
Still poorer than themselves by far,
And with unceasing effort labor
To get a point beyond their neighbor.
So does some wight, more rich than they,
For ever bar their onward way;
Just as, when launched in full career,
On, onwards strains the charioteer
To outstrip the steeds that head the pace,
And scorns the laggards in the race.
And thus it happens, that we can
So rarely light upon a man
Who may with perfect truth confess
His life was one of happiness;
And, when its destined term is spent,
Can from its way retire content,
And like a well-replenished guest.
But now I've prosed enough; and lest
You think I have purloined the olio,
That crams Crispinus's portfolio,
That pink of pedants most absurd,
I will not add one other word.

THE BORE

It chanced that I, the other day,
Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
And musing, as my habit is,
Some trivial random fantasies,
That for the time absorbed me quite,
When there comes running up a wight,
Whom only by his name I knew;
'Ha, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?'
Grasping my hand, he shouted. 'Why,
As times go, pretty well,' said I;
'And you, I trust, can say the same.'
But after me as still he came,
'Sir, is there anything,' I cried,
'You want of me?' 'Oh,' he replied,
'I'm just the man you ought to know;—
A scholar, author!' 'Is it so?
For this I'll like you all the more!'
Then, writhing to evade the bore,
I quicken now my pace, now stop,
And in my servant's ear let drop
Some words, and all the while I feel
Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
'Oh for a touch,' I moaned in pain,
'Bolanus, of thy slapdash vein,
To put this incubus to rout!'
As he went chattering on about
Whatever he descries or meets,
The crowds, the beauty of the streets,
The city's growth, its splendor, size.
'You're dying to be off,' he cries;
For all the while I'd been struck dumb.
'I've noticed it some time. But come,
Let's clearly understand each other;
It's no use making all this pother.
My mind's made up to stick by you;
So where you go, there I go too.'
'Don't put yourself,' I answered, 'pray,
So very far out of your way.
I'm on the road to see a friend,
Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
Away beyond the Tiber far,
Close by where Cæsar's gardens are.'
'I've nothing in the world to do,
And what's a paltry mile or two?
I like it, so I'll follow you!'
Down dropped my ears on hearing this,
Just like a vicious jackass's
That's loaded heavier than he likes;
But off anew my torment strikes,
'If well I know myself, you'll end
With making of me more a friend
Than Viscus, ay, or Varius; for
Of verses who can run off more,
Or run them off at such a pace?
Who dance with such distinguished grace?
And as for singing, zounds!' said he,
'Hermogenes might envy me!'
Here was an opening to break in.
'Have you a mother, father, kin,
To whom your life is precious?' 'None;—
I've closed the eyes of every one.'
Oh happy they, I inly groan.
Now I am left, and I alone.
Quick, quick, despatch me where I stand!
Now is the direful doom at hand
Which erst the Sabine beldam old,
Shaking her magic urn, foretold
In days when I was yet a boy:—
'Him shall no poisons fell destroy,
Nor hostile sword in shock of war,
Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.
In fulness of the time his thread
Shall by a prate-apace be shred;
So let him, when he's twenty-one,
If he be wise, all babblers shun.'
Now we were close to Vesta's fane.
'Twas hard on ten, and he, my bane,
Was bound to answer to his bail,
Or lose his cause, if he should fail.
'Do, if you love me, step aside
One moment with me here,' he cried.
'Upon my life, indeed, I can't;
Of law I'm wholly ignorant;
And you know where I'm hurrying to.'
'I'm fairly puzzled what to do.
Give you up, or my cause?' 'Oh, me,
Me, by all means!' 'I won't,' quoth he;
And stalks on, holding by me tight.

As with your conqueror to fight
Is hard, I follow. 'How,' anon
He rambles off—'how get you on,
You and Mæcenas? To so few
He keeps himself. So clever, too!
No man more dexterous to seize
And use his opportunities.
Just introduce me, and you'll see,
We'll pull together famously;
And hang me, then, if with my backing,
You don't send all your rivals packing!'
'Things in that quarter, sir, proceed
In very different style indeed.
No house more free from all that's base,
In none cabals more out of place.
It hurts me not, if there I see
Men richer, better read than me.
Each has his place!' 'Amazing tact!
Scarce credible!' 'But 'tis the fact.'
'You quicken my desire to get
An introduction to his set.'
'With merit such as yours, you need
But wish it, and you must succeed.
He's to be won, and that is why
Of strangers he's so very shy.'
'I'll spare no pains, no arts, no shifts!
His servants I'll corrupt with gifts.
To-day though driven from his gate,
What matter? I will lie in wait,
To catch some lucky chance; I'll meet,
Or overtake him in the street;
I'll haunt him like his shadow! Nought
In life without much toil is bought.'
Just at this moment who but my
Dear friend Aristius should come by?
My rattle-brain right well he knew.
We stop. 'Whence, friends, and whither to?'
He asks and answers. Whilst we ran
The usual courtesies, I began
To pluck him by the sleeve, to pinch
His arms, that feel but will not flinch,
By nods and winks most plain to see
Imploring him to rescue me:
He, wickedly obtuse the while,
Meets all my signals with a smile.
I, choked with rage, said, 'Was there not
Some business, I've forgotten what,
You mentioned, that you wished with me
To talk about, and privately?'
'Oh, I remember! Never mind.
Some more convenient time I'll find.
The Thirtieth Sabbath this! Would you
Offend the circumcisèd Jew?'
'Religious scruples I have none.'
'Ah! But I have. I am but one
Of the *canaille*—a feeble brother.
Your pardon! Some fine day or other
I'll tell you what it was.' Oh, day
Of woful doom to me! Away
The rascal bolted like an arrow,
And left me underneath the harrow;
When by the rarest luck, we ran
At the next turn against the man
Who had the lawsuit with my bore.
'Ha, knave!' he cried with loud uproar,
'Where are you off to? Will you here
Stand witness?' I present my ear.
To court he hustles him along;
High words are bandied, high and strong,
A mob collects, the fray to see:
So did Apollo rescue me.

THE SABINE FARM

My prayers with this I used to charge,—
A piece of land not over large,
Wherein there should a garden be,
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
And where, to crown the whole, there should
A patch be found of growing wood.
All this, and more, the gods have sent,
And I am heartily content.
O son of Maia, that I may
These bounties keep is all I pray.
If ne'er by craft or base design
I've swelled what little store is mine,
Nor mean it ever shall be wrecked
By profligacy or neglect;
If never from my lips a word
Shall drop of wishes so absurd
As, 'Had I but that little nook,
Next to my land, that spoils its look!'
Or, 'Would some lucky chance unfold
A crock to me of hidden gold,
As to the man, whom Hercules
Enriched and settled at his ease,
Who, with the treasure he had found,
Bought for himself the very ground
Which he before for hire had tilled!'
If I with gratitude am filled
For what I have—by this I dare
Adjure you to fulfil my prayer,
That you with fatness will endow
My little herd of cattle now,
And all things else their lord may own,
Except what wits he has alone,
And be, as heretofore, my chief
Protector, guardian, and relief!
So, when from town and all its ills
I to my perch among the hills
Retreat, what better theme to choose
Than satire for my homely Muse?
No fell ambition wastes me there,
No, nor the south wind's leaden air,
Nor Autumn's pestilential breath,

With victims feeding hungry death.
Sire of the morn, or if more dear
The name of Janus to thine ear,
Through whom whate'er by man is done,
From life's first dawning, is begun,
(So willed the gods for man's estate)
Do thou my verse initiate!
At Rome you hurry me away
To bail my friend; 'Quick, no delay,
Or some one—could worse luck befall you?—
Will in the kindly task forestall you.'
So go I must, although the wind
Is north and killingly unkind,
Or snow, in thickly-falling flakes,
The wintry day more wintry makes.
And when, articulate and clear,
I've spoken what may cost me dear,
Elbowing the crowd that round me close,
I'm sure to crush somebody's toes.
'I say, where are you pushing to?
What would you have, you madman, you?'
So flies he at poor me, 'tis odds,
And curses me by all his gods.
'You think that you, now, I daresay,
May push whatever stops your way,
When you are to Mæcenas bound!'
Sweet, sweet, as honey is the sound,
I won't deny, of that last speech,
But then no sooner do I reach
The gloomy Esquiline, than straight
Buzz, buzz around me runs the prate
Of people pestering me with cares,
All about other men's affairs.
'To-morrow, Roscius bade me state,
He trusts you'll be in court by eight!'
'The scriveners, worthy Quintus, pray,
You'll not forget they meet to-day,
Upon a point both grave and new,
One touching the whole body, too.'
'Do get Mæcenas, do, to sign
This application here of mine!'
'Well, well, I'll try.' 'You can with ease
Arrange it, if you only please.'
Close on eight years it now must be,
Since first Mæcenas numbered me
Among his friends, as one to take
Out driving with him, and to make
The confidant of trifles, say,
Like this, 'What is the time of day?'
'The Thracian Bantam, would you bet
On him, or on the Syrian Pet?'
'These chilly mornings will do harm,
If one don't mind to wrap up warm;'
Such nothings as without a fear
One drops into the chinkiest ear.
Yet all this time hath envy's glance
On me looked more and more askance.
From mouth to mouth such comments run:
'Our friend indeed is Fortune's son.
Why, there he was, the other day,
Beside Mæcenas at the play;
And at the Campus, just before,
They had a bout at battledore.'
Some chilling news through lane and street
Spreads from the Forum. All I meet
Accost me thus—'Dear friend, you're so
Close to the gods, that you must know:
About the Dacians, have you heard
Any fresh tidings?' 'Not a word!'
'You're always jesting!' 'Now may all
The gods confound me, great and small,
If I have heard one word!' 'Well, well,
But you at any rate can tell
If Cæsar means the lands, which he
Has promised to his troops, shall be
Selected from Italian ground,
Or in Trinacria be found?'
And when I swear, as well I can,
That I know nothing, for a man
Of silence rare and most discreet
They cry me up to all the street.
Thus do my wasted days slip by,
Not without many a wish and sigh,
Oh, when shall I the country see,
Its woodlands green? Oh, when be free,
With books of great old men, and sleep,
And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
Into oblivion sweet of life,
Its agitations and its strife?
When on my table shall be seen
Pythagoras's kinsman bean,
And bacon, not too fat, embellish
My dish of greens, and give it relish?
Oh happy nights, oh feasts divine,
When, with the friends I love, I dine
At mine own hearth-fire, and the meat
We leave gives my bluff hinds a treat!
No stupid laws our feasts control,
But each guest drains or leaves the bowl,
Precisely as he feels inclined.
If he be strong, and have a mind
For bumpers, good! if not, he's free
To sip his liquor leisurely.
And then the talk our banquet rouses!
Not gossip 'bout our neighbors' houses,
Or if 'tis generally thought
That Lepos dances well or not?
But what concerns us nearer, and
Is harmful not to understand,
Whether by wealth or worth, 'tis plain,
That men to happiness attain?
By what we're led to choose our friends,—
Regard for them, or our own ends?
In what does good consist, and what
Is the supremest form of that?

And then friend Cervius will strike in
With some old grandam's tale, akin
To what we are discussing. Thus,
If some one have cried up to us
Arellius' wealth, forgetting how
Much care it costs him, 'Look you now,
Once on a time,' he will begin,
'A country mouse received within
His rugged cave a city brother,
As one old comrade would another.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
But loved his friend, and had a soul,
And could be free and open-handed,
When hospitality demanded.
In brief, he did not spare his hoard
Of corn and pease, long coyly stored;
Raisins he brought, and scraps, to boot,
Half-gnawed, of bacon, which he put
With his own mouth before his guest,
In hopes, by offering his best
In such variety, he might
Persuade him to an appetite.
But still the cit, with languid eye,
Just picked a bit, then put it by;
Which with dismay the rustic saw,
As, stretched upon some stubbly straw,
He munched at bran and common grits,
Not venturing on the dainty bits.
At length the town mouse, 'What,' says he,
'My good friend, can the pleasure be
Of grubbing here, on the backbone
Of a great crag with trees o'ergrown?
Who'd not to these wild woods prefer
The city, with its crowds and stir?
Then come with me to town; you'll ne'er
Regret the hour that took you there.
All earthly things draw mortal breath;
Nor great nor little can from death
Escape, and therefore, friend, be gay,
Enjoy life's good things while you may,
Remembering how brief the space
Allowed to you in any case.'
His words strike home; and, light of heart,
Behold with him our rustic start,
Timing their journey so, they might
Reach town beneath the cloud of night,
Which was at its high noon, when they
To a rich mansion found their way,
Where shining ivory couches vied
With coverlets in purple dyed,
And where in baskets were amassed
The wrecks of a superb repast,
Which some few hours before had closed.
There, having first his friend disposed
Upon a purple tissue, straight
The city mouse begins to wait
With scraps upon his country brother,
Each scrap more dainty than another,
And all a servant's duty proffers,
First tasting everything he offers.
The guest, reclining there in state,
Rejoices in his altered fate,
O'er each fresh tidbit smacks his lips,
And breaks into the merriest quips,
When suddenly a banging door
Shakes host and guest into the floor.
From room to room they rush aghast,
And almost drop down dead at last,
When loud through all the house resounds
The deep bay of Molossian hounds.
'Ho!' cries the country mouse. 'This kind
Of life is not for me, I find.
Give me my woods and cavern. There
At least I'm safe! And though both spare
And poor my food may be, rebel
I never will; so, fare ye well!'

TO HIS BOOK

I read the meaning of that wistful look
Towards Janus and Vertumnus, O my book!
Upon the Sosii's shelves you long to stand,
Rubbed smooth with pumice by their skilful hand.
You chafe at lock and modest seal; you groan,
That you should only to a few be shown,
And sigh by all the public to be read,
You in far other notions trained and bred.
Well, go your way, whereso you please and when,
But, once sent forth, you come not back again.
'Fool that I was! why did I change my lot?'
You'll cry, when wounded in some tender spot,
And, out of fashion and of favor grown,
You're crumpled up, and into corners thrown.
Unless my ill-divining spirit be
Warped by chagrin at your perversity,
Thus with sure presage I forecast your doom;
You will be liked by Rome, while in your bloom,
But soon as e'er the thumbing and the soil
Of vulgar hands shall your first freshness spoil,
You will be left to nibbling worms a prey,
Or sent as wrappers to lands far away.
Then one, whose warnings on your ears fell dead,
With a grim smile will note how you have sped,
Like him who, driven past patience by his mule,

Pushed o'er a precipice the restive fool,—
'Oho! so you're determined to destroy
Yourself? Well, do it, and I wish you joy!'
Yet one thing more awaits your failing age;
That in suburban schools your well-thumbed page
Will be employed by pedagogues to teach
Young boys with painful pangs the parts of speech.
But if, perchance, some sunny afternoon
To hear your voice shall eager ears attune,
Say, that though born a freedman's son, possessed
Of slender means, beyond the parent nest
I soared on ampler wing; thus what in birth
I lack, let that be added to my worth.
Say, that in war, and also here at home,
I stood well with the foremost men of Rome;
That small in stature, prematurely grey,
Sunshine was life to me and gladness; say
Besides, though hasty in my temper, I
Was just as quick to put my anger by.
Then, should my age be asked you, add that four
And forty years I'd flourished, and no more,
In the December of that year, which fame
Will join with Lepidus' and Lollius' name.

THE ART OF POETRY

Suppose, by some wild freak of fancy led,
A painter were to join a human head
To neck of horse, cull here and there a limb,
And daub on feathers various as his whim,
So that a woman, lovely to a wish,
Went tailing off into a loathsome fish,
Could you, although the artist's self were there,
From laughter long and loud, my friends, forbear?
Well, trust me, Pisos, of that freak of art
The book would be the very counterpart,
Which with a medley of wild fancies teems,
Whirling in chaos like a sick man's dreams,
A maze of forms incongruous and base,
Where nought is of a piece, nought in its place.
To dare whate'er they please has always been
The painter's, poet's, privilege, I ween.
It is a boon that any one may plead—
Myself I claim it, and in turn concede;
But 'twill not do to urge the plea too far.
To join together things that clash and jar,
The savage with the gentle, were absurd,
Or couple lamb with tiger, snake with bird.

Mostly, when poems open with a grand
Imposing air, we may surmise at hand
Some flashy fustian, here and there a patch
Of flaming scarlet, meant the eye to catch.
A grove shall be described, or Dian's shrine,
Or through delightsome plains for many a line
A brook shall wind, or the Rhine's rushing stream,
Or o'er the page the heavenly bow shall gleam.
All very fine, but wholly out of place!
You draw a cypress with consummate grace;
But what of that, if you have had your fee
To paint a wrecked man struggling in the sea?
A vase was meant; how comes it, then, about,
As the wheel turns, a common jug comes out?
Whate'er you write, by this great maxim run,
Let it be simple, homogeneous, one.
We poets, most of us, by the pretence,
Dear friends, are duped of seeming excellence.
We grow obscure in striving to be terse;
Aiming at ease, we enervate our verse;
For grandeur soaring, into bombast fall,
And, dreading that, like merest reptiles crawl;
Whilst he, who seeks his readers to surprise
With common things shown in uncommon wise,
Will make his dolphins through the forests roam,
His wild boars ride upon the billows' foam.
So unskilled writers, in their haste to shun
One fault, are apt into a worse to run. . . .
You who to fame upon the stage aspire,
Mark then what I and all the town require.
If you would have your audience keep their seats
Till the last actor the old tag repeats,
Give all your characters a tone, a hue,
Both to their years and to their natures true.
Soon as the boy can talk and make his way
Alone, he yearns with other boys to play,
Flies into passions, cools again as fast,
And shows a thousand moods that never last.
The beardless youth, from guardian freed at length,
Loves horses, dogs, and sports, and games of strength,
Ductile as wax when he to vice is wooed,
Steel-hard to those who counsel him for good;
Taking no heed to what will prove of use,
Enthusiastic, prodigal, profuse,
Full of wild longings, yet will cast away

The things he yearned for most but yesterday.
What change comes o'er his spirit as he nears
The middle term of manhood's riper years!
Money he seeks and friends, and hour by hour
Toils like a slave to compass place and power;
Cautious the while to do no single act,
He would be fain hereafter to retract.
Discomforts many on old age attend,—
Getting; and dreading what it gets to spend;
In all its counsels spiritless and chill,
Inert, irresolute, weak in hope and will,
Into the future ever prone to peer,
Harsh, crabbed, querulous, obstinate, austere,
Praising the brave old times when it was young,
And railing at the new with peevish tongue.
Years, as they come, a host of blessings bring;
A host of blessings, as they go, take wing.
Then ever keep the traits before your mind,
The qualities that are with years combined;
So, mold not youths and greybeards on one plan,
Nor make the boy you draw a full-grown man. . . .
Because Democritus has somewhere taught,
Genius is all in all, and art is nought,
And to the slopes of Helicon admits
Only such poets as have lost their wits,
Some of the tribe, with whom the creed prevails,
Will neither shave their heads nor pare their nails,
Avoid the baths, and to lone spots retreat,
Where they are sure no living soul to meet.
For he, they fancy, may securely claim
As his just due a poet's name and fame,
Who lets no barber's razor touch a poll,
Which not even three Anticyras could make whole.
Fool that I am, whenever spring draws nigh,
To purge myself of bile and vapors dry!
Did I refrain, where is the living wight
Who better poems than myself could write?
Well, well, no matter! I will play the hone,
That gives an edge, but has none of its own;
Myself not writing, I will teach what makes
A poet's excellence, show whence he takes
The riches of his art, the grace, the charm,
And what is fraught with good, and what with harm.
In all sound writing, knowledge and good sense
Lie at the very root of excellence.
To the Socratic page for matter go:
Once master that, and words will freely flow.
He who has learned to feel and comprehend
His duty to his country, to his friend,
The love that's due to parent, brother, guest,
What makes the judge, the senator, what best
Will qualify to lead a great campaign,—
That man, be sure, will hit the proper vein,
And by their thoughts, their feelings, language, acts,
Make all his characters true living facts.
The world of life and manners is the book
To which the dramatist must always look,
To find those types of men, and diction too,
Which all the world shall recognize as true.
If true to life and to the human heart,
A play, though void of beauty, force, and art,
More charms an audience, holds them in its spell,
Than vapid trifles, sound they ne'er so well. . . .
The charms of verse—the question is not new—
Are they to art or inborn genius due?
In all fine work, methinks, each plays a part—
Art linked with genius, genius linked with art;
Each doth the other's helping hand require,
And to one end they both, like friends, conspire.
The youth, who in the foot-race burns to win,
Must do and suffer much ere he begin,—
Sweat himself down, bear cold and toil and pain,
And from the lures of love and wine abstain.
At Pythian games no piper ever played
But teacher had, and was of him afraid.
But poets nowadays don't go to school.
'Behold!' they cry, 'my verse is wonderful.
Deuce take the hindermost! 'Twere foul disgrace,
Were I to be left lagging in the race,
And to confess my ignorance of what,
To tell the truth, I never have been taught!'

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

ALBIUS TIBULLUS (About 55–19 B.C.)

Tibullus, fifteen years younger than Virgil and dying in the same year, probably a Roman, began his poems with a farewell to war not long after the battle of Actium, and about the time when Virgil was beginning the *Æneid*. He was one of Rome's four elegiac poets, all Augustans, Gallus, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid. In the first three, and only to less degree in Ovid, the elegy, which with the Greek poets five hundred years earlier had been the vehicle of moral, political, philosophic, and even martial content, became the conveyance predominatingly of love. Retired from the alarms of soldiering and the quest of gain, Tibullus sings in charmingly meditative mood, and in verse pure and lovely almost beyond compare the delightful joys and the hardly less delightful pains of his love for Delia and Nemesis, the warmth of his friendship and admiration for Messalla, and the beauties of peace and contentment in a land of sunshine, plenty, and wholesome toil, the Italy he loves more deeply and with greater return than fickle and undeserving sweethearts.

The translator is James Grainger.

CONTENTMENT AND LOVE

The glittering ore let others vainly heap,
O'er fertile vales extend the enclosing mound,
With dread of neighboring foes forsake their sleep,
And start aghast at every trumpet's sound.

Me humbler scenes delight, and calmer days;
A tranquil life fair poverty secure!
Then boast, my hearth, a small but cheerful blaze,
And riches grasp who will, let me be poor.

Nor yet be hope a stranger to my door,
But o'er my roof, bright goddess, still preside!
With many a bounteous autumn heap my floor,
And swell my vats with must, a purple tide.

My tender vines I'll plant with early care,
And choicest apples, with a skilful hand:
Nor blush, a rustic, oft to guide the share,
Or goad the tardy ox along the land.

Let me a simple swain, with honest pride,
If chance a lambkin from its dam should roam,
Or sportful kid, the little wanderer chide,
And in my bosom bear exulting home.

Here Pales I bedew with milky showers,
Lustrations yearly for my shepherd pay,
Revere each antique stone bedecked with flowers,
That bounds the field, or points the doubtful way.

My grateful fruits, the earliest of the year,
Before the rural gods shall duly wait;
From Ceres' gifts I'll cull each browner ear,
And hang a wheaten wreath before her gate.

The ruddy god shall have my fruit from stealth,
And far away each little plunderer scare;
And you, the guardians once of ampler wealth,
My household gods, shall still my offerings share.

My numerous herds that wantoned o'er the mead,
The choicest fatling then could richly yield;
Now scarce I spare a little lamb to bleed,
A mighty victim for my scanty field.

And yet a lamb shall bleed, while, ranged around,
The village youths shall stand in order meet,
With rustic hymns, ye gods, your praise resound,
And future crops and future wines entreat.

Then come, ye powers, nor scorn my frugal board,
Nor yet the gifts clean earthen bowls convey;

With these the first of men the gods adored,
And formed their simple shape of ductile clay.

My little flock, ye wolves, ye robbers, spare,
Too mean a plunder to deserve your toil;
For wealthier herds the nightly theft prepare;
There seek a nobler prey, and richer spoil.

For treasured wealth, nor stores of golden wheat,
The hoard of frugal sires, I vainly call;
A little farm be mine, a cottage neat,
And wonted couch where balmy sleep may fall.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast;
Or, lulled to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink at last to rest.

These joys be mine! O grant me only these,
And give to others bags of shining gold,
Whose steely heart can brave the boisterous seas,
The storm wide-wasting, or the stiffening cold.

Content with little I would rather stay
Than spend long months amid the watery waste;
In cooling shades elude the scorching ray,
Beside some fountain's gliding waters placed.

O perish rather all that's rich and rare,
The diamond quarry, and the golden vein,
Than that my absence cost one precious tear,
Or give some gentle maid a moment's pain!

With glittering spoils, Messalla, gild thy dome,
Be thine the noble task to lead the brave;
A lovely foe me captive holds, at home,
Chained to her scornful gate, a watchful slave.

Inglorious post! And yet I heed not fame:
The applause of crowds for Delia I'd resign;
To live with thee I'd bear the coward's name,
Nor midst the scorn of nations once repine.

With thee to live I'd mock the ploughman's toil,
Or on some lonely mountain tend my sheep:
At night I'd lay me on the flinty soil,
And happy midst thy dear embraces sleep.

What drooping lover heeds the Tyrian bed,
While the long night is passed with many a sigh?
Nor softest down with richest carpets spread,
Nor whispering rills, can close the weeping eye.

Of threefold iron were his rugged frame,
Who when he might thy yielding heart obtain,
Could yet attend the calls of empty fame,
Or follow arms in quest of sordid gain.

Unenvied let him drive the vanquished host,
Through captive lands his conquering armies lead,
Unenvied wear the robe with gold embossed,
And guide with solemn state his foaming steed.

O may I view thee with life's parting ray,
And thy dear hand with dying ardor press:
Sure thou wilt weep, and on thy lover's clay,
With breaking heart, print many a tender kiss.

Sure thou wilt weep, and woes unuttered feel,
When on the pyre thou seest thy lover laid;
For well I know, nor flint, nor ruthless steel,
Can arm the breast of such a gentle maid.

From the sad pomp, what youth, what pitying fair,
Returning slow, can tender tears refrain?
O Delia, spare thy cheeks, thy tresses spare,
Nor give my lingering shade a world of pain.

But now, while smiling hours the fates bestow,
Let love, dear maid, our gentle hearts unite.
Soon death will come, and strike the fatal blow;
Unseen his head, and veiled in shades of night.

Soon creeping age will bow the lover's frame,
And tear the myrtle chaplet from his brow:
With hoary locks ill suits the youthful flame,
The soft persuasion, or the ardent vow.

Now the fair queen of gay desires is ours,
And lends our follies an indulgent smile;
'Tis lavish youth's to enjoy the frolic hours,
The wanton revel and the midnight broil.

Your chief, my friends, and fellow-soldier, I
To these light wars will lead you boldly on:
Far hence, ye trumpets, sound, and banners fly:
To those who covet wounds and fame begone,

And bear them fame and wounds; and riches bear;
There are that fame and wounds and riches prize.
For me, while I possess one plenteous year,
I'll wealth and meager want alike despise.

THE RUSTIC FESTIVAL

Attend, and favor, as our sires ordain;
The fields we lustrate, and the rising grain.
Come, Bacchus, and thy horns with grapes surround;
Come, Ceres, with thy wheaten garland crowned.
This hallowed day suspend each swain his toil,
Rest let the plough, and rest the uncultured soil;
Unyoke the steer, his racks heap high with hay,
And deck with wreaths his honest front today;
Be all your thoughts to this grand work applied.
And lay, ye thrifty fair, your wool aside!
Hence I command you mortals from the rite,
Who spent in amorous blandishment the night;
The vernal powers in chastity delight.
But come, ye pure, in spotless garbs arrayed:
For you the solemn festival is made.
Come, follow thrice the victim round the lands;
In running water purify your hands.
See, to the flames the willing victim come;
Ye swains with olive crowned, be dumb, be dumb!
'From ills, O sylvan gods, our limits shield,
Today we purge the farmer and the field.
O let no weeds destroy the rising grain;
By no fell prowler be the lambkin slain;
So shall the hind dread penury no more,
But, gaily smiling o'er his plenteous store,
With liberal hand shall larger billets bring,
Heap the broad hearth, and hail the genial spring.
His numerous bond-slaves all in goodly rows
With wicker huts your altars shall enclose.
That done, they'll cheerly laugh, and dance, and play.
And praise your goodness in their uncouth lay.'
The gods assent; see, see! those entrails show
That heaven approves of what is done below.
Now quaff Falernian; let my Chian wine,
Poured from the cask, in massy goblets shine.
Drink deep, my friends; all, all, be madly gay;
'Twere irreligion not to reel today.
Health to Messalla, every peasant toast,
And not a letter of his name be lost!
O come, my friend, whom Gallic triumphs grace,
Thou noblest splendor of an ancient race,
Thou whom the arts all emulously crown,
Sword of the state, and honor of the gown;
My theme is gratitude, inspire my lays,
O be my genius, while I strive to praise
The rural deities, the rural plain,
The use of foodful corn they taught the swain.
They taught man first the social hut to raise,
And thatch it o'er with turf, or leafy sprays;
They first to tame the furious bull essayed,
And on rude wheels the rolling carriage laid.
Man left his savage ways; the garden glowed,
Fruits not their own admiring trees bestowed,
While through the thirsty ground meandering runnels flowed.
There bees of sweets despoil the breathing spring,
And to their cells the dulcet plunder bring.
The ploughman first, to soothe the toilsome day
Chanted in measured feet his sylvan lay;
And, seed-time o'er, he first in blithesome vein
Piped to his household gods the hymning strain.
Then first the press with purple wine o'erran,
And cooling water made it fit for man;
The village-lad first made a wreath of flowers
To deck in spring the tutelary powers.
Blest be the country! yearly there the plain
Yields, when the dog-star burns, the golden grain.

Thence too thy chorus, Bacchus, first began;
The painted clown first laid the tragic plan;
A goat, the leader of the shaggy throng,
The village sent it, recompensed the song.
There too the sheep his woolly treasure wears;
There too the swain his woolly treasure shears;
This to the thrifty dame long work supplies:
The distaff hence, and basket, took their rise.
Hence too the various labors of the loom,
Thy praise, Minerva, and Arachne's doom.
Mid mountain herds love first drew vital air,
Unknown to man, and man had nought to fear;
'Gainst herds his bow the unskilful archer drew;—
Ah, my pierced heart! an archer now too true.
Now herds may roam untouched; 'tis Cupid's joy
The brave to vanquish, and to fix the coy.
The youth whose heart the soft emotion feels
Nor sighs for wealth, nor waits at grandeur's heels;
Age fired by love is touched by shame no more,
But blabs its follies at the fair one's door.
Led by soft love, the tender, trembling fair
Steals to her swain, and cheats suspicion's care;
With outstretched arms she wins her darkling way,
And, tiptoe, listens, that no noise betray.
Ah, wretched those on whom dread Cupid frowns!
How happy they whose mutual choice he crowns!
Will Love partake the banquets of the day?—
O come, but throw thy burning shafts away!
Ye swains, begin to mighty Love the song;
Your songs, ye swains, to mighty Love belong.
Breathe out aloud your wishes for my fold;
Your own soft vows in whispers may be told.
But hark! loud mirth and music fire the crowd—
Ye now may venture to request aloud.
Pursue your sports; night mounts her curtained wain;
The dancing stars compose her filial train;
Black muffled sleep steals on with silent pace,
And dreams flit last, imagination's race.

PRIMITIVE ROME

When great Æneas snatched his aged sire,
And burning Lares, from the Grecian fire,
She, she foretold this empire fixed by fate,
And all the triumphs of the Roman state;
Yet, when he saw his Ilion wrapped in flame,
He scarce could credit the mysterious dame.
Quirinus had not planned Eternal Rome,
Nor had his brother met his early doom.
Where now Jove's temple swells, low hamlets stood,
And domes ascend where heifers cropped their food.
Sprinkled with milk, Pan graced an oak's dun shade,
And scythe-armed Pales watched the mossy glade;
For help from Pan, to Pan on every bough
Pipes hung, the grateful shepherd's vocal vow;
Of reeds, still lessening, was the gift composed,
And friendly wax the unequal junctures closed.
So where Velabrian streets like cities seem,
One little wherry plied the lazy stream,
O'er which the wealthy shepherd's favorite maid
Was to her swain on holidays conveyed;
The swain, his truth of passion to declare,
Or lamb, or cheese, presented to the fair.

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS (About 50–16 B.C.)

Propertius, of Umbria and perhaps of Assisi, was educated to the law in Rome, but abandoned it for the life of the young man about town. Cultivated and clever, but also intense, his five years' entanglement with the beautiful and talented, but free-living and free-loving, Cynthia stirred his nature to its depths, and in 25 resulted in a book of *Elegies* which brought him into the favor of Mæcenas and his circle of literary and political friends. He is at the same time more varied, vigorous, and genuine in mood and expression than Tibullus, and more artificial, more unrestrained, and less wholesome. 'In Propertius,' writes Professor J. Wight Duff, in one of the many comprehensive and happy appreciations in his *Literary History of Rome,* 'one is conscious of that type of unreserved absorption in love and intense sincerity in its expression which has been powerful in Italian literature right down to the novels and poems of D'Annunzio.'

TO CYNTHIA AT BAIÆ

When thou to lounge mid Baiæ's haunts art fain,
Near road first tracked by toiling Hercules,
Admiring now Thesprotus' old domain,
Now famed Misenum, hanging o'er the seas;

Say, dost thou care for me, who watch alone?
In thy love's corner hast thou room to spare?
Or have my lays from thy remembrance flown,
Some treacherous stranger finding harbor there?

Rather I'd deem that, trusting tiny oar,
Thou guidest slender skiff in Lucrine wave;
Or in a sheltered creek, by Teuthras' shore,
Dost cleave thy bath, as in lone ocean cave,

Than for seductive whispers leisure find,
Reclining softly on the gentle sand,
And mutual gods clean banish from thy mind,
As flirt is wont, no chaperon near at hand.

I know, of course, thy blameless character,
Yet in thy fond behalf all court I fear.
Ah, pardon if my verse thy choler stir,
Blame but my jealous care for one so dear.

Mother and life beneath thy love I prize,
Cynthia to me is home, relations, bliss;
Come I to friends with bright or downcast eyes—
'Tis Cynthia's mood is the sole cause of this.

Ah, let her, then, loose Baiæ's snares eschew—
Oft from its gay parades do quarrels spring,
And shores that oft have made true love untrue:
A curse on them, for lovers' hearts they wring!

—James Davies.

TO CYNTHIA IN THE COUNTRY

Sweet incense in rude cell thou'lt burn, and see
A kid before the rustic altar fall;
With naked ankle trip it on the lea,
Safe from the strange and prying eyes of all.

I'll seek the chase: my eager soul delights
To enter on Diana's service now.
Awhile I must abandon Venus' rites,
And pay to Artemis the bounden vow.

I'll track the deer: aloft on pine-tree boughs
The antlers hang, and urge the daring hound;
Yet no huge lion in his lair I'll rouse,
Nor 'gainst the boar with rapid onset bound.

My prowess be to trap the timid hare,
And with the winged arrow pierce the bird,
Where sweet Clitumnus hides its waters fair,
'Neath mantling shades, and laves the snow-white herd. . . .

My life, remember thou in all thy schemes,
I'll come to thee ere many days be o'er;
But neither shall the lonely woods and streams,
That down the mossy crags meandering pour,

Have power to charm away the jealous pain
That makes my restless tongue forever run
'Tween thy sweet name and this love-bitter strain:
'None but would wish to harm the absent one.'

—James Cranstoun.

RENUNCIATION

At board and banquet have I been a jest,
And whoso chose might point a gibe at me;
Full five years didst thou my stanch service test,
Now shalt thou bite thy nails to find me free.

I mind not tears—unmoved by trick so stale;
Cynthia, thy tears from artful motives flow;
I weep to part, but wrongs o'er sobs prevail;
'Tis thou hast dealt love's yoke its crushing blow.

Threshold, adieu, that pitied my distress,
And door that took no hurt from angered hand;
But thee, false woman, may the inroads press
Of years whose wrack in vain wilt thou withstand.

Ay, seek to pluck the hoar hairs from their root;—
Look, how the mirror chides thy wrinkled face!
Now is thy turn to reap pride's bitter fruit,
And find thyself in the despised one's place:

Thrust out, in turn, to realize disdain,
And, what thou didst in bloom, when sere lament:
Such doom to thee foretells my fateful strain;
Hear, then, and fear, thy beauty's punishment.

—James Davies.

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO (43 B.C.–A.D. 18)

Ovid came to Rome from Sulmo, in a charming valley among high mountains ninety miles to the east. He studied rhetoric in the capital, traveled a year in the East, lived a year in Sicily, held a few minor public offices, and became society man and poet of love in the fashionable circles of Rome. The gay life he was still pursuing at fifty was rudely interrupted by the emperor's order to go into banishment at Tomi, an uncivilized and comfortless place on the Black Sea, where, after ten years of abject pleading and vain hope, he died. His poems reflect both his character and life, but less worthily and less genuinely than Tibullus and Propertius reflected theirs. He wrote verse from tender years, won recognition by elegies on Corinna, and published successively the *Heroides,* letters from heroines of Greek story, the *Amores,* love poems, *The Art of Love,* whose immoralities had to do with the banishment ten years afterward, the *Metamorphoses,* fifteen books of transformation stories mainly from Greek legend, the *Fasti,* six books of variegated antiquarian matter on six months of the year, and the *Tristia* and *Epistulæ ex Ponto, Sorrows* and *Letters from Pontus,* containing the exile's appeals and lamentations. All are in elegiacs or hexameter and characterized by the extreme of dexterity and facility in expression, and all share in an ease of thought and feeling that invites the charge of superficiality. In return for the exquisite graciousness of the *Amores,* however, for the really touching sentiment of the *Heroides,* which with their sympathetic appreciation of the psychology of the feminine heart are one of poetry's best tributes to the sex, and for the flow of the story-teller's art in some of the world's most engaging tales, and also for the lore of the *Fasti* and the personal interest of the elegies from exile, we can afford to forget the faults of this 'idle singer of an empty day.'

The verse translation is by Dryden.

METAMORPHOSES

THE CREATION

Of bodies changed to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whom these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat;
Till I my long laborious work complete,
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduced from nature's birth to Cæsar's times.
Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass;
A lifeless lump, unfashioned, and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky;
Nor, poised, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown,
But earth and air and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impressed;
All were confused, and each disturbed the rest:
For hot and cold were in one body fixed,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixed.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driven,
And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven.
Thus disembroiled, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace,
And foes are sundered by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,

That no unequal portions might be found,
He molded earth into a spacious round;
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs and standing lakes,
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are swallowed up, the most
In ample oceans, disimbogued, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones the ethereal regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assigned:
The sun, with rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt the extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, inclosing all,
Surround the compass of this earthly ball;
The lighter parts lie next the fires above,
The grosser near the watery surface move:
Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were those blustering brethren left at large,
On seas and shores their fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumscribed in place,
They rend the world, resistless, where they pass,
And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
(The regions of the balmy continent)
And eastern realms, where early Persians run
To greet the blest appearance of the sun.
Westward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleased with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas with his offspring issues forth,
To invade the frozen Wagon of the North;
While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere,
And rots, with endless rain, the unwholesome year.

High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer space for heaven designed;
Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow,
Purged from the ponderous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the power distinguished these, when straight
The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive light adorn their heavenly place.
Then, every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky:
New herds of beasts he sends, the plains to share;
New colonies of birds, to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man designed;
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire formed, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of Nature did his soul inspire;
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant still, retained the ethereal energy;
Which wise Prometheus tempered into paste,
And, mixed with living streams, the godlike image cast.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthy mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.
From such rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphosed into man.

THE FLOOD

High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion, wafting, moored his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perished man; they two were humankind.
The mountain nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere and holy woman, she.
When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That, where so many millions lately lived,
But two, the best of either sex, survived,

He loosed the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapors, driven,
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrowed face.
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears,
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath: the blast, with doubling sound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his early east,
And met the rattling echoes in the west.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.
A thin circumference of land appears;
And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds:
The streams, but just contained within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonored branches bear.
At length the world was all restored to view,
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast;
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:
'O wife, O sister, O of all thy kind
The best and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers joined;
Of multitudes who breathed the common air
We two remain; a species in a pair:
The rest the seas have swallowed; nor have we
Even of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above; and, while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatched from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How couldst thou such a wretched life sustain?
Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
That buried her I loved, should bury me.
O could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolished man retrieve,
And perished people in new souls might live!
But Heaven is pleased, nor ought we to complain,
That we, the examples of mankind, remain.'
He said: the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the gods, with pious prayers.
Thus in devotion having eased their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief;
And to Cephisus' brook their way pursue:
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
With living waters, in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments and their head;
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defiled with moss and mire,
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual, prostrate they adored;
The pavement kissed, and thus the saint implored:
'O righteous Themis, if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
If human miseries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated earth.'
Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said:
'Depart, and with your vestments veil your head;
And stooping lowly down, with loosened zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones.'
Amazed the pair, and mute with wonder stand,
Till Pyrrha first refused the dire command
'Forbid it Heaven,' said she, 'that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepulcher.'
They pondered the mysterious words again,
For some new sense; and long they sought in vain:
At length Deucalion cleared his cloudy brow,
And said: 'The dark enigma will allow
A meaning, which, if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command:
This earth our mighty mother is, the stones

In her capacious body are her bones:
These we must cast behind.' With hope and fear
The woman did the new solution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to try.
Descending from the mount, they first unbind
Their vests; and, veiled, they cast the stones behind:
The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigor of their kind expel,
And suppled into softness as they fell;
Then swelled, and, swelling, by degrees grew warm;
And took the rudiments of human form:
Imperfect shapes—in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles and the veins.
The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turned to moisture, for the body's use,
Supplying humors, blood, and nourishment:
The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little space,
What the man threw assumed a manly face;
And what the wife, renewed the female race.
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
Laborious life, and hardened into care.

PYGMALION

Pygmalion, loathing their lascivious life,
Abhorred all womankind, but most a wife:
So single chose to live, and shunned to wed,
Well pleased to want a consort of his bed;
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercised his happy skill;
And carved in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As Nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work; but, in her own defense,
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleased with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the thing adored desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And, had she moved, a living maid had been.
One would have thought she could have stirred, but strove
With modesty, and was ashamed to move.
Art, hid with art, so well performed the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit:
He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more.
The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.
Fired with this thought, at once he strained the breast,
And on the lips a burning kiss impressed. . . .
The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughtered before the sacred altars, bled.
Pygmalion, offering, first approached the shrine,
And then with prayers implored the powers divine:
'Almighty gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant,
Make this fair statue mine,' he would have said,
But changed his words for shame, and only prayed:
'Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.'
The golden goddess, present at the prayer,
Well knew he meant the inanimated fair,
And gave the sign of granting his desire;
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.
The youth, returning to his mistress, hies,
And, impudent in hope, with ardent eyes
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiss—
He thought them warm before; nor longer stays,
But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seemed the breast beneath his fingers bent.
He felt again, his fingers made a print;
'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the dint.
The pleasing task he fails not to renew:
Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew;
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former mass to form, and frame for use.
He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
And tries his argument of sense again;
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein.
Convinced, o'erjoyed, his studied thanks and praise
To her who made the miracle he pays:
Then lips to lips he joined; now freed from fear,
He found the savor of the kiss sincere:
At this the wakened image oped her eyes,
And viewed at once the light and lover, with surprise.

The goddess, present at the match she made,
So blessed the bed, such fruitfulness conveyed,
That ere ten moons had sharpened either horn,
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, walled
The city Paphos, from the founder called.

THE HEROIDES

LEANDER TO HERO

He of Abydos sends to you, Maid of Sestos, the greetings he would rather bring, if the waves of the sea should fall. If the gods are kindly toward me, if they favor me in my love, you will read with unwilling eye these words of mine. But they are not kindly; for why do they delay my vows, nor suffer me to haste through the well-known waters? You yourself see how the heavens are blacker than pitch, and the straits turbid with winds, and how the hollowed ships can scarce set sail upon them. One seaman only, and he a bold one —he by whom this letter is brought to you—has put out from the harbor; I had embarked with him, but that, as he loosed the cables from the prow, Abydos all was looking down on him. I could not evade my parents, as before, and the love we wish to keep hid would have come to light.

Forthwith writing these words, 'Go, happy letter!' I said; 'soon she will reach forth for thee her beautiful hand. Perchance thou wilt even be touched by her approaching lips as she seeks to break thy bands with her snowy tooth.' Speaking such words as these in lowest murmur, the rest I let my right hand say upon the sheet. But ah! how much rather would I have it swim than write, and eagerly bear me through the accustomed waves! It is more fit, I grant, for plying the stroke upon the tranquil deep; yet also apt minister of what I feel.

It is now the seventh night, space longer than a year to me, that the troubled sea has been boiling with hoarse-voiced waters. If in all these nights I have had sleep soothe my breast, may I be long kept from you by the raging deep! Sitting upon some rock, I look sadly on your shores, carried in my thoughts to where in body I cannot go. Nay, my vision even sees—or thinks it sees—lights waking in the topmost of your tower. Thrice have I laid down my garments upon the dry sand; thrice, naked, have I tried to enter on the heavy way—the swollen billows opposed the bold attempts of youth, and their waters, surging upon me as I swam, rolled over my head.

But thou, most ungentle of the sweeping winds, why art thou bent on waging war with me? It is I, O Boreas, if thou dost not know, and not the waves, against whom thou ragest! What wouldst thou do, were it not that love is known to thee? Cold as thou art, canst thou yet deny, base wind, that of yore thou wert aflame with Actæan fires? If, when eager to seek thy joys, someone were to close to thee the paths of air, in what wise wouldst thou endure it? Have mercy on me, I pray; be mild, and stir a more gentle breeze—so may the child of Hippotes lay upon thee no harsh command!

Vain is my petition; my prayers are met by his murmurings, and the waves tossed up by him he nowhere curbs. Now would that Dædalus could give me his daring wings—though the Icarian strand is not far hence! Whatever might be I would endure, so I could only raise into air the body that oft has hung upon the dubious wave.

Meantime, while wind and wave deny me everything, I ponder in my heart the first times I stole to you. Night was but just beginning—for the memory has charm for me—when I left my father's doors on the errand of love. Nor did I wait, but, flinging away my garments, and with them my fears, I struck out with pliant arm upon the liquid deep. The moon for the most shed me a tremulous light as I swam, like a duteous attendant watchful over my path. Lifting to her my eyes, 'Be gracious to me, shining deity,' I said, 'and let the rocks of Latmos rise in thy mind! Endymion will not have thee austere of heart. Bend, O I pray, thy face to aid my secret loves. Thou, a goddess, didst glide from the skies and seek a mortal love; ah, may it be allowed me to say the truth!—she I seek is a goddess too. To say naught of virtues worthy of heavenly breasts, beauty like hers falls to none but the true divine. After the beautiful face of Venus, and thine own, there is none before hers; and, that thou mayst not need to trust my words, look thou thyself! As much as all the

stars are less than thy bright fires when thy silvery gleam goes forth with pure rays, so much more fair is she than all the fair. If thou dost doubt it, Cynthia, thy light is blind.'

These words I spake, or words at least not differing much from these, and was borne along in the night through waters that made way before my stroke. The wave was radiant with the image of the reflected moon, and there was a splendor as of day in the silent night; no note came anywhere to my ears, no sound but the murmur of the waters my body thrust aside. The Halcyons only, their hearts still true to beloved Ceyx, I heard in what seemed to me some sweet lament.

And now my arms grow tired below the shoulder-joint, and with all my strength I raise myself aloft on the summit of the waters. Beholding, far off, a light, 'It is my love shines in yonder flame,' I cried; 'it is my light yon shores contain!' And straight the strength came back to my wearied arms, and the wave seemed easier to me than before. To keep me from the chill of the cold deep, love lends his aid, hot in my eager breast. The nearer I approach, and the nearer draw the shores, and the less of the way remains, the greater my joy to hasten on. When in truth I can be seen as well as see, by your glance you straightway give me heart, and make me strong. Now, too, I strain in my course to pleasure my lady, and toss my arms in the stroke for you to see. Your nurse can scarce stay you from rushing down into the tide—for I saw this, too, and you did not cheat my eye. Yet, though she held you as you went, she could not keep you from wetting your foot at the water's edge. You welcome me with your embrace, share happy kisses with me —kisses, O ye great gods, worth seeking across the deep!—and from your own shoulders you strip the robes to give them over to me, and dry my hair all dripping with the rain of the sea.

For the rest—night knows of that, and ourselves, and the tower that shares our secret, and the light that guides me on my passage through the floods. The joys of that dear night may no more be numbered than the weeds of the Hellespontic sea; the briefer the space that was ours for the theft of love, the more we made sure it should not idly pass.

And now Aurora, the bride of Tithonus, was making ready to chase the night away, and Lucifer had risen, forerunner of the dawn; in haste we ply our kisses, all disorderly, complaining that the night allows brief lingering. So, tarrying till the nurse's bitter warnings bid me go, I leave the tower and make for the chilly shore. We part in tears, and I return to the Maiden's sea, looking ever back to my lady while I can. Believe me, it is true: going hence, I seem a swimmer, but, when I return, a shipwrecked man. This too, is true, will you but believe: toward you, my way seems ever inclined; away from you, when I return, it seems a steep of lifeless water. Against the wish of my heart I regain my own land—who could believe? Against the wish of my heart I tarry now in my own town.

Ah me! why are we joined in soul and parted by the wave; two beings of one mind, but not of one land? Either let your Sestos take me, or my Abydos you; your land is as dear to me as mine is dear to you. Why must my heart be troubled as oft as the sea is troubled? Why must the wind, slight cause, have power to hinder me? Already the curving dolphins have learned our loves, and I think the very fishes know me. Already my accustomed path through the waters is well trod, like to the road pressed on by many a wheel. That there was no other way open than this was my complaint before; but now, because of the winds, I complain that this way, too, has failed. The sea of Athamas' child is foaming white with immense billows, and scarcely safe is the keel that remains in its own harbor; such were these waters, I judge, when first they got from the drownèd maid the name they bear. This place is of evil fame enough for the loss of Helle, and, though it spare me, its name reproaches it.

I envy Phrixus, whom the ram with gold in its woolly fleece bore safely over the stormy seas; yet I ask not the office of ram or ship, if only I may have the waters to cleave with my body. I need no art; so only I am allowed to swim, I will be at once ship, seaman, passenger! I guide myself neither by Helice, nor by Arctos, the leading-star of Tyre; my love will none of the stars in common use. Let another fix his eyes on Andromeda and the bright Crown, and upon the Parrhasian Bear that gleams in the frozen pole; but for me, I care not for the loves of Perseus, and of

Liber and Jove, to point me on my dubious way. There is another light, far surer for me than those, and when it leads me through the dark my love leaves not its course; while my eyes are fixed on this, I could go to Colchis or the farthest bounds of Pontus, and where the ship of Thessalian pine held on its course; and I could surpass the young Palæmon in my swimming, and him whom the wondrous herb made suddenly a god.

Often my arms grow heavy from the unceasing stroke, and scarce can drag their weary way through the endless floods. When I say to them: 'No slight reward for toil shall be yours, for soon you shall have my lady's neck to hang about,' forthwith they take on strength, and stretch forward to the winning of their prize, like the swift steed let go from the Elean starting-chamber. And so I myself keep eyes on the love that burns me, and guide myself by you, maid worthy rather of the skies. For worthy of the skies you are—yet tarry still on earth, or tell me where I also may find a way to the gods above! You are here, yet your wretched lover has but small part in you, and when the sea grows turbid my heart is turbid, too. Of what avail to me that the billows are not broad that sunder us? Is this brief span of waters less an obstacle to me? I almost would that I were distant from you the whole world, so that my hopes were far removed, together with my lady. Now, the nearer you are, the nearer is the flame that kindles me, and hope is always with me, not always she I hope for. I can almost touch her with my hand, so near is she I love; but oft, alas! this 'almost' starts my tears. What else than this was the catching at elusive fruits, and pursuing with the lips the hope of a retreating stream?

Am I, then, never to embrace you except when the wave so wills, and shall no tempest see me happy? and, though nothing is less certain than the wind and wave, must winds and water ever be my hope? And yet it still is summer. What when the seas have been assailed by the Pleiad, and the guardian of the Bear, and the Goat of Olenos? Either I know not how rash I am, or even then a love not cautious will send me forth on the deep. And, lest you deem I promise this because the time is not yet come, I will give you no tardy pledge of what I promise. Let the sea be swollen still for these few nights, and I shall essay to cross despite the waves; either happy daring shall leave me safe, or death shall be the end of my anxious love! Yet I shall pray to be cast up on yonder shores, and that my shipwrecked limbs may come into your haven; for you will weep over me, and not disdain to touch my body, and you will say: 'Of the death he met, I was the cause!'

You are hurt, no doubt, by this omen of my death, and my letter in this part stirs your displeasure. I cease—no more complain; but, that the sea, too, may end its anger, add, I beseech, your prayers to mine. I need a brief space of calm until I cross to you; when I shall have touched your shore, let the storm rage on! Yonder with you is an apt ship-yard for my keel, and in no waters rests my bark more safe. There let Boreas shut me in, where tarrying is sweet! Then will I be slow to swim, then will I be ware, nor cast revilement on the unhearing floods again, nor complain that the sea is rough when I fain would swim. Let me be stayed alike by the winds and your tender arms, and let there be double cause to keep me there!

When the storm permits, I shall make use of the oarage of my arms; do you only keep ever the beacon-light where I shall see! Meanwhile, my letter in my stead be with you throughout the night. I pray to follow it myself with least delay!

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THE AMORES

THE IMMORTALITY OF SONG

Why, biting Envy, dost thou charge me with slothful years, and call my song the work of an idle wit, complaining that, while vigorous age gives strength, I neither, after the fashion of our fathers, pursue the dusty prizes of a soldier's life, nor learn garrulous legal lore, nor let my voice for common case in the ungrateful forum?

It is but mortal, the work you ask of me; but my quest is glory through all the years, to be ever known in song throughout the earth. Mæonia's son will live as long as Tenedos shall stand, and Ida, as long as Simois shall roll his waters rushing to the sea; the poet of Ascra, too, will live as long

as the grape shall swell for the vintage, as long as Ceres shall fall beneath the stroke of the curving sickle. The son of Battus shall aye be sung through all the earth; though he sway not through genius, he sways through art. No loss shall ever come to the buskin of Sophocles; as long as the sun and moon Aratus shall live on; as long as tricky slave, hard father, treacherous bawd, and wheedling harlot shall be found, Menander will endure; Ennius the rugged in art, and Accius of the spirited tongue, possess names that will never fade. Varro and the first of ships—what generation will fail to know of them, and of the golden fleece, the Æsonian chieftain's quest? The verses of sublime Lucretius will perish only then when a single day shall give the earth to doom. Tityrus and the harvest, and the arms of Æneas, will be read as long as Rome shall be capital of the world she triumphs o'er; as long as flames and bow are the arms of Cupid, thy numbers shall be conned, O elegant Tibullus; Gallus shall be known to Hesperia's sons, and Gallus to the sons of Eos, and known with Gallus shall his own Lycoris be.

Yea, though hard rocks and though the tooth of the enduring ploughshare perish with passing time, song is untouched by death. Before song let monarchs and monarchs' triumphs yield—yield, too, the bounteous banks of Tagus bearing gold! Let what is cheap excite the marvel of the crowd; for me may golden Apollo minister full cups from the Castalian fount, and may I on my locks sustain the myrtle that fears the cold; and so be ever conned by anxious lovers! It is the living that Envy feeds upon; after doom it stirs no more, when each man's fame guards him as he deserves. I, too, when the final fires have eaten up my frame, shall still live on, and the great part of me survive my death.

IN SULMO, BUT ALONE

Sulmo holds me now, third part of the Pælignian fields—a land that is small, but wholesome with channelled streams. Though the sun draw nigh and crack the earth with heat, and the wanton star of the Icarian dog blaze forth, the acres of the Pæligni are wandered through by the liquid wave, and green in the tender soil rises the fruitful plant. 'Tis a land rich in corn, and richer still in the grape; here and there its fields bring forth, too, the berry-bearing tree of Pallas; and over the mead whose herbage ever springs again along the gliding streams, the grassy turf hides thickly the moistened ground.

But my heart's flame is not here. . . .

Here without you, though round about me are fields of vines with their busy life, though the countryside is saturate with running streams, and the rustic summons to the rivulets the flowing wave, and the cool breeze caresses the branches of the trees, I seem to dwell not in the healthful Pælignian land, nor in my natal place, my father's acres—but in Scythia, and among the fierce Cilicians, and the woaded Britons, and the rocks ruddy with Promethean gore.

The elm loves the vine, the vine abandons not the elm; why am I oft separated from the mistress of my heart? Yet you had sworn that you would ever be comrade of mine—by me and by your eyes, those stars of mine! The words of women, lighter than falling leaves, go all for naught, swept away by the whim of wind and wave.

Yet, if still in your heart is some feeling of faith toward me who am left alone, begin to make good your promises by deeds, and as soon as you may, with your own hand shake the rein above the flying manes of the ponies that whirl your light car along. And O, wherever she passes, sink down, ye hills, and be easy in the winding vales, ye ways!

OLD-TIME WORSHIP AT FALERII

Since she I wed was sprung from the fruit-bearing Faliscan town, it chanced we came to the walls brought low, Camillus, by thee. The priestesses were making ready chaste festival to Juno, with solemn games and a cow of native stock; 'twas well worth while to tarry and learn the rites, though the way thither is a toilsome road with steep ascents.

There stands an ancient sacred grove, all dark with shadows from dense trees; behold it—you would agree a deity indwelt the place. An altar receives the prayers and votive incense of the faithful—an artless altar, upbuilt by hands of old. From here, when the pipe has sounded forth in solemn strain, advances over carpeted ways the annual pomp; snowy heifers are led along mid the plaudits of the crowd, heif-

ers reared in their native meadows of Faliscan grass, and calves that threaten with brow not yet to be feared, and, lesser victim, a pig from the lowly sty, and the leader of the flock, with hard temples overhung by the curving horn. The she-goat only is hateful to the mistress-deity; through her tale-telling, they say, the goddess was found in the deep forest and made to cease the flight she had entered on. Now, even children assail the tattler with their darts, and she herself is prize to whoever deals the wound.

Wherever the goddess will pass, youths and timid maidens go before, sweeping the broad ways with trailing robe. The maidens' locks are pressed by gold and gems, and the proud palla covers feet that are bright with gold; in the manner of their Grecian sires of yore, veiled in white vestments they bear on their heads the sacred offerings of old. The crowd keep reverent silence as the golden pomp comes on, with the goddess' self close in the wake of her ministers.

From Argos is the form of the pomp; when Agamemnon fell, Halæsus left behind both the crime and the riches of his fatherland, and after wandering an exile over land and sea founded with auspicious hand these lofty walls. 'Twas he who taught his Faliscans the holy rites of Juno. Ever friendly to me, and ever to their folk, may those rites be.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE OF LOVE

Seek a new bard, mother of tender Loves! I am come to the last turning-post my elegies will graze; the elegies whose poet am I—nor have these my delights dishonored me—child reared on Pælignian acres, and heir, if that be aught, of a line of grandsires far removed, no knight created but now amid the whirlwind of war.

Mantua joys in Virgil, Verona in Catullus; 'tis I shall be called the glory of the Pælignians, race whom their love of freedom compelled to honorable arms when anxious Rome was in fear of the allied bands; and some stranger, looking on watery Sulmo's walls, that guard the scant acres of her plain, may say: 'O thou who couldst beget so great a poet, however small thou art, I name thee mighty!'

O worshipful child, and thou of Amathus, mother of the worshipful child, pluck ye up from my field your golden standards! The horned Lyæan hath dealt me a sounding blow with weightier thyrsus; I must smite the earth with mighty steeds on a mightier course. Unwarlike elegies, congenial Muse, O fare ye well, work to live on when I am no more!

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THE ART OF LOVE

In Cupid's school whoe'er would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move;
Art guides the chariot; art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule;
But I am master in Love's mighty school.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn god; but yet the god's a child,
Easy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupilage:
That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and received the rod.
As Chiron mollified his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The silver strings of his melodious lyre;
So love's fair goddess does my soul inspire
To teach her softer arts, to soothe the mind,
And smooth the rugged breasts of humankind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles each with scorn
And rage were filled; and both were goddess-born.
The bull, reclaimed and yoked, the burden draws;
The horse receives the bit within his jaws;
And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
Tho' struggling oft he strives to disobey.
He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
The more he teaches to revenge the spite.
I boast no aid the Delphian god affords,
Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio, nor her sisters have I seen,
As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:

Experience makes my work a truth so tried,
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence, you vestals be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ankles wear.
I sing the brothels loose and unconfined,
The unpunishable pleasures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name,
First seek an object worthy of your flame;
Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain;
And last, provide your love may long remain.
On these three precepts all my work shall move:
These are the rules and principles of love.
Before your youth with marriage is oppressed,
Make choice of one who suits your humor best:
And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
She must be sought for with a curious eye.
The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntsman know by name
The certain haunts and harbor of their game.
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds,
The assemblies where his quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
These rules shall put him in the ready way.
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Perseus, or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
As all the world can hardly shew thee more.
The face of heaven with fewer stars is crowned,
Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning sweetness, in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight,
(An age that knows to give and take delight,)
Millions of matrons of the graver sort,
In common prudence, will not balk the sport. . . .
But above all, the playhouse is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chase.
There take thy stand, and sharply looking out,
Soon mayst thou find a mistress in the rout,
For length of time, or for a single bout.
The theaters are berries for the fair:
Like ants on molehills, thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng,
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voice:
There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice.
To see and to be seen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone. . . .
Thus love in theaters did first improve;
And theaters are still the scene of love:
Nor shun the chariots, and the courser's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
Close as you can to hers, and side by side.
Pleased or unpleased, no matter; crowding sit,
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse;
Enquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse:
To whatsoever side she is inclined,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
Like what she likes: from thence your court begin;
And whom she favors, wish that he may win.
But when the statues of the deities,
In chariots rolled, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand,
Brush both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
And still to touch her lap make some pretense.
Touch anything of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,
Who knows but you may see her naked thighs!
Observe who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his incroaching knee should press the fair.
Light service takes light minds; for some can tell
Of favors won by laying cushions well:
By fanning faces some their fortune meet;
And some by laying footstools for their feet.

These overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the swordplay less the lover thrives:
For there the son of Venus fights his prize;
And deepest wounds are oft received from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,
Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart,
And of the spectacle is made a part.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

TRISTIA

THE NIGHT OF EXILE

When steals upon me the gloomy memory of that night which marked my latest hours in the city—when I recall that night on which I left so many things dear to me, even now from my eyes the teardrops fall.

Already the morning was close at hand on which Cæsar had bidden me to depart from Ausonia's furthest bounds. No time had there been or spirit to get ready what might suit best; my heart had become numb with the long delay. I took no thought to select my slaves or my companions or the clothing and outfit suited to an exile. I was as dazed as one who, smitten by the fire of Jove, still lives and knows not that he lives. But when my very pain drove away the cloud upon my mind and at length my senses revived, I addressed for the last time as I was about to depart my sorrowing friends of whom, just now so many, but one or two remained. My loving wife was in my arms as I wept, herself weeping more bitterly, tears raining constantly over her innocent cheeks. My daughter was far separated from us on the shores of Libya, and we could not inform her of my fate. Wherever you had looked was the sound of mourning and lamentation, and within the house was the semblance of a funeral with its loud outcries. . . .

No longer delaying I left my words unfinished and embraced each object dearest to my heart. During my talk and our weeping bright in the lofty sky Lucifer had arisen, to me a baneful star. I was torn asunder as if I were leaving my limbs behind—a very half seemed broken from the body to which it belonged. Such was the anguish of Mettus when the steeds were driven apart, punishing his treachery. Then in truth arose the cries and laments of my people; sorrowing hands beat upon naked breasts. Then in truth my wife, as she hung upon my breast at parting, mingled these sad words with my tears, 'I cannot suffer you to be torn away. Together, together we will go; I will follow you and be an exile's exiled wife. For me too the journey has been commanded, for me too there is room in the faraway land. My entrance will add but a small freight to your exile ship. You are commanded to flee your country by Cæsar's wrath, I by my loyal love. This love shall be for me a Cæsar.'

Such was her attempt, as it had been before, and with difficulty did she surrender her resolve for my profit. I set forth—if it was not rather being carried forth to burial without a funeral—unkempt, my hair falling over my unshaven cheeks. She, frenzied by grief, was overcome, they say, by a cloud of darkness, and fell half dead in the midst of our home. And when she rose, her tresses fouled with unsightly dust, raising her body from the cold ground, she lamented now her deserted self, now the deserted Penates, and often called the name of her ravished husband, groaning as if she had seen the bodies of her daughter and myself resting on the high-built pyre; she wished to die, in death to lay aside all feeling, yet from regard for me she did not die. May she live! and when I am far away—since thus the fates have willed—so live as by her aid to bring constant relief.

THE POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

That thou mayst know who I was, I that playful poet of tender love whom thou readest, hear my words, thou of the after time. Sulmo is my native place, a land rich in ice-cold streams, thrice thirty miles from the city. There first I saw the light, and if thou wouldst know the date, 'twas when both consuls fell under stress of like fate. I was heir to rank (if rank is aught) that came from forefathers of olden time—no knight fresh made by fortune's gift. I was not the first born, for my birth befell after that of a brother, thrice four months my senior. The same day-star

beheld the birth of us both: one birthday was celebrated by the offering of our two cakes—that day among the five sacred to armed Minerva which is wont to be the first stained by the blood of combat. While still of tender age we began our training, and through our father's care we came to attend upon men of the city distinguished in the liberal arts. My brother's bent even in the green of years was oratory: he was born for the stout weapons of the wordy forum. But to me even as a boy service of the divine gave delight and stealthily the Muse was ever drawing me aside to do her work. Often my father said, 'Why do you try a profitless pursuit? Even the Mæonian left no wealth.' I was influenced by what he said and wholly forsaking Helicon I tried to write words freed from rhythm, yet all unbidden song would come upon befitting numbers and whatever I tried to write was verse.

Meanwhile as the silent-pacing years slipped past we brothers assumed the toga of a freer life and our shoulders put on the broad stripe of purple while still our pursuits remained as before. And now my brother had seen but twice ten years of life when he passed away, and thenceforth I was bereft of half myself. I advanced so far as to receive the first office granted to tender youth, for in those days I was one third of the board of three. The senate house awaited me, but I narrowed my purple stripe: that was a burden too great for my powers. I had neither a body to endure the toil nor a mind suited to it; by nature I shunned the worries of an ambitious life and the Aonian sisters were ever urging me to seek the security of a retirement I had ever chosen and loved.

The poets of that time I fondly reverenced: all bards I thought so many present gods. Ofttimes Macer, already advanced in years, read to me of the birds he loved, of noxious snakes and healing plants. Ofttimes Propertius would declaim his flaming verse by right of the comradeship that joined him to me. Ponticus famed in epic, Bassus also, famed in iambics, were pleasant members of that friendly circle. And Horace of the many rhythms held in thrall our ears while he attuned his fine-wrought songs to the Ausonian lyre. Vergil I only saw, and to Tibullus greedy fate gave no time for friendship with me. Tibullus was thy successor, Gallus, and Propertius his; after them came I, fourth in order of time. And as I reverenced older poets so was I reverenced by the younger, for my Thalia was not slow to become renowned. When first I read my youthful songs in public, my beard had been cut but once or twice. My genius had been stirred by her who was sung throughout the city, whom I called, not by a real name, Corinna. Much did I write, but what I thought defective I gave in person to the flames for their revision. Even when I was setting forth into exile I burned certain verse that would have found favor, for I was angry with my calling and with my songs.

My heart was ever soft, no stronghold against Cupid's darts—a heart moved by the slightest impulse. And yet, though such my nature, though I was set aflame by the littlest spark, no scandal became affixed to my name. When I was scarce more than a boy a wife unworthy and unprofitable became mine—mine for but a short space. Into her place came one, blameless, but not destined to remain my bride. And last is she who remained with me till the twilight of my declining years, who has endured to be the mate of an exile husband. My daughter, twice fertile, but not of one husband, in her early youth made me grandsire. And already had my father completed his allotted span adding to nine lustra a second nine. For him I wept no otherwise than he would have wept for me had I been taken. Next for my mother I made the offerings to death. Happy both! and laid to rest in good season! since they passed away before the day of my punishment. Happy too am I that my misery falls not in their lifetime and that for me they felt no grief. Yet if for those whose light is quenched something besides a name abides, if a slender shade escapes the high-heaped pyre, if, O spirits of my parents, report of me has reached you and the charges against me live in the Stygian court, know, I beg you—and you 'tis impious for me to deceive—that the cause of the exile decreed me is an error, and no crime. Be these my words to the shades. To you, fond hearts, that would know the events of my life, once more I turn.

Already had white hairs come upon me driving away my better years and mottling my ageing locks; ten times since my birth had the victorious rider, garlanded with Pisan olive, borne away the prize, when the wrath of an injured prince ordered me to Tomis on the left of the Euxine sea. The

cause of my ruin, but too well known to all, must not be revealed by evidence of mine. Why tell of the disloyalty of comrades, of the petted slaves who injured me? Much did I bear not lighter than exile itself. Yet my soul, disdaining to give way to misfortune, proved itself unconquerable, relying on its own powers. Forgetting myself and a life passed in ease I seized with unaccustomed hand the arms that the time supplied: on sea and land I bore misfortunes as many as are the stars that lie between the hidden and the visible pole. Driven through long wanderings at length I reached the shore that unites the Sarmatians with the quiver-bearing Getæ. Here, though close around me I hear the din of arms, I lighten my sad fate with what song I may; though there be none to hear it, yet in this wise do I employ and beguile the day. So then this living of mine, this stand against the hardness of my sufferings, this bare will to view the daylight's woes, I owe, my Muse, to thee! For thou dost lend me comfort, thou dost come as rest, as balm, to my sorrow. Thou art both guide and comrade: thou leadest me far from Hister and grantest me a place in Helicon's midst; thou hast given me while yet alive (how rare the boon!) a lofty name—the name which renown is wont to give only after death. Nor has jealousy, that detractor of the present, attacked with malignant tooth any work of mine. For although this age of ours has brought forth mighty poets, fame has not been grudging to my genius, and though I place many before myself, report calls me not their inferior and throughout the world I am most read of all. If then there be truth in poets' prophecies, even though I die forthwith, I shall not, O earth, be thine. But whether through favor or by very poetry I have gained this fame, 'tis right, kind reader, that I render thanks to thee.

—Arthur Leslie Wheeler; from the Loeb Classical Library, with permission.

TITUS LIVIUS (59 B.C.–A.D. 17)

In spite of his affectionate harking back to the good old times of the Republic and his constant contrasting of them with the unworthiness of his own day, and in spite of his freely expressed doubts as to the rightness of the new régime, Livy of Padua represented as much the spirit of the Roman empire in prose as Virgil in poetry. In admiration for the virtues of the past, in the faith that Rome was divinely appointed to rule the world, in a moral austerity that did not spare the vices of the present, he was at one with the author of the *Georgics* and the *Æneid,* and retained the friendship of an emperor who knew he did not wholly approve of the methods of Julius Cæsar.

Livy's work appeared in installments, and reached the death of Drusus in 9 B.C. in book one hundred and forty-two. Of the reputed seven and a half centuries of Rome's existence, the first book represented two hundred and forty-four years; the twentieth brought the narrative to the second Punic war in 218. His work was therefore devoted mainly to times not remote from the author. We still possess the first ten and the twenty-first to the forty-fifth books, with fragments and abstracts of nearly all the rest. As a critical historian he lacks something, but as a narrator he has few equals in the art of making scenes, action, and character living and attractive. If history must choose between dull accuracy which is never read and art sometimes neglectful of fact but never of truth, it might do worse than to prefer Livy as its representative. The nobility of his admirations and the nobility of his language, which give him emotionally and stylistically a place in the front rank of literary artists, combine with the importance of his contribution to knowledge, which is after all great, to make him one of the world's greatest historians. The first four selections are from B. O. Foster's Loeb translation.

FROM THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY

Preface

Whether I am likely to accomplish anything worthy of the labor, if I record the achievements of the Roman people from the foundation of the city, I do not really know, nor if I knew would I dare to avouch it; perceiving as I do that the theme is not only old but hackneyed, through the constant succession of new historians, who believe either that in their facts they can produce more authentic information, or that in their style they will prove better than the rude attempts of the ancients. Yet, however this shall be, it will be a satisfaction to have done myself as much as lies in me to commemorate the deeds of the foremost people of the world; and if in so vast a company of writers my own reputation should be obscure, my consolation would be the fame and greatness of those whose renown will throw mine into the shade. Moreover, my subject involves infinite labor, seeing that it must be traced back above seven hundred years, and that proceeding from slender beginnings it has so increased as now to be burdened by its own magnitude; and at the same time I doubt not that to most readers the earliest origins and the period immediately succeeding them will give little pleasure, for they will be in haste to reach these modern times, in which the might of a people which has long been very powerful is working its own undoing. I myself, on the contrary, shall seek in this an additional reward for my toil, that I may avert my gaze from the troubles which our age has been witnessing for so many years, so long at least as I am absorbed in the recollection of the brave days of old, free from every care which, even if it could not divert the historian's mind from the truth, might nevertheless cause it anxiety.

Such traditions as belong to the time before the city was founded, or rather was presently to be founded, and are rather adorned with poetic legends than based upon trustworthy historical proofs, I purpose neither to affirm nor to refute. It is the privilege of antiquity to mingle divine

things with human, and so to add dignity to the beginnings of cities; and if any people ought to be allowed to consecrate their origins and refer them to a divine source, so great is the military glory of the Roman People that when they profess that their Father and the Father of their Founder was none other than Mars, the nations of the earth may well submit to this also with as good a grace as they submit to Rome's dominion. But to such legends as these, however they shall be regarded and judged, I shall, for my own part, attach no great importance. Here are the questions to which I would have every reader give his close attention—what life and morals were like; through what men and by what policies, in peace and in war, empire was established and enlarged; then let him note how, with the gradual relaxation of discipline, morals first gave way, as it were, then sank lower and lower, and finally began the downward plunge which has brought us to the present time, when we can endure neither our vices nor their cure.

What chiefly makes the study of history wholesome and profitable is this, that you behold the lessons of every kind of experience set forth as on a conspicuous monument; from these you may choose for yourself and for your own state what to imitate, from these mark for avoidance what is shameful in the conception and shameful in the result. For the rest, either love of the task I have set myself deceives me, or no state was ever greater, none more righteous or richer in good examples, none ever was where avarice and luxury came into the social order so late, or where humble means and thrift were so highly esteemed and so long held in honor. For true it is that the less men's wealth was, the less was their greed. Of late, riches have brought in avarice, and excessive pleasures the longing to carry wantonness and licence to the point of ruin for oneself and of universal destruction.

But complaints are sure to be disagreeable, even when they shall perhaps be necessary; let the beginning, at all events, of so great an enterprise have none. With good omens rather would we begin, and, if historians had the same custom which poets have, with prayers and entreaties to the gods and goddesses, that they might grant us to bring to a successful issue the great task we have undertaken.

Horatius at the Bridge

When the enemy appeared, the Romans all, with one accord, withdrew from their fields into the City, which they surrounded with guards. Some parts appeared to be rendered safe by their walls, others by the barrier formed by the river Tiber. The bridge of piles almost afforded an entrance to the enemy, had it not been for one man, Horatius Cocles; he was the bulwark of defence on which that day depended the fortune of the City of Rome. He chanced to be on guard at the bridge when Janiculum was captured by a sudden attack of the enemy. He saw them as they charged down on the run from Janiculum, while his own people behaved like a frightened mob, throwing away their arms and quitting their ranks. Catching hold first of one and then of another, blocking their way and conjuring them to listen, he called on gods and men to witness that if they forsook their post it was vain to flee; once they had left a passage in their rear by the bridge, there would soon be more of the enemy on the Palatine and the Capitol than on Janiculum. He therefore warned and commanded them to break down the bridge with steel, with fire, with any instrument at their disposal; and promised that he would himself receive the onset of the enemy, so far as it could be withstood by a single body. Then, striding to the head of the bridge, conspicuous amongst the fugitives who were clearly seen to be shirking the fight, he covered himself with his sword and buckler and made ready to do battle at close quarters, confounding the Etruscans with amazement at his audacity. Yet were there two who were prevented by shame from leaving him. These were Spurius Larcius and Titus Herminius, both famous for their birth and their deeds. With these he endured the peril of the first rush and the stormiest moment of the battle. But after a while he forced even these two to leave him and save themselves, for there was scarcely anything left of the bridge, and those who were cutting it down called to them to come back. Then, darting glances of defiance around at the Etruscan nobles, he now challenged them in turn to fight, now railed at them collectively as slaves of haughty kings, who, heedless of their own liberty, were come to overthrow the liberty of others. They hesitated for a

moment, each looking to his neighbor to begin the fight. Then shame made them attack, and with a shout they cast their javelins from every side against their solitary foe. But he caught them all upon his shield, and, resolute as ever, bestrode the bridge and held his ground; and now they were trying to dislodge him by a charge, when the crash of the falling bridge and the cheer which burst from the throats of the Romans, exulting in the completion of their task, checked them in mid-career with a sudden dismay. Then Cocles cried, 'O Father Tiberinus, I solemnly invoke thee; receive these arms and this soldier with propitious stream!' So praying, all armed as he was, he leaped down into the river, and under a shower of missiles swam across unhurt to his fellows, having given a proof of valor which was destined to obtain more fame than credence with posterity. The state was grateful for so brave a deed: a statue of Cocles was set up in the comitium, and he was given as much land as he could plough around in one day. Private citizens showed their gratitude in a striking fashion, in the midst of his official honors, for notwithstanding their distress everybody made him some gift proportionate to his means, though he robbed himself of his own ration.

Cincinnatus

What followed merits the attention of those who despise all human qualities in comparison with riches, and think there is no room for great honors or for worth but amidst a profusion of wealth. The sole hope of the empire of the Roman People, Lucius Quinctius, cultivated a field of some four acres across the Tiber, now known as the Quinctian Meadows, directly opposite the place where the dockyards are at present. There he was found by the representatives of the state. Whether bending over his spade as he dug a ditch, or ploughing, he was, at all events, as everybody agrees, intent upon some rustic task. After they had exchanged greetings with him, they asked him to put on his toga, to hear (and might good come of it to himself and the republic!) the mandates of the senate. In amazement he cried, 'Is all well?' and bade his wife Racilia quickly fetch out his toga from the hut. When he had put it on, after wiping off the dust and sweat, and came forth to the envoys, they hailed him Dictator, congratulated him, and summoned him to the City, explaining the alarming situation of the army. A boat was waiting for him, provided by the state; and as he reached the other side his three sons came out to receive him; after them came his other kinsmen and friends; and after them the greater part of the senate. Attended by this throng and preceded by his lictors he was escorted to his house.

The Gauls Take Rome

The very Gauls themselves, stunned by the marvelous victory they had so suddenly gained, at first stood rooted to the spot with amazement, like men that knew not what had happened; then they feared an ambush; after that they fell to collecting the spoils of the slain and erecting piles of arms, as their custom is; then at last having discovered no hostile movement anywhere, they began their march, and a little before sunset reached the environs of Rome. There, when the cavalry had reconnoitred and had reported that the gates were not closed, that no out-guards were watching before the gates, that no armed men were on the walls, astonishment held them spellbound as before; and fearful of the night and the lie of the unknown City, they went into camp between Rome and the Anio, after sending off patrols about the walls and the rest of the gates, to find out what the enemy in their desperate case could possibly be at. As for the Romans, inasmuch as more, on escaping from the battle, had fled to Veii than to Rome, and no one supposed that any were left alive except those who had found refuge in the City, they mourned for all alike, both the living and the dead, and well nigh filled the City with lamentation. But presently their personal griefs were overwhelmed in a general panic, with the announcement that the enemy was at hand; and soon they could hear the dissonant howls and songs of the barbarians, as their squadrons roamed about the walls. During all the time that intervened before the following morning their hearts were in such suspense, that each moment they anticipated an immediate attack: on the first arrival of the enemy, because they had come close to the City—for they would

have stopped at the Allia, had this not been their design;—again, towards sundown, because there was little daylight left, they thought that they would enter the City before nightfall; then they concluded that they had put it off till night, to strike more fear into them. Finally the approach of dawn put them beside themselves, and close upon these restless apprehensions came the evil they were dreading, when the hostile forces entered the city gates. Yet neither that night nor the following day did the citizens at all resemble those who had fled in such consternation at the Allia. For having no hopes that they could protect the City with so small a force as remained to them, they resolved that the men of military age and the able-bodied senators should retire into the Citadel and the Capitol, with their wives and children; and, having laid in arms and provisions, should from that stronghold defend the gods, the men, and the name of Rome; that the flamen and the priestesses of Vesta should remove the sacred objects pertaining to the State far from the bloodshed and the flames, nor should their cult be abandoned till none should be left to cherish it. If the Citadel and the Capitol, where dwelt the gods; if the senate, the source of public wisdom; if the young men capable of bearing arms survived the impending destruction of the City, they could easily bear to lose the crowd of old men left behind them, who were bound to die in any case. And in order that the multitude of commoners might endure it with the more composure, the old men who had triumphed and those who had been consuls declared publicly that they would perish with those others, nor burden with bodies incapable of bearing arms in defence of the country the scanty stores of the fighting men.

Such were the consolations which the old men appointed to die exchanged among themselves; then, directing their encouragement to the band of youths whom they were escorting to the Capitol and the Citadel, they committed to their valor and their young strength whatever fortune might yet be in store for a City that for three hundred and sixty years had been victorious in every war. On the departure of those who carried with them all hope and help, from those who had resolved not to survive the capture and destruction of their City, though the separation was a pitiful thing to see, yet the tears of the women, as they ran distractedly up and down, and following now these, now those, demanded of husbands and sons to what fate they were consigning them, supplied the final touch of human wretchedness. Still, the greater part of them followed their sons into the Citadel, though none either forbade or encouraged it, since what would have helped the besieged to lessen the number of non-combatants would have been inhuman. Another host—consisting chiefly of plebeians—too large for so small a hill to receive, or to support with so meagre a supply of corn, streamed out of the City as though forming at last one continuous line, and took their way towards Janiculum. Thence some of them scattered through the country-side, and others made for the towns near by. They had neither leader nor concerted plan; each followed the promptings of his own hopes and his own counsels, in despair of the commonwealth.

Meanwhile the flamen of Quirinus and the Vestal virgins, with no thought for their own belongings, were consulting which of the sacred things they should carry with them, and which, because they were not strong enough to carry them all, they must leave behind, and, finally, where these objects would be safe. They judged it best to place them in jars and bury them in the shrine adjoining the flamen's house, where it is now forbidden to spit; the rest of the things they carried, sharing the burden amongst them, along the road which leads by the Sublician Bridge to Janiculum. As they mounted the hill they were perceived by a plebeian named Lucius Albinius, who had a waggon in which he was conveying his wife and children, amidst the throng of those who, unfit for war, were leaving the City. Preserving even then the distinction between divine and human, and holding it sacrilege that the priestesses of his country should go afoot, bearing the sacred objects of the Roman People, while his family were seen in a vehicle, he commanded his wife and children to get down, placed the virgins and their relics in the waggon, and brought them to Cære, whither the priestesses were bound.

At Rome meantime such arrangements for defending the Citadel as the case admitted of were now fairly complete, and the old men returned to their homes to

await the coming of their enemies with hearts that were steeled to die. Such of them as had held curule magistracies, that they might face death in the trappings of their ancient rank and office, as beseemed their worth, put on the stately robes which are worn by those who conduct the *tensæ* or celebrate a triumph, and, thus habited, seated themselves on ivory chairs in the middle of their houses. Some historians record that Marcus Folius, the pontifex maximus, led in the recitation of a solemn vow, by which they devoted themselves to death, in behalf of their country and the Roman Quirites.

The Gauls found their lust for combat cooled by the night which had intervened. At no point in the battle had they been pushed to desperate exertions, nor had they now to carry the City by assault. It was therefore without rancor or excitement that they entered Rome, on the following day, by the Colline Gate (which lay wide open), and made their way to the Forum, gazing about them at the temples of the gods and at the Citadel, which alone presented some show of war. Thence, after leaving a moderate guard to prevent any attack upon their scattered forces from Citadel or Capitol, they dispersed in quest of booty through streets where there was none to meet them, some rushing in a body into whatever houses were nearest, while others sought out the most remote, as though supposing that only such would be intact and full of plunder. But being frightened out of these by their very solitude, lest the enemy should by some ruse entrap them as they wandered apart, they came trooping back to the Forum and the places near it. There they found the dwellings of the plebeians fastened up, but the halls of the nobles open; and they hesitated almost more to enter the open houses than the shut,—so nearly akin to religious awe was their feeling as they beheld seated in the vestibules, beings who, besides that their ornaments and apparel were more splendid than belonged to man, seemed also, in their majesty of countenance and in the gravity of their expression, most like to gods.

While they stood reverentially before them, as if they had been images, it is related that a Gaul stroked the beard of one of them, Marcus Papirius,—which he wore long, as they all did then,—whereat the Roman struck him over the head with his ivory mace, and, provoking his anger, was the first to be slain; after that the rest were massacred where they sat and when the nobles had been murdered, there was no mercy then shown to anyone; the houses were ransacked, and after being emptied were given to the flames.

But whether it was that not all the Gauls desired to destroy the City, or that their leaders had resolved to make a certain show of burning, to inspire alarm, in hopes that the besieged might be driven to capitulate by affection for their homes, but not to burn up all the houses, in order that they might hold whatever remained of the City as a pledge to work on the feelings of their enemies—however this may have been, the fire spread by no means so freely or extensively on the first day as is commonly the case in a captured town. As the Romans looked down from their fastness and saw the City full of enemies running up and down in all the streets, while first in one quarter and then in another some new calamity would be occurring, they were unable, I do not say to keep their heads, but even to be sure of their ears and eyes. Wherever the shouting of the invaders, the lamentations of the women and children, the crackling of the flames, and the crash of falling buildings drew their attention, trembling at each sound, they turned their thoughts and their gaze that way, as though Fortune had placed them there to witness the pageant of their dying country. Of all their possessions nothing was left them to defend save their persons alone; and so much more wretched was their plight than that of all others who have ever been beleaguered, that they were cut off from their native City and confined where they could see all that belonged to them in the power of their enemies. Nor was the night more tranquil, after a day of such distress; and the night was followed by a restless day, with never a moment that had not still some fresh calamity to unfold. Yet, oppressed as they were, or rather overwhelmed, by so many misfortunes, nothing could alter their resolve; though they should see everything laid low in flames and ruins, they would stoutly defend the hill they held, however small and naked, which was all that Liberty had left. And now that the same events were occurring every day, like men grown used to grief, they had ceased to feel their own misfor-

tunes, looking solely to their shields and the swords in their right hands as their only remaining hope.

The Gauls likewise, having vainly for some days waged war against only the buildings of Rome, when they saw that there was nothing left amidst the smouldering ruins of the captured City but armed enemies, who for all their disasters were not a jot appalled nor likely to yield to anything but force, took a desperate resolution to attack the Citadel. At daybreak the signal was made; and the entire host, having formed up in the Forum, gave a cheer, and raising their shields above their heads and locking them, began the ascent. The defenders on the other hand did nothing rashly or in confusion. At all the approaches they had strengthened the guard-posts, and where they saw the enemy advancing they stationed their best soldiers, and suffered them to come up, persuaded that the higher they mounted up the steep the easier it would be to drive them down. They made their stand about the middle of the declivity, and there, launching their attack from the higher ground, which seemed of itself to hurl them against the foe, dislodged the Gauls, with such havoc and destruction that they never attempted to attack in that manner again, with either a part or the whole of their strength. So, relinquishing all hope of getting up by force of arms, they prepared for a blockade. Having never till that moment considered such a thing, they had destroyed all the corn in the City with their conflagrations, and what was in the fields had all been hurriedly carried off, within the last few days, to Veii. They therefore arranged to divide their army, and employ part of it to pillage the neighboring nations and part to invest the Citadel, in order that those who held the lines might be provisioned by the foragers. . . .

At Rome meanwhile the siege was for the most part languishing and all was quiet on both sides, the Gauls being solely concerned with preventing the escape of any enemy through their lines, when suddenly a young Roman attracted the wondering admiration of fellow citizens and foes. There was an annual sacrifice to be made on the Quirinal Hill by the family of the Fabii. To celebrate it Gaius Fabius Dorsuo, in the Gabinian cincture, with the sacred vessels in his hands, descended from the Capitol, passed out through the midst of the enemy's pickets, and regardless of any words or threats, proceeded to the Quirinal, where he duly accomplished all the rites. He then returned by the same way, with the like resolute countenance and gait, in the full assurance of the favor of the gods whose service not even the fear of death could cause him to neglect, and rejoined his friends on the Capitol, leaving the Gauls dumbfounded by his astonishing audacity, or perhaps even moved by religious awe, a sentiment to which that race is far from indifferent. . . .

The Citadel of Rome and the Capitol were in very great danger. For the Gauls had noticed the tracks of a man, where the messenger from Veii had got through, or perhaps had observed for themselves that the cliff near the shrine of Carmentis afforded an easy ascent. So on a starlit night they first sent forward an unarmed man to try the way; then handing up their weapons when there was a steep place, and supporting themselves by their fellows or affording support in their turn, they pulled one another up, as the ground required, and reached the summit, in such silence that not only the sentries but even the dogs—creatures easily troubled by noises in the night—were not aroused. But they could not elude the vigilance of the geese, which, being sacred to Juno, had, notwithstanding the dearth of provisions, not been killed. This was the salvation of them all; for the geese with their gabbling and clapping of their wings woke Marcus Manlius,—consul of three years before and a distinguished soldier,—who, catching up his weapons and at the same time calling the rest to arms, strode past his bewildered comrades to a Gaul who had already got a foothold on the crest and dislodged him with a blow from the boss of his shield. As he slipped and fell, he overturned those who were next to him, and the others in alarm let go their weapons and grasping the rocks to which they had been clinging, were slain by Manlius. And by now the rest had come together and were assailing the invaders with javelins and stones, and presently the whole company lost their footing and were flung down headlong to destruction. Then after the din was hushed, the rest of the night—so far as their excitement would permit, when even a past peril made them nervous—was given up to sleep. At dawn the trumpet summoned the soldiers to as-

semble before the tribunes. Good conduct and bad had both to be requited. First Manlius was praised for his courage and presented with gifts, not only by the tribunes of the soldiers, but by agreement amongst the troops, who brought each half a pound of spelt and a gill of wine to his house, which stood in the Citadel. It is a little thing to tell, but the scarcity made it a great token of affection, since every one robbed himself of his own sustenance and bestowed what he had subtracted from his physical necessities to do honor to one man. Then the watchmen of the cliff which the enemy had scaled without being discovered were called up. Quintus Sulpicius, the tribune, announced his intention to punish them all in the military fashion; but deterred by the cries of the soldiers, who united in throwing the blame upon a single sentinel, he spared the others. This man was guilty beyond a doubt, and was flung from the rock with the approval of all. From that time the guards on both sides were more alert: the Gauls, because it had been put about that messengers were passing between Veii and Rome, the Romans, from their recollection of the peril of the night.

But worse than all the evils of the blockade and the war was the famine with which both armies were afflicted. The Gauls suffered also from a pestilence, being encamped between hills on low ground, parched and heated by the conflagration, where the air was filled with ashes, as well as dust, whenever a breeze sprang up. These annoyances were intolerable to a race accustomed to damp and cold, and when, distressed by the suffocating heat, they began to sicken of diseases that spread as though the victims had been cattle, they were soon too slothful to bury their dead singly, and piling the bodies up in promiscuous heaps, they burned them, causing the place to be known from that circumstance as the Gallic Pyres. A truce was afterwards made with the Romans, and the commanders allowed their soldiers to talk together. Since in these conversations the Gauls used frequently to taunt their enemies with their famished state, and call on them to yield to that necessity and surrender, the Romans are said, in order to do away with this opinion, to have cast bread down from the Capitol in many places, into the outposts of the enemy. Yet at last they could neither dissemble their hunger nor endure it any longer. The dictator was now holding a levy of his own at Ardea, and having ordered the master of the horse, Lucius Valerius, to bring up his army from Veii, was mustering and drilling a force with which he might cope with the Gauls on equal terms. But the army on the Capitol was worn out with picket duty and mounting guard; and though they had got the better of all human ills, yet was there one, and that was famine, which nature would not suffer to be overcome. Day after day they looked out to see if any relief from the dictator was at hand; but at last even hope, as well as food, beginning to fail them, and their bodies growing almost too weak to sustain their armor when they went out on picket duty, they declared that they must either surrender or ransom themselves, on whatever conditions they could make; for the Gauls were hinting very plainly that no great price would be required to induce them to raise the siege. Thereupon the senate met, and instructed the tribunes of the soldiers to arrange the terms. Then, at a conference between Lucius Sulpicius the tribune and the Gallic chieftain Brennus, the affair was settled, and a thousand pounds of gold was agreed on as the price of a people that was destined presently to rule the nations. The transaction was a foul disgrace in itself, but an insult was added thereto: the weights brought by the Gauls were dishonest, and on the tribune's objecting, the insolent Gaul added his sword to the weight, and a saying intolerable to Roman ears was heard,—Woe to the conquered!

But neither gods nor men would suffer the Romans to live ransomed. For, by some chance, before the infamous payment had been consummated, and when the gold had not yet, owing to the dispute, been all weighed out, the dictator appeared and commanded the gold to be cleared away and the Gauls to leave. They objected vehemently, and insisted on the compact; but Camillus denied the validity of that compact which, subsequently to his own appointment as dictator, an inferior magistrate had made without his authorization, and warned them to prepare for battle. His own men he ordered to throw their packs in a heap, make ready their weapons, and win their country back with iron instead of gold; having before their eyes the temples of the gods, their wives and

their children, the soil of their native land, with the hideous marks of war upon it, and all that religion called upon them to defend, recover, or avenge. He then drew up his line, as well as the ground permitted, on the naturally uneven surface of the half-ruined City, and saw to it that his soldiers had every advantage in choice of position and in preparation which the art of war suggested. The Gauls were taken aback; they armed, and, with more rage than judgment, charged the Romans. But now fortune had turned; now the might of Heaven and human wisdom were engaged in the cause of Rome. Accordingly, at the first shock the Gauls were routed with as little effort as they had themselves put forth to conquer on the Allia. They afterwards fought a second, more regular engagement, eight miles out on the Gabinian Way, where they had rallied from their flight, and again the generalship and auspices of Camillus overcame them. Here the carnage was universal; their camp was taken; and not a man survived to tell of the disaster. The dictator, having recovered his country from her enemies, returned in triumph to the city; and between the rough jests uttered by the soldiers, was hailed in no unmeaning terms of praise as a Romulus and Father of his Country and a second Founder of the City.

His native City, which he had saved in war, he then indubitably saved a second time, now that peace was won, by preventing the migration to Veii: though the Tribunes were more zealous for the plan than ever, now that the City lay in ashes, and the plebs were of themselves more inclined to favor it. This was the reason of his not resigning the dictatorship after his triumph, for the senate besought him not to desert the state in its hour of uncertainty. . . .

The speech of Camillus is said to have moved them, particularly where he touched upon religion; but the doubtful issue was resolved by a word that was let fall in the nick of time. It was while the senate, a little later, was deliberating about these matters in the Curia Hostilia; some cohorts returning from guard-duty were marching through the Forum, and as they came to the Comitium a centurion cried out, 'Standard-bearers, fix your ensign; here will be our best place to remain.' Hearing this sentence the senators came out from the Curia and shouted their acceptance of the omen, and the commons gathering round them signified approval. The bill was then rejected, and people began in a random fashion to rebuild the City. The state supplied tiles, and granted everybody the right to quarry stone and to hew timber where he liked, after giving security for the completion of the structures within that year. In their haste men were careless about making straight the streets, and paying no attention to their own and others' rights, built on the vacant spaces. This is the reason that the ancient sewers, which were at first conducted through the public ways, at present frequently run under private dwellings, and the appearance of the City is like one where the ground has been appropriated rather than divided.

—B. O. Foster.

Hannibal

No sooner had Hannibal landed in Spain than he became a favorite with the whole army. The veterans thought they saw Hamilcar restored to them as he was in his youth; they saw the same determined expression, the same piercing eyes, the same cast of features. He soon showed, however, that it was not his father's memory that helped him most to win the affections of the army. Never was there a character more capable of the two tasks so opposed to each other of commanding and obeying; you could not easily make out whether the army or its general were more attached to him. Whenever courage and resolution were needed Hasdrubal never cared to entrust the command to any one else; and there was no leader in whom the soldiers placed more confidence or under whom they showed more daring. He was fearless in exposing himself to danger and perfectly self-possessed in the presence of danger. No amount of exertion could cause him either bodily or mental fatigue; he was equally indifferent to heat and cold; his eating and drinking were measured by the needs of nature, not by appetite; his hours of sleep were not determined by day or night; whatever time was not taken up with active duties was given to sleep and rest, but that rest was not wooed on a soft couch or in silence; men often saw him lying on the ground amongst the sentinels and outposts, wrapped in his military cloak. His dress was in no way superior to that

of his comrades; what did make him conspicuous were his arms and horses. He was by far the foremost both of the cavalry and the infantry, the first to enter the fight and the last to leave the field.

But these great merits were matched by great vices—inhuman cruelty, a perfidy worse than Punic, an utter absence of truthfulness, reverence, fear of the gods, respect for oaths, sense of religion. Such was his character, a compound of virtues and vices. For three years he served under Hasdrubal, and during the whole time he never lost an opportunity of gaining by practice or observation the experience necessary for one who was to be a great leader of men.

The Battle of Lake Trasimene

Flaminius had reached the lake at sunset. The next morning, in a still uncertain light, he passed through the defile, without sending any scouts on to feel the way, and when the column began to deploy in the wider extent of level ground the only enemy they saw was the one in front, the rest were concealed in their rear and above their heads. When the Carthaginian saw his object achieved and had his enemy shut in between the lake and the hills with his forces surrounding them, he gave the signal for all to make a simultaneous attack, and they charged straight down upon the point nearest to them. The affair was all the more sudden and unexpected to the Romans because a fog which had risen from the lake was denser on the plain than on the heights; the bodies of the enemy on the various hills could see each other well enough, and it was all the easier for them to charge all at the same time. The shout of battle rose round the Romans before they could see clearly from whence it came, or became aware that they were surrounded. Fighting began in front and flank before they could form line or get their weapons ready or draw their swords. . . .

Then began a general flight, neither lake nor mountain stopped the panic-stricken fugitives, they rushed like blind men over cliff and defile, men and arms tumbled pell-mell on one another. A large number, finding no avenue of escape, went into the water up to their shoulders; some in their wild terror even attempted to escape by swimming, an endless and hopeless task in that lake. Either their spirits gave way and they were drowned, or else finding their efforts fruitless, they regained with great difficulty the shallow water at the edge of the lake and were butchered in all directions by the enemy's cavalry who had ridden into the water.

About 6000 men who had formed the head of the line of march cut their way through the enemy and cleared the defile, quite unconscious of all that had been going on behind them. They halted on some rising ground, and listened to the shouting below and the clash of arms, but were unable, owing to the fog, to see or find out what the fortunes of the fight were.

At last, when the battle was over and the sun's heat had dispelled the fog, mountain and plain revealed in the clear light the disastrous overthrow of the Roman army and showed only too plainly that all was lost. Fearing lest they should be seen in the distance and cavalry be sent against them, they hurriedly took up their standards and disappeared with all possible speed. Maharbal pursued them through the night with the whole of his mounted force, and on the morrow, as starvation, in addition to all their other miseries, was threatening them, they surrendered to Maharbal, on condition of being allowed to depart with one garment apiece. This promise was kept with Punic faith by Hannibal, and he threw them all into chains.

This was the famous battle at Trasumennus, and a disaster for Rome memorable as few others have been. Fifteen thousand Romans were killed in action; 1,000 fugitives were scattered all over Etruria and reached the City by divers routes; 2,500 of the enemy perished on the field, many in both armies afterwards of their wounds. Other authors give the loss on each side as many times greater, but I refuse to indulge in the idle exaggerations to which writers are far too much given, and what is more, I am supported by the authority of Fabius, who was living during the war. Hannibal dismissed without ransom those prisoners who belonged to the allies and threw the Romans into chains. He then gave orders for the bodies of his own men to be picked out from the heaps of slain and buried; careful search was also made for the body of Flaminius that it might receive honorable interment, but it was not found.

As soon as the news of this disaster reached Rome the people flocked into the Forum in a great state of panic and confusion. Matrons were wandering about the streets and asking those they met what recent disaster had been reported or what news was there of the army. The throng in the Forum, as numerous as a crowded Assembly, flocked towards the Comitium and the Senate-house and called for the magistrates. At last, shortly before sunset, M. Pomponius, the prætor, announced, 'We have been defeated in a great battle.' Though nothing more definite was heard from him, the people, full of the reports which they had heard from one another, carried back to their homes the information that the consul had been killed with the greater part of his army; only a few survived, and these were either dispersed in flight throughout Etruria or had been made prisoners by the enemy.

The misfortunes which had befallen the defeated army were not more numerous than the anxieties of those whose relatives had served under C. Flaminius, ignorant as they were of the fate of each of their friends, and not in the least knowing what to hope for or what to fear. The next day and several days afterwards, a large crowd, containing more women than men, stood at the gates waiting for some one of their friends or for news about them, and they crowded round those they met with eager and anxious inquiries, nor was it possible to get them away, especially from those they knew, until they had got all the details from first to last. Then as they came away from their informants you might see the different expressions on their faces, according as each had received good or bad news, and friends congratulating or consoling them as they wended their way homewards. The women were especially demonstrative in their joy and in their grief. They say that one who suddenly met her son at the gate safe and sound expired in his arms, whilst another who had received false tidings of her son's death and was sitting as a sorrowful mourner in her house, no sooner saw him returning than she died from too great happiness.

Archimedes and the Siege of Syracuse

An assault begun so vigorously would have undoubtedly succeeded had it not been for one man living at the time in Syracuse. That man was Archimedes. Unrivalled as he was as an observer of the heavens and the stars, he was still more wonderful as the inventor and creator of military works and engines by which with very little trouble he was able to baffle the most laborious efforts of the enemy. The city wall ran over hills of varying altitude, for the most part lofty and difficult of access, but in some places low and admitting of approach from the level of the valleys. This wall he furnished with artillery of every kind, according to the requirements of the different positions. Marcellus with sixty quinqueremes attacked the wall of Achradina, which as above stated is washed by the sea. In the other ships were archers, slingers, and even light infantry, whose missile is an awkward one to return for those who are not expert at it, so they hardly allowed any one to remain on the walls without being wounded. As they needed space to hurl their missiles, they kept their ships some distance from the walls. The other quinqueremes were fastened together in pairs, the oars on the inside being shipped so as to allow of the sides being brought together; they were propelled like one ship by the outside set of oars, and when thus fastened together they carried towers built up in stories and other machinery for battering the wall.

To meet this naval attack Archimedes placed on the ramparts engines of various sizes. The ships at a distance he bombarded with immense stones, the nearer ones he raked with lighter and therefore more numerous missiles; lastly he pierced the entire height of the walls with loopholes about eighteen inches wide so that his men might discharge their missiles without exposing themselves. Through these openings they aimed arrows and small so-called 'scorpions' at the enemy. Some of the ships which came in still more closely in order to be beneath the range of the artillery were attacked in the following way. A huge beam swinging on a pivot projected from the wall and a strong chain hanging from the end had an iron grappling hook fastened to it. This was lowered on to the prow of a ship and a heavy lead weight brought the other end of the beam to the ground, raising the prow into the air and making the vessel rest on its stern. Then the weight being re-

moved, the prow was suddenly dashed on to the water as though it had fallen from the wall, to the great consternation of the sailors; the shock was so great that if it fell straight it shipped a considerable amount of water.

In this way the naval assault was foiled, and all the hopes of the besiegers now rested upon an attack from the side of the land, delivered with their entire strength.

But here too Hiero had for many years devoted money and pains to fitting up military engines of every kind, guided and directed by the unapproachable skill of Archimedes. The nature of the ground also helped the defence. The rock on which the foundations of the wall mostly rested was for the greater part of its length so steep that not only when stones were hurled from the engines but even when rolled down with their own weight they fell with terrible effect on the enemy. The same cause made any approach to the foot of the walls difficult and the foothold precarious.

A council of war was accordingly held and it was decided, since all their attempts were frustrated, to desist from active operations and confine themselves simply to a blockade, and cut off all supplies from the enemy both by land and sea.

Marcellus and Archimedes

When Marcellus mounted the fortifications and saw from his higher ground the city below him, the fairest city of the time, he is said to have shed tears at the sight, partly through joy at his great achievement, partly at the memory of its ancient glories. He thought of the Athenian fleets which had been sunk in that harbor, of the two great armies with their famous generals which had been annihilated there, of all of its many powerful kings and tyrants, above all, of Hiero, whose memory was so fresh, and who, in addition to all his endowments of fortune and character, had distinguished himself by his services to Rome. As all this passed through his mind and with it the thought that in one short hour all he saw round him would be burnt and reduced to ashes, he decided, before advancing against Achradina, to send the Syracusans, who, as already stated, were with the Roman troops, into the city to try if kind words could induce the enemy to surrender the place. . . .

Amongst many horrible instances of fury and rapacity the fate of Archimedes stands out. It is recorded that amidst all the uproar and terror created by the soldiers who were rushing about the captured city in search of plunder, he was quietly absorbed in some geometrical figures which he had drawn on the sand, and was killed by a soldier who did not know who he was. Marcellus was much grieved and took care that his funeral was properly conducted, and after his relations had been discovered they were honored and protected by the name and memory of Archimedes.

Such, in the main, were the circumstances under which Syracuse was captured, and the amount of plunder was almost greater than if Carthage had been taken, the city which was waging war on equal terms with Rome.

—Rev. Canon Roberts.

The Coming of the Great Mother

The state was at this time suddenly occupied with a question of a religious nature, in consequence of the discovery of a prediction in the Sibylline books, which had been inspected on account of there having been so many showers of stones this year. It ran thus: 'Whensoever a foreign enemy should bring war into the land of Italy, he may be driven out of Italy and conquered, if the Idæan Mother should be brought from Pessinus to Rome.' This prophecy, discovered by the decemviri, produced the greater impression upon the senate, because ambassadors also, who had carried a present to Delphi, had brought word back, that they had both obtained a favorable appearance in sacrificing to the Pythian Apollo, and that a response was delivered from the oracle, to the effect, that a much greater victory than that from the spoils of which they now brought presents, awaited the Roman people. They considered the presentiment which existed in the mind of Publius Scipio, with regard to the termination of the war, when he claimed Africa as his province, as corroborating the same anticipation. In order, therefore, that they might the more speedily put themselves in possession of victory, which was portended

to them by the fates, omens, and oracles, they began to think what method could be adopted for conveying the goddess to Rome. . . .

Although Africa had not as yet been openly declared a province, the senate keeping it a secret, I suppose, lest the Carthaginians should get intelligence of it beforehand, nevertheless, the most sanguine hopes were entertained in the city, that the enemy would be vanquished that year in Africa, and that the termination of the Punic war was at hand. This circumstance had filled the minds of the people with superstitious notions, and they were strongly disposed to credit and propagate accounts of prodigies, and for that reason more were reported. It was said, 'that two suns had been seen; that it had become light for a time during the night; that at Setia a meteor had been seen, extending from the east to the west; that at Tarracina a gate, at Anagnia a gate and the wall in many places, had been struck by lightning; that in the temple of Juno Sospita, at Lanuvium, a noise had been heard, accompanied with a tremendous crash.' There was a supplication for one day for the purpose of expiating these, and the nine days' sacred rite was celebrated on account of a shower of stones. In addition to these cares, they had to deliberate about the reception of the Idæan Mother; for besides that Marcus Valerius, one of the ambassadors who had come before the rest, had brought word that she would be in Italy forthwith, a recent account had arrived that she was at Tarracina. The senate was occupied with the determination of a matter of no small importance, namely, who was the most virtuous man in the state. Every one doubtless would wish for himself the victory in this contest, rather than any office of command, or any honors, which could be conferred by the suffrages either of the senate or the people. Publius Scipio, son of Cneius who had fallen in Spain, a youth not yet of the age to be quæstor, they adjudged to be the best of the good men in the whole state. Though I would willingly record it for the information of posterity, had the writers who lived in the times nearest to those events mentioned by what virtues of his they were induced to come to this determination, yet I will not obtrude my own opinion, formed upon conjecture, relative to a matter buried in the obscurity of antiquity. Publius Cornelius was ordered to go to Ostia, attended by all the matrons, to meet the goddess; to receive her from the ship himself, and, when landed, place her in the hands of the matrons to convey her away. After the ship arrived at the mouth of the Tiber, Scipio, according to the directions given him, sailed out into the open sea, and, receiving the goddess from the priests, conveyed her to land. The chief matrons in the state received her, among whom the name of Claudia Quinta alone is worthy of remark. Her fame, which, as it is recorded, was before that time dubious, became, in consequence of her having assisted in so solemn a business, illustrious for chastity among posterity. The matrons, passing her from one to another in orderly succession, conveyed the goddess into the temple of Victory, in the Palatium, on the day before the ides of April, which was made a festival, while the whole city poured out to meet her; and, placing censers before their doors, on the way by which she was conveyed in procession, kindled frankincense, and prayed that she would enter the city of Rome willingly and propitiously. The people in crowds carried presents to the goddess in the Palatium; a lectisternium was celebrated, with games called the Megalesian.

—Cyrus Edmonds.

VI. FROM TIBERIUS TO HADRIAN (A.D. 14–138)

GAIUS VELLEIUS PATERCULUS (About 36 B.C.–A.D. 31)

Paterculus wrote a history of Rome in two books from the Trojan war to A.D. 31. His nine years' service in Germany under Tiberius left him enthusiastic for the emperor, as he is also for Augustus and Julius Cæsar. Hurried, sketchy, and artificial, he is valuable for the light thrown by random passages rather than for authoritativeness as a historian. One of these passages reflects the esteem of the after generation for Cicero.

THE GREATNESS OF CICERO

Nothing reflects more disgrace on that period, than that either Cæsar should have been forced to proscribe any person, or that Cicero should have been proscribed by him, and that the advocate of the public should have been cut off by the villainy of Antony, no one defending him, who for so many years had defended as well the cause of the public as the causes of individuals. But you have gained nothing, Mark Antony (for the indignation bursting from my mind and heart, compels me to say what is at variance with the character of this work), you have gained nothing, I say, by paying the hire for closing those divine lips, and cutting off that noble head, and by procuring, for a fatal reward, the death of a man, once so great as a consul, and the preserver of the Commonwealth. You deprived Marcus Cicero of a life full of trouble, and of a feeble old age; an existence more unhappy under your ascendancy, than death under your triumvirate; but of the fame and glory of his actions and writings you have been so far from despoiling him that you have even increased it. He lives, and will live in the memory of all succeeding ages. And as long as this body of the universe, whether framed by chance, or by wisdom, or by whatever means, which he, almost alone of the Romans, penetrated with his genius, comprehended in his imagination, and illustrated by his eloquence, shall continue to exist, it will carry the praise of Cicero as its companion in duration. All posterity will admire his writings against you, and execrate your conduct towards him; and sooner shall the race of man fail in the world, than his name decay.

The calamity of this whole period no one can sufficiently deplore; much less can any one find language to express it. One thing demands observation, that there prevailed towards the proscribed the utmost fidelity in their wives, a moderate share of it in their freedmen, some portion in their slaves, and in their sons none at all; so intolerable to men is the delay of hope, on whatever grounds it be conceived. That nothing, however, should be left inviolate, Antony, as if for an attraction and excitement to atrocities, proscribed his uncle Lucius Cæsar, and Lepidus his brother Paulus. Plancus, too, had interest enough to procure a like sentence upon his brother Plotius Plancus.

—J. S. Watson.

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA, THE PHILOSOPHER
(About 3 B.C.–A.D. 65)

Seneca the philosopher was the son of Seneca the rhetorician, and both were natives of Cordova in Spain. The son was brought to Rome in childhood, was educated in the Stoic philosophy and in rhetoric, became an eloquent lawyer and shone in society, was exiled to Corsica in 41 on the charge of intrigue with the niece of Claudius, was recalled in 49 by the Empress Agrippina and made tutor to her son, the future Emperor Nero, in the end lost the great influence over him which he at first possessed, retired in 62 after having acquired enormous wealth, and in 65, falsely accused by the now estranged and hostile Nero, opened his own veins and died. An account of the event is given by Tacitus.

Seneca's writings included *Consolations,* one of which was addressed to his mother from his place of exile, essays on such themes as Clemency, Repose, Anger, The Brevity of Life, and Tranquillity of Mind, a ludicrous and unkind satire on the death of Claudius, *Inquiries into Natural Science, Moral Epistles to Lucilius,* and nine tragedies. All but the satire are permeated by a philosophy prevailingly Stoic but really eclectic, and of a quality so much more humane and spiritual than the Stoicism of the school that their author has been suspected of being acquainted with and taught by the Apostle Paul. 'Seneca, often one of ourselves,' Tertullian wrote a hundred years after his death. The comment that the philosopher's conduct was not consistent with his teaching was made even in Seneca's lifetime, and drew the answer that, like other philosophers, he described not how he lived, but how life ought to be lived; yet, in spite of inconsistency in practice and artificiality of style, Seneca writes with fervor, and there was no period of his life when his living was not seriously influenced by his philosophic faith. Riches, he said, were to be blamed only when wrongly or too highly valued; to possess them was really to be in position to practice virtue the better. The manner of his meeting death surely accorded with his teaching, and may be regarded as the conclusion and culmination of the real part of a life much alloyed by force of circumstance.

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THE EPISTLES TO LUCILIUS

On Quiet and Study

Beshrew me if I think anything more requisite than silence for a man who secludes himself in order to study! Imagine what a variety of noises reverberates about my ears! I have lodgings right over a bathing establishment. So picture to yourself the assortment of sounds, which are strong enough to make me hate my very powers of hearing! When your strenuous gentleman, for example, is exercising himself by flourishing leaden weights; when he is working hard, or else pretends to be working hard, I can hear him grunt; and whenever he releases his imprisoned breath, I can hear him panting in wheezy and high-pitched tones. Or perhaps I notice some lazy fellow, content with a cheap rub-down, and hear the crack of the pummeling hand on his shoulder, varying in sound according as the hand is laid on flat or hollow. Then, perhaps, a professional comes along, shouting out the score; that is the finishing touch. Add to this the arresting of an occasional roysterer or pickpocket, the racket of the man who always likes to hear his own voice in the bathroom, or the enthusiast who plunges into the swimming-tank with unconscionable noise and splashing. Besides all those whose voices, if nothing else, are good, imagine the hair-plucker with his penetrating, shrill voice,—for purposes of advertisement,—continually giving it vent and never holding his tongue except when he is plucking the armpits and making his victim yell instead. Then the cake-seller

with his varied cries, the sausageman, the confectioner, and all the vendors of food hawking their wares, each with his own distinctive intonation.

So you say: 'What iron nerves or deadened ears you must have, if your mind can hold out amid so many noises, so various and so discordant, when our friend Chrysippus is brought to his death by the continual good-morrows that greet him!' But I assure you that this racket means no more to me than the sound of waves or falling water; although you will remind me that a certain tribe once moved their city merely because they could not endure the din of a Nile cataract. Words seem to distract me more than noises; for words demand attention, but noises merely fill the ears and beat upon them. Among the sounds that din round me without distracting, I include passing carriages, a machinist in the same block, a saw-sharpener near by, or some fellow who is demonstrating with little pipes and flutes at the Trickling Fountain, shouting rather than singing.

Furthermore, an intermittent noise upsets me more than a steady one. But by this time I have toughened my nerves against all that sort of thing, so that I can endure even a boatswain marking the time in high-pitched tones for his crew. For I force my mind to concentrate, and keep it from straying to things outside itself; all outdoors may be bedlam, provided that there is no disturbance within, provided that fear is not wrangling with desire in my breast, provided that meanness and lavishness are not at odds, one harassing the other. For of what benefit is a quiet neighborhood, if our emotions are in an uproar?

'Twas night, and all the world was lulled to rest.

This is not true; for no real rest can be found when reason has not done the lulling. Night brings our troubles to the light, rather than banishes them; it merely changes the form of our worries. For even when we seek slumber, our sleepless moments are as harassing as the daytime. Real tranquillity is the state reached by an unperverted mind when it is relaxed. Think of the unfortunate man who courts sleep by surrendering his spacious mansion to silence, who, that his ear may be disturbed by no sound, bids the whole retinue of his slaves be quiet and that whoever approaches him shall walk on tiptoe; he tosses from this side to that and seeks a fitful slumber amid his frettings! He complains that he has heard sounds, when he has not heard them at all. The reason, you ask? His soul is in an uproar; it must be soothed, and its rebellious murmuring checked. You need not suppose that the soul is at peace when the body is still. Sometimes quiet means disquiet.

On Meeting Death Cheerfully

Let us cease to desire that which we have been desiring. I, at least, am doing this: in my old age I have ceased to desire what I desired when a boy. To this single end my days and my nights are passed; this is my task, this the object of my thoughts,—to put an end to my chronic ills. I am endeavoring to live every day as if it were a complete life. I do not, indeed, snatch it up as if it were my last; I do regard it, however, as if it might even be my last. The present letter is written to you with this in mind,—as if death were about to call me away in the very act of writing. I am ready to depart, and I shall enjoy life just because I am not overanxious as to the future date of my departure.

Before I became old I tried to live well; now that I am old, I shall try to die well; but dying well means dying gladly. See to it that you never do anything unwillingly. That which is bound to be a necessity if you rebel, is not a necessity if you desire it. This is what I mean: he who takes his orders gladly, escapes the bitterest part of slavery,—doing what one does not want to do. The man who does something under orders is not unhappy; he is unhappy who does something against his will. Let us therefore so set our minds in order that we may desire whatever is demanded of us by circumstances, and above all that we may reflect upon our end without sadness. We must make ready for death before we make ready for life. Life is well enough furnished, but we are too greedy with regard to its furnishings; something always seems to us lacking, and will always seem lacking. To have lived long enough depends neither upon our years nor upon our days, but upon our minds. I have lived, my dear friend Lucilius, long enough. I have had my fill: I await death. Farewell.

On the Proper Time to Slip the Cable

After a long space of time I have seen your beloved Pompeii. I was thus brought again face to face with the days of my youth. And it seemed to me that I could still do, nay, had only done a short time ago, all the things which I did there when a young man. We have sailed past life, Lucilius, as if we were on a voyage, and just as when at sea, to quote from our poet Vergil,

> Lands and towns are left astern,

even so, on this journey where time flies with the greatest speed, we put below the horizon first our boyhood and then our youth, and then the space which lies between young manhood and middle age and borders on both, and next, the best years of old age itself. Last of all, we begin to sight the general bourne of the race of man. Fools that we are, we believe this bourne to be a dangerous reef; but it is the harbor, where we must some day put in, which we may never refuse to enter; and if a man has reached this harbor in his early years, he has no more right to complain than a sailor who has made a quick voyage. For some sailors, as you know, are tricked and held back by sluggish winds, and grow weary and sick of the slow-moving calm; while others are carried quickly home by steady gales.

You may consider that the same thing happens to us; life has carried some men with the greatest rapidity to the harbor, the harbor they were bound to reach even if they tarried on the way, while others it has fretted and harassed. To such a life, as you are aware, one should not always cling. For mere living is not a good, but living well. Accordingly, the wise man will live as long as he ought, not as long as he can. He will mark in what place, with whom, and how he is to conduct his existence, and what he is about to do. He always reflects concerning the quality, and not the quantity, of his life. As soon as there are many events in his life that give him trouble and disturb his peace of mind, he sets himself free. And this privilege is his, not only when the crisis is upon him, but as soon as Fortune seems to be playing him false; then he looks about carefully and sees whether he ought, or ought not, to end his life on that account. He holds that it makes no difference to him whether his taking-off be natural or self-inflicted, whether it comes later or earlier. He does not regard it with fear, as if it were a great loss; for no man can lose very much when but a driblet remains. It is not a question of dying earlier or later, but of dying well or ill. And dying well means escape from the danger of living ill.

Inasmuch as I began with an illustration taken from humble life, I shall keep on with that sort. For men will make greater demands upon themselves, if they see that death can be despised even by the most despised class of men. The Catos, the Scipios, and the others whose names we are wont to hear with admiration, we regard as beyond the sphere of imitation; but I shall now prove to you that the virtue of which I speak is found as frequently in the gladiators' training-school as among the leaders in a civil war. Lately a gladiator, who had been sent forth to the morning exhibition, was being conveyed in a cart along with the other prisoners; nodding as if he were heavy with sleep, he let his head fall over so far that it was caught in the spokes; then he kept his body in position long enough to break his neck by the revolution of the wheel. So he made his escape by means of the very wagon which was carrying him to his punishment.

When a man desires to burst forth and take his departure, nothing stands in his way. It is an open space in which Nature guards us. When our plight is such as to permit it, we may look about us for an easy exit. If you have many opportunities ready to hand, by means of which you may liberate yourself, you may make a selection and think over the best way of gaining freedom; but if a chance is hard to find, instead of the best, snatch the next best, even though it be something unheard of, something new. If you do not lack the courage, you will not lack the cleverness, to die. See how even the lowest class of slave, when suffering goads him on, is aroused and discovers a way to deceive even the most watchful guards! He is truly great who not only has given himself the order to die, but has also found the means.

I have promised you, however, some more illustrations drawn from the same games. During the second event in a sham

sea-fight one of the barbarians sank deep into his own throat a spear which had been given him for use against his foe. 'Why, oh, why,' he said, 'have I not long ago escaped from all this torture and all this mockery? Why should I be armed and yet wait for death to come?' This exhibition was all the more striking because of the lesson men learn from it that dying is more honorable than killing.

What, then? If such a spirit is possessed by abandoned and dangerous men, shall it not be possessed also by those who have trained themselves to meet such contingencies by long meditation, and by reason, the mistress of all things? It is reason which teaches us that fate has various ways of approach, but the same end, and that it makes no difference at what point the inevitable event begins. Reason, too, advises us to die, if we may, according to our taste; if this cannot be, she advises us to die according to our ability, and to seize upon whatever means shall offer itself for doing violence to ourselves. It is criminal to 'live by robbery'; but, on the other hand, it is most noble to 'die by robbery.' Farewell.

THE TRAGEDIES

The nine tragedies ascribed to Seneca are on the well-worn themes of the Trojan and Theban Cycles and the legends of Jason and Hercules, with the naturally somewhat static character of ancient tragedy much increased by long rhetorical and philosophical speeches, and philosophical choral interludes having little to do with the action; the interest of the reader or listener being stimulated by novelties of expression and the use of the sensational, especially the horrible. In justice it must be said that there is much that is worthy in the rhetorical, philosophical, and intellectual exuberance of Seneca, and that an author who exercised so great an influence on the drama of the Renaissance cannot lightly be dismissed. The translation, from *Hercules Furens,* is by J. W. Cunliffe.

THE WOOING OF MEGARA

Enter AMPHITRYON *and* MEGARA, *father and wife of Hercules, suppliants with his children at the altars of the gods.*

A. Olympus' ruler great and judge of earth,
Now place at last a term to our distress,
And make an end of sadness. Never dawn
Flashed on me free from care. One evil's end
Ever begins a new one. Even now
For him returning a new foe's prepared.
Before he gains his happy home he goes
Bidden to another war. Nor any rest
Nor any time of leisure is there granted
But he has some commands. From the very first
Juno pursues him hostile. Wherein were free
From care his infant years? Monsters he tamed
Ere he could even know them. Serpents twain
With crested heads threatened him open-mouthed,
Whom boldly ran to meet the little child,
Seized, gazing on the serpents' fiery looks
With undisturb'd, serene, and cheerful heart
(With quiet face he bore their knotted folds,)
Pressing with tender hands their swelling throats
He crushed to death and to the future dragon
Thus gave a prelude. Mænalus' swift stag
Bearing aloft a head bright with much gold
He chased and caught. Nemea's greatest fear,
The lion, groaned, crushed by his sinewy strength.
Why should I tell the Bistones' dread stalls
And the king made a prey to his own herds?
The shaggy boar of Mænalus that used
To shake the Arcadian groves upon the heights
Of Erymanthus? Why should I also tell

The bull to hundred nations no light fear?
. . . . . .
Amid the far-off flocks of the western isle
The triple shepherd of the Tartesian shore
Was slain, the booty driven from utmost west.
Cithæron feared the beast known to the sea.
Bidden to explore the climes of summer sun,
The scorchèd realms where midday ever burns,
On either side he loosed the mountains, burst
The barrier, for the rushing mighty waves
Made a wide way. Arriving afterwards
At the abodes of the rich grove, he bore
Away the dragon-guarded golden spoils.
Why should I tell of Lerna's monsters fierce,
A numerous pest, whom he at last with fire
Conquered and taught to die. In the very clouds
He shoots the Stymphalian birds which hitherto
Were wont to veil the day with outspread wings.
He was not conquered by the widow queen
Of couch unspotted on the Thermodon,
Nor did the task of Augeas' dirty stable
Dismay his hands, to every noble deed
Made bold. But what avails all this? He lacks
The world that he defended. All the lands
Have felt that he, the author of their peace,
Is far away. Lucky, successful crime
Is virtue called at Thebes. The good obey
The bad, and might is right, and slavish fear
Bears down the laws. Before my face I saw
With savage hand the royal princes slain,
Their father's throne defending, and himself
A victim fall, the last of Cadmus' stock.
I saw the crown that royal heads adorns
Torn off with the head itself. Who Thebes enough
Can pity? Land renowned for births of gods,
What master dost thou fear! Thou from whose fields,
A fertile womb indeed, a youthful band
Sprang with drawn swords, whose walls divine Amphion
Built with his lyre, whose strain the rocks obeyed,
Into whose city more than once the king
Of gods came down and left the sky: which oft.
Has been the host of gods, has made them too
And—be it right to say—perchance shall make them;
With sordid yoke is now this land oppressed.
(To what depths, sons of Cadmus and the state
Of great Amphion, have ye fallen down?
Fear ye an unknown exile who has fled
His fatherland, and now oppresses ours?
And he who crime pursues by land and sea
And breaks with righteous hand the tyrants' sway
Now serves, though absent, and endures himself
What he forbids to others.) Exiled Lycus
Reigns over Thebes, the Thebes of Hercules.
But reign he will not. He will come to seek
His vengeance due and suddenly emerge
From hell to light of day. He'll find a way
Or make one. O, I pray, come safe and sound,
Return a victor to your vanquished home.
M. Come forth, my spouse, and far asunder riven
Break through the darkness. If there's no way back
And every path is closed, then cleave in twain
The earth, return, and whatsoe'er lies hid,
Bound with the bonds of night, bring with you forth.
Just as by torn-up ridges you once stood
And for the hurried river sought a way
Precipitous; riven with the mighty rush
Tempe lay wide revealed; driven by your breast
The mountains hither, thither fell, and, bursting
Its dykes, Peneus ran a course unknown—
So now in search of parents, children dear,
And fatherland, burst through the bonds of things,
Bring with you whatsoever greedy time
Has hidden in lapse of many years. Return
And drive before you nations lost to view,
Forgetful of themselves, afraid of day.
Unworthy are your spoils if you bring back
What is commanded only.—But too much
I boast, forgetting our sad lot. For whence
To me that day when I shall grasp your hand,
May kiss it, wail your slow return, unmindful
Of me and all my woes? To thee, O monarch
Of all the gods, a hundred untamed bulls
Shall bring their necks for slaughter. Queen of fruits,
I'll pay thee secret rites. In silent faith
Shall mute Eleusis cast thee torches long.
Then I will own the life and breath restored

To my dead brothers and my father happy,
Ruling in his own realms. If greater power
Keeps you a prisoner, then we follow. All
Either defend returning safe, or all
Drag to a like destruction. You will drag
Us down and no god raise us up again.
A. O partner of our blood, faithful and chaste
Keeping the couch and sons of Hercules,
Take better hope and call your courage up.
Forthwith he will be here of greater might
Than ever, as his wont has been, each task
Accomplished.
M. What in grief too much we wish
We easily believe.
A. Nay, what we fear
Too much, we think can never be removed.
Faith in the worst is ever prone to fear.
M. Sunk, buried, weighted down with all the earth
Above him, what way can he find to light?
A. That which he found when through the parchèd waste
And billowy sands like ocean tempest-tossed
He traveled, twice the main he cleaved, and twice
Returned, when with abandoned barque embarrassed
He stuck in Syrtes' shallows, and, the boat
Remaining fast, went o'er the sea on foot.
M. The greatest virtue unfair fortune spares
But rarely. To so oft repeated dangers
Can no one long expose himself with safety.
Misfortune misses oft but hits at last.
But lo! with fierce and threatening countenance
Comes Lycus, wielding sceptres not his own.

Enter Lycus

L. The ruler of the wealthy realms of Thebes
And whatsoe'er contain with fertile soil
The slopes of Phocis that Ismenus waters,
(Whate'er Cithæron sees from his high top
And the thin isthmus, cutting oceans twain)—
I do not hold a sire's ancestral sway,
A slothful heir. I have no noble line
Of ancestors, no race of ancient fame,
But excellence distinguished. He who boasts
His noble birth, praises another's deeds
And not his own. But sceptres won by force
Are held in fear. All safety lies in steel.
The unsheath'd sword guards what you know you hold
Against your subjects' will. In foreign soil
No kingdom stands secure. But Megara
Can stay my power in royal wedlock joined.
Her noble birth to my obscurity
Will color give. I cannot think 'twill be
That she'll refuse and spurn with scorn my couch.
But if persistently with violent mind
She should say no, one plan alone remains,
To overwhelm in one destruction all
The house of Hercules. The people's voice
With hatred such a deed will follow close.
Well, rule's first art is the ability
To suffer hatred. Therefore let us try,
Since chance has given us opportunity,
For she herself, her head in sorrow covered,
Stands veiled by the protecting deities,
And by her side clings Hercules' true sire.
M. What new plot plans that man, our race's ruin?
What is he attempting?
L. O thou who drawest
From royal stock a noble name, a little
Gracious with patient ear receive my words.
If mortals always wage eternal hatred,
If never from our minds madness departs
When once it's made a home there, but the victor
Still carries arms, and fresh ones forge the vanquished,
War will leave nothing. With wide fields the country
Will desert lie and squalid, burning dwellings
Will overwhelm the nations, in the ashes
Of their own houses buried. It befits
The conqueror to wish for peace. The vanquished
Must hold it a necessity. Come then
And share my realm. Be one with me in mind
And take this pledge of faith, touch my right hand.
But why with countenance fierce do you keep silence?
M. Am I to touch a hand stained with the blood
Of my own father, and my brothers' slaughter?
First shall the morning see the sun go down
And eve bring back the day. 'Twixt snow and flame
First shall be faithful peace, and Scylla join
Sicily's shore to Italy (and first
Shall the Euboic wave of Euripus,
With changeful swiftness flying, stand unmoved.)
You robbed me of my native land, my home,

My sire, my brothers. What remains to me?
One thing is left, dearer than sire or brother,
Than native land, than hearth and home, my hatred
Of thee, which I but mourn because I share it
With all the people. But how great a portion
Of hate is mine? Rule, swol'n with pride. Display
Your haughty spirit. The avenging god
Pursues the proud behind. The realms of Thebes
I know of old. Why should I tell the wrongs
That mothers dared and bore? The double crime
And mingled name of spouse and child and sire?
Why the twin camps of hostile brothers, why
So many funeral piles? Now stiff with grief
Stands the proud mother, Tantalus' fair daughter,
And weeps the rock in Phrygian Sipylus.
(Cadmus himself, lifting a serpent's head,
Crested and threatening, the Illyrian kingdoms
Measured in flight from end to end, and left
The long marks of his dragging steps behind.)
These instances await you. As you will,
Rule till our realm's accustomed fates shall call.
L. Come, mad one, lay aside these savage words
And learn from Hercules, your spouse, to bear
A king's commands. Although with conquering hand
I wield a sceptre won with violence,
And all things rule without a fear of laws,
Which arms have conquered, I will speak a little
In my own cause. In bloody war your father
Fell with your brothers. Arms observe no bounds,
Nor is it easy to restrain or rule
The anger of the unsheath'd sword. In gore
War takes delight—he in his realm's defense,
We urged by wicked lust—war's end is sought
And not its cause. But let all memory
Now perish from our minds. For since his arms
The victor has laid down, the vanquished too
To lay aside his hatred it behoves.
Not that on bended knee you should adore
Us reigning do we seek. But this doth please us
That you accept your ruin with great mind.
You are a lady worthy of a king,
A queenly wife. Then come and share my couch.
M. A chilling tremor strikes my bloodless limbs.
What crime has reached my ears? I did not tremble
When peace was broken and the crash of war
Sounded about the rampart. Fearlessly
I bore all terrors. From your nuptial couch
Trembling I shrink. Now first of all I feel
Myself a prisoner. Now let heavy chains
Weigh down my body and with hunger slow
Let death be long drawn out. No force shall break
My constancy. I'll die, Alcides, thine.
L. Your spouse inspires your heart in depths of hell?
M. He sank to hell that he might rise to heaven.
L. The earth's unmeasured weight now keeps him down.
M. No weight keeps that man down who bore the sky.
L. You will be forced.
M. What force can o'ercome death?
L. Confess what royal gift could I prepare
Equal to marriage bonds?
M. Your death or mine.
L. Mad, will you die?
M. I'll run to meet my spouse.
L. Do you prefer a slave to me, a monarch?
M. How many monarchs has that slave destroyed?
L. Then why serves he a king and bears the yoke?
M. Take hard commands away, and where is virtue?
L. You think it virtue to meet beasts and monsters?
M. 'Tis virtue's part to vanquish what all fear.
L. Now the Tartarean shades oppress the boaster.
M. It is no easy path from earth to heaven.
L. Born of what father does he hope for heaven?
A. Now list, Alcides' miserable spouse.
My part it is to give to Hercules
His sire and true extraction. Do but think on
So many famous deeds of our great hero,
Whatever Titan rising, setting, sees,
Tamed by his hand, so many monsters vanquished
And Phlegra's land scattered with gore rebellious

Against the gods, the gods themselves defended.
Is not his father clear? Do we wrong Jove?
Trust Juno's hatred.
L. But why slander Jove?
The mortal race cannot be joined with heaven.
A. Many gods had this common origin.
L. And were they slaves before they reached the sky?
A. The Delian shepherd fed Admetus' flocks.
L. But wandered not an exile through all lands.
A. On wandering isle of exiled mother born.
L. Did Phœbus fear fierce monsters or wild beasts?
A. The dragon dyed his arrows with its blood.
Do you not know what ills the baby bore
Cast by the thunder from his mother's womb?
(He soon stood boldly by his thundering sire.)
And did not he, who rules the sky and shakes
The clouds, lie hid an infant in a cave
On Ida's mount? Such high nativities
Are paid with anxious care. The cost is great,
Both is and has been, to be born a god.
L. Whomever you see luckless, know a man.
A. Whomever you see valiant, call not luckless.
L. Are we to call him valiant from whose shoulders
The lion's skin and club fell, to be made
A wench's gift, whose side shone clothed in purple?
Are we to call him valiant whose stiff hair
Was wet with ointment, whose renownèd hands
Moved to the unheroic timbrel's sound?
A. With barbarous coif his savage forehead binding,
Young Bacchus did not blush his locks to spread
Wide to the breeze, or with soft hand to wield
The thyrsus light, when with unmartial step
He wore a robe bright with barbaric gold.
Virtue relaxes after many toils.
L. The house of o'erwhelmed Teuthras speaks to that,
And flocks of virgins pure oppressed like cattle.
This did not Juno, nor Eurystheus bid.
These are his own achievements.
A. You know not all.
His own achievement was it to beat Eryx
With his own gloves, yea and to Eryx joined
Libyan Antæus. And the bloody hearths,
Stained with the gore of guests, were made to drink
The righteous blood of wicked Busiris.
His own achievement was it to slay Cycnus,
As yet untamed, who ran upon the sword,
And Geryon, more than one, by one hand vanquished.
But you, no doubt, are one of those good people
Who by no shameful deed have injured wedlock
Of marriage-bed inviolate.
L. What Jove may do,
A king may. A wife to Jove you gave, a wife you'll give
To me, a king. And by your tutorship
Your daughter here will learn this old, old lesson,
Which e'en her spouse approves, the better man
To follow. If she steadfastly refuses
To join with me in marriage, from her body,
Ravished by force, a noble stock I'll raise.
M. Ye shades of Creon and the household gods
Of Labdacus and the dread nuptial torch
Of Œdipus, give your accustomed fates
To your communion. Now ye cruel daughters
Of King Egyptus come with blood-dyed hands.
One of their number lack the Danaïdes.
I will fill up the place, complete the crime.
L. Since stubbornly you spurn with scorn our union
And terrify a king, you now shall know
The power of a king's sceptre. You will cling
Fast to the altars, but no god shall save you
Not if, the world removed, Alcides came
Victorious, to the gods in triumph borne.
Heap up the wood. Let the fire blaze and fall
In on the suppliants. Apply the torch
And let one pyre burn wife and all the flock.
A. This boon I pray from thee, Alcides' sire,
Which be it fit to ask, that first I fall.
L. Who bids one punishment slay all together
Knows not to be a tyrant. Ask again,
And something different. The unhappy man
Forbid to die, the happy bid destroy.
I, while with faggots grows the funeral pile
Will sacrifice to Neptune, ocean's lord.
A. O highest power of deities on high,
Ruler omnipotent, at whose weapons tremble

All human things, this wicked king's right hand
Smite and restrain! Why vainly pray to gods?
Where'er thou art, my son, O hear!—Why totter
The temples tossed with sudden motion? Why
Groans loud the ground? From lowest depths of hell
A crash infernal thundered. We are heard.
It is, it is the step of Hercules.

SENECA ADDRESSES FORTUNE

I was content, why hast thou flattered me,
O potent Fortune, with thy treacherous smiles?
Why hast thou carried me to such a height,
That lifted to the palace I might fall
The farther, look upon the greater crimes?
Ah, happier was I when I dwelt afar
From envy's stings, among the rugged cliffs
Of Corsica, where my free spirit knew
Leisure for study. Ah, how sweet it was
To look upon the sky, th' alternate change
Of day and night, the circuit of the earth,
The moon, the wandering stars that circle her,
And the far-shining glory of the sky,
Which when it has grown old shall fall again
Into the night of chaos—that last day
Has come, which 'neath the ruin of the skies
Shall bury this vile race. A brighter sun,
Newborn, shall bring to life another race,
Like that the young world knew, when Saturn ruled
In the high heavens. Then great among the gods
The virgin goddess Justice, with fair Faith,
Sent from the skies, ruled on the tranquil earth
The race of man. The nations knew not war,
Nor the harsh trumpet's sound, nor clash of arms,
They were not wont about their towns to raise
Protecting ramparts, every path was free,
All things were used in common, the glad earth
Bared willingly for man her fruitful breast,
A happy mother, in her foster-sons'
Untainted love secure. Another race
Less peaceful rose, a third in new arts skilled,
But law-abiding; then a restless one
That dared to hunt the wild beasts in the chase,
To catch in nets the fish in stormy seas,
Or with the fowler's rod beguile the birds,
Or to the yoke subject the savage bull
And hold him with the halter, they first turned
The free earth with the plough; she, wounded, hid
Deeper within her sacred breast her fruits;
But even to the heart of Mother Earth
A more degenerate generation pressed,
Brought gold and iron thence, and by-and-by
Armed their fierce hands with weapons; cities rose,
Their own they kept from danger with the sword.
The virgin goddess Justice was despised
And fled from earth, from men of cruel ways,
From hands by blood polluted, to the skies.
Longing for war and avarice for gold
Grew through the world, and luxury arose,
Greatest of ills, a flattering, noisome thing,
To which through man's delusion time gave strength.
The garnered vices of so many years
Abound in us, we live in a base age
When crime is regnant, when wild lawlessness
Reigns and imperious passion owns the sway
Of shameless lust; the victress luxury
Plundered long since the riches of the world
That she might in a moment squander them.
But see, where Nero comes with hasty steps.
What will he do?

—Ella Isabel Harris, from the *Octavia*, a pseudo-Senecan play.

CALPURNIUS SICULUS (About A.D. 60)

Nothing is known of Calpurnius, the author of seven pastorals associated with three others supposed to be by Nemesianus, a later poet of Carthaginian origin; and he is dated in the early years of Nero's reign only because of reference to a young emperor in terms easily applied to Nero. The seventh eclogue is a valuable picture of a gala day in the amphitheater at Rome, probably the structure of Statilius Taurus in the Campus Martius, the first in stone and the greatest before the Coliseum.

THE AMPHITHEATER

LYCOTAS AND CORYDON

L. You are slow getting back from the city, Corydon. It is at least twenty days since our groves have been wanting sight of you, and since the cattle have been missing you and waiting to hear your jolly call.

C. On my word, Lycotas, you are dumb, and stiffer than a hard axletree, to stay here with our old beech trees rather than go to see the new shows our young god is giving in the great big arena.

L. I was wondering what there was important enough to keep you away, leaving the woods all quiet with your piping stopped, and Stimicon singing all alone in his pale ivy crown; we gave him the prize of a young kid, sorry you were not here. For while you were away, taking your time, Thyrsis has been purifying the sheep folds, and he had our young men have a match on their high hemlock pipes.

C. Oh well, let Stimicon be the winner and let him be rich with the prizes he takes; let him have not only the kid to make him happy, but the whole fold that Thyrsis is purifying—he won't be as happy as I, and I wouldn't feel better satisfied if anyone gave me all the flocks in the woods of Lucania than I do after what I saw in town.

L. Come on, then, come, tell me about it; don't grudge the sound of it to my ears. I'll surely be as much pleased to hear you tell it as I am at the songs you always sing when we are at the worship and you call on Pales to bring us lambs and Apollo to guard our flocks.

C. As I came into the shows, I saw the seats of people on the covered timbers reaching to the sky and almost looking down on the Tarpeian peak, and the endless tiers of steps and the easy sloping inclines. I got to my seat where there was a poor crowd in dingy clothes looking on among the women's seats. For all the places that were roomy and under the open sky were packed by middle-class folks or the authorities in nice white togas. It was just like this valley where we are; going back in a deep circle and with the sides bending in, and the woods sloping down from every direction, and hills right along around the curved hollow: just the same way there, the line of the curved arena goes around the flat space, and the oval in the middle is made by the two halves of the building enclosing it.

How am I going to tell you about what I could hardly make out to see, and that only in part, and I being right there? The glitter from every side dazzled me so, I stood stock-still with my mouth wide open, looking at all the fine things at once and yet not knowing a single one. Just then an old gentleman who happened to have the seat next me on the left, 'My country lad,' says he, 'you needn't be surprised to find yourself astonished at all this magnificence. You haven't had anything to do with wealth: what you know is only your poor buildings, your cottages and huts. But look at me: here I am so old I am shaky and have white hair, and yet, grown old in the city as I have, just the same I am amazed at all this. Really, whatever I have seen in years past now seems cheap, and all the shows I used to go to are poor compared with this. Look at that balustrade with the precious stones, and the arcade dressed with gold, see how one is more glittering than the other: and

down there at the edge of the arena, where you get the seats nearest the marble barrier, there is that wonderful ivory inlaid on the bars that are joined together and make a slippery cylinder, so that as soon as the animals set their paws on it, all of a sudden it begins to spin round and tricks them and throws them off. The twisted nets shining there are made of gold, too, hanging out over the arena on whole tusks all of the same size'—and I want to tell you, Lycotas, and you can take my word for it, every tusk was longer than our plough. There's no use of my trying to go through with everything the way it happened. I saw every kind of wild beast: now it was white rabbits, and boars that had horns, and now it was an elk—you can hardly find them now in the woods they belong to. I saw bulls, too, either the kind with the neck gone and unsightly bumps on their shoulders, or the ones with shaggy manes tossing on their necks, and with rough beards on their chins and dewlaps stiff with waving bristles. And it wasn't only strange animals from the woods I had the luck to see; I saw sea-calves a-fighting with bears, and an ugly beast called by the name of horse, which comes from that river—you know—the one that irrigates the crops with its water every spring. And O how many times I felt scared looking down at the sand where it parted when all of a sudden the ground opened wide and the beasts came jumping out, and then again, often after the same caves there was golden arbutus came up there and then saffron rain.

L. O what luck, Corydon, not to be hindered by trembling old age, what luck that kind heaven cast your lot to live your youth in these times! Now, since good fortune gave you a sight of our beloved deity near at hand, and you saw with your own eyes the way he looked and acted, come, tell me, what is our god like?

C. O I only wish I hadn't been in these country clothes! Then I might have seen my deity nearer at hand; but I was kept from it by my poverty and poor clothes held together by this hooked clasp. But anyway, I got sight of him after a fashion from a long way off, and if my eyes didn't deceive me his face looked to me like Mars and Apollo all in one.

—Grant Showerman.

MARCUS ANNÆUS LUCANUS (A.D. 39–65)

Lucan was the son of the philosopher Seneca's younger brother. Born in Cordova and brought to Rome the next year, he passed a brilliant youth in the capital, at first enjoying the favor of Nero but later incurring his displeasure. Detected in the conspiracy of Piso in 65, he died, like Seneca, by his own hand. His unfinished epic, *Pharsalia*, or *The Civil War*, consisting of ten books, is on the whole faithful to the facts of history, and differs from preceding epic in its omission of the gods as active characters in the story. It has faults of artificiality, exaggeration, and self-consciousness, but contains powerful speeches, and is valuable for the suggestion it affords of the devastation, material and spiritual, wrought by civil war. The passage describing Pompey's death on landing in Egypt after Pharsalia (given below in Rowe's translation) is an example of the life given by Lucan to names and events otherwise known as mere historical data.

PHARSALIA

THE CURSE OF WAR

Emathian plains with slaughter covered o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before,
Established violence, and lawless might,
Avowed and hallowed by the name of right;
A race renowned, the world's victorious lords,
Turned on themselves with their own hostile swords;
Piles against piles opposed in impious fight,
And eagles against eagles bending flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents, spilt,
One common horror and promiscuous guilt;
A shattered world in wild disorder tost,
Leagues, laws, and empire, in confusion lost—
Of all the woes which civil discords bring,
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I sing. . . .
O Rome! if slaughter be thine only care,
If such thy fond desire of impious war;
Turn from thyself, at least, the destined wound,
Till thou art mistress of the world around,
And none to conquer but thyself be found.
Thy foes as yet a juster war afford,
And barbarous blood remains to glut thy sword.
But see! her hands on her own vitals seize,
And no destruction but her own can please.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plough
Behold her palaces and towers laid low!
See where o'erthrown the massy column lies,
While weeds obscene above the cornice rise.
Here, gaping wide, half-ruined walls remain,
There, moldering pillars nodding roots sustain.
The landscape, once in various beauty spread,
With yellow harvests and the flowery mead,
Displays a wild uncultivated face,
Which bushy brakes and brambles vile disgrace;
No human footstep prints the untrodden green,
No cheerful maid nor villager is seen.
E'en in her cities, famous once and great,
Where thousands crowded in the noisy street,
No sound is heard of human voices now,
But whistling winds through empty dwellings blow;
While passing strangers wonder, if they spy
One single melancholy face go by.
Nor Pyrrhus' sword, nor Cannæ's fatal field,
Such universal desolation yield:
Her impious sons have her worst foes surpassed,
And Roman hands have laid Hesperia waste.

THE DEATH OF POMPEY

He said; the vile assembly all assent,
And the boy-king his glad concurrence lent,
Fond of the royalty his slaves bestowed,
And by new power of wickedness made proud.
Where Casium high o'erlooks the shoaly strand,
A bark with armed ruffians straight is manned,
And the task trusted to Achillas' hand.
Can then Egyptian souls thus proudly dare?
Is Rome, ye gods! thus fallen by civil war?
Can you to Nile transfer the Roman guilt,
And let such blood by coward hands be spilt?
Some kindred murderer at least afford,
And let him fall by Cæsar's worthy sword.
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardless boy!
Dar'st thou thy hand in such a deed employ?

Does not thy trembling heart with horror dread
Jove's thunder grumbling o'er thy guilty head?
Had not his arms with triumphs oft been crowned,
And e'en the vanquished world his conquest owned,
Had not the reverend senate called him head,
And Cæsar given fair Julia to his bed,
He was a Roman still: a name should be
Forever sacred to a king, like thee.
Ah, fool! thus blindly by thyself undone,
Thou seekst his ruin who upheld thy throne:
He only could thy feeble power maintain,
Who gave thee first o'er Egypt's realm to reign.
The seamen now, advancing near to shore,
Strike the wide sail, and ply the plunging oar;
When the false miscreants the navy meet,
And with dissembled cheer the Roman greet.
They feign their hospitable land addressed
With ready friendship to receive her guest;
Excusing much an inconvenient shore,
Where shoals lie thick, and meeting currents roar:
From his tall ship, unequal to the place,
They beg him to their lighter bark to pass.
Had not the gods unchangeably decreed
Devoted Pompey in that hour to bleed,
A thousand signs the danger near foretell,
Seen by his sad presaging friends too well.
Had their low fawning justly been designed,
If truth could lodge in an Egyptian mind,
Their king himself with all his fleet had come
To lead in pomp his benefactor home.
But thus Fate willed; and Pompey chose to bear
A certain death before uncertain fear.
While now aboard the hostile ship he goes,
To follow him the frantic matron vows,
And claims her partnership in all his woes.
'But oh! forbear,' he cries, 'my love, forbear;
Thou and thy son remain in safety here.
Let this old head the danger first explore,
And prove the faith of yon suspected shore.'
He spoke, but she, unmoved at his commands,
Thus loud exclaiming stretched her eager hands:
'Whither, inhuman! whither art thou gone?
Still must I weep our common griefs alone?
Joy still, with thee, forsakes my boding heart,
And fatal is the hour whene'er we part.
Why did thy vessel to my Lesbos turn?
Why was I from the faithful island borne?
Must I all lands, all shores alike, forbear,
And only on the seas thy sorrows share?'
Thus to the winds loud plained her fruitless tongue,
While eager from the deck on high she hung;
Trembling with wild astonishment and fear,
She dares not, while her parting lord they bear,
Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them there.
On him his anxious navy all are bent,
And wait, solicitous, the dire event.
No danger aimed against his life they doubt;
Care for his glory only fills their thought:
They wish he may not stain his name renowned,
By mean submission to the boy he crowned.
Just as he entered o'er the vessel's side,
'Hail, general!' the cursed Septimius cried,
A Roman once in generous warfare bred,
And oft in arms by mighty Pompey led;
But now (what vile dishonor must it bring!)
The ruffian slave of an Egyptian king.
Fierce was he, horrible, inured to blood,
And ruthless as the savage of the wood.
Oh, Fortune! who but would have called thee kind,
And thought thee mercifully now inclined,
When thy o'erruling providence withheld
This hand of mischief from Pharsalia's field?
But thus thou scatterest thy destroying swords,
And every land thy victims thus affords.
Shall Pompey at a tyrant's bidding bleed?
Can Roman hands be to the task decreed?
E'en Cæsar and his gods abhor the deed!
Say you! who with the stain of murder brand
Immortal Brutus's avenging hand,
What monstrous title, yet to speech unknown,
To latest times shall mark Septimius down!
Now in the boat defenceless Pompey sate,
Surrounded and abandoned to his fate.
Nor long they hold him in their power, aboard,
Ere every villain drew his ruthless sword.
The chief perceived their purpose soon, and spread
His Roman gown with patience o'er his head,
And when the cursed Achillas pierced his breast,
His rising indignation close repressed.
No sighs, no groans, his dignity profaned,
No tears his still unsullied glory stained:
Unmoved and firm he fixed him on his seat,
And died, as when he lived and conquered, great.

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS (A.D. 34–62)

Persius died at twenty-eight, after a life spent mostly with women relatives, the Stoic teacher Cornutus, and literary friends. He was a provincial from Etruria, whose contacts with life were intellectual rather than practical; he did not enter court circles, his health was not robust, and the six *Satires* prepared for publication by Cornutus are lectures or sermons on Stoicism rather than the inspirations of real life. Their abruptness, perversity, and obscurity of expression, their want of the Horatian geniality even when most imitative of the master he so admired, and their philosophic scholasticism, are to some extent offset by occasional vivid pictures of Italian men and things, and by a rugged and uncompromising morality which condemns not only the social but the literary vices of the time. The translation is by William Gifford.

THE SIN OF SLOTHFULNESS

What! ever thus? See! while the beams of day
In broad effulgence o'er the shutters play,
Stream through the crevice, widen on the walls,
On the fifth line the gnomon's shadow falls!
Yet still you sleep, like one that, stretched supine,
Snores off the fumes of strong Falernian wine.
Up! up! mad Sirius parches every blade,
And flocks and herds lie panting in the shade.
Here my youth rouses, rubs his heavy eyes,
'Is it *so* late? so *very* late?' he cries;
'Shame, shame! Who waits? Who waits there? quick, my page!
Why, when!' His bile o'erflows; he foams with rage,
And brays so loudly, that you start in fear
And fancy all Arcadia at your ear.
Behold him, with his bedgown and his books,
His pens and paper, and his studious looks,
Intent and earnest! What arrests his speed?
Alas! the viscous liquid clogs the reed.
Dilute it. Pish! now every word I write
Sinks through the paper, and eludes the sight;
Now the pen leaves no mark, the point's too fine;
Now 'tis too blunt, and doubles every line!
O wretch! whom every day more wretched sees—
Are these the fruits of all your studies? these!
Give o'er at once: and like some callow dove,
Some prince's heir, some lady's infant love,
Call for chewed pap; and, pouting at the breast,
Scream at the lullaby that woos to rest!
'But why such warmth? See what a pen! nay, see!'
And is this subterfuge employed on me?
Fond boy! your time, with your pretext, is lost;
And all your arts are at your proper cost.
While with occasion thus you madly play,
Your best of life unheeded leaks away,
And scorn flows in apace: the ill-baked ware,
Rung by the potter, will its fault declare;
Thus—But you yet are moist and yielding clay:
Call for some plastic hand without delay,
Nor cease the labor, till the wheel produce
A vessel nicely formed, and fit for use. . . .
Oft (I remember yet), my sight to spoil,
Oft, when a boy, I bleared my eyes with oil,
What time I wished my studies to decline,
Nor make great Cato's dying speeches mine;
Speeches my master to the skies had raised,
Poor pedagogue! unknowing what he praised;
And which my sire, suspense 'twixt hope and fear,
With venial pride, had brought his friends to hear.
For then, alas! 'twas my supreme delight
To study chances, and compute aright,
What sum the lucky dice would yield in play,
And what the fatal aces sweep away:
Anxious no rival candidate for fame
Should hit the long-necked jar with nicer aim;

Nor, while the whirling top beguiled the eye,
With happier skill the sounding scourge apply.
But you have passed the schools; have studied long,
And learned the eternal bounds of Right and Wrong,
And what the Porch (by Mycon limned, of yore,
With trousered Medes) unfolds of ethic lore,
Where the shorn youth, on herbs and pottage fed,
Bend, o'er the midnight page, the sleepless head:
And, sure, the letter where, divergent wide,
The Samian branches shoot on either side,
Has to your view, with no obscure display,
Marked, on the right, the straight but better way.
And yet you slumber still! and still opprest
With last night's revels, knock your head and breast!
And stretching o'er your drowsy couch, produce
Yawn after yawn, as if your jaws were loose!
Is there no certain mark at which to aim?—
Still must your bow be bent at casual game?
With clods, and potsherds, must you still pursue
Each wandering crow that chance presents to view;
And, careless of your life's contracted span,
Live from the moment, and without a plan?
When bloated dropsies every limb invade,
In vain to hellebore you fly for aid:
Meet with preventive skill the young disease,
And Craterus will boast no golden fees.
Mount, hapless youths, on Contemplation's wings,
And mark the Causes and the End of things:—
Learn what we are, and for what purpose born,
What station here 'tis given us to adorn;
How best to blend security with ease,
And win our way through life's tempestuous seas;
What bounds the love of property requires,
And what to wish, with unreproved desires:
How far the genuine use of wealth extends;
And the just claims of country, kindred, friends;
What Heaven would have us be, and where our stand,
In this GREAT WHOLE, is fixed by high command.
Learn these—and envy not the sordid gains
Which recompense the well-tongued lawyer's pains:
Though Umbrian rustics, for his sage advice,
Pour in their jars of fish, and oil, and spice,
So thick and fast, that, ere the first be o'er,
A second, and a third, are at the door.
But here, some brother of the blade, some coarse
And shag-haired captain, bellows loud and hoarse:
'Away with this cramp, philosophic stuff!
My learning serves my turn, and that's enough.
I laugh at all your dismal Solons, I;
Who stalk with downcast looks, and heads awry,
Muttering within themselves, where'er they roam,
And churning their mad silence till it foam!
Who mope o'er sick men's dreams, howe'er absurd,
And on protruded lips poise every word;
Nothing can come from nothing. Apt and plain!
Nothing return to nothing. Good, again!
And this it is for which they peak and pine,
This precious stuff, for which they never dine!'
Jove, how he laughs! the brawny youths around
Catch the contagion, and return the sound;
Convulsive mirth on every cheek appears,
And every nose is wrinkled into sneers!
'Doctor,' a patient said, 'employ your art,
I feel a strange wild fluttering at the heart;
My breast seems tightened, and a fetid smell
Affects my breath,—feel here; all is not well.'
Medicine and rest the fever's rage compose,
And the third day his blood more calmly flows.
The fourth, unable to contain, he sends
A hasty message to his wealthier friends,
And *just about to bathe*—requests, in fine,
A moderate flask of old Surrentin wine.
'Good heavens! my friend, what sallow looks are here?'
Pshaw, nonsense! nothing! 'Yet 'tis worth your fear,
Whate'er it be: the waters rise within,
And, though unfelt, distend your sickly skin.'

—And yours still more! Whence springs this freedom, tho'
Are you, forsooth, my guardian? Long ago
I buried him; and thought my nonage o'er:
But you remain to school me! 'Sir, no more.'—
Now to the bath, full gorged with luscious fare,
See the pale wretch his bloated carcass bear;
While from his lungs, that faintly play by fits,
His gasping throat sulphureous steam emits!—
Cold shiverings seize him, as for wine he calls,
His grasp betrays him, and the goblet falls!
From his loose teeth the lip, convulsed, withdraws,
And the rich cates drop through his listless jaws.
Then trumpets, torches come, in solemn state;
And my fine youth, so confident of late,
Stretched on a splendid bier, and essenced o'er,
Lies, a stiff corpse, heels foremost at the door.
Romans of yesterday, with covered head,
Shoulder him to the pyre, and—all is said!
'But why to me? Examine every part;
My pulse:—and lay your finger on my heart;
You'll find no fever: touch my hands and feet,
A natural warmth, and nothing more, you'll meet.'
'Tis well! But if you light on gold by chance,
If a fair neighbor cast a sidelong glance,
Still will that pulse with equal calmness flow,
And still that heart no fiercer throbbings know?
Try yet again. In a brown dish behold,
Coarse gritty bread, and coleworts stale and old:
Now, prove your taste. Why those averted eyes?
Hah! I perceive:—a secret ulcer lies
Within that pampered mouth, too sore to bear
The untender grating of plebeian fare!
Where dwells this *natural warmth,* when danger's near,
And 'each particular hair' starts up with fear?
Or where resides it, when vindictive ire
Inflames the bosom; when the veins run fire,
The reddening eye-balls glare; and all you say,
And all you do, a mind so warped betray,
That mad Orestes, if the freaks he saw,
Would give you up at once to chains and straw!

GAIUS PETRONIUS ARBITER (Died A.D. 66)

Generous parts of two books survive of the sixteen which composed the *Satyricon,* an entertaining medley of prose and verse describing the extravagant adventures of the freedmen Encolpius and Ascyltus, the boy Giton, and Agamemnon, the teacher of rhetoric. In the surviving fragments, which make a story of some length called *Trimalchio's Dinner,* the friends are entertained by an exceedingly prosperous, pretentious, and ridiculous freedman in Cumæ, west of Naples. By reason of its depiction of the tasteless newly rich and its censure of the new in literary fashions, the *Satyricon* classes as satire in the usual sense; but it probably owed its title rather to being satire in the Ennian sense of miscellany. As a literary type it is interesting as an early example of the picaresque, or 'romance of roguery.' Apuleius' *Golden Ass* and the Greek romances were later examples, and among modern are *Gil Blas, Roderick Random, Don Quixote,* and *Pickwick Papers,* the common characteristic being diverting narrative of the purposely variegated and exaggerated fortunes of a hero always full of spirit but not to be seriously taken. The suicide of Petronius by order of Nero is described by Tacitus.

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TRIMALCHIO'S DINNER

The third day had come. A good dinner was promised. But we were bruised and sore. Escape was better even than rest. We were making some melancholy plans for avoiding the coming storm, when one of Agamemnon's servants came up as we stood hesitating, and said, 'Do you not know at whose house it is today? Trimalchio, a very rich man, who has a clock and a uniformed trumpeter in his dining-room, to keep telling him how much of his life is lost and gone.' We forgot our troubles and hurried into our clothes, and told Giton, who till now had been waiting on us very willingly, to follow us to the baths. We began to take a stroll in evening dress to pass the time, or rather to joke and mix with the groups of players, when all at once we saw a bald old man in a reddish shirt playing at ball with some long-haired boys. It was not the boys that attracted our notice, though they deserved it, but the old gentleman, who was in his house-shoes, busily engaged with a green ball. He never picked it up if it touched the ground. A slave stood by with a bagful and supplied them to the players. We also observed a new feature in the game. Two eunuchs were standing at different points in the group. One held a silver jordan, one counted the balls, not as they flew from hand to hand in the rigor of the game, but when they dropped to the ground. We were amazed at such a display, and then Menelaus ran up and said, 'This is the man who will give you places at his table: indeed, what you see is the overture to his dinner.' Menelaus had just finished when Trimalchio cracked his fingers. One eunuch came up at this signal and held the jordan for him as he played. He relieved himself and called for a basin, dipped in his hands and wiped them on a boy's head. . . .

At last then we sat down, and boys from Alexandria poured water cooled with snow over our hands. Others followed and knelt down at our feet, and proceeded with great skill to pare our hangnails. Even this unpleasant duty did not silence them, but they kept singing at their work. I wanted to find out whether the whole household could sing, so I asked for a drink. A ready slave repeated my order in a chant not less shrill. They all did the same if they were asked to hand anything. It was more like an actor's dance than a gentleman's dining-room. But some rich and tasty whets for the appetite were brought on; for everyone had now sat down except Trimalchio, who had the first place kept for him in the new style. A donkey in Corinthian bronze stood on the side-board, with panniers holding olives.

white in one side, black in the other. Two dishes hid the donkey; Trimalchio's name and their weight in silver was engraved on their edges. There were also dormice rolled in honey and poppy-seed, and supported on little bridges soldered to the plate. Then there were hot sausages laid on a silver grill, and under the grill damsons and seeds of pomegranate.

While we were engaged with these delicacies, Trimalchio was conducted in to the sound of music, propped on the tiniest of pillows. A laugh escaped the unwary. His head was shaven and peered out of a scarlet cloak, and over the heavy clothes on his neck he had put on a napkin with a broad stripe and fringes hanging from it all round. On the little finger of his left hand he had an enormous gilt ring, and on the top joint of the next finger a smaller ring which appeared to me to be entirely gold, but was really set all round with iron cut out in little stars. Not content with this display of wealth, he bared his right arm, where a golden bracelet shone, and an ivory bangle clasped with a plate of bright metal. Then he said, as he picked his teeth with a silver quill, 'It was not convenient for me to come to dinner yet, my friends, but I gave up all my own pleasure; I did not like to stay away any longer and keep you waiting. But you will not mind if I finish my game?' A boy followed him with a table of terebinth wood and crystal pieces, and I noticed the prettiest thing possible. Instead of black and white counters they used gold and silver coins. Trimalchio kept passing every kind of remark as he played, and we were still busy with the hors d'œuvres, when a tray was brought in with a basket on it, in which there was a hen made of wood, spreading out her wings as they do when they are sitting. The music grew loud: two slaves at once came up and began to hunt in the straw. Peahen's eggs were pulled out and handed to the guests. Trimalchio turned his head to look, and said, 'I gave orders, my friends, that peahen's eggs should be put under a common hen. And upon my oath I am afraid they are hard-set by now. But we will try whether they are still fresh enough to suck.' We took our spoons, half-a-pound in weight at least, and hammered at the eggs, which were balls of fine meal. I was on the point of throwing away my portion. I thought a peachick had already formed. But hearing a practised diner say, 'What treasure have we here?' I poked through the shell with my finger, and found a fat becafico rolled up in spiced yolk of egg. . . .

As we drank and admired each luxury in detail, a slave brought in a silver skeleton, made so that its limbs and spine could be moved and bent in every direction. He put it down once or twice on the table so that the supple joints showed several attitudes, and Trimalchio said appropriately: 'Alas for us poor mortals, all that poor man is is nothing. So we shall all be, after the world below takes us away. Let us live then while it goes well with us.'

After we had praised this outburst a dish followed, not at all of the size we expected; but its novelty drew every eye to it. There was a round plate with the twelve signs of the Zodiac set in order, and on each one the artist had laid some food fit and proper to the symbol; over the Ram rams'-head pease, a piece of beef on the Bull, kidneys over the Twins, over the Crab a crown, an African fig over the Lion, a barren sow's paunch over Virgo, over Libra a pair of scales with a muffin on one side and a cake on the other, over Scorpio a small sea-fish, over Sagittarius a bull's-eye, over Capricornus a lobster, over Aquarius a goose, over Pisces two mullets. In the middle lay a honeycomb on a sod of turf with the green grass on it. An Egyptian boy took bread round in a silver chafing-dish. . . .

Trimalchio himself too ground out a tune from the musical comedy 'Assafœtida' in a most hideous voice. We came to such an evil entertainment rather depressed. 'Now,' said Trimalchio, 'let us have dinner. This is sauce for the dinner.' As he spoke, four dancers ran up in time with the music and took off the top part of the dish. Then we saw in the well of it fat fowls and sow's bellies, and in the middle a hare got up with wings to look like Pegasus. Four figures of Marsyas at the corners of the dish also caught the eye; they let a spiced sauce run from their wine-skins over the fishes, which swam about in a kind of tide-race. We all took up the clapping which the slaves started, and attacked these delicacies with hearty laughter. Trimalchio was delighted with the trick he had played us, and said, 'Now, Carver.' The man came up at once, and making flourishes in time with the music pulled the dish to pieces; you would have said that a gladia-

tor in a chariot was fighting to the accompaniment of a water-organ. Still Trimalchio kept on in a soft voice, 'Oh, Carver, Carver.' I thought this word over and over again must be part of a joke, and I made bold to ask the man who sat next me this very question. He had seen performances of this kind more often. 'You see the fellow who is carving his way through the meat? Well, his name is Carver. So whenever Trimalchio says the word, you have his name, and he has his orders. . . .'

But a clerk quite interrupted his passion for the dance by reading as though from the gazette: 'July the 26th. Thirty boys and forty girls were born on Trimalchio's estate at Cumæ. Five hundred thousand pecks of wheat were taken up from the threshing-floor into the barn. Five hundred oxen were broken in. On the same date: the slave Mithridates was led to crucifixion for having damned the soul of our lord Gaius. On the same date: ten million sesterces which could not be invested were returned to the reserve. On the same day: there was a fire in our gardens at Pompeii, which broke out in the house of Nasta, the bailiff.' 'Stop,' said Trimalchio, 'when did I buy any gardens at Pompeii?' 'Last year,' said the clerk, 'so that they are not entered in your accounts yet.' Trimalchio glowed with passion, and said, 'I will not have any property which is bought in my name entered in my accounts unless I hear of it within six months.' We now had a further recitation of police notices, and some foresters' wills, in which Trimalchio was cut out in a codicil: then the names of bailiffs, and of a freed-woman who had been caught with a bathman and divorced by her husband, a night watchman; the name of a porter who had been banished to Baiæ; the name of a steward who was being prosecuted, and details of an action between some valets.

But at last the acrobats came in. A very dull fool stood there with a ladder and made a boy dance from rung to rung and on the very top to the music of popular airs, and then made him hop through burning hoops, and pick up a wine jar with his teeth. No one was excited by this but Trimalchio, who kept saying that it was a thankless profession. There were only two things in the world that he could watch with real pleasure, acrobats, and trumpeters; all other shows were silly nonsense. . . .

Trimalchio cheered up at this dispute and said, 'Ah, my friends, a slave is a man and drank his mother's milk like ourselves, even if cruel fate has trodden him down. Yes, and if I live they shall soon taste the water of freedom. In fact I am setting them all free in my will. I am leaving a property and his good woman to Philargyrus as well, and to Cario a block of buildings, and his manumission fees, and a bed and bedding. I am making Fortunata my heir, and I recommend her to all my friends. I am making all this known so that my slaves may love me now as if I were dead.' They all began to thank their master for his kindness, when he turned serious, and had a copy of the will brought in, which he read aloud from beginning to end, while the slaves moaned and groaned. Then he looked at Habinnas and said, 'Now tell me, my dear friend: you will erect a monument as I have directed? I beg you earnestly to put up round the feet of my statue my little dog, and some wreaths, and bottles of perfume, and all the fights of Petraites, so that your kindness may bring me a life after death; and I want the monument to have a frontage of one hundred feet and to be two hundred feet in depth. For I should like to have all kinds of fruit growing round my ashes, and plenty of vines. It is quite wrong for a man to decorate his house while he is alive, and not to trouble about the house where he must make a longer stay. So above all things I want added to the inscription, "This monument is not to descend to my heir." I shall certainly take care to provide in my will against any injury being done to me when I am dead. I am appointing one of the freedmen to be caretaker of the tomb and prevent the common people from running up and defiling it. I beg you to put ships in full sail on the monument, and me sitting in official robes on my official seat, wearing five gold rings and distributing coin publicly out of a bag; you remember that I gave a free dinner worth two denarii a head. I should like a dining-room table put in too, if you can arrange it. And let me have the whole people there enjoying themselves. On my right hand put a statue of dear Fortunata holding a dove, and let her be leading a little dog with a waistband on; and my dear little boy, and big jars sealed with

gypsum, so that the wine may not run out. And have a broken urn carved with a boy weeping over it. And a sundial in the middle, so that anyone who looks at the time will read my name whether he likes it or not. And again, please think carefully whether this inscription seems to you quite appropriate: "Here lieth Caius Pompeius Trimalchio, freedman of Mæcenas. The degree of Priest of Augustus was conferred upon him in his absence. He might have been attendant on any magistrate in Rome, but refused it. God-fearing, gallant, constant, he started with very little and left thirty millions. He never listened to a philosopher. Fare thee well, Trimalchio: and thou too, passer-by."'

After saying this, Trimalchio began to weep floods of tears. Fortunata wept, Habinnas wept, and then all the slaves began as if they had been invited to his funeral, and filled the dining-room with lamentation. . . .

'Well, as I was just saying, self-denial has brought me into this fortune. When I came from Asia I was about as tall as this candle-stick. In fact I used to measure myself by it every day, and grease my lips from the lamp to grow a moustache the quicker. Still, I was my master's favorite for fourteen years. No disgrace in obeying your master's orders. Well, I used to amuse my mistress too. You know what I mean; I say no more, I am not a conceited man. Then, as the Gods willed, I became the real master of the house, and simply had his brains in my pocket. I need only add that I was joint residuary legatee with Cæsar, and came into an estate fit for a senator. But no one is satisfied with nothing. I conceived a passion for business. I will not keep you a moment—I built five ships, got a cargo of wine—which was worth its weight in gold at the time—and sent them to Rome. You may think it was a put-up job; every one was wrecked, truth and no fairy-tales. Neptune gulped down thirty million in one day. Do you think I lost heart? Lord! no, I no more tasted my loss than if nothing had happened. I built some more, bigger, better and more expensive, so that no one could say I was not a brave man. You know, a huge ship has a certain security about her. I got another cargo of wine, bacon, beans, perfumes, and slaves. Fortunata did a noble thing at that time; she sold all her jewelry and all her clothes, and put a hundred gold pieces into my hand. They were the leaven of my fortune. What God wishes soon happens. I made a clear ten million on one voyage. I at once bought up all the estates which had belonged to my patron. I built a house, and bought slaves and cattle; whatever I touched grew like a honey-comb. When I came to have more than the whole revenues of my own country, I threw up the game: I retired from active work and began to finance freedmen. I was quite unwilling to go on with my work when I was encouraged by an astrologer who happened to come to our town, a little Greek called Serapa, who knew the secrets of the Gods. He told me things that I had forgotten myself; explained everything from needle and thread upwards; knew my own inside, and only fell short of telling me what I had had for dinner the day before. You would have thought he had always lived with me. You remember, Habinnas?—I believe you were there?—"You fetched your wife from you know where. You are not lucky in your friends. No one is ever as grateful to you as you deserve. You are a man of property. You are nourishing a viper in your bosom," and, though I must not tell you this, that even now I had thirty years, four months, and two days left to live. Moreover I shall soon come into an estate. My oracle tells me so. If I could only extend my boundaries to Apulia I should have gone far enough for my lifetime. Meanwhile I built this house while Mercury watched over me. As you know, it was a tiny place; now it is a palace. It has four dining-rooms, twenty bedrooms, two marble colonnades, an upstairs dining-room, a bedroom where I sleep myself, this viper's boudoir, an excellent room for the porter; there is plenty of spare room for guests. In fact when Scaurus came he preferred staying here to anywhere else, and he has a family place by the sea. There are plenty of other things which I will show you in a minute. Take my word for it: if you have a penny, that is what you are worth; by what a man hath shall he be reckoned. So your friend who was once a worm is now a king. Meanwhile, Stichus, bring me the grave-clothes in which I mean to be carried out. And some ointment, and a mouthful out of that jar which has to be poured over my bones.'

In a moment Stichus had fetched a white

winding-sheet and dress into the dining-room and . . . [Trimalchio] asked us to feel whether they were made of good wool. Then he gave a little laugh and said, 'Mind neither mouse nor moth corrupts them, Stichus; otherwise I will burn you alive. I want to be carried out in splendor, so that the whole crowd calls down blessings on me.' He immediately opened a flask and anointed us all and said, 'I hope I shall like this as well in the grave as I do on earth.' Besides this he ordered wine to be poured into a bowl, and said, 'Now you must imagine you have been asked to my funeral.'

The thing was becoming perfectly sickening, when Trimalchio, now deep in the most vile drunkenness, had a new set of performers, some trumpeters, brought into the dining-room, propped himself on a heap of cushions, and stretched himself on his death-bed, saying, 'Imagine that I am dead. Play something pretty.' The trumpeters broke into a loud funeral march. One man especially, a slave of the undertaker who was the most decent man in the party, blew such a mighty blast that the whole neighborhood was roused. The watch, who were patrolling the streets close by, thought Trimalchio's house was alight, and suddenly burst in the door and began with water and axes to do their duty in creating a disturbance. My friends and I seized this most welcome opportunity, outwitted Agamemnon, and took to our heels as quickly as if there were a real fire.

There was no guiding torch to show us the way as we wandered; it was now midnight, and the silence gave us no prospect of meeting anyone with a light. Moreover, we were drunk, and our ignorance of the quarter would have puzzled us even in the daytime. So after dragging our bleeding feet nearly a whole hour over the flints and broken pots which lay out in the road, we were at last put straight by Giton's cleverness. The careful child had been afraid of losing his way even in broad daylight, and had marked all the posts and columns with chalk; these lines shone through the blackest night, and their brilliant whiteness directed our lost footsteps. But even when we reached our lodgings our agitation was not relieved. For our friend, the old woman, had had a long night swilling with her lodgers, and would not have noticed if you had set a light to her. We might have had to sleep on the doorstep if Trimalchio's courier had not come up in state with ten carts. After making a noise for a little while he broke down the housedoor and let us in by it.

GAIUS PLINIUS SECUNDUS THE ELDER (A.D. 23–79)

Born at Como to the middle or equestrian class, Pliny the Elder, so called to distinguish him from his sister's son, followed the public career of his order, and after much military and administrative service was finally admiral of the fleet at Misenum, when the eruption of Vesuvius occurred in which he lost his life. He was possessed by an amazing love for facts, which manifested itself in wholesale reading and the constant taking of notes; in a letter of his nephew containing an interesting account of his studious habits and a list of his works, we are told that he left the younger Pliny one hundred and sixty volumes of closely written memoranda. The *Natural History* alone survives, a sort of encyclopedia of nature and art in thirty-seven books lacking in style and arrangement, and often unscientific, but vastly important for the number and variety of valuable facts it preserves. The comprehensiveness of the *Natural History* is explained by Pliny's conception of Nature as an all-embracing unity. Translation by John Bostock and H. T. Riley.

THE NATURAL HISTORY

The Works of Lysippus in Rome

According to Duris, Lysippus the Sicyonian was not the pupil of any one, but was originally a worker in brass, and was first prompted to venture upon statuary by an answer that was given by Eupompus the painter; who, upon being asked which of his predecessors he proposed to take for his model, pointed to a crowd of men, and replied that it was Nature herself, and no artist, that he proposed to imitate. As already mentioned, Lysippus was most prolific in his works, and made more statues than any other artist. Among these, is the Man using the Bodyscraper, which Marcus Agrippa had erected in front of his Warm Baths, and which wonderfully pleased the Emperor Tiberius. This prince, although in the beginning of his reign he imposed some restraint upon himself, could not resist the temptation, and had this statue removed to his bed-chamber, having substituted another for it at the baths: the people, however, were so resolutely opposed to this, that at the theater they clamorously demanded the Apoxyomenos to be replaced: and the prince, notwithstanding his attachment to it, was obliged to restore it.

Lysippus also executed chariots of various kinds. He is considered to have contributed very greatly to the art of statuary by expressing the details of the hair, and by making the head smaller than had been done by the ancients, and the body more graceful and less bulky, a method by which his statues were made to appear taller. The Latin language has no appropriate name for that 'symmetry,' which he so attentively observed in his new and hitherto untried method of modifying the squareness observable in the ancient statues. Indeed, it was a common saying of his, that other artists made men as they actually were, while he made them as they appeared to be. One peculiar characteristic of his work is the finish and minuteness which are observed in even the smallest details.

Famous Greek Painters

It was with four colors only, that Apelles, Echion, Melanthius, and Nicomachus, those most illustrious painters, executed their immortal works; melinum for the white, Attic sil for the yellow, Pontic sinopis for the red, and atramentum for the black; and yet a single picture of theirs has sold before now for the treasures of whole cities. But at the present day, when purple is employed for coloring walls even, and when India sends to us the slime of her rivers, and the corrupt blood of her dragons and her elephants, there is no such thing as a picture of high quality produced. Everything, in fact, was superior at a time when the resources of art were so much fewer than they now are. Yes, so it is; and the reason is, as we have already stated, that it is the

material, and not the efforts of genius, that is now the object of research.

One folly, too, of this age of ours, in reference to painting, I must not omit. The Emperor Nero ordered a painting of himself to be executed upon canvas, of colossal proportions, one hundred and twenty feet in height; a thing till then unknown. This picture was just completed when it was burnt by lightning, with the greater part of the gardens of Maius, in which it was exhibited.

A freedman of the same prince, on the occasion of his exhibiting a show of gladiators at Antium, had the public porticos hung, as everybody knows, with paintings, in which were represented genuine portraits of the gladiators and all the other assistants. Indeed, at this place, there has been a very prevailing taste for paintings for many ages past. C. Terentius Lucanus was the first who had combats of gladiators painted for public exhibition: in honor of his grandfather, who had adopted him, he provided thirty pairs of gladiators in the Forum, for three consecutive days, and exhibited a painting of their combats in the Grove of Diana. . . .

The contemporaries and rivals of Zeuxis were Timanthes, Androcydes, Eupompus, and Parrhasius. This last, it is said, entered into a pictorial contest with Zeuxis, who represented some grapes, painted so naturally that the birds flew towards the spot where the picture was exhibited. Parrhasius, on the other hand, exhibited a curtain, drawn with such singular truthfulness, that Zeuxis, elated with the judgment which had been passed upon his work by the birds, haughtily demanded that the curtain should be drawn aside to let the picture be seen. Upon finding his mistake, with a great degree of ingenuous candor he admitted that he had been surpassed, for that whereas he himself had only deceived the birds, Parrhasius had deceived him, an artist.

There is a story, too, that at a later period, Zeuxis having painted a child carrying grapes, the birds came to peck at them; upon which, with a similar degree of candor, he expressed himself vexed with his work, and exclaimed—'I have surely painted the grapes better than the child, for if I had fully succeeded in the last, the birds would have been in fear of it.' Zeuxis executed some figures also in clay, the only works of art that were left behind at Ambracia, when Fulvius Nobilior transported the Muses from that city to Rome. There is at Rome a Helena by Zeuxis, in the Porticus of Philippus, and a Marsyas Bound, in the Temple of Concord there.

Parrhasius of Ephesus also contributed greatly to the progress of painting, being the first to give symmetry to his figures, the first to give play and expression to the features, elegance to the hair, and gracefulness to the mouth: indeed, for contour, it is universally admitted by artists that he bore away the palm. . . .

A circumstance that happened to him in connection with Protogenes is worthy of notice. The latter was living at Rhodes, when Apelles disembarked there, desirous of seeing the works of a man whom he had hitherto only known by reputation. Accordingly, he repaired at once to the studio; Protogenes was not at home, but there happened to be a large panel upon the easel ready for painting, with an old woman who was left in charge. To his enquiries she made answer, that Protogenes was not at home, and then asked whom she should name as the visitor. 'Here he is,' was the reply of Apelles, and seizing a brush, he traced with color upon the panel an outline of a singularly minute fineness. Upon his return, the old woman mentioned to Protogenes what had happened. The artist, it is said, upon remarking the delicacy of the touch, instantly exclaimed that Apelles must have been the visitor, for that no other person was capable of executing anything so exquisitely perfect. So saying, he traced within the same outline a still finer outline, but with another color, and then took his departure, with instructions to the woman to show it to the stranger, if he returned, and to let him know that this was the person whom he had come to see. It happened as he anticipated; Apelles returned, and vexed at finding himself thus surpassed, he took up another color and split both of the outlines, leaving no possibility of anything finer being executed. Upon seeing this, Protogenes admitted that he was defeated, and at once flew to the harbor to look for his guest. He thought proper, too, to transmit the panel to posterity, just as it was, and it always continued to be held in the highest admiration by all, artists in particular. I am told that it was burnt in the first fire which took place at Cæsar's palace on the Palatine Hill; but in former times I have often stopped to admire it. Upon its vast

surface it contained nothing whatever except the three outlines, so remarkably fine as to escape the sight: among the most elaborate works of numerous other artists it had all the appearance of a blank space; and yet by that very fact it attracted the notice of every one, and was held in higher estimation than any other painting there.

It was a custom with Apelles, to which he most tenaciously adhered, never to let any day pass, however busy he might be, without exercising himself by tracing some outline or other; a practice which has now passed into a proverb. It was also a practice with him, when he had completed a work, to exhibit it to the view of the passers-by in some exposed place; while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms that were passed upon it; it being his opinion that the judgment of the public was preferable to his own, as being the more discerning of the two. It was under these circumstances, they say, that he was censured by a shoemaker for having represented the shoes with one shoe-string too little. The next day, the shoemaker, quite proud at seeing the former error corrected, thanks to his advice, began to criticize the leg; upon which Apelles, full of indignation, popped his head out, and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion beyond the shoes, a piece of advice which has equally passed into a proverbial saying. In fact, Apelles was a person of great amenity of manners, a circumstance which rendered him particularly agreeable to Alexander the Great, who would often come to his studio. He had forbidden himself, by public edict, as already stated, to be represented by any other artist. On one occasion, however, when the prince was in his studio, talking a great deal about painting without knowing anything about it, Apelles quietly begged that he would quit the subject, telling him that he would get laughed at by the boys who were there grinding the colors: so great was the influence which he rightfully possessed over a monarch, who was otherwise of an irascible temperament. And yet, irascible as he was, Alexander conferred upon him a very signal mark of the high estimation in which he held him; for having, in his admiration of her extraordinary beauty, engaged Apelles to paint Pancaste undraped, the most beloved of all his concubines, the artist while so engaged, fell in love with her; upon which, Alexander, perceiving this to be the case, made him a present of her, thus showing himself, though a great king in courage, a still greater one in self-command, this action redounding no less to his honor than any of his victories. For in thus conquering himself, not only did he sacrifice his passions in favor of the artist, but even his affections as well; uninfluenced, too, by the feelings which must have possessed his favorite in thus passing at once from the arms of a monarch to those of a painter. Some persons are of opinion that Pancaste was the model of Apelles in his painting of Venus Anadyomene. . . .

At the same period flourished Protogenes, as already stated. He was a native of Caunus, a place held in subjection by the Rhodians. Great poverty in his early days, and extreme application to his art, were the causes of his comparative unproductiveness. It is not known with certainty from whom he received his instruction in the art: indeed some say that he was only a ship-decorator down to his fiftieth year; a proof of which, it is asserted, is the fact, that in decorating the Propylæum of the Temple of Minerva, situate in one of the most celebrated spots in Athens, where he has painted the fine picture of Paralus and Hammonias, known by some as the Nausicaa, he has added in the side pieces of the picture, by painters called 'parerga,' several small ships of war; wishing thereby to show in what department that skill had first manifested itself which had thus reached the citadel of Athens, the scene of his glory. Of all his compositions, however, the palm has been awarded to his Ialysus, now at Rome, consecrated in the Temple of Peace there. So long as he was at work upon it, he lived, it is said, upon nothing but soaked lupines; by which means he at once appeased both hunger and thirst, and avoided all risk of blunting his perception by too delicate a diet. In order to protect this picture against the effects of ill-usage and old age, he painted it over four times, so that when an upper coat might fail, there would be an under one to succeed it. There is in this picture the figure of a dog, which was completed in a very remarkable manner, inasmuch as accident had an equal share with design in the execution of it. The painter was of opinion that he had not given the proper expression to the foam at

the mouth of the animal, panting for breath, as it was represented; while, with all other parts of the picture, a thing extremely difficult with him, he was perfectly satisfied. The thing that displeased him was, the evident traces of art in the execution of it, touches which did not admit of any diminution, and yet had all the appearance of being too labored, the effect produced being far removed from his conception of the reality: the foam, in fact, bore the marks of being painted, and not of being the natural secretion of the animal's mouth. Vexed and tormented by this dilemma, it being his wish to depict truth itself, and not something that only bore a semblance of truth, he effaced it again and again, changed his pencil for another, and yet by no possibility could satisfy himself. At last, quite out of temper with an art, which, in spite of him, would still obtrude itself, he dashed his sponge against the vexatious spot; when behold! the sponge replaced the colors that it had just removed, exactly in accordance with his utmost wishes, and thus did chance represent Nature in a painting. . . .

Marcus Varro states that he knew an artist at Rome, Possis by name, who executed fruit, grapes, and fish with such exactness that it was quite impossible, by only looking at them, to distinguish them from the reality. He speaks very highly also of Arcesilaus, who was on terms of intimacy with Lucius Lucullus, and whose models in plaster used to sell at a higher rate, among artists themselves, than the works of others. He informs us also that it was by this modeller that the Venus Genetrix in the Forum of Cæsar was executed, it having been erected before completion, in the great haste that there was to consecrate it; that the same artist had made an agreement with Lucullus to execute a figure of Felicity, at the price of sixty thousand sesterces, the completion of which was prevented by their death; and that Octavius, a Roman of equestrian rank, being desirous of a model for a mixing-bowl, Arcesilaus made him one in plaster, at the price of one talent.

Varro praises Pasiteles also, who used to say that the plastic art was the mother of chasing, statuary, and sculpture, and who, excellent as he was in each of these branches, never executed any work without first modeling it. In addition to these particulars, he states that the art of modeling was anciently cultivated in Italy, Etruria in particular; and that Volcanius was summoned from Veii and entrusted by Tarquinius Priscus with making the figure of Jupiter, which he intended to consecrate in the Capitol; that this Jupiter was made of clay, and that hence arose the custom of painting it with minium; and that the four-horse chariot, so often mentioned, upon the pediment of the temple, was made of clay as well. We learn also from him that it was by the same artist that the Hercules was executed, which, even to this day, is named at Rome from the material of which it is composed. Such, in those times, were the most esteemed statues of the gods; and small reason have we to complain of our forefathers for worshiping such divinities as these; for in their day there was no working of gold and silver—no, not even in the service of the gods.

MARCUS FABIUS QUINTILIANUS (About A.D. 35–96)

Quintilian, a Spaniard from the Ebro, was educated in Rome, from his twentieth to his thirty-third year practiced law and taught rhetoric in his native town of Calagurris, returned to Rome in 68, was the first appointee to the professorship in Latin rhetoric endowed by Vespasian a few years afterward, and, after some twenty years as teacher and lawyer, wrote the twelve books of *The Training of the Orator,* a treatise not only technically able, but high-minded, in which the ideal education of the orator begins with infancy and the influences of the home, continues beyond the school and through life, and embraces a thorough general culture. The character of this ideal is responsible for the exceedingly great interest of his work as pedagogical and literary criticism; it is full of sane and reliable comment that is applicable today. Quintilian's great enthusiasm is Cicero.

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THE EDUCATION OF THE ORATOR

Education Beneficial to All

I would, therefore, have a father conceive the highest hopes of his son from the moment of his birth. If he does, he will be more careful about the groundwork of his education. For there is absolutely no foundation for the complaint that but few men have the power to take in the knowledge that is imparted to them, and that the majority are so slow of understanding that education is a waste of time and labor. On the contrary you will find that most are quick to reason and ready to learn. Reasoning comes as naturally to man as flying to birds, speed to horses and ferocity to beasts of prey: our minds are endowed by nature with such activity and sagacity that the soul is believed to proceed from heaven. Those who are dull and unteachable are as abnormal as prodigious births and monstrosities, and are but few in number. A proof of what I say is to be found in the fact that boys commonly show promise of many accomplishments, and when such promise dies away as they grow up, this is plainly due not to the failure of natural gifts, but to lack of the requisite care. But, it will be urged, there are degrees of talent. Undoubtedly, I reply, and there will be a corresponding variation in actual accomplishment: but that there are any who gain nothing from education, I absolutely deny.

On Flogging

I disapprove of flogging, although it is the regular custom and meets with the acquiescence of Chrysippus, because in the first place it is a disgraceful form of punishment and fit only for slaves, and is in any case an insult, as you will realize if you imagine its infliction at a later age. Secondly, if a boy is so insensible to instruction that reproof is useless, he will, like the worst type of slave, merely become hardened to blows. Finally, there will be absolutely no need of such punishment if the master is a thorough disciplinarian. As it is, we try to make amends for the negligence of the boy's *pædagogus,* not by forcing him to do what is right, but by punishing him for not doing what is right. And though you may compel a child with blows, what are you to do with him when he is a young man no longer amenable to such threats and confronted with tasks of far greater difficulty? Moreover, when children are beaten, pain or fear frequently have results of which it is not pleasant to speak and which are likely subsequently to be a source of shame, a shame which unnerves and depresses the mind and leads the child to shun and loathe the light. Further, if inadequate care is taken in the choices of respectable governors and instructors, I blush to mention the shameful abuse which scoundrels sometimes make of their right to administer corporal punishment or the opportunity not infrequently offered to

others by the fear thus caused in the victims. I will not linger on this subject; it is more than enough if I have made my meaning clear. I will content myself with saying that children are helpless and easily victimised, and that therefore no one should be given unlimited power over them.

The Roman Poets

I now come to Roman authors, and shall follow the same order in dealing with them. As among Greek authors Homer provided us with the most auspicious opening, so will Virgil among our own. For of all epic poets, Greek or Roman, he, without doubt, most nearly approaches to Homer. I will repeat the words which I heard Domitius Afer use in my young days. I asked what poet in his opinion came nearest to Homer, and he replied, 'Virgil comes second, but is nearer first than third.' And in truth, although we must needs bow before the immortal and superhuman genius of Homer, there is greater diligence and exactness in the work of Virgil just because his task was harder. And perhaps the superior uniformity of the Roman's excellence balances Homer's preëminence in his outstanding passages. All our other poets follow a long way in the rear. Macer and Lucretius are, it is true, worth reading, but not for the purpose of forming style, that is to say, the body of eloquence; both deal elegantly with their themes, but the former is tame and the latter difficult. . . .

We also challenge the supremacy of the Greeks in elegy. Of our elegiac poets Tibullus seems to me to be the most terse and elegant. There are, however, some who prefer Propertius. Ovid is more sportive than either, while Gallus is more severe. Satire, on the other hand, is all our own. The first of our poets to win renown in this connection was Lucilius, some of whose devotees are so enthusiastic that they do not hesitate to prefer him not merely to all other satirists, but even to all other poets. I disagree with them as much as I do with Horace, who holds that Lucilius' verse has a 'muddy flow, and that there is always something in him that might well be dispensed with.' For his learning is as remarkable as his freedom of speech, and it is this latter quality that gives so sharp an edge and such abundance of wit to his satire. Horace is far terser and purer in style, and must be awarded the first place, unless my judgment is led astray by my affection for his work. Persius also, although he wrote but one book, has acquired a high and well-deserved reputation, while there are other distinguished satirists still living whose praises will be sung by posterity. There is, however, another and even older type of satire which derives its variety not merely from verse, but from an admixture of prose as well. Such were the satires composed by Terentius Varro, the most learned of all Romans. He composed a vast number of erudite works, and possessed an extraordinary knowledge of the Latin language, of all antiquity and of the history of Greece and Rome. But he is an author likely to contribute more to the knowledge of the student than to his eloquence. The iambic has not been popular with Roman poets as a separate form of composition, but is found mixed up with other forms of verse. It may be found in all its bitterness in Catullus, Bibaculus and Horace, although in the last-named the iambic is interrupted by the epode. Of our lyric writers Horace is almost the sole poet worth reading: for he rises at times to a lofty grandeur and is full of sprightliness and charm, while there is great variety in his figures, and his boldness in the choice of words is only equaled by his felicity.

Cicero and Demosthenes

But it is our orators, above all, who enable us to match our Roman eloquence against that of Greece. For I would set Cicero against any one of their orators without fear of refutation. I know well enough what a storm I shall raise by this assertion, more especially since I do not propose for the moment to compare him with Demosthenes; for there would be no point in such a comparison, as I consider that Demosthenes should be the object of special study, and not merely studied, but even committed to memory. I regard the excellences of these two orators as being for the most part similar, that is to say, their judgment, their gift of arrangement, their methods of division, preparation and proof, as well as everything concerned with invention. In their actual style there is some difference. Demosthenes is more concentrated, Cicero more diffuse; Demosthenes makes his periods shorter than

Cicero, and his weapon is the rapier, whereas Cicero's periods are longer, and at times he employs the bludgeon as well: nothing can be taken from the former, nor added to the latter; the Greek reveals a more studied, the Roman a more natural art. As regards wit and the power of exciting pity, the two most powerful instruments where the feelings are concerned, we have the advantage. Again, it is possible that Demosthenes was deprived by national custom of the opportunity of producing powerful perorations, but against this may be set the fact that the different character of the Latin language debars us from the attainment of those qualities which are so much admired by the adherents of the Attic school. As regards their letters, which have in both cases survived, and dialogues, which Demosthenes never attempted, there can be no comparison between the two. But, on the other hand, there is one point in which the Greek has the undoubted superiority: he comes first in point of time, and it was largely due to him that Cicero was able to attain greatness. For it seems to me that Cicero, who devoted himself heart and soul to the imitation of the Greeks, succeeded in reproducing the force of Demosthenes, the copious flow of Plato, and the charm of Isocrates. But he did something more than reproduce the best elements in each of these authors by dint of careful study; it was to himself that he owed most of, or rather all his excellences, which spring from the extraordinary fertility of his immortal genius. For he does not, as Pindar says, 'collect the rain from heaven, but wells forth with living water,' since Providence at his birth conferred this special privilege upon him, that eloquence should make trial of all her powers in him. For who can instruct with greater thoroughness, or more deeply stir the emotions? Who has ever possessed such a gift of charm? He seems to obtain as a boon what in reality he extorts by force, and when he wrests the judge from the path of his own judgment, the latter seems not to be swept away, but merely to follow. Further, there is such weight in all that he says that his audience feel ashamed to disagree with him, and the zeal of the advocate is so transfigured that it has the effect of the sworn evidence of a witness, or the verdict of a judge. And at the same time all these excellences, of which scarce one could be attained by the ordinary man even by the most concentrated effort, flow from him with every appearance of spontaneity, and his style, although no fairer has ever fallen on the ears of men, none the less displays the utmost felicity and ease. It was not, therefore, without good reason that his own contemporaries spoke of his 'sovereignty' at the bar, and that for posterity the name of Cicero has come to be regarded not as the name of a man, but as the name of eloquence itself. Let us, therefore, fix our eyes on him, take him as our pattern, and let the student realize that he has made real progress if he is a passionate admirer of Cicero. Asinius Pollio had great gifts of invention and great precision of language (indeed, some think him too precise), while his judgment and spirit were fully adequate. But he is so far from equaling the polish and charm of Cicero that he might have been born a generation before him. Messala, on the other hand, is polished and transparent and displays his nobility in his utterance, but he fails to do his powers full justice. As for Gaius Cæsar, if he had had leisure to devote himself to the courts, he would have been the one orator who could have been considered a serious rival to Cicero. Such are his force, his penetration and his energy that we realize that he was as vigorous in speech as in his conduct of war. And yet all these qualities are enhanced by a marvelous elegance of language, of which he was an exceptionally zealous student.

SILIUS ITALICUS (A.D. 25–101)

Silius Italicus, last consul under Nero in 68 and official under Vespasian, owner of the tomb of Virgil and of one of Cicero's villas, was an enthusiastic admirer of both the orator and the poet, and an ambitious imitator of the latter in the respectable but tedious seventeen books of *The Second Punic War*. A few lines from the third book illustrate the sentiment of the Roman poets toward the ruggeder aspects of nature: they are more likely to feel the might and cruelty of the mountains and the sea than to enjoy communion with them in the fashion of northern poets.

HANNIBAL CROSSES THE ALPS

Alert the troops the bridgeless current brave,
With head and neck upraised above the wave,
Secure their steely swords; or firm divide,
With sinewy arms, the strong and boisterous tide.
The war-steed, bound on rafts, the river treads;
Nor the vast elephant retarding dreads
To tempt the ford; while scattered earth they strow
O'er the hid planks that hide the stream below.
Loosed from the banks the gradual cord extends,
And on the flood the unconscious beast descends.
As the trooped quadrupeds, down-sliding slow,
Launched on the stream that, quivering, dashed below,
Beneath the incumbent weight, with starting tide,
The rapid Rhone poured back on every side,
Tossed its white eddies on the frothy strand,
And, sullen, murmured on its chafing sand.

Now stretched the onward host their long array
Through the Tricastine plains; and wound their way
O'er smooth ascents, and where Vocontia yields
The level champaign of her verdant fields.
Athwart their easy march Druentia spread
The devastation of its torrent bed:
Turbid with stones and trunks of trees, descends
The Alpine stream; the ashen forests rends;
Rolls mountain fragments, crumbling to the shock,
And beats with raving surge the channeled rock.
Of nameless depth, its ever-changing bed
Betrays the fording warrior's faithless tread;
The broad and flat pontoon is launched in vain,
High swells the flood with deluges of rain;
Snatched with his arms the staggering soldier slides,
And mangled bodies toss in gulfy tides.

But now the o'erhanging Alps, in prospect near,
Efface remembered toils in future fear.
White with eternal frost, with hailstones piled,
The ice of ages grasps those summits wild.
Stiffening with snow, the mountain soars in air,
And fronts the rising sun, unmelted by the glare.
As the Tartarean gulf, beneath the ground,
Yawns to the gloomy lake in hell's profound,
So high earth's heaving mass the air invades,
And shrouds the heaven with intercepting shades.
No spring, no summer strews its glories here,
Lone winter dwells upon these summits drear,
And guards his mansion round the endless year;
Mustering from far around his grisly form
Black rains, and hailstone showers, and clouds of storm.
Here in their wrathful kingdom whirlwinds roam,
And the blasts struggle in their Alpine home.
The upward sight a swimming darkness shrouds,
And the high crags recede into the clouds.

—C. A. Elton.

PUBLIUS PAPINIUS STATIUS (A.D. 61–96)

Statius was the son of a teacher at Naples, and lived in Rome under Domitian from about his twentieth year to his death at thirty-five. He published the *Thebais*, an epic in twelve books based on the story of the sons of Œdipus, and four books of occasional poems called *Silvæ*, and left unfinished a fifth book and the *Achilleis*, another epic, which was intended to narrate the whole of the hero's life. Statius is more the literary craftsman than the inspired poet; his epic suffers from imitation of Virgil, and the *Silvæ*, or *'Attempts in the Rough,'* are for the most part inconsequential in matter. He is represented in his better moments by the lines in the seventh *Thebais* depicting the spectacular swallowing up of the seer Amphiaraus by the earth while both armies look on, by the lines in the twelfth on the Altar of Mercy, a passage indicative of the spread of humane sentiment that preceded and aided the Christian movement, and by the exquisite poem from the *Silvæ* on Sleep.

THE DEATH OF AMPHIARAUS

Another tremor now bends to the ground
Men, horses, arms, and shakes the fields around.
The leafy grove inclines its various head,
And silent from his banks Ismenus fled.
The public anger lost in private fears,
They ground their arms, and, leaning on their spears,
Start back, as on each other's face they view
Wild terror imaged in a pallid hue.
As when Bellona forms a naval fray,
In scorn of Neptune, on the watery way:
If haply some fell tempest interpose,
Each, thoughtful of himself, neglects his foes:
The common dangers cause their ire to cease,
And mutual fears impose a sudden peace:
Such was the fluctuating fight to view.
Whether from subterraneous prisons flew
Imbosomed blasts, and, gathered from afar,
In one vast burst discharged the windy war:
Or latent springs had worn the rotten clay,
And opened to themselves a gradual way:
Or on this side the swift machine of Heaven
Inclined, by more than wonted impulse driven,
Or whether Neptune bade old Ocean roar,
And dashed the briny foam from shore to shore:
Or Earth herself would warn by these portents
The seer, or brother-kings, of both events—
Lo! she discloses wide her hollow womb:
Night feared the stars, the stars the nether gloom.
The prophet and his coursers, while they strive
To pass, the yawning cleft engulfs alive:
Nor did he quit the reins and arms in hand,
But with them plunged to the Tartarean strand;
And, as he fell, gazed backward on the light,
And grieved to see the field would soon unite—
Till now a lighter tremor closed again
The ground, and darkened Pluto's wide domain.

THE MERCY SEAT

There stood as in the center of the town
An altar, sacred to the poor alone;
Here gentle Clemency has fixed her seat,
And none but wretches hallow the retreat.
A train of votaries she never wants,
And all requests and suits, impartial, grants.
Whoe'er implore, a speedy audience gain,
And open, night and day, her gates remain;
That misery might ever find access,
And by complaints alone obtain redress.
Nor costly are her rites: no blood she claims
From slaughtered victims nor odorous flames;
Her altars sweat with tears; and wreaths of woe
Her suitors, tearing from their hair, bestow;

Or garments in her fane are left behind,
When Fortune shifts the scene, to her resigned.
A grove surrounds it, where in shadowy rows
The laurel tree and suppliant olive grows.
No well wrought effigy her likeness bears,
Her imaged form no sculptured metal wears:
In human breasts resides the power divine,
A constant levee trembling at her shrine.
The place, deformed with horrors not its own,
To none but objects of distress is known.
Fame says, the sons of great Alcides reared
The fane, in honor of the power revered,
A temple to their father first decreed;
But Fame diminishes the glorious deed.
'Tis juster to believe the powers above,
Of whose protection and parental love
Fair Athens shared a more than equal part,
The pile erected, not a mortal's art;
That mercy might, by rushing in between
Offended justice and the offender, screen
The guilty wretch. For this the structure rose,
A common refuge in the greatest woes.

—W. L. Lewis.

TO SLEEP

What sin was mine, sweet, silent, boy-god Sleep,
Or what, poor sufferer, have I left undone,
That I should lack thy guerdon, I alone?
Quiet are the brawling streams: the shuddering deep
Sinks, and the rounded mountains feign to sleep.
The high seas slumber pillowed on Earth's breast;
All flocks and birds and beasts are stilled in rest,
But my sad eyes their nightly vigil keep.

O! if beneath the night some happier swain,
Entwined in loving arms, refuse thy boon
In wanton happiness—come hither soon,
Come hither, Sleep. Let happier mortals gain
The full embrace of thy soft angel wing.
But touch me with thy wand, or hovering
Above mine eyelids sweep me with thy train.

—W. H. Fyfe.

TO HIS WIFE CLAUDIA

Say, why those gentle looks should changed appear;
Why hangs the cloud upon that forehead clear?
Is it that thoughts of Naples move my breast,
And native fields invite my age to rest?
But wherefore sad? no wanton lightness thine;
Not to the cirque thy fond regrets incline,
Beat by the rapid race; nor shouts that roll
From the thronged theater pervade thy soul.
But the cool shade of life is dear to thee;
Joys undegrading; modest probity.
Whither could oceans' waves my bark convey,
Nor thou be found companion of my way?
Yes, did I seek to fix my mansion drear
Where polar ice congeals the inclement year,
Where the seas darken round far Thule's isle,
Or unapproached recedes the head of Nile,
Thy voice would cheer me on. May that kind Power
Who joined our hands when in thy beauty's flower
Still, when the blooming years of life decline,
Prolong the blessing, and preserve thee mine!
To thee, whose charms gave first the enamoring wound,
And my wild youth in marriage fetters bound,
To thee submissive, I received the rein,
Nor sigh for change, but hug the pleasing chain.
Thrice, when the Alban laurel, wreathing, spread
Its glossy verdure round my shining head,
And Cæsar graced me with his sacred gold,
I felt thy joyful arms my neck enfold;
Thy panting kisses to my garland clung,
And, when in vain my failing lyre I strung,
Vanquished with me, thy sorrows would reprove
The ungrateful frowns of Capitolian Jove.
And thou hast listened, with entranced desire,
The first rude sounds that would my lips inspire;
Thy watchful ear would snatch, with keen delight,
My verse, low-murmured through the livelong night;
To only thee my lengthened toils were known,
And with thy years has my Thebaid grown.
I saw thee, what thou art: when late I stood
On the dark verge of the Lethæan flood,
When, glazed in death, I closed my quivering eyes,
Relenting fate restored me to thy sighs,
Thou wert alone the cause; the Power above
Feared thy despair and melted to thy love.

—C. A. Elton.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS (About A.D. 55–120)

Tacitus was born shortly after the accession of Nero, lived through the troublous times of seven emperors, five of whom met death by assassination, and survived to enjoy the peaceful and upright reigns of Nerva and Trajan. Born to the middle class, bred to law and oratory, his abilities brought him advancement under Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. Prætor under Domitian, and subsequently away from Rome four years in administrative duties, he returned in 93 to find the tyrannical cruelties of Domitian in full career. On the death of the emperor, he began the series of publications which have ever since given him fame: *Agricola,* a biography of his father-in-law, commander of the army in Britain; *Germania,* on the country and character of the Germans; *A Dialogue on Orators,* a Ciceronian essay of doubtful date; *The Histories,* narrating the events from the troubles of 69, the 'year of the three emperors' and Vespasian's accession, to the death of Domitian; and *The Annals,* a history beginning with the death of Augustus and ending with Nero. Four and a half books of the *Histories* survive, books one to six and eleven to sixteen of the *Annals,* and the minor works. In spite of the prejudice charged against him, and in spite of a certain narrowness due to interest in Rome the capital rather than in Rome the empire, Tacitus is a great source of knowledge for a great century of history. His qualities as moralist and artist, sometimes regarded as impairing the historical value of his works, are really what gives them the strength and beauty that have made them living and effective. They are full of intense and bitter feeling against the wrongs of times that were filled with wrongs; they are full of scenes and actors that stand out with a living quality such as would be possible only with a participator in the city's life and interests possessed by high ideals and strong emotions; and are written in a stern, intense, pregnant style which has been molded by the character of its author. Compared with the epic copiousness and geniality of Livy, Tacitus is rugged and gloomy, but with the ruggedness and gloom of great tragedy.

The translation is by Arthur Murphy.

AGRICOLA

By Agricola's order the Roman fleet sailed round the northern point, and made the first certain discovery that Britain is an island. The cluster of isles called the Orcades, till then wholly unknown, was in this expedition added to the Roman empire. Thule, which had lain concealed in the gloom of winter and a depth of eternal snows, was also seen by our navigators. The sea in those parts is said to be a sluggish mass of stagnated water, hardly yielding to the stroke of the oar, and never agitated by winds and tempests. The natural cause may be, that high lands and mountains, which occasion commotions in the air, are deficient in those regions; not to mention that such a prodigious body of water, in a vast and boundless ocean, is heaved and impelled with difficulty. But a philosophical account of the ocean and its periodical motions is not the design of this essay; the subject has employed the pen of others. To what they have said, I shall only add, that there is not in any other part of the world an expanse of water that rages with such uncontrollable dominion, now receiving the discharge of various rivers, and, at times, driving their currents back to their source. Nor is it on the coast only that the flux and reflux of the tide are perceived: the swell of the sea forces its way into the recesses of the land, forming bays and islands in the heart of the country, and foaming amidst hills and mountains, as in its natural channel.

Whether the first inhabitants of Britain were natives of the island, or adventitious settlers, is a question lost in the mists of antiquity. The Britons, like other barbarous nations, have no monuments of their history. They differ in the make and habit of their bodies, and hence various inferences concerning their origin. The ruddy hair and lusty limbs of the Caledonians indicate a German extraction.

That the Silures were at first a colony of Iberians is concluded, not without probability, from the olive tincture of the skin, the natural curl of the hair, and the situation of the country, so convenient to the coast of Spain. On the side opposite to Gaul the inhabitants resemble their neighbors on the continent; but whether that resemblance is the effect of one common origin, or of the climate in contiguous nations operating on the make and temperament of the human body, is a point not easy to be decided. All circumstances considered, it is rather probable that a colony from Gaul took possession of a country so inviting by its proximity. You will find in both nations the same religious rites, and the same superstition. The two languages differ but little. In provoking danger they discover the same ferocity, and in the encounter, the same timidity. The Britons, however, not yet enfeebled by a long peace, are possessed of superior courage. The Gauls, we learn from history, were formerly a warlike people; but sloth, the consequence of inactive times, has debased their genius, and virtue died with expiring liberty. Among such of the Britons, as have been for some time subdued, the same degeneracy is observable. The free and unconquered part of the nation retains at this hour the ferocity of the ancient Gauls.

The strength of their armies consists in infantry, though some of their warriors take the field in chariots. The person of highest distinction guides the reins, while his martial followers, mounted in the same vehicle, annoy the enemy. The Britons were formerly governed by a race of kings: at present they are divided into factions under various chieftains; and this disunion, which prevents their acting in concert for a public interest, is a circumstance highly favorable to the Roman arms against a warlike people, independent, fierce, and obstinate. A confederation of two or more states to repel the common danger is seldom known: they fight in parties, and the nation is subdued.

The climate is unfavorable; always damp with rains, and overcast with clouds. Intense cold is never felt. The days are longer than in our southern regions; the nights remarkably bright, and, towards the extremity of the island, so very short, that between the last gleam of day and the returning dawn the interval is scarce perceptible. In a serene sky, when no clouds intervene to obstruct the sight, the sun, we are told, appears all night long, neither setting in the west, nor rising in the east, but always moving above the horizon. The cause of this phenomenon may be, that the surface of the earth, towards the northern extremities, being flat and level, the shade never rises to any considerable height, and, the sky still retaining the rays of the sun, the heavenly bodies continue visible.

The soil does not afford either the vine, the olive, or the fruits of warmer climates; but it is otherwise fertile, and yields corn in great plenty. Vegetation is quick in shooting up, and slow in coming to maturity. Both effects are reducible to the same cause, the constant moisture of the atmosphere and the dampness of the soil. Britain contains, to reward the conqueror, mines of gold and silver, and other metals. The sea produces pearls, but of a dark and livid color. This defect is ascribed by some to want of skill in this kind of fishery: the people employed in gathering, content themselves in gleaning what happens to be thrown upon the shore, whereas in the Red Sea the shell-fish are found clinging to the rocks, and taken alive. For my part, I am inclined to think that the British pearl is of an inferior quality. I cannot impute to avarice a neglect of its interest.

The Britons are willing to supply our armies with new levies; they pay their tribute without a murmur; and they perform all the services of government with alacrity, provided they have no reason to complain of oppression. When injured, their resentment is quick, sudden, and impatient; they are conquered, not broken-hearted; reduced to obedience, not subdued to slavery. Even Julius Cæsar, the first of the Romans who set his foot in Britain at the head of an army, can only be said by a prosperous battle to have struck the natives with terror, and to have made himself master of the sea-shore.

THE ANNALS

Preface

The first form of government that prevailed at Rome was monarchy. Liberty and the consulship were established by

Lucius Junius Brutus. Dictators were created in sudden emergencies only. The jurisdiction of the decemvirs did not extend beyond two years; and the consular authority of the military tribunes soon expired. The domination of Cinna ended in a short time; and that of Sylla was not of long duration. From Pompey and Crassus, the whole power of the state devolved to Julius Cæsar, and, after the struggle with Lepidus and Antony, centered in Augustus; who, under the mild and well-known title of PRINCE OF THE SENATE, took upon him the management of the commonwealth, enfeebled as it was by an exhausting series of civil wars. But the memorable transactions of the old republic, as well in her day of adversity, as in the tide of success, have been recorded by writers of splendid genius. Even in the time of Augustus there flourished a race of authors, from whose abilities that period might have received ample justice; but the spirit of adulation growing epidemic, the dignity of the historic character was lost. What has been transmitted to us concerning Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, cannot be received without great mistrust. During the lives of those emperors, fear suppressed or disfigured the truth; and after their deaths, recent feelings gave an edge to resentment. For this reason, it is my intention shortly to state some particulars relating to Augustus, chiefly towards the close of his life; and thence to follow downward the thread of my narration through the reigns of Tiberius and his three immediate successors, free from animosity and partial affection, with the candor of a man who has no motives, either of love or hatred, to warp his integrity.

THE FUNERAL OF AUGUSTUS

At the first meeting of the senate, the funeral of Augustus was the only subject of debate. The emperor's will was brought forward by the vestal virgins. Tiberius and Livia were declared his heirs. The latter was adopted into the Julian family, with the additional title of AUGUSTA. His grandchildren and their issue were next in succession; in the third degree he named the nobles of Rome; not indeed from motives of personal regard, for the greater part had been for a long time obnoxious; but a bequest so generous and magnificent might gain the applause of future ages. In the rest of his legacies the will was in the style of a Roman citizen. . . . The senate with one voice insisted that the body should be borne to the funeral pile upon their own shoulders. Tiberius assented with seeming condescension, but real arrogance. The Field of Mars was the place appointed for the ceremony. A proclamation was issued, warning the populace to restrain their zeal, and not require that the last duties should be performed in the Forum, as had been done with tumult and disorder at the funeral of Julius Cæsar.

On the day appointed for the ceremony, the soldiers were drawn up under arms; a circumstance that served only to provoke the ridicule of all who remembered the day, or heard of it from their fathers, when Cæsar the dictator was put to death. In that early period of slavery, and in the first emotions of joy for liberty in vain recovered, the blow for freedom seemed a murder to some, and to others a glorious sacrifice. But in the present juncture, when a prince worn out with age, who had grown grey in power, and left a long train of heirs, was to receive the last funeral obsequies, at such a time to call forth the military, in order to secure a quiet interment, was a vain parade, as ridiculous as it was unnecessary.

Augustus now became the subject of public discussion. Frivolous circumstances engaged the attention of the greater number. They observed that the anniversary of his accession to the imperial dignity was the day of his death. He died at Nola, in the same house, and in the same chamber, where Octavius his father breathed his last. They called to mind, in wonder and amaze, the number of his consulships, equal to those of Valerius Corvinus and Caius Marius put together. The tribunitian power continued in his hands during a series of seven and thirty years; he was saluted IMPERATOR no less than one and twenty times; and other titles of distinction were either invented or revived, to adorn his name. Reflections of a different kind were made by thinking men. They rejudged the life of the emperor, and pronounced with freedom. By his apologists it was argued, 'that filial piety to his adopted father, the distraction of the times, and the ruin of the laws, made the part he took in the civil wars an act of necessity; and civil war can neither be under-

taken nor conducted on principles of honor and strict justice. To revenge the death of Julius Cæsar was the primary motive. To obtain that end, he made concessions to Antony, and he temporized with Lepidus: but when the latter grew grey in sloth, and the former fell a victim to his voluptuous passions, the commonwealth, convulsed by party divisions, had no resource but the government of one. There was, however, no monarchy, no dictator: content with the unassuming title of Prince of the Senate, he established peace, and settled the constitution. The ocean and far distant rivers marked his boundaries of the empire. The legions, the provinces, and the fleets of Rome acted in concert, with all the strength of system. Justice was duly administered at home; the allies were treated with moderation; and magnificent structures rose to adorn the capital. Violent measures were rarely adopted, and never but for the good of the whole.'

Luxury and Law

The year was free from foreign commotions; but at Rome new laws were expected to check the growth of luxury, and that apprehension spread a general alarm. The prodigality of the times had risen to the highest pitch. In many articles of expense, and those the heaviest, the real price might be concealed; but the cost of the table was too well understood. The profusion, with which luxury was maintained, could not remain a secret. It was therefore apprehended, that a prince, addicted to the frugality of ancient manners, would endeavor by severe regulations to control the mischief.

The subject was opened in the senate by Caius Bibulus, one of the ædiles: his colleagues joined to support him. They stated that the sumptuary laws were fallen into contempt. The extravagance in furniture and utensils, though prohibited, grew every day more enormous, insomuch that, by moderate penalties, the mischief was not to be cured. The senate, without further debate, referred the whole to the consideration of the emperor. Tiberius weighed every circumstance: he knew that passions, which had taken root, could not be easily weeded out of the heart: he considered how far coercive measures might be a public grievance. If an unsuccessful attempt gave a victory to vice, the defeat, he saw, would be a disgrace to government; and the necessity of waging continual war against the characters and fortunes of the most eminent citizens was what he wished to avoid. After mature deliberation, he sent his thoughts in writing to the senate, in substance as follows. . . .

This letter being read, the senate released the ædiles from all further care about the business. Luxury went on with boundless profusion. It began soon after the battle of Actium, and continued to flourish, for the space of a century, down to the time when Galba attained the imperial dignity. At that period the manners changed, and temperance became the fashion. Of this revolution in the modes of life a short account will not be improper. While the old constitution still subsisted, pomp and splendor were often the ruin of the most illustrious families. To conciliate the favor of the populace, and of the allies of Rome, including even kings and princes, was the great object of a Roman citizen. In proportion to his wealth, his grandeur, and the magnificence of his retinue, his importance rose, and with it the number of his clients. But when the best blood in Rome was spilt by imperial tyranny, and to be eminent was to be marked out for destruction; it became the interest of the great to lay aside all vain ostentation, and adopt a more humble plan of life. At the same time, a new race of men from the municipal towns, the colonies, and the provinces found their way, not only to Rome, but even into the senate. The strangers, thus incorporated, brought with them their natural parsimony. In the course of a long life many of them, either by their own frugality, or a tide of success in their affairs, accumulated immoderate riches; yet even in affluence avarice was their ruling passion. But the cause, which, above all others, contributed to the revival of ancient economy, was the character of Vespasian; a man of primitive temperance and rigid austerity. All agreed to imitate so excellent a model. Respect for the prince did more than all the pains and penalties of the law. And yet, it may be true, that in the nature of things there is a principle of rotation, in consequence of which the manners, like the seasons, are subject to periodical changes. Nor is it certain that, in the former ages of the world, everything was better than in the times that succeeded.

The present age has produced, in moral conduct and the liberal arts, a number of bright examples, which posterity will do well to imitate. May the contest with antiquity continue! but let it be a generous emulation for superior virtue; and may that spirit go down to future times!

An Amphitheater Collapses

In the next consulship [A.D. 27], which was that of Marcus Licinius and Lucius Calpurnius, an unforeseen disaster, no sooner begun than ended, laid a scene of ruin equal to the havoc of the most destructive war. A man of the name of Atilius, the son of a freedman, undertook at Fidenæ to build an amphitheater for the exhibition of gladiators. The foundation was slight, and the superstructure not sufficiently braced; the work of a man, who had neither the pride of wealth, nor the ambition to make himself of consequence in a municipal town. The profit that might probably arise from such a scheme was all he had in view. The people, under the austerity of a rigid and unsocial government, deprived of their usual diversions, were eager for the novelty of a public spectacle; and the place being at no great distance from Rome, a vast conflux of men and women, old and young, crowded together. The consequence was, that the building, overloaded with spectators, gave way at once. All who were under the roof, besides a prodigious multitude that stood round the place, were crushed under the ruins. The condition of those who perished instantly was the happiest. They escaped the pangs of death, while the maimed and lacerated lingered in torment, beholding, as long as daylight lasted, their wives and children in equal agony, and, during the night, pierced to the heart by their shrieks and groans. A calamity so fatal was soon known round the country. Crowds from all quarters went to view the melancholy scene. One lamented a brother, another his near relation; children wept for their parents, and almost all for their friends. Such as by their avocations had been led a different way were given up for lost. The real sufferers were still unknown, and, in that dreadful state of suspense, every bosom panted with doubt and fear.

The ruins were no sooner removed, than the crowd rushed in to examine the place. They gathered round the dead bodies; they clasped them in their arms; they imprinted kisses, and often mistook the person. Disfigured faces, parity of age, and similitude of form and feature occasioned great confusion. Claims were made, a tender contest followed, and errors were acknowledged. The number of killed or maimed was not less than fifty thousand. The senate provided by a decree, that, for the future, no man whose fortune was under four hundred thousand sesterces should presume to exhibit a spectacle of gladiators, and that, till the foundation was examined, no amphitheater should be erected. Atilius, the builder, was condemned to banishment. The grandees of Rome displayed their humanity on this occasion; they threw open their doors, they ordered medicines to be distributed, and the physicians attended with assiduity in every quarter. The city of Rome recalled, in that juncture, an image of ancient manners, when, after a battle bravely fought, the sick and wounded were received with open arms, and relieved by the generosity of their country.

The Phœnix Appears in Egypt

Paulus Fabius and Lucius Vitellius succeeded to the consulship. In the course of the year, the miraculous bird, known to the world by the name of the phœnix, after disappearing for a series of ages, revisited Egypt. A phenomenon so very extraordinary could not fail to produce abundance of curious speculation. The learning of Egypt was displayed, and Greece exhausted her ingenuity. The facts, about which there seems to be a concurrence of opinions, with other circumstances, in their nature doubtful, yet worthy of notice, will not be unwelcome to the reader.

That the phœnix is sacred to the sun, and differs from the rest of the feathered species, in the form of its head and the tincture of its plumage, are points settled by the naturalists. Of its longevity, the accounts are various. The common persuasion is, that it lives five hundred years, though by some writers the date is extended to fourteen hundred and sixty-one. The several eras, when the phœnix has been seen, are fixed by tradition. The first, we are told, was in the reign of Sesostris; the second, in that of Amasis; and in the

period when Ptolemy, the third of the Macedonian race, was seated on the throne of Egypt, another phœnix directed its flight towards Heliopolis, attended by a group of various birds, all attracted by the novelty, and gazing with wonder at so beautiful an appearance. For the truth of this account, we do not presume to answer. The facts lie too remote; and covered, as they are, with the mists of antiquity, all further argument is suspended.

From the reign of Ptolemy to Tiberius, the intermediate space is not quite two hundred and fifty years. From that circumstance it has been inferred by many that the last phœnix was neither of the genuine kind, nor came from the woods of Arabia. The instinctive qualities of the species were not observed to direct its motions. It is the genius, we are told, of the true phœnix, when its course of years is finished, and the approach of death is felt, to build a nest in its native clime, and there deposit the principles of life, from which a new progeny arises. The first care of the young bird, as soon as fledged, and able to trust to its wings, is to perform the obsequies of his father. But this duty is not undertaken rashly. He collects a quantity of myrrh, and, to try his strength, makes frequent excursions with a load on his back. When he has made his experiment through a long tract of air, and gains sufficient confidence in his own vigor, he takes up the body of his father, and flies with it to the altar of the sun, where he leaves it to be consumed in flames of fragrance. Such is the account of this extraordinary bird. It has, no doubt, a mixture of fable; but that the phœnix from time to time appears in Egypt, seems to be a fact sufficiently ascertained.

Rome continued to stream with the blood of eminent citizens. Pomponius Labeo, who had been, as already mentioned, governor of Mysia, opened his veins and bled to death. His wife Paxæa had the spirit to follow his example. Suicide was the only refuge from the hand of the executioner. Those who waited for the sentence of the law incurred a forfeiture, and were, besides, deprived of the rites of sepulture; while to such as died by their own hand, funeral ceremonies were allowed, and their wills were valid. Such was the reward of despatch! Self-destruction was made the interest of mankind.

The Death and Character of Tiberius

Tiberius now drew near his end: his strength declined, his spirits sunk, and everything failed, except his dissimulation. The same austerity still remained, the same energy and rigor of mind. He talked in a decisive tone; he looked with eagerness; and even, at times, affected an air of gaiety. Dissembling to the last, he hoped by false appearances to hide the decay of nature. Weary, restless, and impatient, he could not stay long in one place. After various changes, he stopped at a villa, formerly the property of Lucullus, near the promontory of Misenum. It was here first known that his dissolution was approaching fast. The discovery was made in the following manner. A physician, of the name of Charicles, highly eminent in his profession, attended the train of Tiberius, not employed to prescribe, but occasionally assisting with friendly advice. Pretending to have avocations that required his attendance elsewhere, he approached the emperor to take his leave, and respectfully laying hold of his hand, contrived, in the act of saluting it, to feel his pulse. The artifice did not escape the notice of Tiberius. It probably gave him offence, but, for that reason, he smothered his resentment. With an air of cheerfulness, he ordered the banquet to be served, and, seemingly with intent to honor his departing friend, continued at table beyond his usual time. Charicles was not to be deceived. He saw a rapid decline, and assured Macro that two days, at most, would close the scene. For that event measures were immediately taken: councils were held in private, and despatches were sent to the army, and the several commanders at their respective stations. On the seventeenth before the calends of April, Tiberius had a fainting fit: he lay for some time in a state of languor, speechless, without motion, and was thought to be dead. A band of courtiers surrounded Caligula, eager to pay their court, and all congratulating the prince on his accession to the imperial dignity. Caligula was actually going forth to be proclaimed emperor, when word was brought, that Tiberius was come to himself, and called for a cordial to revive his fainting spirits. The whole party was struck with terror: the crowd dispersed; some with dejected looks, others with a cheerful mien, as if unconscious of what

had happened. Caligula stood at gaze, astonished, and almost out of his senses. He had, but a moment before, one foot on the throne, and now was thrown from the summit of his ambition. He remained fixed in despair, as if awaiting the stroke of death. Macro alone was undismayed. With firmness and presence of mind, he cleared the emperor's room, and gave orders that the remains of life should be smothered under a load of clothes. Such was the end of Tiberius, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

He was the son of Tiberius Nero; by the paternal and maternal line of the house of Claudius, though his mother passed by adoption into the Livian, and afterwards into the Julian family. The beginning of his days was clouded with misfortunes and exposed to various perils. In his infancy, he was torn away from Rome, and forced to wander with his father, then on the list of the proscribed. When a marriage took place between Livia and Augustus, he was introduced into the imperial house, but had to contend with powerful rivals, as long as Marcellus, Agrippa, and the two Cæsars, Caius and Lucius, flourished at the court of Augustus. In the eyes of the people, his brother Drusus overshadowed him. By his marriage with Julia, his situation was rendered still more embarrassing. Whether he connived at her vices, or abandoned her in resentment, the dilemma was, either way, full of difficulty. Being recalled from the isle of Rhodes, he found Augustus deprived of heirs, and from that time continued for twelve years without a rival, the hope and pillar of the imperial family. He succeeded to the empire, and governed Rome near three and twenty years. His manners, like his fortune, had their revolutions, and their distinctive periods: amiable, while a private man; and, in the highest employments under Augustus, esteemed and honored. During the lives of Drusus and Germanicus, he played an artificial character, concealing his vices, and assuming the exteriors of virtue. After their decease, and while his mother lived, good and evil were equally blended in his conduct. Detested for his cruelty, he had the art, while he loved or feared Sejanus, to throw a veil over his most depraved and vicious appetites. All restraint being at length removed, he broke out without fear or shame, and, during the remainder of his life, hurried away by his own unbridled passions, made his reign one scene of lust, and cruelty, and horror.

The Great Fire of Nero

A dreadful calamity followed in a short time after, by some ascribed to chance, and by others to the execrable wickedness of Nero. The authority of historians is on both sides, and which preponderates it is not easy to determine. It is, however, certain, that of all the disasters that ever befell the city of Rome from the rage of fire, this was the worst, the most violent, and destructive. The flame broke out in that part of the circus which adjoins, on one side, to Mount Palatine, and, on the other, to Mount Cælius. It caught a number of shops stored with combustible goods, and, gathering force from the winds, spread with rapidity from one end of the circus to the other. Neither the thick walls of houses, nor the enclosure of temples, nor any other building, could check the rapid progress of the flames. A dreadful conflagration followed. The level parts of the city were destroyed. The fire communicated to the higher buildings, and, again laying hold of inferior places, spread with a degree of velocity that nothing could resist. The form of the streets, long and narrow, with frequent windings, and no regular opening, according to the plan of ancient Rome, contributed to increase the mischief. The shrieks and lamentations of women, the infirmities of age, and the weakness of the young and tender, added misery to the dreadful scene. Some endeavored to provide for themselves, others to save their friends, in one part dragging along the lame and impotent, in another waiting to receive the tardy, or expecting relief themselves; they hurried, they lingered, they obstructed one another; they looked behind, and the fire broke out in front; they escaped from the flames, and in their place of refuge found no safety; the fire raged in every quarter; all were involved in one general conflagration.

The unhappy wretches fled to places remote, and thought themselves secure, but soon perceived the flames raging round them. Which way to turn, what to avoid or what to seek, no one could tell. They crowded the streets; they fell prostrate on the ground; they lay stretched in the fields, in consternation and dismay resigned to their fate. Numbers lost their whole sub-

stance, even the tools and implements by which they gained their livelihood, and, in that distress, did not wish to survive. Others, wild with affliction for their friends and relations whom they could not save, embraced a voluntary death, and perished in the flames. During the whole of this dismal scene, no man dared to attempt anything that might check the violence of the dreadful calamity. A crew of incendiaries stood near at hand denouncing vengeance on all who offered to interfere. Some were so abandoned as to heap fuel on the flames. They threw in firebrands and flaming torches, proclaiming aloud that they had authority for what they did. Whether, in fact, they had received such horrible orders, or, under that device, meant to plunder with greater licentiousness, cannot now be known.

During the whole of this terrible conflagration, Nero remained at Antium, without a thought of returning to the city, till the fire approached the building by which he had communicated the gardens of Mæcenas with the imperial palace. All help, however, was too late. The palace, the contiguous edifices, and every house adjoining, were laid in ruins. To relieve the unhappy people, wandering in distress without a place of shelter, he opened the Field of Mars, as also the magnificent buildings raised by Agrippa, and even his own imperial gardens. He ordered a number of sheds to be thrown up with all possible despatch, for the use of the populace. Household utensils and all kinds of necessary implements were brought from Ostia, and other cities in the neighborhood. The price of grain was reduced to three sesterces. For acts like these, munificent and well-timed, Nero might hope for a return of popular favor; but his expectations were in vain; no man was touched with gratitude. A report prevailed that, while the city was in a blaze, Nero went to his own theater, and there, mounting the stage, sung the destruction of Troy, as a happy allusion to the present misfortune.

On the sixth day the fire was subdued at the foot of Mount Esquiline. This was effected, by demolishing a number of buildings, and thereby leaving a void space, where for want of materials the flame expired. The minds of men had scarce begun to recover from their consternation, when the fire broke out a second time with no less fury than before. This happened, however, in a more open quarter, where fewer lives were lost; but the temples of the gods, the porticoes and buildings raised for the decoration of the city, were leveled to the ground. The popular odium was now more inflamed than ever, as this second alarm began in the house of Tigellinus, formerly the mansion of Æmilius. A suspicion prevailed, that to build a new city, and give it his own name was the ambition of Nero. Of the fourteen quarters, into which Rome was divided, four only were left entire, three were reduced to ashes, and the remaining seven presented nothing better than a heap of shattered houses, half in ruins.

The number of houses, temples, and insulated mansions destroyed by the fire cannot be ascertained. But the most venerable monuments of antiquity, which the worship of ages had rendered sacred, were laid in ruins: amongst these were the temple dedicated to the moon by Servius Tullius; the fane and the great altar consecrated by Evander, the Arcadian, to Hercules, his visitor and his guest; the chapel of Jupiter Stator, built by Romulus; the palace of Numa, and the temple of Vesta, with the tutelar gods of Rome. With these were consumed the trophies of so many victories, the inimitable works of the Grecian artists, with the precious monuments of literature and ancient genius, all at present remembered by men advanced in years, but irrevocably lost. Not even the splendor, with which the new city rose out of the ruins of the old, could compensate for that lamented disaster. It did not escape observation, that the fire broke out on the fourteenth before the calends of July, a day remarkable for the conflagration kindled by the Senones, when those Barbarians took the city of Rome by storm, and burnt it to the ground. Men of reflection, who refined on everything with minute curiosity, calculated the number of years, months, and days, from the foundation of Rome to the firing of it by the Gauls; and from that calamity to the present they found the interval of time precisely the same.

Nero did not blush to convert to his own use the public ruins of his country. He built a magnificent palace, in which the objects that excited admiration were neither gold nor precious stones. Those decorations, long since introduced by luxury, were grown stale, and hackneyed to the eye. A different species of magnifi-

cence was now consulted: expansive lakes and fields of vast extent were intermixed with pleasing variety; woods and forests stretched to an immeasurable length, presenting gloom and solitude amidst scenes of open space, where the eye wandered with surprise over an unbounded prospect. This prodigious plan was carried on under the direction of two surveyors, whose names were Severus and Celer. Bold and original in their projects, these men undertook to conquer nature, and to perform wonders even beyond the imagination and the riches of the prince. They promised to form a navigable canal from the Lake Avernus to the mouth of the Tiber. The experiment, like the genius of the men, was bold and grand; but it was to be carried over a long tract of barren land, and, in some places, through opposing mountains. The country round was parched and dry, without one humid spot, except the Pomptinian marsh, from which water could be expected. A scheme so vast could not be accomplished without immoderate labor, and, if practicable, the end was in no proportion to the expense and labor. But the prodigious and almost impossible had charms for the enterprising spirit of Nero. He began to hew a passage through the hills that surround the Lake Avernus, and some traces of his deluded hopes are visible at this day.

The ground, which, after marking out his own domain, Nero left to the public, was not laid out for the new city in a hurry and without judgment, as was the case after the irruption of the Gauls. A regular plan was formed; the streets were made wide and long; the elevation of the houses was defined, with an open area before the doors, and porticoes to secure and adorn the front. The expense of the porticoes Nero undertook to defray out of his own revenue. He promised, besides, as soon as the work was finished, to clear the ground, and leave a clear space to every house, without any charge to the occupier. In order to excite a spirit of industry and emulation, he held forth rewards proportioned to the rank of each individual, provided the buildings were finished in a limited time. The rubbish, by his order, was removed to the marshes of Ostia, and the ships that brought corn up the river were to return loaded with the refuse of the workmen. Add to all this, the several houses, built on a new principle, were to be raised to a certain elevation, without beams or wood-work, on arches of stone from the quarries of Alba or Gabii; those materials being impervious, and of a nature to resist the force of fire. The springs of water, which had been before that time intercepted by individuals for their separate use, were no longer suffered to be diverted from their channel, but left to the care of commissioners, that the public might be properly supplied, and, in case of fire, have a reservoir at hand to stop the progress of the mischief.

It was also settled, that the houses should no longer be contiguous, with slight party-walls to divide them; but every house was to stand detached, surrounded and insulated by its own enclosure. These regulations, it must be admitted, were of public utility, and added much to the embellishment of the new city. But still the old plan of Rome was not without its advocates. It was thought more conducive to the health of the inhabitants. The narrowness of the streets and the elevation of the buildings served to exclude the rays of the sun; whereas the more open space, having neither shade nor shelter, left men exposed to the intense heat of the day.

The First Persecution of the Christians

These several regulations were, no doubt, the best that human wisdom could suggest. The next care was to propitiate the gods. The Sibylline books were consulted, and the consequence was, that supplications were decreed to Vulcan, to Ceres, and Proserpine. A band of matrons offered their prayers and sacrifices to Juno, first in the capitol, and next on the nearest margin of the sea, where they supplied themselves with water, to sprinkle the temple and the statue of the goddess. A select number of women, who had husbands actually living, laid the deities on their sacred beds, and kept midnight vigils with the usual solemnity. But neither these religious ceremonies, nor the liberal donations of the prince could efface from the minds of men the prevailing opinion, that Rome was set on fire by his own orders. The infamy of that horrible transaction still adhered to him. In order, if possible, to remove the imputation, he determined to transfer the guilt to others. For this purpose he punished, with exquisite tor-

ture, a race of men detested for their evil practices, by vulgar appellation commonly called Christians.

The name was derived from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius, suffered under Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judæa. By that event the sect, of which he was the founder, received a blow, which, for a time, checked the growth of a dangerous superstition; but it revived soon after, and spread with recruited vigor, not only in Judæa, the soil that gave it birth, but even in the city of Rome, the common sink into which everything infamous and abominable flows like a torrent from all quarters of the world. Nero proceeded with his usual artifice. He found a set of profligate and abandoned wretches, who were induced to confess themselves guilty, and, on the evidence of such men, a number of Christians were convicted, not indeed, upon clear evidence of their having set the city on fire, but rather on account of their sullen hatred of the whole human race. They were put to death with exquisite cruelty, and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and left to be devoured by dogs; others were nailed to the cross; numbers were burnt alive; and many, covered over with inflammable matter, were lighted up, when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night.

For the convenience of seeing this tragic spectacle, the emperor lent his own gardens. He added the sports of the circus, and assisted in person, sometimes driving a curricle, and occasionally mixing with the rabble in his coachman's dress. At length the cruelty of these proceedings filled every breast with compassion. Humanity relented in favor of the Christians. The manners of that people were, no doubt, of a pernicious tendency, and their crimes called for the hand of justice: but it was evident, that they fell a sacrifice, not for the public good, but to glut the rage and cruelty of one man only.

The Death of Seneca

Plautius Lateranus, consul elect, was the next victim. He was seized, and dragged to instant death; no time allowed to take the last farewell of his children, nor even the usual liberty of choosing his own mode of dying. He was hurried to the place of execution usually allotted to slaves, and there despatched by the hand of Statius, a military tribune. He met his fate with a noble and determined silence, not so much as condescending to tax the executioner with his share in the conspiracy.

The next exploit of Nero was the death of Seneca. Against that eminent man no proof of guilt appeared; but the emperor thirsted for his blood, and what poison had not accomplished, he was determined to finish by the sword. Natalis was the only person who had mentioned his name. The chief head of his accusation was, 'That he himself had been sent on a visit to Seneca, then confined by illness, with instructions to mention to him, that Piso often called at his house, but never could gain admittance, though it was the interest of both to live on terms of mutual friendship.' To this Seneca made answer, 'That private interviews could be of no service to either; but still his happiness was grafted on the safety of Piso.' Granius Silvanus, a tribune of the prætorian guards, was despatched to Seneca, with directions to let him know what was alleged against him, and to inquire whether he admitted the conversation stated by Natalis, with the answers given by himself. Seneca, by design or accident, was that very day on his return from Campania. He stopped at a villa of his own about four miles from Rome. Towards the close of day the tribune arrived, and beset the house with a band of soldiers. Seneca was at supper with his wife Pompeia Paulina, and two of his friends, when Silvanus entered the room, and reported the orders of the emperor.

Seneca did not hesitate to acknowledge that Natalis had been at his house, with a complaint that Piso's visits were not received. His apology, he said, imported no more than want of health, the love of ease, and the necessity of attending to a weak and crazy constitution. 'That he should prefer the interest of a private citizen to his own safety was too absurd to be believed. He had no motives to induce him to pay such a compliment to any man; adulation was no part of his character. This is a truth well known to Nero himself: he can tell you that, on various occasions, he found in Seneca 'a man, who spoke his mind with freedom, and disdained the arts of servile flattery.' Silvanus returned to Rome. He found the prince in company with Poppæa and Tigellinus, who,

as often as cruelty was in agitation, formed the cabinet council. In their presence the messenger reported his answer. Nero asked, 'Does Seneca prepare to end his days by a voluntary death?' 'He showed,' said the tribune, 'no symptom of fear, no token of sorrow, no dejected passion: his words and looks bespoke a mind serene, erect, and firm.' 'Return,' said Nero, 'and tell him he must resolve to die.' Silvanus, according to the account of Fabius Rusticus, chose to go back by a different road. He went through a private way to Fenius Rufus, to advise with that officer, whether he should execute the emperor's orders. Rufus told him that he must obey. Such was the degenerate spirit of the times. A general panic took possession of every mind. This very Silvanus was one of the conspirators, and yet was base enough to be an instrument of the cruelty which he had combined to revenge. He had, however, the decency to avoid the shock of seeing Seneca, and of delivering in person the fatal message. He sent a centurion to perform that office for him.

Seneca heard the message with calm composure. He called for his will, and being deprived of that right of a Roman citizen by the centurion, he turned to his friends, and 'You see,' he said, 'that I am not at liberty to requite your services with the last marks of my esteem. One thing, however, still remains. I leave you the example of my life, the best and most precious legacy now in my power. Cherish it in your memory, and you will gain at once the applause due to virtue, and the fame of a sincere and generous friendship.' All who were present melted into tears. He endeavored to assuage their sorrows; he offered his advice with mild persuasion; he used the tone of authority. 'Where,' he said, 'are the precepts of philosophy, and where the words of wisdom, which for years have taught us to meet the calamities of life with firmness and a well prepared spirit? Was the cruelty of Nero unknown to any of us? He murdered his mother; he destroyed his brother; and, after those deeds of horror, what remains to fill the measure of his guilt but the death of his guardian and his tutor?'

Having delivered himself in these pathetic terms, he directed his attention to his wife. He clasped her in his arms, and in that fond embrace yielded for a while to the tenderness of his nature. Recovering his resolution, he entreated her to appease her grief, and bear in mind that his life was spent in a constant course of honor and of virtue. That consideration would serve to heal affliction, and sweeten all her sorrows. Paulina was still inconsolable. She was determined to die with her husband; she invoked the aid of the executioners, and begged to end her wretched being. Seneca saw that she was animated by the love of glory, and that generous principle he thought ought not to be restrained. The idea of leaving a beloved object exposed to the insults of the world and the malice of her enemies pierced him to the quick. 'It has been my care,' he said, 'to instruct you in that best philosophy, the art of mitigating the ills of life; but you prefer an honorable death. I will not envy you the vast renown that must attend your fall. Since you will have it so, we will die together. We will leave behind us an example of equal constancy; but the glory will be all your own.'

These words were no sooner uttered, than the veins of both their arms were opened. At Seneca's time of life the blood was slow and languid. The decay of nature and the impoverishing diet to which he had used himself left him in a feeble condition. He ordered the vessels of his legs and joints to be punctured. After that operation, he began to labor with excruciating pains. Lest his sufferings should overpower the constancy of his wife, or the sight of her afflictions prove too much for his own sensibility, he persuaded her to retire into another room. His eloquence still continued to flow with its usual purity. He called for his secretaries, and dictated, while life was ebbing away, that farewell discourse, which has been published, and is in everybody's hands. I will not injure his last words by giving the substance in another form.

Nero had conceived no antipathy to Paulina. If she perished with her husband, he began to dread the public execration. That he might not multiply the horrors of his present cruelty, he sent orders to exempt Paulina from the stroke of death. The slaves and freedmen, by the direction of the soldiers, bound up her arm, and stopped the effusion of blood. This, it is said, was done without her knowledge, as she lay in a state of languor. The fact, however, cannot be known with certainty. Vul-

gar malignity, which is ever ready to detract from exalted virtue, spread a report, that, as long as she had reason to think that the rage of Nero was implacable, she had the ambition to share the glory of her husband's fate; but a milder prospect being unexpectedly presented, the charms of life gained admission to her heart and triumphed over her constancy. She lived a few years longer, in fond regret, to the end of her days, revering the memory of her husband. The weakness of her whole frame, and the sickly languor of her countenance, plainly showed that she had been reduced to the last extremity.

Seneca lingered in pain. The approach of death was slow, and he wished for his dissolution. Fatigued with pain, worn out and exhausted, he requested his friend, Statius Annæus, whose fidelity and medical skill he had often experienced, to administer a draught of that swift-speeding poison, usually given at Athens to the criminals adjudged to death. He swallowed the potion, but without any immediate effect. His limbs were chilled: the vessels of his body were closed, and the ingredients, though keen and subtle, could not arrest the principles of life. He desired to be placed in a warm bath. Being conveyed according to his desire, he sprinkled his slaves with the water, and 'Thus,' he said, 'I MAKE LIBATION TO JUPITER THE DELIVERER.' The vapor soon overpowered him, and he breathed his last. His body, without any funeral pomp, was committed to the flames. He had given directions for that purpose in his last will, made at a time when he was in the zenith of power, and even then looked forward to the close of his days.

PETRONIUS ARBITER

With regard to Caius Petronius, his character, his course of life, and the singularity of his manners seem to merit particular attention. He passed his days in sleep, and his nights in business, or in joy and revelry. Indolence was at once his passion, and his road to fame. What others did by vigor and industry, he accomplished by his love of pleasure and luxurious ease. Unlike the men who profess to understand social enjoyment, and ruin their fortunes, he led a life of expense, without profusion; an epicure, yet not a prodigal; addicted to his appetites, but with taste and judgment; a refined and elegant voluptuary. Gay and airy in his conversation, he charmed by a certain graceful negligence, the more engaging as it flowed from the natural frankness of his disposition. With all this delicacy and careless ease, he showed, when he was governor of Bithynia, and, afterwards, in the year of his consulship, that vigor of mind and softness of manners may well unite in the same person. With his love of sensuality he possessed talents for business. From his public station he returned to his usual gratifications, fond of vice, or of pleasures that bordered upon it. His gaiety recommended him to the notice of the prince. Being in favor at court, and cherished as the companion of Nero in all his select parties, he was allowed to be the arbiter of taste and elegance. Without the sanction of Petronius nothing was exquisite, nothing rare or delicious.

THE HISTORIES

THE ABDICATION OF VITELLUS

In that vast multitude, no man was so insensible of the events and sudden revolutions of human life, as not to be touched by the misery of the scene before him. They saw an emperor, but a little before master of the Roman world, abandoning his palace, and, in the midst of a vast crowd of citizens assembled round him, proceeding through the streets of Rome to abdicate the imperial dignity. No eye had seen a spectacle so truly affecting; no ear had heard of so dismal a catastrophe. Cæsar, the dictator, fell by sudden violence; Caligula perished by a dark conspiracy; Nero fled through devious paths, while the shades of night concealed his disgrace; Piso and Galba may be said to have died in battle. Vitellius, before an assembly of the people called by himself, in the midst of his own soldiers, and in the presence of a concourse of women, who beheld the sad reverse of fortune, by his own act deposed himself. In a short but pathetic speech, he declared his voluntary abdication. 'I retire,' he said, 'for the sake of peace and the good of the commonwealth; retain me still in your memory, and view with an eye of pity the misfortunes of my brother, my wife and infant children. I ask no more.' He raised

his son in his arms, and showed him to the people; he turned to individuals; he implored the compassion of all. A gush of tears suppressed his voice: in that distress, taking his sword from his side, and addressing himself to Cæcilius Simplex, the consul, who stood near him, he offered to deliver it into his hands, as the symbol of authority over the lives of the Roman citizens. The consul refused to accept it, and the people, with violent uproar, opposed his resignation. Vitellius left the place. His intention was to lay down all the ensigns of sovereignty in the temple of Concord, and seek an humble retreat in his brother's house. This again met with a strong opposition from the populace. The general cry was that the house of a private citizen was not a proper mansion: all insisted on his returning to the palace. The crowd obstructed the streets, and no pass was left open, except that called the *Sacred Way*. In confusion, distracted, and left without advice, Vitellius returned to the palace.

Civil War in Rome

The abdication of the prince was soon known throughout the city. Upon the first intelligence, Flavius Sabinus sent orders in writing to the tribunes of the cohorts, commanding them to restrain the violent spirit of the soldiers. The leading members of the senate, as if the whole power of the state was falling at once into the hands of Vespasian, went in a body to the house of Sabinus. A numerous band of the equestrian order, with the city soldiers and the night watch, followed the example of the fathers. They were there informed of the zeal of the people for Vitellius, and the menaces thrown out by the German cohorts. Sabinus was too far advanced to think of a retreat. Individuals trembled for themselves: if they dispersed, the Vitellians might seize the opportunity to lay a scene of blood. To prevent that terrible disaster, they urged Sabinus to take up arms, and show himself in force to the people. But, as often happens in pressing exigencies, all were ready to advise, and few to share the danger. Sabinus went forth at the head of a band of soldiers. Near the Fundane lake, a bold and resolute party of the Vitellians advanced against him. A skirmish ensued. The Vitellians had the advantage. Sabinus retreated to the fort of the capitol, and in that stronghold shut himself up with his soldiers, and a small party of senators and Roman knights. A list of their names cannot be given with any precision, as numbers afterwards, in the reign of Vespasian, assumed a share of merit in that transaction. There were even women who dared to defy the danger of a siege. Among these the most distinguished was Verulana Gracilia, a woman of high spirit, who had neither children nor relations to attract her, but acted entirely on the impulse of her own intrepid genius. The Vitellians invested the citadel, but guarded the passes with so much negligence, that Sabinus, in the dead of night, was able to receive into the place his own children, and Domitian, his brother's son. At the same time, he sent despatches to the victorious army, to inform the chiefs of his situation, and the necessity of immediate relief. The besiegers attempted nothing during the night. Had Sabinus taken advantage of their inactivity, he might have made his escape through the passes neglected by a ferocious enemy, bold and resolute, but scorning all regular discipline and impatient of fatigue. It happened, besides, that a storm of rain fell with all the violence of the winter season. During the tempest, the men could neither see nor hear one another.

At the dawn of day, before hostilities commenced, Sabinus despatched Cornelius Martialis, a principal centurion, with instructions to represent to Vitellius the treachery of his conduct in open violation of a solemn treaty. . . . Vitellius listened to this remonstrance with visible marks of fear. He endeavored in few words to clear his own conduct, imputing the whole mischief to the soldiers, whose intemperate zeal was no longer subject to his authority. He advised Martialis to depart through a private part of the house, lest the soldiers in their fury should destroy the negotiator of a peace which they abhorred. He himself remained in his palace, unable to command or to prohibit any measure whatever; a mere phantom of power, no longer emperor, but still the cause of civil dissension.

The Burning of the Capitol

Martialis had no sooner entered the capitol, than the Vitellian soldiers appeared before it; no chief to lead them on; all

rushing forward with impetuous fury, and every man his own commanding officer. Having passed the forum, and the temples that surround it, they marched up the hill that fronts the capitol, and, after halting there to form their ranks, advanced in regular order to the gates of the citadel. On the right side of the ascent, a range of porticos had been built in ancient times. From the top of those edifices the besieged annoyed the enemy with stones and tiles. The assailants had no weapons but their swords. To wait for warlike engines seemed a tedious delay to men impatient for the assault. They threw flaming torches into the portico nearest at hand; and, seeing the destruction made by the devouring flames, were ready to force their way through the gate, if Sabinus had not thrown into a heap all the statues that adorned the place, and, with those venerable monuments of antiquity, blocked up the passage. The Vitellians pushed on the assault in two different quarters; one near the grove of the asylum, and the other near the hundred steps of the Tarpeian rock. Both attacks were unforeseen. Near the asylum grove the affair grew serious. On that side of the hill, the houses which had been built during a long peace, were raised as high as the foundation of the capitol. The besiegers climbed to the top of those buildings, in spite of every effort to stop their progress. The roofs were immediately set on fire, but whether by the besieged, or the besiegers, is uncertain. The current opinion ascribed it to the former. The flame soon reached the contiguous porticos, and, in a short time, spread to the eagles (a set of pillars so called) that supported the buildings. The wood, being old and dry, was so much fuel to increase the fire. In the conflagration that followed, the capitol, with all its gates shut, and neither stormed by the enemy, nor defended by Sabinus, was burned to the ground.

From the foundation of the city to that hour, the Roman people had felt no calamity so deplorable, no disgrace so humiliating. Without the shock of a foreign enemy, and, if we except the vices of the age, without any particular cause to draw down the wrath of heaven, the temple of Jupiter, supreme of gods; a temple built in ancient times, with solemn rites and religious auspices, the pledge of future grandeur; which neither Porsena, when Rome surrendered to his arms, nor the Gauls, when they took the city by storm, had dared to violate; that sacred edifice was now demolished by the rage of men contending for a master to reign over them. The capitol, it is true, was once before destroyed by fire during the violence of a civil war; but the guilt was then confined to the treachery of a few incendiaries, the madness of evil-minded men. In the present juncture it was besieged with open hostility, and in the face of day involved in flames. And what adequate motive? what object in view to atone for so wild a frenzy? Was the sword drawn in the cause of public liberty?

Tarquinius Priscus, during the war which he waged against the Sabines, bound himself by a vow to build that sacred structure. He afterwards laid the foundation, on a plan suggested by his own vast idea of the rising grandeur of the empire, but inconsistent with the circumstances of an infant state. Servius Tullius, assisted by the zeal of the allies of Rome, went on with the work, and after him Tarquin the Proud, with the spoils of Suessa Pometia, added to the magnificence of the building. But the glory of completing the design was reserved for the era of liberty, when kings were deposed and banished for ever. It was under the republic that Horatius Pulvillus, in his second consulship, performed the ceremony of dedicating the temple, at that time finished with so much grandeur, that the wealth of after ages could do no more than grace it with new embellishments: to its magnificence nothing could be added. Four hundred and fifteen years afterwards, in the consulship of Lucius Scipio and Caius Norbanus, it was burnt to the ground, and again rebuilt on the old foundation. Sulla, who in that juncture had triumphed over all opposition to his arms, undertook the care of the building: the glory of dedicating it would have crowned his felicity; but that honor was reserved for Lutatius Catulus, whose name, amidst so many noble monuments of the Cæsars, remained in legible characters till the days of Vitellius. Such was the sacred building, which the madness of the times reduced to ashes.

Vespasian's March on Rome

Antonius, in the meantime, called an assembly of the soldiers, and, in a soothing

speech, endeavored to infuse into their minds a spirit of moderation. He advised them to encamp at the Milvian bridge, and not to think of entering Rome till the next day. An enraged soldiery, forcing their way sword in hand, he had reason to fear, would rush on with impetuous fury, and give no quarter to the people or the senate. Even the temples and altars of the gods might fall in one promiscuous ruin. But the impatience of the army was not to be restrained. Eager for victory, they thought themselves ruined by delay. A display of colors and ensigns was seen glittering on the hills, followed, indeed, by an undisciplined rabble; but the appearance announced the preparations of an enemy. The conquerors advanced in three divisions; the first from their station on the Flaminian road; the second marched along the banks of the Tiber; and the third, towards the gate Collina, by the Salarian way. On the first onset the mob was put to flight by the cavalry. The Vitellian soldiers ranged themselves in three columns. The entrance of the city was obstinately disputed. Several sharp engagements followed before the walls, with various success, but for the most part favorable to Vespasian's men, supported as they were by able officers. A party wheeled round to the left side of the city, towards the Sallustian gardens, and, being engaged in slippery and narrow passes, were roughly handled. The Vitellians had taken possession of the gardens, and, from the tops of the walls, were able, with stones and spears, to annoy the troops beneath them. The advantage was on their side, till, towards the close of day, a party of Vespasian's cavalry forced their way through the Collinian gate, and fell upon the enemy in the rear. A battle was also fought in the field of Mars. The good fortune that hitherto attended Vespasian's cause, gave him a decided victory. The Vitellians fought with obstinacy to the last. Despair lent them courage. Though dispersed and routed, they rallied within the walls of the city, and once more returned to the charge.

The people flocked in crowds to behold the conflict, as if a scene of carnage were no more than a public spectacle exhibited for their amusement. Whenever they saw the advantage inclining to either side, they favored the combatants with shouts, and theatrical applause. If the men fled from their ranks, to take shelter in shops or houses, they roared to have them dragged forth, and put to death like gladiators for their diversion. While the soldiers were intent on slaughter, these miscreants were employed in plundering. The greatest part of the booty fell to their share. Rome presented a scene truly shocking, a medley of savage slaughter and monstrous vice; in one place war and desolation; in another, bathing, riot, and debauchery. Heaps of slain lay weltering in the streets, and blood flowed in torrents, while harlots and abandoned women wandered about with lascivious impudence. Whatever the libidinous passions can inspire in the hour of peace was intermixed with all the horrors of war, of slaughter, and destruction. The whole city seemed to be inflamed with frantic rage, and, at the same time, intoxicated with bacchanalian pleasures. Before this period, Rome had seen enraged armies within her walls; twice under Sulla, and once after the victory obtained by Cinna. Upon those occasions the same barbarity was committed; but the unnatural security and inhuman indifference that now prevailed were beyond all example. In the midst of rage and massacre, pleasure knew no intermission. A dreadful carnage seemed to be a spectacle added to the public games. The populace enjoyed the havoc; they exulted in the midst of devastation; and, without any regard for the contending parties, triumphed over the miseries of their country.

Vespasian's party had now conquered everything but the camp. That difficult and arduous task still remained. The bravest of the Vitellians were still in possession. They considered it as their last resort, and were therefore determined to make a vigorous stand. The conquering troops advanced with determined fury to the attack, and the old prætorian cohorts with inflamed resentment. Whatever the military art had invented against places of the greatest strength was employed by the assailants. They advanced under the shell; they threw up mounds; they discharged missive weapons and flaming torches; all declaring aloud, 'that one glorious effort would put an end to their toil and danger. To the senate and people of Rome they had restored their city, and to the gods their altars and their temples. It now remained to gain possession of the camp, the soldier's post of honor, his coun-

try, and the seat of his household gods. They must either carry the intrenchments by assault, or pass the night under arms.' The spirit of the Vitellians was broken, but not subdued. To sell the victory at the dearest rate, and delay the return of peace, was the effort of expiring rage; and to stain the houses and altars with an effusion of blood, was the last consolation of despair. The towers and ramparts were covered with heaps of slain. The gates of the camp were forced. The few that still survived had the courage to maintain their post. They fell under honorable wounds, prodigal of life, and to the last tenacious of their glory.

The Death of Vitellius

Vitellius, seeing the city conquered, went in a litter, by a private way at the back of the palace, to his wife's house on Mount Aventine, with intent, if he could lie concealed during the rest of the day, to fly for refuge to his brother and the cohorts under his command at Tarracina. His natural irresolution returned upon him. He dreaded everything, and, with the usual distraction of fear, what was present alarmed him most. He returned to his palace, and found it a melancholy desert. His slaves had made their escape, or shunned the presence of their master. Silence added to the terror of the scene. He opened the doors of his apartments, and stood aghast at the dreary solitude. All was desolation round him. He wandered from room to room, till his heart sunk within him. Weary, at length, of his wretched condition, he chose a disgraceful lurking-place, and there lay hid with abject fear, till Julius Placidus, the tribune of a cohort, dragged him forth. With his hands bound behind him, and his garment torn, he was conducted, a wretched spectacle, through crowds insulting his distress, and not a friend to pity his misfortunes. A catastrophe so mean and despicable moved no passion but contempt. A German soldier, either in wrath, or to end his misery, struck at him with his sabre, and, missing his aim, cut off the ear of a tribune. Whether his design was against that officer cannot now be known. For his attempt he perished on the spot. Vitellius was dragged along amidst the scoffs and insults of the rabble. With swords pointed at his throat, they forced him to raise his head and expose his countenance to scorn and derision; they made him look at his statues tumbling to the ground; they pointed to the place of public harangues, and showed him the spot where Galba perished. In this manner they hurried him to the charnel, where the body of Flavius Sabinus had been thrown amongst the vilest malefactors. An expression fell from him, in the last extremity, that bespoke a mind not utterly destitute of sentiment. A tribune insulted him in his misery; 'and yet,' said Vitellius, 'I have been your sovereign.' He died soon after under repeated wounds. The populace, who had worshipped him in the zenith of his power, continued, after his death, with the same depravity, to treat his remains with every mark of scorn and insolence.

He was the son, as already mentioned, of Lucius Vitellius, and had completed the fifty-seventh year of his age. He rose to the consulship, to pontifical dignities, and a name and rank amongst the most eminent citizens, without industry or personal merit. The splendid reputation of the father laid open the road to honors for the son. The men who raised him to the imperial dignity did not so much as know him. By his vices, and luxurious ease, he gained an ascendant over the affections of the army, to a degree rarely attained by the virtue of the ablest generals. Simplicity, frankness, and generosity must not be denied to him; but those qualities, when not under the curb of discretion, are always equivocal, and often ruinous. He endeavored to conciliate friendships, not by his virtues, but by boundless liberality, and no wonder if he missed his aim: he deserved friends, but never had them.

GAIUS PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS (A.D. 62–113)

Seventeen at his uncle's death in the eruption of Vesuvius, during which he himself spent part of the time in studying Livy, Pliny the Younger became his heir. At eighteen he was an advocate and entered on a career which included success in the courts, the prætorship in 93, the consulship in 100, and the governorship of Bithynia in about 112. His ambition as orator and writer was to attain to the qualities of Cicero. Of his speeches, only a lengthy and unattractive panegyric of Trajan is extant. His real monument is ten books of letters, written with literary purpose and with the thought of publication, discussing a wide variety of topics relating to the ordinary life of the respectable class of Romans, like their author, who constituted the reality of the times: books, hunting, trials, country life, ghosts, premonitions, temple repairs, the shows, meetings with Tacitus, Martial, Suetonius, or other friends, his wife's health and her devotion to him, the death of a friend's daughter, his benefactions to education in his birthplace, Como, his new villas on the lake of Como. Besides these subjects, there are the greater ones of Vesuvius and the treatment of the Christians in Bithynia. The reading of Pliny's letters is a valuable corrective after the reading of satire and history, so big with the abuses of the time. It is a pleasant corrective because of their author's good nature and because of his engaging stylistic artifices.

The translations here used are by Melmoth, those in books I to VI revised by Hutchinson, and used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library, and the remainder revised by Bosanquet, in the Bohn Library.

A DAY OF SPORT

Certainly you will laugh (and laugh you may) when I tell you that your old acquaintance is turned sportsman, and has taken three noble boars. What! (methinks I hear you say with astonishment) Pliny! —*Even he.* However, I indulged at the same time my beloved inactivity, and whilst I sat at my nets, you would have found me, not with spear and dart, but pen and tablets by my side. I mused and wrote, being resolved if I returned with my hands empty, at least to come home with my pocket-book full. Believe me, this manner of studying is not to be despised; you cannot conceive how greatly exercise contributes to enliven the imagination. Besides the sylvan solitude with which one is surrounded, and the very silence which is observed on these occasions, strongly incline the mind to meditation. For the future therefore let me advise you, whenever you hunt, to take along with you your tablets, as well as your basket and bottle: for be assured you will find Minerva as fond of roaming the hills as Diana. Farewell.

THE ELDER PLINY'S HABITS

It is with much pleasure I find you are so constant a reader of my uncle's works, as to wish to have a complete collection of them; and for that purpose desire me to send you an account of all the treatises he wrote. I will fill the place of an index and even acquaint you with the order in which they were composed: for that, too, is a sort of information not at all unacceptable to men of letters.

The first book he published was a treatise concerning the *Art of using a javelin on horseback:* this he wrote when he commanded a troop of horse, and it is drawn up with equal accuracy and judgment. *The life of Pomponius Secundus,* in two volumes: Pomponius had a very great affection for him, and he thought he owed this tribute to his memory. *The history of the wars in Germany,* in twenty books, in which he gave an account of all the campaigns we were engaged in against that nation. A dream which he had when he served in the army in Germany, first suggested to him the design of this work.

The phantom of Drusus Nero (who extended his conquests very far into that country, and there lost his life) appeared to him in his sleep, and conjured him not to suffer his memory to be buried in oblivion. He has left us likewise *The Students*, in three books, divided into six volumes, owing to their length. In this work he takes the orator from his cradle, and leads him on till he has carried him up to the highest point of perfection in this art. In the last years of Nero's reign, when the tyranny of the times made it dangerous to engage in studies of a more free and elevated spirit, he published *Linguistic Queries*, in eight books; *A Continuation*, in one book, of the thirty books of Aufidius Bassus' history; and thirty-seven books of a *Natural History:* this is a work of great compass and learning, and as full of variety as nature herself.

You will wonder how a man, so engaged as he was, could find time to compose such a number of books; and some of them, too, upon abstruse subjects. But your surprise will rise still higher, when you hear, that for some time he engaged in the profession of an advocate, that he died in his fifty-sixth year, that from the time of his quitting the bar to his death he was engaged and trammeled by the execution of the highest posts, and by the friendship of his sovereigns. But he had a quick apprehension, incredible zeal, and a wakefulness beyond compare. He always began to work at midnight when the August festival of Vulcan came round; not for the good omen's sake, but for the sake of study; in winter generally at one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at midnight. No man ever slept more readily, insomuch that he would sometimes, without retiring from his book, take a short sleep, and then pursue his studies.

Before daybreak he used to wait upon Vespasian; who likewise chose that season to transact business. When he had finished the affairs which that emperor committed to his charge, he returned home again to his studies. After a short and light repast at noon (agreeably to the good old custom of our ancestors) he would frequently in the summer, if he was disengaged from business, repose himself in the sun; during which time some author was read to him, from whence he made extracts and observations, as indeed this was his constant method whatever book he read: for it was a maxim of his, that 'no book was so bad but some profit might be gleaned from it.' When this basking was over, he generally went into the cold bath, and as soon as he came out of it, just took a slight refreshment, and then reposed himself for a little while. Then, as if it had been a new day, he immediately resumed his studies till dinner-time, when a book was again read to him, upon which he would make some running notes. I remember once, his reader having pronounced a word wrong, somebody at the table made him repeat it again; upon which my uncle asked his friend if he understood it. Who acknowledging that he did; 'why then,' said he, 'would you make him go back again? We have lost by this interruption of yours above ten lines:' so chary was this great man of time! In summer he always rose from supper by daylight; and in winter as soon as it was dark: and this was a sort of binding law with him.

Such was his manner of life amidst the noise and hurry of the town; but in the country his whole time was devoted to study without intermission, excepting only while he bathed. But in this exception I include no more than the time he was actually in the bath; for all the while he was rubbed and wiped, he was employed either in hearing some book read to him, or in dictating himself. In his journeys, as though released from all other cares, he found leisure for this sole pursuit. A shorthand writer, with book and tablets, constantly attended him in his chariot, who, in the winter, wore a particular sort of warm gloves, that the sharpness of the weather might not occasion any interruption to his studies; and for the same reason my uncle always used a sedan chair in Rome. I remember he once reproved me for walking; 'You might,' said he, 'not have lost those hours:' for he thought all was time lost that was not given to study. By this extraordinary application he found time to write so many volumes, besides one hundred and sixty which he left me, consisting of a kind of commonplace, written on both sides, in a very small character; so that one might fairly reckon the number considerably more. I have heard him say that when he was comptroller of the revenue in Spain, Larcius Licinus offered him four hundred thousand sesterces for these manuscripts: and yet they were not then quite so numerous.

When you reflect upon the books he has read, and the volumes he has written, are you not inclined to suppose that he never was an official or a courtier? On the other hand, when you are informed how painstaking he was in his studies, are you not disposed to think that he read and wrote too little? For, on one side, what obstacles would not the business of a court throw in his way? And on the other, what is it that such intense application might not perform? I cannot but smile therefore when I hear myself called a studious man, who in comparison to him am a mere loiterer. But why do I mention myself, who am diverted from these pursuits by numberless duties both public and private? Where is he, among those whose whole lives are spent in study, who must not blush under the consciousness of being but a sluggard and a dreamer, compared with this great scholar?

I have run out my letter, I perceive, beyond the extent I at first designed, which was only to inform you, as you desired, what treatises he has left behind him. But I trust this will not be less acceptable to you than the books themselves, as it may possibly not only raise your curiosity to read his works, but your emulation to copy his example by some attempts of the same nature. Farewell.

THE DEATH OF MARTIAL

I have just heard of the death of poor Martial, which much concerns me. He was a man of an acute and lively genius, and his writings abound in both wit and satire, combined with equal candor. When he left Rome I complimented him by a present to defray the charges of his journey, not only as a testimony of my friendship, but in return for the little poem which he had written about me. It was the custom of the ancients to distinguish those poets with honors or pecuniary rewards, who had celebrated particular persons or cities in their verses; but this practice, with every other that is fair and noble, is now grown out of fashion; and in consequence of having ceased to act laudably, we consider applause as an impertinent and worthless tribute. You will be desirous, perhaps, to see the verses which merited this acknowledgment from me; and I believe I can, from my memory, partly satisfy your curiosity, without referring you to his works: but if you are pleased with this specimen of them, you must turn to his poems for the rest. He addresses himself to his Muse, whom he directs to seek my house upon the Esquiline, and to approach me with respect:

'Go, wanton Muse, but go with care,
Nor meet, ill-tim'd, my Pliny's ear.
He, by sage Minerva taught,
Gives the day to studious thought,
And plans that eloquence divine,
Which shall to future ages shine,
And rival, wond'rous Tully! thine.
Then, cautious, watch the vacant hour,
When Bacchus reigns in all his power!
When crown'd with rosy chaplets gay,
E'en rigid Catos read my lay.'

Do you not think that the poet who wrote in such terms of me, deserved some friendly marks of my bounty *then*, and that he merits my sorrow *now?* For he gave me the most he could, and it was want of power only, if his present was not more valuable. But to say truth, what higher can be conferred on man than fame, and applause, and immortality? And though it should be granted, that his poems will not be immortal, still, no doubt, he composed them upon the contrary supposition. Farewell.

A SAD EVENT

I write this to you under the utmost oppression of sorrow: the younger daughter of our friend Fundanus is dead! Never surely was there a more agreeable or amiable young person, or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long, I had almost said, an immortal life! She was scarce thirteen, and already had all the wisdom of age and sedateness of a matron, though joined with youthful sweetness and virgin modesty. With what an engaging fondness would she hang upon her father! How affectionately and respectfully embrace us who were his friends! How warm her regard for the nurses, conductors to school, and teachers, who, in their respective offices, had the care and education of her! How studious, how intelligent, at her book, how sparingly and discreetly she indulged in play! With what forbearance, patience, nay courage, did she endure her last illness! She complied with all the directions of her physicians; she encouraged her sister and her father; and when

all her strength of body was exhausted, supported herself by the single vigor of her mind. *That,* indeed, continued even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes the loss of her so much the more to be lamented.

O truly hard and bitter doom! And more cruel than death itself, to die at that particular conjuncture! She was contracted to a most worthy youth; the wedding day was fixed, and we were all invited. How sad a change from the highest joy, to the deepest sorrow! How shall I express the wound that pierced my heart, when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever fertile in painful inventions) ordering the money he was to have laid out upon clothes, pearls, and jewels for her marriage, to be expended on myrrh and spices for her funeral? He is, indeed, a man of great learning and good sense, having applied himself from his earliest youth to the nobler arts and studies; but all those maxims which he has heard from others, and often inculcated himself, he now contemns, and every other virtue gives place to his absorbing parental devotion. You will excuse, you will even approve him, when you consider what he has lost. He has lost a daughter who resembled him as closely in manners as in person, and exactly copied out all her father.

If you shall think proper to write to him upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me remind you not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of kind and sympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to such consolations: for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon, but by degrees submits to, and even craves for, the means of its cure, so a mind under the first impressions of a misfortune shuns and rejects all consoling reflections, but at length, if applied with tenderness, calmly and willingly acquiesces in them. Farewell.

TO CALPURNIA, HIS WIFE

I never complained more of my business than when it prevented me not only from escorting you on your journey, but following you at once, when ill health took you into Campania. For at this time especially I wished to be with you, so as to see for myself what improvement there is in your strength and that dear little person of yours, and whether the amusements of that retreat, and the plenty of that district agree with you. Were you in sound health, yet I could not feel easy in your absence; for there is harassing suspense in being every now and then wholly ignorant of what is happening to a most dearly loved one; but now our sickness conspires with your absence to affright me with a thousand vague disquietudes. I fear and imagine every possible calamity and, as is the way of frightened people, my fancy paints most vividly just those that I most earnestly implore Heaven to avert. Let me conjure you then to pay regard to my anxiety by writing to me every day, and even twice a day. I shall be more easy, at least while I am reading your letters; and all my fears will return the moment I have perused them. Farewell.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's end, so that you may transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if his death shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am aware, will be rendered forever deathless. For notwithstanding he perished, as did whole peoples and cities, in the destruction of a most beautiful region, and by a misfortune memorable enough to promise him a kind of immortality; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings, will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those, whom Providence has gifted with the ability either to do things worthy of being written, or to write in a manner worthy of being read; but most happy they, who are blessed with both talents: in which latter class my uncle will be placed both by his own writings and by yours. The more willingly do I undertake, nay, solicit, the task you set me.

He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud of very unusual size and appearance. He had

sunned himself, then taken a cold bath, and after a leisurely luncheon was engaged in study. He immediately called for his shoes and went up an eminence from whence he might best view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to be Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into several branches; because I imagine, a momentary gust of air blew it aloft, and then failing, forsook it; thus causing the cloud to expand laterally as it dissolved, or possibly the downward pressure of its own weight produced this effect. It was at one moment white, at another dark and spotted, as if it had carried up earth or cinders.

My uncle, true savant that he was, deemed the phenomenon important and worth a nearer view. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I replied I would rather study; and, as it happened, he had himself given me a theme for composition. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger (his villa stood just below us, and there was no way to escape but by sea); she earnestly entreated him to save her from such deadly peril. He changed his first design and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroical turn of mind. He ordered large galleys to be launched, and went himself on board one, with the intention of assisting not only Rectina, but many others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. Hastening to the place from whence others were flying, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with such freedom from fear, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the successive motions and figures of that terrific object.

And now cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, then pumice-stones too, with stones blackened, scorched, and cracked by fire, then the sea ebbed suddenly from under them, while the shore was blocked up by landslips from the mountains. After considering a moment whether he should retreat, he said to the captain who was urging that course, 'Fortune befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus.' Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, distant by half the width of the bay (for, as you know, the shore, insensibly curving in its sweep, forms here a receptacle for the sea). He had already embarked his baggage; for though at Stabiæ the danger was not yet near, it was full in view, and certain to be extremely near, as soon as it spread; and he resolved to fly as soon as the contrary wind should cease. It was full favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus. He embraces, comforts, and encourages his alarmed friend, and in order to soothe the other's fears by his own unconcern, desires to be conducted to a bathroom; and after having bathed, he sate down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it.

In the meanwhile Mount Vesuvius was blazing in several places with spreading and towering flames, whose refulgent brightness the darkness of the night set in high relief. But my uncle, in order to soothe apprehensions, kept saying that some fires had been left alight by the terrified country people, and what they saw were only deserted villas on fire in the abandoned district. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain that his rest was a most genuine slumber; for his breathing, which, as he was pretty fat, was somewhat heavy and sonorous, was heard by those who attended at his chamber-door. But the court which led to his apartment now lay so deep under a mixture of pumice-stones and ashes, that if he had continued longer in his bedroom, egress would have been impossible. On being aroused, he came out, and returned to Pomponianus and the others, who had sat up all night. They consulted together as to whether they should hold out in the house, or wander about in the open. For the house now tottered under repeated and violent concussions, and seemed to rock to and fro as if torn from its foundations. In the open air, on the other hand, they dreaded the falling pumice-stones, light and porous though they were; yet this, by comparison, seemed the lesser danger of the two; a conclusion which my uncle arrived at by balancing reasons, and the others by balancing fears. They tied pillows upon their heads with napkins; and this was their

whole defense against the showers that fell round them.

It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night; relieved, however, by many torches and divers illuminations. They thought proper to go down upon the shore to observe from close at hand if they could possibly put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and contrary. There my uncle having thrown himself down upon a disused sail, repeatedly called for, and drank, a draught of cold water; soon after, flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company in flight; him they only aroused. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his slaves, but instantly fell; some unusually gross vapor, as I conjecture, having obstructed his breathing and blocked his windpipe, which was not only naturally weak and constricted, but chronically inflamed. When day dawned again (the third from that he last beheld) his body was found entire and uninjured, and still fully clothed as in life; its posture was that of a sleeping, rather than a dead man.

Meanwhile, my mother and I were at Misenum. But this has no connection with history, and your inquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death. I will therefore put an end to my letter. Suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or heard at the time, when report speaks most truly. You will select what is most suitable to your purpose! for there is a great difference between a letter, and an history; between writing to a friend, and writing for the public. Farewell.

TO CALPURNIA

You will not believe what a longing for you possesses me. The chief cause of this is my love; and then we have not grown used to be apart. So it comes to pass that I lie awake a great part of the night, thinking of you; and that by day, when the hours return at which I was wont to visit you, my feet take me, as it is so truly said, to your chamber; but not finding you there, I return, sick and sad at heart, like an excluded lover. The only time that is free from these torments is when I am being worn out at the bar, and in the suits of my friends. Judge you what must be my life when I find my repose in toil, my solace in wretchedness and anxiety. Farewell.

THE TIBER IN FLOOD

Is the weather with you as rude and boisterous as it is with us? All here is tempest and inundation. The Tiber has swelled its channel, and overflowed its banks far and wide. Though the wise precaution of the emperor had guarded against this evil, by cutting several outlets to the river, it has nevertheless flooded all the fields and valleys, and entirely overspread the whole face of the flat country. It seems to have gone out to meet those rivers which it used to receive and carry off in one united stream, and has driven them back to deluge those countries it could not reach itself. That most delightful of rivers, the Anio, which seems invited and detained in its course by the villas built along its banks, has almost entirely rooted up and carried away the woods which shaded its borders. It has overthrown whole mountains, and, in endeavoring to find a passage through the mass of ruins that obstructed its way, has forced down houses, and risen and spread over the desolation it has occasioned. The inhabitants of the hill countries, who are situated above the reach of this inundation, have been the melancholy spectators of its dreadful effects, having seen costly furniture, instruments of husbandry, plows, and oxen with their drivers, whole herds of cattle, together with the trunks of trees, and beams of the neighboring villas, floating about in different parts. Nor indeed have these higher places themselves, to which the waters could not reach up, escaped the calamity. A continued heavy rain and tempestuous hurricane, as destructive as the river itself, poured down upon them, and has destroyed all the enclosures which divided that fertile country. It has damaged likewise, and even overturned, some of the public buildings, by the fall of which great numbers have been maimed, smothered, bruised. And thus lamentation over the fate of friends has been added to losses. I am extremely uneasy lest this extensive ruin should have spread to you: I beg, therefore, if it has not, you will immediately relieve my

anxiety; and indeed I desire you would inform me though it should have done so; for the difference is not great between fearing a danger, and feeling it; except that the evil one feels has some bounds, whereas one's apprehensions have none. For we can suffer no more than what actually *has* happened, but we fear all that possibly *could* happen. Farewell.

VILLAS AT COMO

I am pleased to find by your letter that you are engaged in building; for I may now defend my own conduct by your example. I am myself employed in the same sort of work; and since I have you, who shall deny I have reason on my side? Our situations too are not dissimilar; your buildings are carried on upon the seacoast, mine are rising upon the side of the Larian lake. I have several villas upon the borders of this lake, but there are two particularly in which, as I take most delight, so they give me most employment. They are both situated like those at Baiæ: one of them stands upon a rock, and overlooks the lake; the other actually touches it. The first, supported as it were by the lofty buskin, I call my *tragic;* the other, as resting upon the humble sock, my *comic* villa. Each has its own peculiar charm, recommending it to its possessor so much more on account of this very difference. The former commands a wider, the latter enjoys a nearer view of the lake. One, by a gentle curve, embraces a little bay; the other, being built upon a greater height, forms two. *Here* you have a straight walk extending itself along the banks of the lake; *there,* a spacious terrace that falls by a gentle descent towards it. The former does not feel the force of the waves; the latter breaks them; from *that* you see the fishing-vessels; from *this* you may fish yourself, and throw your line out of your room, and almost from your bed, as from off a boat. It is the beauties therefore these agreeable villas possess that tempt me to add to them those which are wanting. But I need not assign a reason to you; who, undoubtedly, will think it a sufficient one that I follow your example. Farewell.

A NEW MEETING-HOUSE

In compliance with the advice of the Aruspices, I intend to enlarge and beautify the temple of Ceres, which stands upon my estate. It is indeed a very ancient fabric, and though extremely small, yet upon a certain stated anniversary is much frequented. On the 13th of September great numbers of people from all the country round assemble there, at which time many affairs are transacted, and many vows paid and offered; but there is no shelter at hand for them either from sun or rain. I think, therefore, I shall perform an act both of piety and munificence if, at the same time that I build a beautiful temple, I add to it a spacious portico; the first for the service of the goddess, the other for the use of the people. I beg therefore you would purchase for me four marble pillars, of whatever kind you shall think proper; as well as a quantity of marble for laying the floor, and encrusting the walls. You must also either buy a statue of the goddess or get one made; for age has maimed, in some parts, the ancient one of wood which stands there at present. With respect to the portico, I do not recollect there being anything you can send me that will be serviceable; unless you will sketch me out a plan suitable to the situation of the place. It is not practicable to build it round the temple, because it is encompassed on one side by the river, whose banks are exceedingly steep; and on the other, by the high-road. Beyond this road lies a very large meadow, in which the portico may be conveniently enough placed, opposite to the temple; unless you, who know so well how to conquer the inconveniences of nature by art, can hit upon some better plan. Farewell.

LUCIUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS (About A.D. 40–104)

Martial was a Spaniard from Bilbilis, came to Rome under Nero at twenty-three, was attached to influential patrons, including Titus and Domitian, published eleven books of epigrams by the year 97, and added a twelfth on his return a few years afterward to Spain, where he ended his days. Books thirteen and fourteen contain couplets to be used with dinner favors and with presents at the Saturnalia, composed before the other twelve books. He wrote also, first of all, the *Book of Spectacles,* epigrams on the events in the dedication program of the Coliseum in 80. The whole collection numbers about 1550, of which three-fourths are in elegiacs, like the verse of Ovid and the Greek epigram.

Martial comes late in the history of epigram, but is practically the founder of it as popularly conceived ever since: that is, as a short, highly concentrated poem with a point that is made to appear suddenly or with a surprise. Compared with the calm, genial, contemplative, tripping genius of the Greek epigram, which is very frequently not satiric, Martial seems at times hard and metallic, but those who like precision and ingenuity, and require of epigram the sting usually associated with it, will agree with Lessing that he is the world's greatest epigrammatist, and understand his appeal to Dryden, Pope, and Johnson. Besides art, his epigrams are a fascinating human document. As he says, his page 'smacks of human life.' To read him in quantity is to sit before a cinematograph of the Flavian era. Provincially reared, with keen understanding, fresh vision, and a responsive pen, he converted innumerable impressions of the arresting realities among which he moved into clear, cameo-like pictures for the amusement and instruction of all time. Their variety is truly astonishing. He flashes before us types of men and women from every sphere, with all the phenomena of an age of *ennui* in an irresponsible capital. He is a satirist not because he is a moralist, for he never scolds and rarely exhibits either indignation or enthusiasm, but because to portray freely and with Spanish truthfulness as he did was in itself to satirize. Of the coarseness which under these conditions is to be expected in his pages, he says, 'My page only is free, my life upright'; and of its varied and uneven quality:

'Good, fair, and bad
May here be had.
That's no surprise.
'Twere vain to look
For any book
That's otherwise.'
—Kirby Smith.

TO HIS BOOK

Three hundred epigrams thou mightst contain,
But who, to read so many can sustain?
Hear what in praise of brevity is said:
First, less expense and waste of paper's made;
The printer's labors, next, do sooner end,
And to more serious works he may attend;
Thirdly, to whomsoe'er thou shalt be read,
Though naught, not tedious yet thou canst be said;
Again, in length while thou dost not abound,
Thou mayst be heard while yet the cups go round:
And when this caution's used, alas! I fear
To many yet thou wilt too long appear.
—Anon.

PROVIDENCE DEMONSTRATED

On Tibur's road to where Alcides towers,
And hoary Anio smoking sulphur pours;
Where laugh the lawns and groves to Muses dear,
And the fourth stone bespeaks Augusta near,
An antique porch prolonged the summer shade.—
What a new deed her dotage half essayed!
Reeling, herself she threw with instant crash,
Where Regulus scarce passed in his calash.
Sly Fortune started, for herself aware,
Nor could the overwhelming odium bear.
Thus ruins ravish us, and dangers teach:
Still standing piles could no protection preach.
—Elphinston.

NON AMO TE

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.
—Tom Brown (1663-1704).

CHANGE OF NAME ONLY

An Undertaker now is Brown,
Doctor no more—
His work is really still
What 'twas before.
—Grant Showerman.

TRY THE LAST ACT

You act the pleader and you act the man
Of business; acting is your constant plan:
So prone to act, the coachman's part is tried;
Lest all parts fail thee, act the suicide.
—L. H. S.

NEAR NEIGHBORS

My neighbor Hunks's house and mine
Are built so near they almost join;
The windows, too, project so much,
That through the casements we may touch.
Nay, I'm so happy, most men think,
To live so near a man of chink,
That they are apt to envy me,
For keeping such good company:
But he's as far from me, I vow,
As London is from good Lord Howe;
For when old Hunks I chance to meet,
Or one or both must quit the street;
Thus he who would not see old Roger,
Must be his neighbor or his lodger.
—Jonathan Swift.

THE WAY TO POVERTY

When some time since you had not clear
Above three hundred pounds a year,
You lived so well, your bounty such,
Your friends all wished you twice as much.
Heaven with our wishes soon complied;
In six months four relations died.
But you, so far from having more,
Seem robbed of what you had before:
A greater miser every day,
Live in a cursed starving way;
Scarce entertain us once a year;
And then not worth a groat the cheer:
Seven old companions, men of sense,
Scarce cost you now as many pence.
What shall we wish you on our part?
What wish can equal your desert?
Thousands a year may Heaven grant—
Then will you starve, and die for want!
—Hay.

COWARDS DIE MANY TIMES

So fast he fled the enemy,
Dick died for want of breath;
I ask, is this not madness,
To die for fear of death?
—Grant Showerman.

WHERE WATER'S DEAR

There's a sly old fox at Ravenna
Who cheated me of late:
When I ordered a whiskey and water,
He gave me whiskey straight.
—Paul Nixon, by permission; from A Roman Wit.

AN EXPLANATION

Philænis weeps with just one eye;
Queer, is it not?
You wish to know the reason why?
That's all she's got.
—Paul Nixon, by permission.

PROCRASTINATION

Tomorrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
Tomorrow I will live, the fool does say;
Today itself's too late: the wise lived yesterday.
—Cowley.

ROUNDED WITH A SLEEP

Though he bathed with us yesterday, dined with us, too,
And was quite in the pink of condition,
Ancus died this A. M.—of a dream that he'd asked
Hermocrates to be his physician.
—Paul Nixon, by permission.

CAMOUFLAGE

'Tis not a wig, O Phœbus, replaces your lost hair,
But painted locks we see luxuriating there.
No need for you henceforth of any barber shop;
A sponge is all you need to get the closest crop.
—Grant Showerman.

THE REASON

Why is it I don't send my books,
Pontilian, to thee?
Because I fear, Pontilian,
That thou'lt send thine to me.
—Grant Showerman.

A USE FOR PRESENTS

There is only one way to replenish my coffers.
I must e'en sell the presents you gave me.
What offers?
—Marcus Southwell Dimsdale.

UNION LABOR

By the time the Barber Eurus
Had circled Lupo's face,
A second beard had sprouted
In the first one's place.
—Paul Nixon, by permission.

LOVE, HONOR—AND OBEY

My turning down a wealthy match
You say you think a riddle?
But I could never be content
With playing second fiddle.
The wife's the proper one to yield,
Her lord to have the say;
Equality for man and wife
Can come no other way.
—Grant Showerman.

A MATCH

Since you are curst, and so is he,
And both as like as like can be,
I marvel that you don't agree.
—Grant Showerman.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

What have you got against us, you school-teaching villain,
Detested by girls and by boys,
That before crested cocks break the silence,
Your blows raise that horrible noise?

When a bronze-worker's putting a lawyer on horseback
The blow on the anvil's less loud;
Milder yells in the great Coliseum
The victor receives from his crowd.

We next door wish to doze—during some of the night hours;
Entire lack of sleep makes us ill.
Let 'em out; what they pay you for bawling
We'll pay if you'll only keep still.
—Paul Nixon, by permission.

THE WIFE-POISONER

The seventh wife you've laid to rest now in your field:
I never knew a piece of land with such a yield.
—Grant Showerman.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY LIFE

What makes a happy life, dear friend,
If thou wouldst briefly learn, attend—
An income left, not earned by toil;
Some acres of a kindly soil;
The pot unfailing on the fire;
No lawsuits, seldom town attire;
Health; strength with grace; a peaceful mind;
Shrewdness with honesty combined;
Plain living; equal friends and free;
Evenings of temperate gaiety;
A wife discreet yet blithe and bright;
Sound slumber that lends wings to night.
With all thy heart embrace thy lot,
Wish not for death, and fear it not.
—Goldwin Smith.

TEMPERAMENT

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee nor without thee.
—Joseph Addison.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS (About A.D. 60–140)

Juvenal was probably born at Aquinum, south of Rome and not distant from Arpinum, Cicero's home, became a rhetorician at Rome and enjoyed the patronage of wealthy Romans as Martial did, and may have spent some time in Aquinum as mayor and in the provinces as a military officer. He was the contemporary of Martial and Tacitus, and his sixteen satires on the turbulence, extravagance, degeneracy, silliness, vice, and crime of the capital confirm the impression of a careless general society left by Martial and that of unscrupulous and debauched wealth and power left by Tacitus. He is the best known satirist of Rome and a world's type of satirist because in him satire first reached its culmination. The satire of Ennius had been a pleasant miscellany, Lucilius had combined this with a manner of political satire in the interest of his Scipionic patrons, Horace in his satires was more the philosophical and tolerant spectator and essayist than the moral castigator, and Persius was a more deeply concerned but imperfect Horace. Horace 'smilingly told the truth' about the universal follies of mankind as they rise from the false or distorted life of the spirit; Juvenal with face aglow and in thundering tones lays fiercely about him with a bludgeon. He is indeed so sweeping and so declamatory that the effect of his denunciation is a trifle impaired; there is the suggestion of professionalism in him. Yet Juvenal is essentially sincere. A member of the humbler class, come from the simplicity of provincial life, where he had been bred in the ideals of the olden time, to the great capital which had really long been in the course of rapid change in every way, racially, socially, and morally, he saw the new and complex in glaring contrast with the old and simple, and attacked what satirists in similar circumstances usually attack: the newly rich, the degenerate noble, the irresponsible in authority, the new woman, the wastes and immoralities of the patrician, and the disorders and presumptions of the plebeian and foreigner. The reader feels himself in a familiar presence; change the names, as Doctor Johnson did in the third satire, and the satire is on modern times. But Juvenal does not remain in the memory merely as a satirist. He is also a powerful delineator. In no other author does one so vividly see and feel the realities of the great, bustling, teeming, variegated, roaring capital of the ancient world.

The translation is by William Gifford.

A FAREWELL TO THE CAPITAL

Grieved though I am to see the man depart,
Who long has shared, and still must share, my heart,
Yet (when I call my better judgment home)
I praise his purpose; to retire from Rome,
And give, on Cumæ's solitary coast,
The Sibyl—one inhabitant to boast!
Full on the road to Baiæ, Cumæ lies,
And many a sweet retreat her shore supplies—
Though I prefer ev'n Prochyta's bare strand
To the Subura:—for, what desert land,
What wild, uncultured spot, can more affright,
Than fires, wide blazing through the gloom of night,
Houses, with ceaseless ruin, thundering down,
And all the horrors of this hateful town?
Where poets, while the dog-star glows, rehearse,
To gasping multitudes, their barbarous verse!
Now had my friend, impatient to depart,
Consigned his little all to one poor cart:
For this, without the town, he chose to wait;
But stopped a moment at the Conduit-gate.—
Here Numa erst his nightly visits paid,
And held high converse with the Egerian maid:
Now the once-hallowed fountain, grove, and fane,
Are let to Jews, a wretched, wandering train,
Whose furniture's a basket filled with hay,—
For every tree is forced a tax to pay;
And while the heaven-born Nine in exile rove,
The beggar rents their consecrated grove!
Thence slowly winding down the vale, we view
The Egerian grots—ah, how unlike the true!

Nymph of the Spring, more honored hadst thou been,
If, free from art, an edge of living green,
Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,
And marble ne'er profaned the native stone.
Umbritius here his sullen silence broke,
And turned on Rome, indignant, as he spoke,
Since virtue droops, he cried, without regard,
And honest toil scarce hopes a poor reward;
Since every morrow sees my means decay,
And still makes less the little of today;
I go, where Dædalus, as poets sing,
First checked his flight, and closed his weary wing:
While something yet of health and strength remains,
And yet no staff my faltering step sustains;
While few grey hairs upon my head are seen,
And my old age is vigorous still, and green. . . .
But why, my friend, should I at Rome remain?
I cannot teach my stubborn lips to feign;
Nor, when I hear a great man's verses, smile,
And beg a copy, if I think them vile.
A sublunary wight, I have no skill
To read the stars; I neither can, nor will,
Presage a father's death; I never pried,
In toads, for poison, nor—in aught beside.
Others may aid the adulterer's vile design,
And bear the insidious gift, and melting line,
Seduction's agents! I such deeds detest;
And, honest, let no thief partake my breast.
For this, without a friend, the world I quit;
A palsied limb, for every use unfit.
Who now is loved, but he whose conscious breast
Swells with dark deeds, still, still to be suppprest?
He pays, he owes, thee nothing, (strictly just,)
Who gives an honest secret to thy trust;
But, a dishonest!—there, he feels thy power,
And buys thy friendship high from hour to hour.
But let not all the wealth which Tagus pours
In Ocean's lap, not all his glittering stores,
Be deemed a bribe, sufficient to requite
The loss of peace by day, of sleep by night:—
O take not, take not, what thy soul rejects,
Nor sell the faith, which he, who buys, suspects!
The nation, by the great, admired, carest,
And hated, shunned by me, above the rest,
No longer, now, restrained by wounded pride,
I haste to show, (nor thou my warmth deride,)
I cannot rule my spleen, and calmly see,
A Grecian capital, in Italy!
Grecian? O, no! with this vast sewer compared,
The dregs of Greece are scarcely worth regard:
Long since, the stream that wanton Syria laves
Has disembogued its filth in Tiber's waves,
Its language, arts; o'erwhelmed us with the scum
Of Antioch's streets, its minstrel, harp, and drum.
Hie to the Circus! ye who pant to prove
A barbarous mistress, an outlandish love;
Hie to the Circus! there, in crowds they stand,
Tires on their head, and timbrels in their hand.
Thy rustic, Mars, the trechedipna wears,
And on his breast, smeared with ceroma, bears
A paltry prize, well-pleased; while every land,
Sicyon, and Amydos, and Alaband,
Tralles, and Samos, and a thousand more,
Thrive on his indolence, and daily pour
Their starving myriads forth: hither they come,
And batten on the genial soil of Rome;
Minions, then lords, of every princely dome!
A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
Of torrent tongue, and never-blushing face;
A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,
Which shifts to every form, and shines in all:
Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
Rope-dancer, conjurer, fiddler, and physician,
All trades his own, your hungry Greekling counts;
And bid him mount the sky,—the sky he mounts!
You smile—was't a barbarian, then, that flew?
No, 'twas a Greek; 'twas an Athenian, too!
Bear with their state who will: for I disdain
To feed their upstart pride, or swell their train:
Slaves, that in Syrian lighters stowed, so late,
With figs and prunes, (an inauspicious freight,)
Already see their faith preferred to mine,
And sit above me! and before me sign!—
That on the Aventine I first drew air,
And, from the womb, was nursed on Sabine fare,

Avails me not! our birthright now is lost,
And all our privilege, an empty boast!
For lo! where versed in every soothing art,
The wily Greek assails his patron's heart,
Finds in each dull harangue an air, a grace,
And all Adonis in a Gorgon face;
Admires the voice that grates upon the ear,
Like the shrill scream of amorous chanticleer;
And equals the crane neck, and narrow chest,
To Hercules, when, straining to his breast
The giant son of Earth, his every vein
Swells with the toil, and more than mortal pain.
We too can cringe as low, and praise as warm,
But flattery from the Greeks alone can charm.
See! they step forth, and figure to the life,
The naked nymph, the mistress, or the wife,
So just, you view the very woman there,
And fancy all beneath the girdle bare!
No longer now, the favorites of the stage
Boast their exclusive power to charm the age;
The happy art with them a nation shares,
Greece is a theater, where all are players.
For lo! their patron smiles,—they burst with mirth;
He weeps,—they droop, the saddest souls on earth;
He calls for fire,—they court the mantle's heat;
'Tis warm, he cries,—and they dissolve in sweat.
Ill-matched!—secure of victory they start,
Who, taught from youth to play a borrowed part,
Can, with a glance, the rising passion trace,
And mould their own, to suit their patron's face;
At deeds of shame their hands admiring raise,
And mad debauchery's worst excesses praise. . . .
Produce, at Rome, your witness: let him boast
The sanctity of Berecynthia's host,
Of Numa, or of him, whose zeal divine
Snatched pale Minerva from her blazing shrine:
To search his rent-roll, first the bench prepares,
His honesty employs their latest cares:
What table does he keep, what slaves maintain,
And what, they ask, and where is his domain?
These weighty matters known, his faith they rate,
And square his probity to his estate.

The poor may swear by all the immortal Powers,
By the Great Gods of Samothrace, and ours—
His oaths are false, they cry; he scoffs at heaven,
And all its thunders; scoffs,—and is forgiven!
Add, that the wretch is still the theme of scorn,
If the soiled cloak be patched, the gown o'erworn;
If, through the bursting shoe, the foot be seen,
Or the coarse seam tell where the rent has been.
O Poverty, thy thousand ills combined
Sink not so deep into the generous mind,
As the contempt and laughter of mankind! . . .
There's many a part of Italy, 'tis said,
Where none assume the toga but the dead:
There, when the toil foregone and annual play,
Mark, from the rest, some high and solemn day,
To theatres of turf the rustics throng,
Charmed with the farce that charmed their sires so long;
While the pale infant, of the mask in dread,
Hides, in his mother's breast, his little head.
No modes of dress high birth distinguish there;
All ranks, all orders, the same habit wear,
And the dread Ædile's dignity is known,
O sacred badge! by his white vest alone.
But here, beyond our power arrayed we go,
In all the gay varieties of show;
And when our purse supplies the charge no more,
Borrow, unblushing, from our neighbor's store:
Such is the reigning vice; and so we flaunt,
Proud in distress, and prodigal in want!
Briefly, my friend, here all are slaves to gold,
And words, and smiles, and everything is sold.
What will you give for Cossus' nod? how high
The silent notice of Veiento buy?
—One favorite youth is shaved, another shorn;
And, while to Jove the precious spoil is borne,
Clients are taxed for offerings, and (yet more
To gall their patience), from their little store,
Constrained to swell the minion's ample hoard,

And bribe the page, for leave to bribe his lord.
Who fears the crash of houses in retreat?
At simple Gabii, bleak Prænestе's seat,
Volsinium's craggy heights, embowered in wood,
Or Tibur, beetling o'er prone Anio's flood?
While half the city here by shores is staid,
And feeble cramps, that lend a treacherous aid:
For thus the stewards patch the riven wall,
Thus prop the mansion, tottering to its fall;
Then bid the tenant court secure repose,
While the pile nods to every blast that blows.
O! may I live where no such fears molest,
No midnight fires burst on my hour of rest!
For here 'tis terror all; midst the loud cry
Of 'Water! water!' the scared neighbors fly,
With all their haste can seize—the flames aspire,
And the third floor is wrapt in smoke and fire,
While you, unconscious, doze: Up, ho! and know,
The impetuous blaze which spreads dismay below,
By swift degrees will reach the aerial cell,
Where, crouching, underneath the tiles you dwell,
Where your tame doves their golden couplets rear,
And you could no mischance, but drowning, fear!
'Codrus had but one bed, and that too short
For his short wife'; his goods, of every sort,
Were else but few:—six little pipkins graced
His cupboard head, a little can was placed
On a snug shelf beneath, and near it lay
A Chiron, of the same cheap marble,—clay.
And was this all? O no: he yet possest
A few Greek books, shrined in an ancient chest,
Where barbarous mice through many an inlet crept,
And fed on heavenly numbers, while he slept.—
'Codrus, in short, had nothing.' You say true;
And yet poor Codrus lost that nothing too!
One curse alone was wanting, to complete
His woes: that, cold and hungry, through the street,
The wretch should beg, and, in the hour of need,
Find none to lodge, to clothe him, or to feed!

But should the raging flames on grandeur prey,
And low in dust Asturius' palace lay,
The squalid matron sighs, the senate mourns,
The pleaders cease, the judge the court adjourns;
All join to wail the city's hapless fate,
And rail at fire with more than common hate.
Lo! while it burns, the obsequious courtiers haste,
With rich materials, to repair the waste:
This, brings him marble, that, a finished piece,
The far-famed boast of Polyclete and Greece;
This, ornaments, which graced of old the fane
Of Asia's gods; that, figured plate and plain;
This, cases, books, and busts the shelves to grace,
And piles of coin his specie to replace—
So much the childless Persian swells his store
(Though deemed the richest of the rich before),
That all ascribe the flames to thirst of pelf,
And swear, Asturius fired his house himself.
O, had you, from the Circus, power to fly,
In many a halcyon village might you buy
Some elegant retreat, for what will, here,
Scarce hire a gloomy dungeon through the year!
There wells, by nature formed, which need no rope,
No laboring arm, to crane their waters up,
Around your lawn their facile streams shall shower,
And cheer the springing plant and opening flower.
There live, delighted with the rustic's lot,
And till, with your own hands, the little spot;
The little spot shall yield you large amends,
And glad, with many a feast, your Samian friends.
And, sure,—in any corner we can get,
To call one lizard ours, is something yet!
Flushed with a mass of indigested food,
Which clogs the stomach and inflames the blood,
What crowds, with watching wearied and o'erprest,
Curse the slow hours, and die for want of rest!
For who can hope his languid lids to close,
Where brawling taverns banish all repose?
Sleep, to the rich alone, his visits pays:
And hence the seeds of many a dire disease.
The carts loud rumbling through the narrow way,

The drivers' clamors at each casual stay,
From drowsy Drusus would his slumber take,
And keep the calves of Proteus broad awake!
If business call, obsequious crowds divide,
While o'er their heads the rich securely ride,
By tall Illyrians borne, and read, or write,
Or (should the early hour to rest invite),
Close the soft litter, and enjoy the night.
Yet reach they first the goal; while, by the throng
Elbowed and jostled, scarce we creep along;
Sharp strokes from poles, tubs, rafters, doomed to feel;
And plastered o'er with mud, from head to heel:
While the rude soldier gores us as he goes,
Or marks, in blood, his progress on our toes!
See, from the Dole, a vast tumultuous throng,
Each followed by his kitchen, pours along!
Huge pans, which Corbulo could scarce uprear,
With steady neck a puny slave must bear,
And, lest amid the way the flames expire,
Glide nimbly on, and gliding, fan the fire;
Through the close press with sinuous efforts wind,
And, piece by piece, leave his botched rags behind.
Hark! groaning on, the unwieldy wagon spreads
Its cumbrous load, tremendous! o'er our heads,
Projecting elm or pine, that nods on high,
And threatens death to every passer by.
Heavens! should the axle crack, which bears a weight
Of huge Ligurian stone, and pour the freight
On the pale crowd beneath, what would remain,
What joint, what bone, what atom of the slain?
The body, with the soul, would vanish quite,
Invisible as air, to mortal sight!—
Meanwhile, unconscious of their fellow's fate,
At home, they heat the water, scour the plate,
Arrange the strigils, fill the cruse with oil,
And ply their several tasks with fruitless toil:
For he who bore the dole, poor mangled ghost,
Sits pale and trembling on the Stygian coast,
Scared at the horrors of the novel scene,
At Charon's threatening voice, and scowling mien;
Nor hopes a passage, thus abruptly hurled,
Without his farthing, to the nether world.

Pass we these fearful dangers, and survey
What other evils threat our nightly way.
And first, behold the mansion's towering size,
Where floors on floors to the tenth story rise;
Whence heedless garreteers their potsherds throw,
And crush the unwary wretch that walks below!
Clattering the storm descends from heights unknown,
Ploughs up the street, and wounds the flinty stone!
'Tis madness, dire improvidence of ill,
To sup abroad, before you sign your will;
Since fate in ambush lies, and marks his prey,
From every wakeful window in the way:
Pray, then,—and count your humble prayer well sped,
If pots be only—emptied on your head.
The drunken bully, ere his man be slain,
Frets through the night, and courts repose in vain;
And while the thirst of blood his bosom burns,
From side to side, in restless anguish, turns,
Like Peleus' son, when, quelled by Hector's hand,
His loved Patroclus prest the Phrygian strand.
There are, who murder as an opiate take,
And only when no brawls await them wake:
Yet even these heroes, flushed with youth and wine,
All contest with the purple robe decline;
Securely give the lengthened train to pass,
The sun-bright flambeaux, and the lamps of brass.—
Me, whom the moon, or candle's paler gleam,
Whose wick I husband to the last extreme,
Guides through the gloom, he braves, devoid of fear:
The prelude to our doughty quarrel hear,
If that be deemed a quarrel, where, heaven knows,
He only gives, and I receive, the blows!
Across my path he strides, and bids me stand!
I bow, obsequious to the dread command;
What else remains, where madness, rage, combine
With youth, and strength superior far to mine?
'Whence come you, rogue?' he cries; 'whose beans tonight
Have stuffed you thus? what cobbler clubbed his mite,

For leeks and sheep's head porridge? Dumb! quite dumb!
Speak, or be kicked.—Yet, once again! your home?
Where shall I find you? At what beggar's stand
(Temple, or bridge) whimp'ring with outstretched hand?'
Whether I strive some humble plea to frame,
Or steal in silence by, 'tis just the same;
I'm beaten first, then dragged in rage away;
Bound to the peace, or punished for the fray!
Mark here the boasted freedom of the poor!
Beaten and bruised, that goodness to adore,
Which, at their humble prayer, suspends its ire,
And sends them home, with yet a bone entire!
Nor this the worst; for when deep midnight reigns,
And bolts secure our doors, and massy chains,
When noisy inns a transient silence keep,
And harassed nature woos the balm of sleep,
Then, thieves and murderers ply their dreadful trade;
With stealthy steps our secret couch invade:—
Roused from the treacherous calm, aghast we start,
And the fleshed sword—is buried in our heart!
Hither from bogs, from rocks, and caves pursued
(The Pontine marsh, and Gallinarian wood).
The dark assassins flock, as to their home,
And fill with dire alarms the streets of Rome.
Such countless multitudes our peace annoy,
That bolts and shackles every forge employ,
And cause so wide a waste, the country fears
A want of ore for mattocks, rakes, and shares.
O! happy were our sires, estranged from crimes;
And happy, happy, were the good old times,
Which saw, beneath their kings', their tribunes' reign,
One cell the nation's criminals contain!
Much could I add, more reasons could I cite,
If time were ours, to justify my flight;
But see! the impatient team is moving on,
The sun declining; and I must be gone:
Long since, the driver murmured at my stay,
And jerked his whip, to beckon me away.
Farewell, my friend! with this embrace we part:
Cherish my memory ever in your heart;
And when, from crowds and business, you repair,
To breathe at your Aquinum freer air,
Fail not to draw me from my loved retreat,
To Elvine Ceres, and Diana's seat:—
For your bleak hills my Cumæ I'll resign,
And (if you blush not at such aid as mine)
Come well equipped, to wage, in angry rhymes,
Fierce war, with you, on follies and on crimes.

GAIUS SUETONIUS TRANQUILLUS (A.D. 75–140?)

The friend of Pliny, but younger, Suetonius became imperial secretary under Hadrian, and in 119-121 published *The Lives of the Cæsars,* a series of biographies beginning with Julius and ending with Domitian. He wrote also *Lives of Eminent Men,* of which the section on grammarians and the lives of Terence, Horace, and Lucan survive. In his capacity as secretary, Suetonius probably had special opportunities for documentary study. He seems to have been at pains to verify the extraordinary mass of detail that makes the lives really important in spite of their not very enlightened or artistic character. They are systematic rather than orderly, contain little that is reflective, do not analyze character, and manifest no distinction in style. They have great value nevertheless, for two reasons: they amplify and clarify what first century history we know from other sources by making us acquainted with the personal appearance and personal conduct of the emperors, and they contribute immensely to the power to visualize the city of Rome and the behavior of its citizens in the mass.

The translation is by John C. Rolfe, and is used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library.

THE DEIFIED JULIUS

He lived at first in the Subura in a modest house, but after he became pontifex maximus, in the official residence on the Sacred Way. Many have written that he was very fond of elegance and luxury; that having laid the foundations of a country-house on his estate at Nemi and finished it at great cost, he tore it all down because it did not suit him in every particular, although at the same time he was still poor and heavily in debt; and that he carried tesselated and mosaic floors about with him on his campaigns. . . .

More than sixty joined the conspiracy against him, led by Gaius Cassius and Marcus and Decimus Brutus. At first they hesitated whether to form two divisions at the elections in the Campus Martius, so that while some hurled him from the bridge as he summoned the tribes to vote, the rest might wait below and slay him; or to set upon him in the Sacred Way or at the entrance to the theater. When, however, a meeting of the Senate was called for the Ides of March in the Hall of Pompey, they readily gave that time and place the preference. . . .

Both for these reasons and because of poor health he hesitated for a long time whether to stay at home and put off what he had planned to do in the senate; but at last, urged by Decimus Brutus not to disappoint the full meeting which had for some time been waiting for him, he went forth almost at the end of the fifth hour; and when a note revealing the plot was handed him by someone on the way, he put it with others which he held in his left hand, intending to read them presently. Then, after several victims had been slain, and he could not get favorable omens, he entered the House in defiance of portents, laughing at Spurinna and calling him a false prophet, because the Ides of March were come without bringing him harm; though Spurinna replied that they had of a truth come, but they had not gone.

As he took his seat, the conspirators gathered about him as if to pay their respects, and straightway Tillius Cimber, who had assumed the lead, came nearer as though to ask something; and when Cæsar with a gesture put him off to another time, Cimber caught his toga by both shoulders; then as Cæsar cried, 'Why, this is violence!' one of the Cascas stabbed him from one side just below the throat. Cæsar caught Casca's arm and ran it through with his stylus, but as he tried to leap to his feet, he was stopped by another wound. When he saw that he was beset on every side by drawn daggers, he muffled his head in his robe, and at the same time drew down its lap to his feet with his left hand, in order to fall more decently, with the

lower part of his body also covered. And in this wise he was stabbed with three and twenty wounds, uttering not a word, but merely a groan at the first stroke, though some have written that when Marcus Brutus rushed at him, he said in Greek, 'You too, my child?' All the conspirators made off, and he lay there lifeless for some time, until finally three common slaves put him on a litter and carried him home, with one arm hanging down. And of so many wounds none turned out to be mortal, in the opinion of the physician Antistius, except the second one in the breast. . . .

When the funeral was announced, a pyre was erected in the Campus Martius near the tomb of Julia, and on the rostra a gilded shrine was placed, made after the model of the temple of Venus Genetrix; within was a couch of ivory with coverlets of purple and gold, and at its head a pillar hung with the robe in which he was slain. Since it was clear that the day would not be long enough for those who offered gifts, they were directed to bring them to the Campus by whatsoever streets of the city they wished, regardless of any order of precedence. At the funeral games, to rouse pity and indignation at his death, these words from the 'Contest for the Arms' of Pacuvius were sung:—

'Saved I these men that they might murder me?'

and words of a like purport from the 'Electra' of Atilius. Instead of a eulogy the consul Antonius caused a herald to recite the decree of the senate in which it had voted Cæsar all divine and human honors at once, and likewise the oath with which they had all pledged themselves to watch over his personal safety; to which he added a very few words of his own. The bier on the rostra was carried to the Forum by magistrates and ex-magistrates; and while some were urging that it be burned in the temple of Jupiter of the Capitol, and others in the Hall of Pompey, on a sudden two beings with swords by their sides and brandishing a pair of darts set fire to it with blazing torches, and at once the throng of bystanders heaped upon it dry branches, the judgment seats with the benches, and whatever else could serve as an offering. Then the musicians and actors tore off their robes, which they had taken from the equipment of his triumphs and put on for the occasion, rent them to bits and threw them into the flames, and the veterans of the legions the arms with which they had adorned themselves for the funeral; many of the women, too, offered up the jewels which they wore and the amulets and robes of their children.

At the height of the public grief a throng of foreigners went about lamenting each after the fashion of his country, above all the Jews, who even flocked to the place for several successive nights.

Immediately after the funeral the commons ran to the houses of Brutus and Cassius with firebrands, and after being repelled with difficulty, they slew Helvius Cinna when they met him, through a mistake in the name, supposing that he was Cornelius Cinna, who had the day before made a bitter indictment of Cæsar and for whom they were looking; and they set his head upon a spear and paraded it about the streets. Afterwards they set up in the Forum a solid column of Numidian marble almost twenty feet high, and inscribed upon it, 'To the Father of his Country.' At the foot of this they continued for a long time to sacrifice, make vows, and settle some of their disputes by an oath in the name of Cæsar.

Cæsar left in the minds of some of his friends the suspicion that he did not wish to live longer and had taken no precautions, because of his failing health; and that therefore he neglected the warnings which came to him from portents and from the reports of his friends. Some think that it was because he had full trust in that last decree of the senators and their oath that he dismissed even the armed bodyguard of Spanish soldiers that formerly attended him. Others, on the contrary, believe that he elected to expose himself once for all to the plots that threatened him on every hand, rather than to be always anxious and on his guard. Some, too, say that he was wont to declare that it was not so much to his own interest as to that of his country that he remain alive; he had long since had his fill of power and glory; but if aught befell him, the commonwealth would have no peace, but would be plunged in civil strife under much worse conditions.

About one thing almost all are fully agreed, that he all but desired such a death as he met; for once when he read in Xenophon how Cyrus in his last illness

gave directions for his funeral, he expressed his horror of such a lingering kind of end and his wish for one which was swift and sudden. And the day before his murder, in a conversation which arose at a dinner at the house of Marcus Lepidus, as to what manner of death was most to be desired, he had given his preference to one which was sudden and unexpected.

He died in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and was numbered among the gods, not only by a formal decree, but also in the conviction of the vulgar. For at the first of the games which his heir Augustus gave in honor of his apotheosis, a comet shone for seven successive nights, rising about the eleventh hour, and was believed to be the soul of Cæsar, who had been taken to heaven; and this is why a star is set upon the crown of his head in his statue.

It was voted that the hall in which he was slain be walled up, that the Ides of March be called the Day of Parricide, and that a meeting of the senate should never be called on that day.

Hardly any of his assassins survived him for more than three years, or died a natural death. They were all condemned, and they perished in various ways—some by shipwreck, some in battle; some took their own lives with the self-same dagger with which they had impiously slain Cæsar.

THE DEIFIED AUGUSTUS

Public Works

Since the city was not adorned as the dignity of the empire demanded, and was exposed to flood and fire, he so beautified it that he could justly boast that he had found it built of brick and left it in marble. He made it safe too for the future, so far as human foresight could provide for this.

He built many public works, in particular the following: his forum with the temple of Mars the Avenger, the temple of Apollo on the Palatine, and the fane of Jupiter the Thunderer on the Capitol. His reason for building the forum was the increase in the number of the people and of cases at law, which seemed to call for a third forum, since two were no longer adequate. Therefore it was opened to the public with some haste, before the temple of Mars was finished, and it was provided that the public prosecutions be held there apart from the rest, as well as the selection of jurors by lot. He had made a vow to build the temple of Mars in the war of Philippi, which he undertook to avenge his father; accordingly he decreed that in it the senate should consider wars and claims for triumphs, from it those who were on their way to the provinces with military commands should be escorted, and to it victors on their return should bear the tokens of their triumphs. He reared the temple of Apollo in that part of his house on the Palatine for which the soothsayers declared that the god had shown his desire by striking it with lightning. He joined to it colonnades with Latin and Greek libraries, and when he was getting to be an old man he often held meetings of the senate there as well, and revised the lists of jurors. He dedicated the shrine to Jupiter the Thunderer because of a narrow escape; for on his Cantabrian expedition during a march by night, a flash of lightning grazed his litter and struck the slave dead who was carrying a torch before him. He constructed some works, too in the name of others, his grandsons to wit, his wife and his sister, such as the colonnade and basilica of Gaius and Lucius; also the colonnades of Livia and Octavia, and the theater of Marcellus. More than that, he often urged other prominent men to adorn the city with new monuments or to restore and embellish old ones, each according to his means. And many such works were built at that time by many men; for example, the temple of Hercules of the Muses by Marcius Philippus, the temple of Diana by Lucius Cornificius, the Hall of Liberty by Asinius Pollio, the temple of Saturn by Munatius Plancus, a theater by Cornelius Balbus, an amphitheater by Statilius Taurus, and by Marcus Agrippa in particular many magnificent structures.

He divided the area of the city into regions and wards, arranging that the former should be under the charge of magistrates selected each year by lot, and the latter under 'masters' elected by the inhabitants of the respective neighborhoods. To guard against fires he devised a system of stations of night watchmen, and to control the floods he widened and cleared out the channel of the Tiber, which had for some time been filled with rubbish and narrowed by jutting buildings. Further, to make the approach to the city easier

from every direction, he personally undertook to rebuild the Flaminian Road all the way to Ariminum, and assigned the rest of the highways to others who had been honored with triumphs, asking them to use their prize-money in paving them.

The Emperor and His Children

In bringing up his daughter and his granddaughter he even had them taught spinning and weaving, and he forbade them to say or do anything except openly and such as might be recorded in the household diary. He was most strict in keeping them from meeting strangers, once writing to Lucius Vinicius, a young man of good position and character: 'You have acted presumptuously in coming to Baiæ to call on my daughter.' He taught his grandsons reading, swimming, and the other elements of education, for the most part himself, taking special pains to train them to imitate his own handwriting; and he never dined in their company unless they sat beside him on the lowest couch, or made a journey unless they preceded his carriage or rode close by it on either side.

But at the height of his happiness and his confidence in his family and its training, Fortune proved fickle. He found the two Julias, his daughter and granddaughter, guilty of every form of vice, and banished them. He lost Gaius and Lucius within the span of eighteen months, for the former died in Lycia and the latter at Massilia. He then publicly adopted his third grandson Agrippa and at the same time his stepson Tiberius by a bill passed in the assembly of the *curiæ;* but he soon disowned Agrippa because of his low tastes and violent temper, and sent him off to Surrentum.

He bore the death of his kin with far more resignation than their misconduct. For he was not greatly broken by the fate of Gaius and Lucius, but he informed the senate of his daughter's fall through a letter read in his absence by a quæstor, and for very shame would meet no one for a long time, and even thought of putting her to death. At all events, when one of her confidantes, a freedwoman called Phœbe, hanged herself at about that same time, he said: 'I would rather have been Phœbe's father.' After Julia was banished, he denied her the use of wine and every form of luxury, and would not allow any man, bond or free, to come near her without his permission, and then not without being informed of his stature, complexion, and even of any marks or scars upon his body. It was not until five years later that he moved her from the island to the mainland and treated her with somewhat less rigor. But he could not by any means be prevailed on to recall her altogether, and when the Roman people several times interceded for her and urgently pressed their suit, he in open assembly called upon the gods to curse them with like daughters and like wives. He would not allow the child born to his granddaughter Julia after her sentence to be recognized or reared.

Habit and Person

In the other details of his life it is generally agreed that he was most temperate and without even the suspicion of any fault. He lived at first near the Forum Romanum, above the Stairs of the Ringmakers, in a house which had belonged to the orator Calvus; afterwards, on the Palatine, but in the no less modest dwelling of Hortensius, which was remarkable neither for size nor elegance, having but a short colonnade with columns of Alban stone, and rooms without any marble decorations or handsome pavements. For more than forty years too he used the same bedroom in winter and summer; although he found the city unfavorable to his health in the winter, yet continued to winter there. If ever he planned to do anything in private or without interruption, he had a retired place at the top of the house, which he called 'Syracuse' and 'technyphion.' In this he used to take refuge, or else in the villa of one of his freedmen in the suburbs; but whenever he was not well, he slept at Mæcenas's house. For retirement he went most frequently to places by the sea and the islands of Campania, or to the towns near Rome, such as Lanuvium, Præneste or Tibur, where he very often held court in the colonnades of the temple of Hercules. He disliked large and sumptuous country palaces, actually razing to the ground one which his granddaughter Julia built on a lavish scale. His own villas, which were modest enough, he decorated not so much with handsome statues and pictures as with terraces, groves, and objects noteworthy for their antiquity and rarity; for example, at Capreæ the monstrous bones of huge sea monsters and wild beasts, called the 'bones

of the giants' and the 'weapons of the heroes.'

The simplicity of his furniture and household goods may be seen from couches and tables still in existence, many of which are scarcely fine enough for a private citizen. They say that he always slept on a low and plainly furnished bed. Except on special occasions he wore common clothes for the house, made by his sister, wife, daughter or granddaughters; his togas were neither close nor full, his purple stripe neither narrow nor broad, and his shoes somewhat high-soled, to make him look taller than he really was. But he always kept shoes and clothing to wear in public ready in his room for sudden and unexpected occasions.

He gave dinner parties constantly and always formally, with great regard to the rank and personality of his guests. Valerius Messala writes that he never invited a freedman to dinner with the exception of Menas, and then only when he had been enrolled among the freeborn after betraying the fleet of Sextus Pompey. Augustus himself writes that he once entertained a man at whose villa he used to stop, who had been one of his body-guard. He would sometimes come to table late on these occasions and leave early, allowing his guests to begin to dine before he took his place and keep their places after he went out. He served a dinner of three courses or of six when he was most lavish, without needless extravagance but with the greatest goodfellowship. For he drew in to the general conversation those who were silent or chatted under their breath, and introduced music and actors, or even strolling players from the circus, and especially story-tellers. . . .

He was unusually handsome and exceedingly graceful at all periods of his life, though he cared nothing for personal adornment. He was so far from being particular about the dressing of his hair, that he would have several barbers working in a hurry at the same time, and as for his beard he now had it clipped and now shaved, while at the very same time he would either be reading or writing something. His expression, whether in conversation or when he was silent, was so calm and mild, that one of the leading men of the Gallic provinces admitted to his countrymen that it had softened his heart, and kept him from carrying out his design of pushing the emperor over a cliff, when he had been allowed to approach him under the pretense of a conference, as he was crossing the Alps. He had clear, bright eyes, in which he liked to have it thought that there was a kind of divine power, and it greatly pleased him, whenever he looked keenly at anyone, if he let his face fall as if before the radiance of the sun; but in his old age he could not see very well with his left eye. His teeth were wide apart, small, and ill-kept; his hair was slightly curly and inclining to golden; his eyebrows met. His ears were of moderate size, and his nose projected a little at the top and then bent slightly inward. His complexion was between dark and fair. He was short of stature (although Julius Marathus, his freedman and keeper of his records, says that he was five feet and nine inches in height), but this was concealed by the fine proportion and symmetry of his figure.

The End of the Play

Presently he crossed over [from Capri] to Naples, although his bowels were still weak from intermittent attacks. In spite of this he witnessed a quinquennial gymnastic contest which had been established in his honor, and then started with Tiberius for his destination. But as he was returning his illness increased and he at last took to his bed at Nola, calling back Tiberius, who was on his way to Illyricum, and keeping him for a long time in private conversation, after which he gave attention to no business of importance.

On the last day of his life he asked every now and then whether there was any disturbance without on his account; then calling for a mirror, he had his hair combed and his falling jaws set straight. After that, calling in his friends and asking whether it seemed to them that he had played the comedy of life fitly, he added the tag:

'Since well I've played my part, all clap your hands
And from the stage dismiss me with applause.'

Then he sent them all off, and while he was asking some newcomers from the city about the daughter of Drusus, who was ill, he suddenly passed away as he was kissing Livia, uttering these last words: 'Live

mindful of our wedlock, Livia, and farewell,' thus blessed with an easy death and such a one as he had always longed for. For almost always on hearing that anyone had died swiftly and painlessly, he prayed that he and his might have a like *euthanasia,* for that was the term he was wont to use. He gave but one single sign of wandering before he breathed his last, calling out in sudden terror that forty young men were carrying him off. And even this was rather a premonition than a delusion, since it was that very number of soldiers of the prætorian guard that carried him forth to lie in state.

He died in the same room as his father Octavius, in the consulship of two Sextuses, Pompeius and Appuleius, on the fourteenth day before the Kalends of September at the ninth hour, just thirty-five days before his seventy-sixth birthday.

His body was carried by the senators of the municipalities and colonies from Nola all the way to Bovillæ, in the night time because of the season of the year, being placed by day in the basilica of the town at which they arrived or in its principal temple. At Bovillæ the members of the equestrian order met it and bore it to the city, where they placed it in the vestibule of his house.

In their desire to give him a splendid funeral and honor his memory the senators so vied with one another that among many other suggestions some proposed that his cortege pass through the triumphal gate, preceded by the statue of Victory which stands in the House, while a dirge was sung by children of both sexes belonging to the leading families; others, that on the day of the obsequies golden rings be laid aside and iron ones worn; and some, that his ashes be collected by the priests of the highest colleges. One man proposed that the name of the month of August be transferred to September, because Augustus was born in the latter, but died in the former; another, that all the period from the day of his birth until his demise be called the Augustan Age, and so entered in the Calendar. But though a limit was set to the honors paid him, his eulogy was twice delivered: before the temple of the Deified Julius by Tiberius, and from the old rostra by Drusus, son of Tiberius; and he was carried on the shoulders of senators to the Campus Martius and there cremated. There was even an ex-prætor who took oath that he had seen the form of the Emperor, after he had been reduced to ashes, on its way to heaven. His remains were gathered up by the leading men of the equestrian order, barefooted and in ungirt tunics, and placed in the Mausoleum. This structure he had built in his sixth consulship between the Via Flaminia and the bank of the Tiber, and at the same time opened to the public the groves and walks by which it was surrounded.

TIBERIUS

He was large and strong of frame, and of a stature above the average; broad of shoulders and chest; well proportioned and symmetrical from head to foot. His left hand was the more nimble and stronger, and its joints were so powerful that he could bore through a fresh, sound apple with his finger, and break the head of a boy, or even a young man, with a fillip. He was of fair complexion and wore his hair rather long at the back, so much so as even to cover the nape of his neck; which was apparently a family trait. His face was handsome, but would break out on a sudden with many pimples. His eyes were unusually large and, strange to say, had the power of seeing even at night and in the dark, but only for a short time when first opened after sleep; presently they grew dim-sighted again. He strode along with his neck stiff and bent forward, usually with a stern countenance and for the most part in silence, never or very rarely conversing with his companions, and then speaking with great deliberation and with a kind of supple movement of his fingers. . . .

The people were so glad of his death, that at the first news of it some ran about shouting, 'Tiberius to the Tiber,' while others prayed to Mother Earth and the Manes to allow the dead man no abode except among the damned. Still others threatened his body with the hook and the Stairs of Mourning. . . . When the funeral procession left Misenum, many cried out that the body ought rather to be carried to Atella, and half-burned in the amphitheater; but it was taken to Rome by the soldiers and reduced to ashes with public ceremonies.

GAIUS CALIGULA

On the ninth day before the Kalends of February at about the seventh hour he hesitated whether or not to get up for luncheon, since his stomach was still disordered from excess of food on the day before, but at length he came out at the persuasion of his friends. In the covered passage through which he had to pass, some boys of good birth, who had been summoned from Asia to appear on the stage, were rehearsing their parts, and he stopped to watch and encourage them; and had not the leader of the troop complained that he had a chill, he would have returned and had the performance given at once. From this point there are two versions of the story: some say that as he was talking with the boys, Chærea came up behind and gave him a deep cut in the neck, having first cried, 'Do your duty,' and that then the tribune Cornelius Sabinus, who was the other conspirator and faced Gaius, stabbed him in the breast. Others say that Sabinus, after getting rid of the crowd through centurions who were in the plot, asked for the watchword, as soldiers do, and that when Gaius gave him 'Jupiter,' he cried 'So be it,' and as Gaius looked around, he split his jaw-bone with a blow of his sword. As he lay upon the ground and with writhing limbs called out that he still lived, the others dispatched him with thirty wounds; for the general signal was 'Strike again.' Some even thrust their swords through his privates. At the beginning of the disturbance his bearers ran to his aid with their poles, and presently the Germans of his body-guard, and they slew several of his assassins, as well as some inoffensive senators.

He lived twenty-nine years and ruled three years, ten months and eight days. His body was conveyed secretly to the gardens of the Lamian family, where it was partly consumed on a hastily erected pyre and buried beneath a light covering of turf; later his sisters on their return from exile dug it up, cremated it, and consigned it to the tomb. Before this was done, it is well known that the caretakers of the gardens were disturbed by ghosts, and that in the house where he was slain not a night passed without some fearsome apparition, until at last the house itself was destroyed by fire. With him died his wife Cæsonia, stabbed with a sword by a centurion, while his daughter's brains were dashed out against a wall.

THE DEIFIED CLAUDIUS

The public works which he completed were great and essential rather than numerous; they were in particular the following: an aqueduct begun by Gaius; also the outlet of Lake Fucinus and the harbor at Ostia, although in the case of the last two he knew that Augustus had refused the former to the Marsians in spite of their frequent requests, and that the latter had often been thought of by the Deified Julius, but given up because of its difficulty. He brought to the city on stone arches the cool and abundant founts of the Claudian aqueduct, one of which is called Cæruleus and the other Curtius and Albudignus, and at the same time the spring of the new Anio, distributing them into many beautifully ornamental pools. He made the attempt on the Fucine Lake as much in the hope of gain as of glory, inasmuch as there were some who agreed to drain it at their own cost, provided the land that was uncovered be given to them. He finished the outlet, which was three miles in length, partly by leveling and partly by tunneling a mountain, a work of great difficulty and requiring eleven years, although he had thirty thousand men at work all the time without interruption. He constructed the harbor at Ostia by building curving breakwaters on the right and left, while before the entrance he placed a mole in deep water. To give this mole a firmer foundation, he first sank the ship in which the great obelisk had been brought from Egypt, and then securing it by piles, built upon it a very lofty tower after the model of the Pharos at Alexandria, to be lighted at night and guide the course of ships. . . .

He was eager for food and drink at all times and in all places. Once when he was holding court in the forum of Augustus and had caught the savor of a meal which was preparing for the Salii in the temple of Mars hard by, he left the tribunal, went up where the priests were, and took his place at their table. He hardly ever left the dining-room until he was stuffed and soaked; then he went to sleep at once, lying on his back with his mouth open, and a feather was put down his throat to

relieve his stomach. He slept but little at a time, for he was usually awake before midnight; but he would sometimes drop off in the daytime while holding court and could hardly be roused when the advocates raised their voices for the purpose.

NERO

The Artist's Return

Returning from Greece, since it was at Naples that he had made his first appearance, he entered that city with white horses through a part of the wall which had been thrown down, as is customary with victors in the sacred games. In like manner he entered Antium, then Albanum, and finally Rome; but at Rome he rode in the chariot which Augustus had used in his triumphs in days gone by, and wore a purple robe and a Greek cloak adorned with stars of gold, bearing on his head the Olympic crown and in his right hand the Pythian, while the rest were carried before him with inscriptions telling where he had won them and against what competitors, and giving the titles of the songs or the subject of the plays. His car was followed by his claque as by the escort of a triumphal procession, who shouted that they were the attendants of Augustus and the soldiers of his triumph. Then through the arch of the Circus Maximus, which was thrown down, he made his way across the Velabrum and the Forum to the Palatine and the temple of Apollo. All along the route victims were slain, the streets were sprinkled from time to time with perfume, while birds, ribbons, and sweetmeats were showered upon him. He placed the sacred crowns in his bed-chambers around his couches, as well as statues representing him in the guise of a lyre-player; and he had a coin, too, struck with the same device. So far from neglecting or relaxing his practice of the art after this, he never addressed the soldiers except by letter or in a speech delivered by another, to save his voice; and he never did anything for amusement or in earnest without an elocutionist by his side, to warn him to spare his vocal organs and hold a handkerchief to his mouth. To many men he offered his friendship or announced his hostility, according as they had applauded him lavishly or grudgingly.

The Golden House

There was nothing, however, in which he was more ruinously prodigal than in building. He made a palace extending all the way from the Palatine to the Esquiline, which at first he called the House of Passage, but when it was burned shortly after its completion and rebuilt, the Golden House. Its size and splendor will be sufficiently indicated by the following details. Its vestibule was large enough to contain a colossal statue of the emperor a hundred and twenty feet high; and it was so extensive that it had a triple colonnade a mile long. There was a pond too, like a sea, surrounded with buildings to represent cities, besides tracts of country, varied by tilled fields, vineyards, pastures and woods, with great numbers of wild and domestic animals. In the rest of the house all parts were overlaid with gold and adorned with gems and mother-of-pearl. There were dining-rooms with fretted ceilings of ivory, whose panels could turn and shower down flowers and were fitted with pipes for sprinkling the guests with perfumes. The main banquet hall was circular and constantly revolved day and night, like the heavens. He had baths supplied with sea water and sulphur water. When the edifice was finished in this style and he dedicated it, he deigned to say nothing more in the way of approval than that he was at last beginning to be housed like a human being.

The Last Day and Night

When meanwhile word came that the other armies had revolted, he tore to pieces the dispatches which were handed to him as he was dining, tipped over the table, and dashed to the ground two favorite drinking cups, which he called 'Homeric,' because they were carved with scenes from Homer's poems. Then taking some poison from Locusta and putting it into a golden box, he crossed over into the Servilian gardens, where he tried to induce the tribunes and centurions of the Guard to accompany him in his flight, first sending his most trustworthy freedmen to Ostia, to get a fleet ready. But when some gave evasive answers and some openly refused, one even cried:

'Is it so dreadful a thing then to die?'

Whereupon he turned over various plans in his mind, whether to go as a suppliant to the Parthians or Galba, or to appear to the people on the rostra, dressed in black, and beg as pathetically as he could for pardon for his past offenses; and if he could not soften their hearts, to entreat them at least to allow him the prefecture of Egypt. Afterwards a speech composed for this purpose was found in his writing desk; but it is thought that he did not dare to deliver it for fear of being torn to pieces before he could reach the Forum.

Having therefore put off further consideration to the following day, he awoke about midnight and finding that the guard of soldiers had left, he sprang from his bed and sent for all his friends. Since no reply came back from anyone, he went himself to their rooms with a few followers. But finding that all the doors were closed and that no one replied to him, he returned to his own chamber, from which now the very caretakers had fled, taking with them even the bed-clothing and the box of poison. Then he at once called for the gladiator Spiculus or any other adept at whose hand he might find death, and when no one appeared, he cried 'Have I then neither friend nor foe?' and ran out as if to throw himself into the Tiber.

Changing his purpose again, he sought for some retired place, where he could hide and collect his thoughts; and when his freedman Phaon offered his villa in the suburbs between the Via Nomentana and the Via Salaria near the fourth milestone, just as he was, barefooted and in his tunic, he put on a faded cloak, covered his head, and holding a handkerchief before his face, mounted a horse with only four attendants, one of whom was Sporus. At once he was startled by a shock of earthquake and a flash of lightning full in his face, and he heard the shouts of the soldiers from the camp hard by, as they prophesied destruction for him and success for Galba. He also heard one of the wayfarers whom he met say: 'These men are after Nero,' and another ask: 'Is there anything new in the city about Nero?' Then his horse took fright at the smell of a corpse which had been thrown out into the road, his face was exposed, and a retired soldier of the Guard recognized him and saluted him. When they came to a by-path leading to the villa, they turned the horses loose and he made his way amid bushes and brambles and along a path through a thicket of reeds to the back wall of the house, with great difficulty and only when a robe was thrown down for him to walk on. Here the aforesaid Phaon urged him to hide for a time in a pit, from which sand had been dug, but he declared that he would not go under ground while still alive, and after waiting for a while until a secret entrance into the villa could be made, he scooped up in his hand some water to drink from a pool close by, saying: 'This is Nero's distilled water.' Then, as his cloak had been torn by the thorns, he pulled out the twigs which had pierced it, and crawling on all fours through a narrow passage that had been dug, he entered the villa and lay down in the first room he came to, on a couch with a common mattress, over which an old cloak had been thrown. Though suffering from hunger and renewed thirst, he refused some coarse bread which was offered him, but drank a little lukewarm water.

At last, while his companions one and all urged him to save himself as soon as possible from the indignities that threatened him, he bade them dig a grave in his presence, proportioned to the size of his own person, collect any bits of marble that could be found, and at the same time bring water and wood for presently disposing of his body. As each of these things was done, he wept and said again and again: 'What an artist the world is losing!'

While he hesitated, a letter was brought to Phaon by one of his couriers. Nero snatching it from his hand read that he had been pronounced a public enemy by the senate, and that they were seeking him to punish him in the ancient fashion; and he asked what manner of punishment that was. When he learned that the criminal was stripped, fastened by the neck in a fork and then beaten to death with rods, in mortal terror he seized two daggers which he had brought with him, and then, after trying the point of each, put them up again, pleading that the fated hour had not yet come. Now he would beg Sporus to begin to lament and wail, and now entreat someone to help him take his life by setting him the example; anon he reproached himself for his cowardice in such words as these: 'To live is a scandal and shame—this does not become Nero, does not become him—one should be resolute at such times—come,

rouse thyself!' And now the horsemen were at hand who had orders to take him off alive. When he heard them, he quavered:

'Hark, now strikes on my ear the trampling of swift-footed coursers!'

and drove a dagger into his throat, aided by Epaphroditus, his private secretary. He was all but dead when a centurion rushed in, and as he placed a cloak to the wound, pretending that he had come to aid him, Nero merely gasped: 'Too late!' and 'This is fidelity!' With these words he was gone, with eyes so set and starting from their sockets that all who saw him shuddered with horror. First and beyond all else he had forced from his companions a promise to let no one have his head, but to contrive in some way that he be buried unmutilated. And this was granted by Icelus, Galba's freedman, who had shortly before been released from the bondage to which he was consigned at the beginning of the revolt.

He was buried at a cost of two hundred thousand sesterces and laid out in white robes embroidered with gold, which he had worn on the Kalends of January. His ashes were deposited by his nurses, Egloge and Alexandria, accompanied by his mistress Acte, in the family tomb of the Domitii on the summit of the Hill of Gardens, which is visible from the Campus Martius. In that monument his sarcophagus of porphyry, with an altar of Luna marble standing above it, is enclosed by a balustrade of Thasian stone.

THE DEIFIED VESPASIAN

Yet even so he could not be rid of his former ill-repute for covetousness. The Alexandrians persisted in calling him Cybiosactes, the surname of one of their kings who was scandalously stingy. Even at his funeral, Favor, a leading actor of mimes, who wore his mask and, according to the usual custom, imitated the actions and words of the deceased during his lifetime, having asked the procurators in a loud voice how much his funeral procession would cost, and hearing the reply 'Ten million sesterces,' cried out: 'Give me a hundred thousand and fling me even into the Tiber.'

He was well built, with strong, sturdy limbs, and the expression of one who was straining. . . .

Not only at dinner but on all other occasions he was most affable, and he turned off many matters with a jest; for he was very ready with sharp sayings, albeit of a low and buffoonish kind, so that he did not even refrain from obscene expressions. Yet many of his remarks are still remembered which are full of fine wit, and among them the following. When an ex-consul called Mestrius Florus called his attention to the fact that the proper pronunciation was *plaustra* rather than *plostra*, he greeted him next day as 'Flaurus.' . . . On the report of a deputation that a colossal statue of great cost had been voted him at public expense, he demanded to have it set up at once, and holding out his open hand, said that the base was ready. He did not cease his jokes even when in apprehension of death and in extreme danger; for when among other portents the Mausoleum opened on a sudden and a comet appeared in the heavens, he declared that the former applied to Junia Calvina of the family of Augustus, and the latter to the king of the Parthians, who wore his hair long; and as death drew near, he said: 'Woe's me. Methinks I'm turning into a god.'

THE DEIFIED TITUS

Titus, of the same surname as his father, was the delight and darling of the human race; such surpassing ability had he, by nature, art, or good fortune, to win the affections of all men, and that, too, which is no easy task, while he was emperor; for as a private citizen, and even during his father's rule, he did not escape hatred, much less public criticism.

He was born on the third day before the Kalends of January, in the year memorable for the death of Gaius, in a mean house near the Septizonium and in a very small dark room besides; for it still remains and is on exhibition. . . .

Even in boyhood his bodily and mental gifts were conspicuous and they became more and more so as he advanced in years. He had a handsome person, in which there was no less dignity than grace, and was uncommonly strong, although he was not tall of stature and had a rather protruding belly. His memory was extraordinary and

he had an aptitude for almost all the arts, both of war and of peace. Skilful in arms and horsemanship, he made speeches and wrote verses in Latin and Greek with ease and readiness, and even off-hand. He was besides not unacquainted with music, but sang and played the harp agreeably and skilfully. I have heard from many sources that he used also to write shorthand with great speed and would amuse himself by playful contests with his secretaries; also that he could imitate any handwriting that he had ever seen and often declared that he might have been the prince of forgers. . . .

He was most kindly by nature, and whereas in accordance with a custom established by Tiberius, all the Cæsars who followed him refused to regard favors granted by previous emperors as valid, unless they had themselves conferred the same ones on the same individuals, Titus was the first to ratify them all in a single edict, without allowing himself to be asked. Moreover, in the case of other requests made of him, it was his fixed rule not to let anyone go away without hope. Even when his household officials warned him that he was promising more than he could perform, he said that it was not right for anyone to go away sorrowful from an interview with his emperor. On another occasion, remembering at dinner that he had done nothing for anybody all that day, he gave utterance to that memorable and praiseworthy remark: 'Friends, I have lost a day.'

The whole body of the people in particular he treated with such indulgence on all occasions, that once at a gladiatorial show he declared that he would give it, 'not after his own inclinations, but those of the spectators'; and what is more, he kept his word. For he refused nothing which anyone asked, and even urged them to ask for what they wished. Furthermore, he openly displayed his partiality for Thracian gladiators and bantered the people about it by words and gestures, always however preserving his dignity, as well as observing justice. Not to omit any act of condescension, he sometimes bathed in the baths which he had built, in company with the common people.

There were some dreadful disasters during his reign, such as the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in Campania, a fire at Rome which continued three days and as many nights, and a plague the like of which had hardly ever been known before. In these many great calamities he showed not merely the concern of an emperor, but even a father's surpassing love, now offering consolation in edicts, and now lending aid so far as his means allowed. He chose commissioners by lot from among the exconsuls for the relief of Campania; and the property of those who lost their lives by Vesuvius and had no heirs left alive he applied to the rebuilding of the buried cities.

DOMITIAN

The day before he was killed he gave orders to have some apples which were offered him kept until the following day, and added: 'If only I am spared to eat them'; then turning to his companions, he declared that on the following day the moon would be stained with blood in Aquarius, and that a deed would be done of which men would talk all over the world. At about midnight he was so terrified that he leaped from his bed. The next morning he conducted the trial of a soothsayer sent from Germany, who when consulted about the lightning strokes had foretold a change of rulers, and condemned him to death. While he was vigorously scratching a festered wart on his forehead, and had drawn blood, he said: 'May this be all.' Then he asked the time, and by prearrangement the sixth hour was announced to him, instead of the fifth, which he feared. Filled with joy at this, and believing all danger now past, he was hastening to the bath, when his chamberlain Parthenius changed his purpose by announcing that someone had called about a matter of great moment and would not be put off. Then he dismissed all his attendants and went to his bedroom, where he was slain.

Concerning the nature of the plot and the manner of his death, this is about all that became known. As the conspirators were deliberating when and how to attack him, whether at the bath or at dinner, Stephanus, Domitilla's steward, at the time under accusation for embezzlement, offered his aid and counsel. To avoid suspicion, he wrapped up his left arm in woolen bandages for some days, pretending that he had injured it, and concealed in them a dagger. Then pretending to betray a conspiracy and for that reason being given an audience, he stabbed the emperor in the groin as he was

reading a paper which the assassin handed him, and stood in a state of amazement. As the wounded prince attempted to resist, he was slain with seven wounds by Clodianus, a subaltern, Maximus, a freedman of Parthenius, Satur, decurion of the chamberlains, and a gladiator from the imperial school. A boy who was engaged in his usual duty of attending to the Lares in the bedroom, and so was a witness of the murder, gave this additional information. He was bidden by Domitian, immediately after he was dealt the first blow, to hand him the dagger hidden under his pillow and to call the servants; but he found nothing at the head of the bed save the hilt, and besides all the doors were closed. Meanwhile the emperor grappled with Stephanus and bore him to the ground, where they struggled for a long time, Domitian trying now to wrest the dagger from his assailant's hands and now to gouge out his eyes with his lacerated fingers.

He was slain on the fourteenth day before the Kalends of October in the forty-fifth year of his age and the fifteenth of his reign. His corpse was carried out on a common bier by those who bury the poor, and his nurse Phyllis cremated it at her suburban estate on the Via Latina; but his ashes she secretly carried to the temple of the Flavian family and mingled them with those of Julia, daughter of Titus, whom she had also reared. . . .

He was tall of stature, with a modest expression and a high color. His eyes were large, but his sight was somewhat dim. He was handsome and graceful too, especially when a young man, and indeed in his whole body with the exception of his feet, the toes of which were somewhat cramped. In later life he had the further disfigurement of baldness, a protruding belly, and spindling legs, though the latter had become thin from a long illness. He was so conscious that the modesty of his expression was in his favor, that he once made this boast in the senate: 'So far, at any rate, you have approved my heart and my countenance.' He was so sensitive about his baldness, that he regarded it as a personal insult if anyone else was twitted with that defect in jest or in earnest; though in a book 'On the Care of the Hair,' which he published and dedicated to a friend, he wrote the following by way of consolation to the man and himself:

'Do you not see that I too am tall and comely to look on? And yet the same fate awaits my hair, and I bear with resignation the ageing of my locks in youth. Be assured that nothing is more pleasing than beauty, but nothing shorter-lived.'

He was incapable of exertion and seldom went about the city on foot, while on his campaigns and journeys he rarely rode on horseback, but was regularly carried in a litter. He took no interest in arms, but was particularly devoted to archery. There are many who have more than once seen him slay a hundred wild beasts of different kinds on his Alban estate, and purposely kill some of them with two successive shots in such a way that the arrows gave the effect of horns. Sometimes he would have a slave stand at a distance and hold out the palm of his right hand for a mark, with the fingers spread; then he directed his arrows with such accuracy that they passed harmlessly between the fingers.

At the beginning of his rule he neglected liberal studies, although he provided for having the libraries, which were destroyed by fire, renewed at very great expense, seeking everywhere for copies of the lost works, and sending scribes to Alexandria to transcribe and correct them. Yet he never took any pains to become acquainted with history or poetry, or even to acquiring an ordinarily good style. He read nothing except the memoirs and transactions of Tiberius Cæsar; for his letters, speeches and proclamations he relied on others' talents. Yet his conversation was not inelegant, and some of his sayings were even noteworthy.

VII. THE DECLINE OF PAGANISM (A.D. 138–417)

The onsets of the North, which for the five hundred years since the descent of the Gauls in B.C. 390 Rome had been able to defy, increased in frequency and seriousness from the time of Marcus Aurelius, who died in camp defending the frontiers, to the actual taking of the city by the Goths under Alaric in 410, when the falling apart of Roman territories began which culminated with the end of the Western empire, whose date for convenience's sake is usually stated as 476. The whole long period was a gradual dying of classical civilization in which literature and all the arts as well as government and society marched wearily hand in hand toward the gloom of the Middle Ages. The third century and the earlier half of the fourth were especially a period of non-production, and the later fourth century was only the Indian summer of literature. The *Words to My Soul* of the Emperor Hadrian seem almost an utterance of the great empire itself as it looks back upon past glories and forward to struggle, decay, and death:

Soul of me, vague, debonnair,
Guest of this body, and friend,
Say whither now wilt thou fare,
Pallid and rigid, and bare,
Little soul,
All thy jests at an end?
—Marcus Southwell Dimsdale.

MARCUS CORNELIUS FRONTO (About A.D. 100–167)

and

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS (A.D. 121–180)

Fronto, tutor to Marcus Aurelius, was a native of Cirta, the modern Constantine, in Africa, and his pupil was one of the few emperors born in Rome. He was much honored by both governmental and intellectual circles in the capital, and was not only the able instructor of the young prince but his intimate and valued friend in later years. The letters here given reveal the character of Fronto's ambition as teacher and stylist, the frank disposition of his imperial pupil, and the affectionate relation between them.

The translation is by C. R. Haines, and is used with the consent of the Loeb Classical Library.

MARCUS AURELIUS TO FRONTO

Hail, my sweetest of masters. We are well. I slept somewhat late owing to my slight cold, which seems now to have subsided. So from five a.m. till nine I spent the time partly in reading some of Cato's *Agriculture* and partly in writing not quite such wretched stuff, by heavens, as yesterday. Then, after paying my respects to my father, I relieved my throat, I will not say by gargling—though the word *gargarisso* is, I believe, found in Novius and elsewhere —but by swallowing honey water as far as the gullet and ejecting it again. After easing my throat I went off to my father and attended him at a sacrifice. Then we went to luncheon. What do you think I ate? A wee bit of bread, though I saw others devouring beans, onions, and herrings full of roe. We then worked hard at grape-gathering, and had a good sweat, and were merry and, as the poet says, 'still left some clusters hanging high as gleanings of the vintage.' After six o'clock we came home.

I did but little work and that to no purpose. Then I had a long chat with my little

mother as she sat on the bed. My talk was this: 'What do you think my Fronto is now doing?' Then she: 'And what do you think my Gratia is doing?' Then I: 'And what do you think our little sparrow, the wee Gratia, is doing?' Whilst we were chattering in this way and disputing which of us two loved the one or other of you two the better, the gong sounded, an intimation that my father had gone to his bath. So we had supper after we had bathed in the oil-press room; I do not mean bathed in the oil-press room, but when we had bathed, had supper there, and we enjoyed hearing the yokels chaffing one another. After coming back, before I turn over and snore, I get my task done and give my dearest of masters an account of the day's doings, and if I could miss him more, I would not grudge wasting away a little more. Farewell, my Fronto, wherever you are, most honey-sweet, my love, my delight. How is it between you and me? I love you and you are away.

FRONTO TO MARCUS AURELIUS

At this point, perhaps, you will have long been asking in what category I should place M. Tullius, who is hight the head and source of Roman eloquence. I consider him on all occasions to have used the most beautiful words, and to have been magnificent above all other orators in embellishing the subject which he wished to set out. But he seems to me to have been far from disposed to search out words with especial care, whether from greatness of mind, or to escape toil, or from the assurance that what others can scarcely find with careful search would be his at call without the need of searching. And so, from a most attentive perusal of all his writings, I think I have ascertained that he has with the utmost copiousness and opulence handled all other kinds of words—words literal and figurative, simple and compound and, what are conspicuous everywhere in his writings, noble words, and oftentimes also exquisite ones; and yet in all his speeches you will find very few words indeed that are unexpected and unlooked for, such as are not to be hunted out save with study and care and watchfulness and the treasuring up of old poems in the memory. By an unexpected and unlooked-for word I mean one which is brought out when the hearer or reader is not expecting it or thinking of it, yet so that if you withdrew it and asked the reader himself to think of a substitute, he would be able to find either no other at all or one not so fitted to express the intended meaning. Wherefore I commend you greatly for the care and diligence you show in digging deep for your word and fitting it to your meaning. But, as I said at first, there lies a great danger in the enterprise lest the word be applied unsuitably or with a want of clearness or a lack of refinement, as by a man of half-knowledge, for it is much better to use common and everyday words than unusual and far-fetched ones, if there is little difference in real meaning.

AULUS GELLIUS (About A.D. 130–180)

Possibly of African origin, educated at Rome, an admirer of Fronto, for some time a resident and student in Athens, Aulus Gellius compiled twenty books of miscellany which he called *Noctes Atticæ,* or *Attic Nights,* because he began them during winter evenings in Attica not far outside of Athens. The work shows him to have had a broad interest in language, literature, history, philosophy, science, religion. It is uneven in matter and execution, but is genial, frequently lighted by humor, full of human interest, and contains many items of curious and valuable knowledge which would otherwise be lost.

EPITAPHS OF THE POETS

Because of their distinction and charm, I think I ought to record in these commentaries the epitaphs of the three illustrious poets, Gnæus Nævius, Plautus, and Marcus Pacuvius, which they themselves composed and left to be carved on their tombs.

The epitaph of Nævius is full of Campanian pride: its testimony is warranted, only it was written by himself:

'If it were fit that mortals should mourn immortals, the heavenly Muses would weep for Nævius the poet: so true is it that since he passed to the treasure-house of Orcus they have forgotten at Rome how to speak the Latin tongue.'

The epitaph of Plautus we should hesitate to regard as his composition, were it not set down by Varro in his first book on the poets:

'Since Plautus passed away, Comedy is in mourning, the stage is deserted, and Laughter, Gamesomeness, Jest, and meterless Numbers have all been shedding tears together.'

The epitaph of Pacuvius is most modest and simple, and is worthy of his exceeding good taste and seriousness:

'Young man, though you be in haste, this stone asks you to look upon it and to read what is there written. Here are laid the bones of Marcus Pacuvius: I wished you to be not unaware of this. Fare you well.'

ROMULUS AND WINE

Lucius Piso Frugi in the first book of his *Annals,* writing about the life and the manner of living of King Romulus, is charmingly simple in both matter and style. The passage to which I refer is as follows: They say, too, that Romulus, invited once to dinner, did not drink much there because he had business on the next day. Said his friends, 'Romulus, if all men did as you are doing, wine would be cheaper.' He answered them, 'No, on the contrary, it would be dear—if every man should drink all he wanted; for I have drunk all I wanted.'

FOREIGN LANGUAGE

Quintus Ennius used to say he had three hearts, because he could speak Greek, Oscan, and Latin. But Mithridates, the famous king of Pontus and Bithynia who was conquered by Gnæus Pompeius, had a command of the languages of the two-and-twenty nations over which he ruled. He never employed an interpreter in his conferences with the men of all these nations, but whenever he had occasion to summon any one of them he spoke with him in his own tongue and used his speech with no less expertness than if he were of the same race.

—Grant Showerman.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS

Whether of the times of Hadrian or of two hundred years later, *The Eve of St. Venus*, as Mackail calls this poem, is regarded with him by all critics as 'the first clear note of the new romanticism which transformed classical into medieval literature,' 'the earliest known poem belonging in spirit to the Middle Ages.' The first few stanzas and the last illustrate the character of the poem—its permeation by nature, its colors and perfume, its alliterations and assonances, its artful repetitions, and its striking refrain. The original is in about one hundred trochaic seven-foot lines, with a frequently recurring one-line refrain. It may have been used in connection with the nocturnal festival of Venus.

Cecil Clementi, the translator (1911), was English assistant colonial secretary at Hong Kong.

THE VIGIL OF VENUS

Spring is new and comes with singing! In the spring the world takes birth:
In the spring birds mate: at spring-tide all the loves join heart in mirth:
And the wood unbinds her tresses at the wooing of fond showers:
For to-morrow Love's Queen Regent weaves her myrtle-trellised bowers,
Plaited green with leafy tendrils, underneath the sylvan shade:
For to-morrow reigns Dione, high-throned, royally arrayed!
  Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow? Thou shalt learn of love to-morrow!

'Tis the eve of that day's nuptials whereon primal Æther wed:
For 'twas spring-tide when our Father all the year from rain-clouds bred.
Down he rained upon Earth's bosom, wooing thus his gentle wife,
Whereby, blent in one great body, gave he to all seedlings life.
  Know'st thou well love's joy and sorrow? Thou shalt love again to-morrow!

Then from blood-froth on his surface, in a ball of lambent foam,
All among his azure squadrons, where his two-foot horses roam,
Ocean fashioned our Dione from the swelling surf-wave's womb.
She herself, Creation's Sovereign, inwardly the mind and veins,
Instinct with her permeant spirit, by her secret strength constrains:
And through sky, through earth and ocean, where her nether path is strown,
Hath she deep in nature's seed-track impress of her passage sown,
And hath bid the ways of child-birth to the whole wide world be known.
  Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow? Love will dawn for thee to-morrow!

Hers the hand that paints the season purpling into gems of flower:
Her own impulse swells the bosom, tumid by Favonius' power,
Into burgeoning luxuriance. She herself, when airs of night
Have bequeathed to earth their moisture, strews the dew in starry light.
Lo! the tears of dew flash trembling with their downward drooping weight:
Yet each drop with tiny orbit checks awhile its headlong fate.
  Know'st thou well love's joy and sorrow? Love will weep for thee to-morrow!

Lo! the flow'ry purple-jewels have betrayed their purity:
For that moisture which the starlight rains from evening's tranquil sky,
Loosed at dawn their virgin-bosoms from the mantle's humid red:
By Dione's will at dawning dewy virgin-roses wed—

Roses made of Paphia's life-blood and the burning kiss of Love,
Made of gems, and made of fire-flames, and the sunlight from above,
Will to-morrow yield the crimson, hidden by their fiery stole,
Unashamed each to one husband, bound in bridal of the soul.
Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow? Thine be love's pursuit to-morrow! . . .

She is singing: I am silent. Will my spring-time never come?
When shall I be like the swallow and my voice no longer dumb?
I have lost the Muse by silence: Phœbus will not heed my breath:
So Amyclæ, through its silence, found in very silence death.
Hast thou known love's joy and sorrow? Love be thine again to-morrow!

APULEIUS (Born About A.D. 125)

Born at Madaura in Africa, educated in Carthage and Athens, traveler in Greece and Asia Minor, advocate in Rome, initiate in various religions, priest of the imperial cult, rhetorician, student of Plato, writer, and lecturer, Apuleius lived a varied and interesting life, finally settling down in Carthage. He wrote the *Apology,* a diverting defence against the charge of magic, *Plato and His Teaching, The Demon of Socrates, Flowers of Eloquence,* an anthology of his own lectures and addresses, and *The Transformations,* or *Metamorphoses,* also called *The Golden Ass.* The eleven books of *The Golden Ass,* the fantastic tale of a commercial traveler in Thessaly turned by magic into an ass and restored to human shape after a series of most diverting adventures as the property of robbers, a miller, a gardener, a troop of charlatan priests, and others, are Apuleius' real title to fame. Besides the human interest of the various tales which are strung on the thread of the main tale, there are two features of special value: one, the story of *Cupid and Psyche,* a folk tale widely known and here told for the first time in literary form, and the other, the account of the apparition of Isis, the great procession of the goddess in which the hero is restored to human form by the eating of roses, and his preparation by retreat, fasting, and prayer for the priesthood into which he is initiated. Neither the style nor the morals of *The Golden Ass* are chaste, but the style is appropriate to the matter, and the whole is everything that sparkles and entertains.

The translation is by W. Adlington, 1566, revised by S. Gaselee, and is used with the permission of the Loeb Classical Library.

METAMORPHOSES; OR, THE GOLDEN ASS

Lucius Becomes the Golden Ass

'But I pray you (which I had almost forgotten) tell me by what means, when I am an owl, I shall return to my pristine shape and become Lucius again?' 'Fear not for that,' quoth she, 'for my mistress hath taught me the way to bring all to pass, and to turn again the figures of such as are transformed into the shapes of men. . . .'

Which when she had often spoken she went all trembling into the chamber, and took a box out of the coffer, which I first kissed and embraced, and prayed that I might have good success in my purpose to fly. And then I put off all my garments and greedily thrust my hand into the box and took out a good deal of ointment, and after that I had well rubbed every part and member of my body, I hovered with mine arms, and moved myself, looking still when I should be changed into a bird as Pamphile was; and behold neither feathers did burgeon out nor appearance of wings, but verily my hair did turn into ruggedness and my tender skin wore tough and hard; my fingers and toes leaving the number of five grew together into hooves, and from the end of my back grew a great tail, and now my face became monstrous and my mouth long and my nostrils wide, my lips hanging down, and mine ears exceedingly increased with bristles; neither could I see any comfort of my transformation, save that the nature of my members was increasing likewise to the great discomfiture of Fotis, and so without all help (viewing every part of my poor body) I perceived that I was no bird, but a plain ass. Then I thought to blame Fotis, but being deprived as well of language as human gesture, I did all that I could, and looked upon her with hanging lips and watery eyes, as though to reproach her; but she (as soon as she espied me in such sort) smote her face angrily with her hands and cried out: 'Alas, poor wretch that I am, I am utterly cast away. The fear that I was in and my haste hath beguiled me, but especially the mistaking of the box hath deceived me. But it matters not so much, since sooner a medicine may be gotten for this than for any other thing: for if thou couldst get

roses and eat them, thou shouldst be delivered from the shape of an ass, and become my Lucius again. . . .'

And by and by the doors were broken down and a troop of thieves entered in, and kept every part and corner of the house with weapons.

The ass is taken by the thieves and used to carry their booty. From one raid they bring back to their cave a maiden, who, frightened by a dream, is comforted by her old-wife custodian's tale of Cupid and Psyche.

The Story of Cupid and Psyche

Then the old woman, rendering out like sighs, began to speak in this sort: 'My lady, take a good heart unto you, and be not afraid at feigned or strange visions or dreams, for as the visions of the day are accounted false and untrue, so the visions of the night do often chance contrary: and indeed to dream of weeping, beating, and killing is a token of good luck and prosperous change, whereas contrary, to dream of laughing, filling the belly with good cheer, or dalliance of love, is sign of sadness of heart, sickness of body, or other displeasure. But I will tell thee a pleasant old wives' tale to put away all thy sorrow and to revive thy spirits'; and so she began in this manner:

'There was sometime a certain king, inhabiting in the west parts, who had to wife a noble dame, by whom he had three daughters exceeding fair: of whom the two elder were of most comely shape and beauty, yet they did not excel all the praise and commendation of mortal speech; but the singular passing beauty and maidenly majesty of the youngest daughter was so far excellent, that no earthly tongue could by any means sufficiently express or set out the same: by reason whereof the citizens and strangers there, being inwardly pricked by zealous affection to behold her famous person, came daily by thousands to see her, and as astonied with admiration of her incomparable beauty did no less worship and reverence her, bringing their right hands to their lips, with the forefinger laid against the thumb, as tokens, and with other divine adorations, as if she were Lady Venus indeed: and shortly after the fame was spread into the next cities and bordering regions that the goddess whom the deep seas had borne and brought forth, and the froth of the foaming waves had nourished (to the intent to show her high magnificency and power in earth to such as before did honor and worship her) was now conversant amongst mortal men, or else that the earth and not the seas, by a new concourse and influence of the celestial planets, had budded and yielded forth a new Venus, endued with the flower of virginity. So daily more and more increased this opinion, and now was her flying fame dispersed into the next islands and well nigh into every part and province of the whole world. Whereupon innumerable strangers resorted from far countries, adventuring themselves by long journeys on land and by great travels on water, to behold this wonder of the age. By occasion whereof such a contempt grew towards the goddess Venus, that no person traveled unto the town Paphos nor unto Cnidos, no nor to the isle Cythera to worship her. Her liturgies were left out, her temples defaced, her couches contemned, her ceremonies neglected, and her bare altars unswept and foul with the ashes of old burnt sacrifice. For why, every person honored and worshiped this maiden instead of Venus, calling upon the divinity of that great goddess in a human form, and in the morning at her first coming abroad, offered unto her oblations, provided banquets, called her by the name of Venus which was not Venus indeed, and in her honor, as she walked in the streets, presented flowers and garlands in most reverent fashion.

'This sudden change and alteration of celestial honor unto the worship of a mortal maiden did greatly inflame and kindle the mind of very Venus, who (unable to temper herself from indignation, shaking her head in raging sort) reasoned with herself in this manner: "Behold I, the original of nature, the first beginning of all the elements, behold I, the Lady Venus of all the world, am now joined with a mortal maiden as a partaker of my honor; . . . but she, whatsoever she be, shall not for nought have usurped mine honor, but she shall shortly repent her of her unlawful loveliness."

'Then by and by she called her winged son Cupid, rash enough and hardy, who by his evil manners, contemning all public justice and law, armed with fire and arrows, running up and down in the nights from house to house, and corrupting the lawful marriages of every person, doth nothing (and yet he is not punished) but that which

is evil: and although he were of his own proper nature sufficient prone to work mischief, yet she egged him forward with words and brought him to the city, and showed him Psyche (for so the maiden was called) and having told him of her rival beauty, the cause of her anger, not without great rage, "I pray thee," quoth she, "My dear child, by the motherly bond of love, by the sweet wounds of thy piercing darts, by the pleasant heat of thy fire, revenge fully the injury which is done to thy mother upon the false and disobedient beauty of a mortal maiden; and this beyond all I pray thee without delay, that she may fall in desperate love with the most miserable creature living, the most poor, the most crooked, and the most vile, that there may be none found in all the world of like wretchedness." When she had spoken these words, she embraced long and kissed often her son, and took her voyage towards the shore hard by, where the tides flow to and fro: and when she was come there, and had trodden with her rosy feet upon the top of the trembling waters, then the deep sea became exceeding calm upon its whole surface, and at her will, as though she had before given her bidding, straightway appeared her servitors from the deep: for incontinent came the daughters of Nereus singing with tunes melodiously; Portunus with his bristled and rough beard of azure; Salacia with her bosom full of fish; Palæmon the little driver of the dolphin; and the bands of Triton trumpeters leaping hither and thither, the one blowing on his shell with heavenly noise, another turning aside with a silken veil the burning heat of the fierce sun, another holding her mirror before his lady's eyes, others, yoked two together, swimming beneath her car. Such was the company which followed Venus marching towards the middest Ocean.

Psyche, in obedience to the oracle, left on a lonely rock to be the prey of an unknown monster, is miraculously transported to the palace of Cupid.

Psyche's sisters prevail upon her to spy upon her husband, who takes flight and disappears. Venus at length overtakes her as she wanders in search of her lost Cupid, and persecutes her by setting endless tasks. Cupid, meanwhile, recovering from long illness and detention by his mother, appeals to Jupiter, who promises aid.

'Incontinently after, Jupiter commanded Mercury to bring up Psyche into the palace of heaven. And then he took a pot of immortality, and said: "Hold, Psyche, and drink to the end thou mayest be immortal, and that Cupid may never depart from thee, but be thine everlasting husband."

'By and by the great banquet and marriage feast was sumptuously prepared. Cupid sat down in the uppermost seat with his dear spouse between his arms: Juno likewise with Jupiter and all the other gods in order: Ganymedes, the rustic boy, his own butler, filled the pot of Jupiter, and Bacchus served the rest: their drink was nectar, the wine of the gods. Vulcanus prepared supper, the Hours decked up the house with roses and other sweet flowers, the Graces threw about balm, the Muses sang with sweet harmony, Apollo turned pleasantly to the harp, fair Venus danced finely to the music, and the entertainment was so ordained that while the Muses sang in quire, Satyrus and Paniscus played on their pipes: and thus Psyche was married to Cupid, and after in due time she was delivered of a child, whom we call Pleasure.'

This the trifling and drunken old woman declared to the captive maiden, but I, poor ass, not standing far off, was not a little sorry in that I lacked pen and book to write so worthy a tale.

After passing through many hands, the ass becomes the property of strolling priests, by whose clever trickery he is diverted.

With the Priests

After that we had tarried there a few days at the cost and charges of the whole village, and had gotten much money by our divination and prognostication of things to come, those good priests invented a new means to pick men's purses; for they had one lot whereon was written this cheating answer, which they gave for every enquiry; and it was: *'The oxen tied and yoked together: do plough the ground to the intent it may bring forth her increase.'* And by these kind of lots they deceived many of the simple sort: for if one had demanded whether he should have a good wife or no, they would say that his lot did testify the same, that he should be tied and yoked to a good woman and have increase of children: if one demanded whether he should buy lands and possessions, they said that there was much reason in the mentioning of the oxen and the yoke, which foretold that he

should have much ground that should yield his increase: if one demanded the advice of heaven whether he should have a good and prosperous voyage, they said he should have good success because that now these gentlest of beasts were joined together and ready to go, and that of the increase of the soil should be his profit: if one demanded whether he should vanquish his enemies, or prevail in pursuit of thieves, they said that the oracle foretold victory, for that his enemies' necks should be brought under the yoke, and that a rich and fertile gain should be gotten from the thieves' booty.

Thus by the telling of fortunes so cleverly and cunningly they gathered a great quantity of money; but when they were weary with giving of answers, they drove me away before them the next night through a lane which was more dangerous and stony than the way which we had gone before.

The next day I was carried to the market to be sold by the voice of the crier, and again my price was set; but I was sold at seven pence more than Philebus gave for me. There fortuned to pass by a baker of the next village, who, after that he had bought a great deal of corn, bought me likewise to carry it home, and when he had well laded me therewith, he drove me through a stony and dangerous way to his bakehouse.

The wonderful adventures of the ass at length bring him to Corinth, where he escapes to the country and in a dream prays to Isis to restore his human shape.

The Great Procession

All things seemed that day to be joyful, as well all manner of beasts and the very houses, as also even the day itself seemed to rejoice. For after the hoar frost of the night ensued the hot and temperate sun, whereby the little birds, weening that the springtime had been come, did chirp and sing melodiously, making sweet welcome with their pleasant song to the mother of the stars, the parent of times, and mistress of all the world. The fruitful trees also, both those which rejoiced in their fertility and those which, being barren and sterile, were contented at the shadow which they could give, being loosened by the breathing of the south wind, and smiling by reason of their new buds now appearing, did gently move their branches and render sweet pleasant shrills; the seas were quiet from the roaring winds and the tempests of great waves; the heaven had chased away the clouds, and appeared fair and clear with his proper light.

Behold, then more and more appeared the beginnings of the pomps and processions, every one attired in regal manner, according to his proper habit. One was girded about the middle like a man of arms; another bare a spear, and had a cloak caught up and high shoes as a hunter; another was attired in a robe of silk, and socks of gold, with fine ornament, having long hair added and fixed upon his head, and walked delicately in form of a woman; there was another which ware leg harness and bare a target, an helmet and a spear, like unto a gladiator, as one might believe; after him marched one attired in purple, with the rods borne by vergers before him, like a magistrate; after him followed one with a mantle, a staff, a pair of pantofles, and with a beard as long as any goat's, signifying a philosopher; after him went one with reeds and lime, betokening him a fowler, and another with hooks, declaring a fisher. I saw there a meek and tame bear, which in matron habit was carried on a stool; an ape with a bonnet of woven stuff on his head, and covered with saffron lawn, resembling the Phrygian shepherd Ganymede, and bearing a cup of gold in his hand; an ass had wings glued to his back and went after an old man, whereby you would judge the one to be Pegasus and the other Bellerophon, and at both would you laugh well. Amongst these pleasures and popular delectations, which wandered hither and thither, you might see the peculiar pomp of the saving goddess triumphantly march forward. The women attired in white vestments, and rejoicing in that they bare garlands and flowers upon their heads, bespread the way with herbs, which they bare in their aprons, where this regal and devout procession should pass. Others carried shining mirrors behind them which were turned towards the goddess as she came, to shew to her those which came after as though they would meet her. Others bare combs of ivory, and declared by their gesture and motions of their arms and fingers that they were ordained and ready to dress and adorn the goddess's hair. Others dropped in the ways, as they went, balm and other precious ointments. Then

came a great number, as well of men as of women, with lamps, candles, torches, and other lights, doing honor thereby to her that was born of the celestial stars. After that sounded the musical harmony of instruments, pipes and flutes in most pleasant measure. Then came a fair company of youth appareled in white vestments and festal array, singing both meter and verse with a comely grace which some studious poet had made by favor of the Muses, the words whereof did set forth the first ceremonies of this great worship. In the mean season arrived the blowers of trumpets, which were dedicate unto mighty Sarapis, who, holding the same reed sidelong towards their right ears, did give forth a ditty proper to the temple and the god: and likewise were there many officers and beadles, crying room for the goddess to pass. Then came the great company of men and women of all stations and of every age which were initiate and had taken divine orders, whose garments, being of the whitest linen, glistened all the streets over. The women had their hair anointed, and their heads covered with light linen; but the men had their crowns shaven and shining bright, as being the terrene stars of the goddess, and held in their hands timbrels of brass, silver, aye and gold, which rendered forth a shrill and pleasant sound. The principal priests, leaders of the sacred rites, which were appareled with white surplices drawn tight about their breasts and hanging down to the ground, bare the relics of all the most puissant gods. One that was first of them carried in his hand a lantern shining forth with a clear light, not very like to those which we use in our houses and light our supper withal at evening-time, for the bowl of it was of gold and rendered from the middle thereof a more bright flame. The second, attired like the other, bare in both hands those pots to which the succoring providence of the high goddess herself had given their name. The third held up a tree of palm, with leaves cunningly wrought of gold, and the verge or rod Caduceus of Mercury. The fourth showed a token of equity, that was a left hand deformed in every place and with open palm, and because it was naturally more sluggish, and that there was no cleverness nor craft in it, it signified thereby more equity than by the right hand: the same priest carried a round vessel of gold, in form of a breast, whence milk flowed down. The fifth bare a winnowing fan, wrought with sprigs of gold, and another carried a vessel for wine.

By and by after, the gods deigned to follow afoot as men do, and specially Anubis, the messenger of the gods infernal and supernal, tall, with his face sometime black, sometime fair as gold, lifting up on high his dog's head, and bearing in his left hand his verge, and in his right hand the green branch of a palm-tree. After him straight followed a cow with an upright gait, the cow representing the great goddess that is the fruitful mother of all, and he that guided her supported her as she leaned upon his shoulder, and marched on with much gravity in happy steps. Another carried after the secrets of their glorious religion, closed in a coffer. Another was there that bare in his bosom (thrice happy he!) the venerable figure of the godhead, not formed like any beast, bird, savage thing, or human shape, but made by a new invention, and therefore much to be admired, an emblem ineffable, whereby was signified that such a religion was at once very high and should not be discovered or revealed to any person; thus was it fashioned of shining gold: it was a vessel wrought with a round bottom, and hollowed with wondrous cunning, having on the outside pictures figured like unto the manner of the Egyptians, and the mouth thereof was not very high, but made to jut out like unto a long funnel; on the other side was an ear or handle which came far out from the vessel, whereupon stood an asp holding out his swelling and scaly neck, which entwined the whole as in a knot.

Finally came he which was appointed to my good fortune, according to the promise of the most puissant goddess. For the great priest, which bare the restoration of my human shape, by the commandment of the goddess approached more and more, carrying in his right hand both the timbrel and the garland of roses to give me, which was in very deed my crown to deliver me from cruel fortune which was always mine enemy, after the sufferance of so much calamity and pain, and after the endurance of so many perils. Then I, not running hastily by reason of sudden joy, lest I should disturb the quiet procession with my beastly importunity, but going softly as a man doth step through the press of

people, which gave me place by the divine command on every side, I went after the priest. Then the priest, being admonished the night before, as I might well perceive, and marveling that now the event came opportunely to fulfil that warning, suddenly stood still, and holding out his hands thrust out the garland of roses to my mouth: which garland I (trembling and my heart beating greatly) devoured with a great affection. As soon as I had eaten them, I was not deceived of the promise made unto me: for my deformed and assy face abated, and first the rugged hair of my body fell off, my thick skin waxed soft and tender, my fat belly became thin, the hoofs of my feet changed into toes, my hands were no more feet but returned again to the work of a man that walks upright, my neck grew short, my head and mouth became round, my long ears were made little, my great and stony teeth waxed less, like the teeth of men, and my tail, which before cumbered me most, appeared nowhere. Then the people began to marvel, and the religious honored the goddess for so evident a miracle, which was foreshadowed by the visions which they saw in the night, and the facility of my reformation, whereby they lifted their hands to heaven and with one voice rendered testimony of so great a benefit which I received of the goddess.

When I saw myself in such estate, I was utterly astonied and stood still a good space and said nothing; for my mind could not contain so sudden and so great joy, and I could not tell what to say, nor what word I should first speak with my voice newly found, nor what thanks I should render to the goddess.

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS (About A.D. 322–400)

Perhaps because he was a Greek of Antioch, the Latin of Ammianus is obscure and uningratiating; but parts of the eighteen surviving of his thirty-one books of history, which covered the time from Nerva to Valens, thus continuing Tacitus and Suetonius, are of exceeding interest as portraying the city of Rome at a period otherwise almost unilluminated. It is the last eighteen that survive, narrating the events of 353-378, including the visit of Constantius the Second to Rome, since 330 no longer the capital, the reign of Julian the reviver of paganism, and the times of Pope Damasus with the already intolerant and rioting Christians. Ammianus writes of what he has lived through, and his judgments on Roman society, proletariat and nobles alike, are interesting, if perhaps not entirely balanced, as coming from a veteran soldier and visitor who admired the great but now failing city and its past.

THE HISTORY OF ROME FROM CONSTANTIUS TO VALENS

High Life in the Eternal City

(353 A.D.)

And since I think it likely that foreigners who may read this account (if, indeed, any such should meet with it) are likely to wonder how it is that, when my history has reached the point of narrating what was done at Rome, nothing is spoken of but seditions, and shops, and cheapness, and other similarly inconsiderable matters, I will briefly touch upon the causes of this, never intentionally departing from the strict truth. . . .

Last of all, they have arrived at such a depth of unworthiness, that when, no very long time ago, on account of an apprehended scarcity of food, the foreigners were driven in haste from the city; those who practised liberal accomplishments, the number of whom was exceedingly small, were expelled without a moment's breathing-time; yet the followers of actresses, and all who at that time pretended to be of such a class, were allowed to remain; and three thousand dancing-girls had not even a question put to them, but stayed unmolested with the members of their choruses, and a corresponding number of dancing masters.

And wherever you turn your eyes, you may see a multitude of women with their hair curled, who, as far as their age goes, might, if they had married, been by this time the mothers of three children, sweeping the pavements with their feet till they are weary, whirling round in rapid gyrations, while representing innumerable groups and figures which the theatrical plays contain.

It is a truth beyond all question, that, when at one time Rome was the abode of all the virtues, many of the nobles, like the Lotophagi, celebrated in Homer, who detained men by the deliciousness of their fruit, allured foreigners of free birth by manifold attentions of courtesy and kindness.

But now, in their empty arrogance, some persons look upon everything as worthless which is born outside of the walls of the city, except only the childless and the unmarried. Nor can it be conceived with what a variety of obsequious observance men without children are courted at Rome.

And since among them, as is natural in a city so great as to be the metropolis of the world, diseases attain to such an insurmountable degree of violence, that all the skill of the physician is ineffectual even to mitigate them; a certain assistance and means of safety has been devised, in the rule that no one should go to see a friend in such a condition, and to a few precautionary measures a further remedy of sufficient potency has been added, that men should not readmit into their houses servants who have been sent to inquire how a man's friends who may have been seized with an illness of this kind are, until

they have cleansed and purified their persons in the bath. So that a taint is feared, even when it has only been seen with the eyes of another.

But nevertheless, when these rules are observed thus stringently, some persons, if they be invited to a wedding, though the vigor of their limbs be much diminished, yet, when gold is offered in the hollow palm of the right hand, will go actively as far as Spoletum. These are the customs of the nobles.

But of the lower and most indigent class of the populace some spend the whole night in the wine shops. Some lie concealed in the shady arcades of the theaters; which Catulus was in his ædileship the first person to raise, in imitation of the lascivious manners of Campania, or else they play at dice so eagerly as to quarrel over them; snuffing up their nostrils and making unseemly noises by drawing back their breath into their noses; or (and this is their favorite pursuit of all others) from sunrise to evening they stay gaping through sunshine or rain, examining in the most careful manner the most sterling good or bad qualities of the charioteers and horses.

And it is very wonderful to see an innumerable multitude of people with great eagerness of mind intent upon the event of the contests in the chariot race. These pursuits, and others of like character, prevent anything worth mentioning or important from being done at Rome.

—C. D. Yonge.

The Triumph of Constantius

(A.D. 356)

As if the temple of Janus were closed and all his enemies laid low, Constantius was eager to visit Rome, intending to celebrate a triumph because of Magnentius' destruction, though he lacked the right, inasmuch as the blood of the slain was Roman. . . He wished to display to the city an endless procession, with standards stiff with gold and brilliant guards and retinue, though the people, who were now in peace and quiet, at no time either expected or desired this or any such spectacle; not knowing, perhaps, that certain of the old-time emperors had been content in time of peace with lictors . . . and that many of them had made themselves illustrious by splendid deeds in order to hand down to posterity the memory of glories earned by their own achievements.

Accordingly, after long and elaborate preparation, in the second prefecture of Orfitus, he passed through Ocriculum, elated by his great honors, escorted by a formidable array of marching columns, making his progress as if in order of battle, while from every direction the eyes of all were fixed upon him and never left his face. And when he drew near the city, as he contemplated with serene gaze the senate paying their respects, and looked on these figures, reverend because they were the likeness of the old patrician line, he did not think, like Cineas the famous ambassador of Pyrrhus, that a multitude of kings was assembled together, but that here was the asylum of the whole world. And when he had turned from them to the people, he was astounded to think in what throngs the whole human kind had come streaming together from all quarters to Rome. And as if he would have terrified with the sight of his arms the Euphrates or the Rhine, with standards going ahead on either side he himself came on, sitting alone in a golden car, which shone with various brilliant precious stones, and sparkled so that it gave a kind of flickering light. And after him came many others, around whom floated dragons embroidered in bright-colored tissues and tied to golden and begemmed spear-tips, and with mouths wide open so that they were inflated by the wind and on this account hissed as if stirred with anger, their tails coiling and streaming in the breeze. And next marched on the one side and the other two ranks of men-at-arms with shields and crests, gleaming and sparkling and in brilliant coats with breastplates, and at intervals among them the mailed cavalry called *clibanarii,* protected by cuirasses and girded with iron belts, so that you would think them statues finished by the hand of Praxiteles, not men. They were so well encased in the delicate rounded plates, fitted to the curves of their bodies and covering all their members, that, in whatever direction they were compelled to move, their apparel adapted itself, the joints fitting perfectly.

And so, saluted as Augustus by voices of happy omen, though the hills and shores were filled with thunderous clamors, he did not move a muscle, but preserved the same

unchanging countenance he was wont to show in his provinces. For, very short though he was, he bowed his body when riding under the high gates, and as if his neck were fixed, bent his gaze straight before him, turning his face neither to right nor left; and, as if the statue of a man, when the rolling wheels shook him, he was never seen either to nod, or to spit, or to wipe or rub his mouth or nose, or even to move a hand. . . .

Then, having entered Rome, the home of empire and of all virtues, when he had arrived at the Rostra, and saw before him that most famed scene of ancient power, he stood speechless with amazement, his eyes dazzled by the multitude of wonders that assailed them wherever he turned. After addressing the nobles in the senate, and the people from the tribunal, he was escorted amid resounding applause to the Palace, where he enjoyed himself as he had desired.

And often, as he was conducting the races, he expressed his delight at the piquant speech of the common people, who were neither presumptuous in their ways nor yet lacking in the sense of their native liberty. He himself, too, maintained a bearing of due respect toward them; for he did not, as was usual in other cities, allow the contests to be finished according to his own preference, but, following the custom, left them to various circumstances.

Then he went the rounds of the city, visiting the summits of the seven hills and the various places on their slopes and in the level parts, and the suburban districts also. Whatever his eyes first rested upon, he felt sure must excel all the rest. There was the temple of Jupiter on the Tarpeian Mount, as much greater than other temples as the heavenly is greater than the earthly; baths built up like whole provinces; the great pile of the amphitheater, a mass reared solidly in Tiburtine stone, to whose summit human vision found it hard to reach; the Pantheon, like a whole region, rounded and polished, and reared on vaulting of wondrous height; the lofty monuments whose summits, ascended by winding stairways, supported effigies of former emperors; and the temple of the City and the forum of Peace, and the theater of Pompey, and the Odeum, and the Stadium, and, intermingled with these, the other ornaments of the everlasting city.

But when he came to the forum of Trajan, a structure unique under all heaven, which, to my thinking, even the gods would agree to call wonderful, he was rooted to the spot with amazement as he contemplated those gigantic edifices, which are neither to be described by words or again to be attempted by mortal men. And so, compelled to lay aside all hope of undertaking anything of that kind, he said that Trajan's horse alone, which was located in the middle of the court and bore the emperor himself, he would imitate, for he could do that.

The prince Ormizda, to whose departure from Persia we have referred above, happened to be standing at his side, and answered, with well-bred wit, 'Sire, you will first have to order the construction of a stable like this, if you can, so that the horse you have in mind to make may succeed to as ample a realm as that of the horse we are now looking at.'

He himself, being asked what he thought of Rome, replied that the one thing that delighted him was to learn that there, too, men died.

And so, after he had seen a multitude of things to his amazement and stupefaction, the emperor complained of Fame as either powerless or spiteful, because, though she always exaggerated, she had failed of showing forth what was at Rome; and, deliberating a long time as to what course he should pursue, he determined to add to the ornament of the city by erecting in the Circus Maximus an obelisk, of whose origin and form I shall speak in the fitting place.

—Grant Showerman.

The Grain-Fleet Threatened

(A.D. 359)

While these events and troubles were proceeding rapidly in the remote districts of the East, the Eternal City was fearing distress from an impending scarcity of corn; and the violence of the common people, infuriated by the expectation of that worst of all evils, was vented upon Tertullus, who at that time was prefect of the city. This was unreasonable, since it did not depend upon him that the provisions were embarked in a stormy season in ships which, through the unusually tempestuous state of the sea and the violence

of contrary winds, were driven into any ports they could make, and were unable to reach the port of Augustus, from the greatness of the dangers which threatened them.

Nevertheless, Tertullus was continually troubled by the seditious movements of the people, who worked themselves up to great rage, being excited by the imminent danger of a famine; till, having no hope of preserving his own safety, he wisely brought his little boys out to the people, who, though in a state of tumultuous disorder, were often influenced by sudden accidents, and with tears addressed them thus:

'Behold your fellow citizens, who (may the gods avert the omen), unless fortune should take a more favorable turn, will be exposed to the same sufferings as yourself. If then you think that by destroying them you will be saved from all suffering, they are in your power.' The people, of their own nature inclined to mercy, were propitiated by this sad address, and made no answer, but awaited their fate with resignation.

And soon, by the favor of the deity who has watched over the growth of Rome from its first origin, and who promised that it should last forever, while Tertullus was at Ostia sacrificing in the temple of Castor and Pollux, the sea became calm, the wind changed to a gentle southeast breeze, and the ships in full sail entered the port laden with corn to fill the granaries.

The Common People

(A.D. 359)

And let us come to the idle and lazy common people, among whom some, who have not even got shoes, boast of high-sounding names; calling themselves Cimessores, Statarii, Semicupæ, Serapina, or Cicimbricus, or Gluturiorus, Trulla, Lucanicus, Pordaca, or Salsula, with numbers of other similar appellations. These men spend their whole lives in drinking, and gambling, and brothels, and pleasures, and public spectacles; and to them the Circus Maximus is their temple, their home, their public assembly; in fact, their whole hope and desire.

And you may see in the Forum, and roads, and streets, and places of meeting, knots of people collected, quarreling violently with one another, and objecting to one another, and splitting themselves into violent parties.

Among whom those who have lived long, having influence by reason of their age, their gray hairs and wrinkles, are continually crying out that the republic cannot stand, if in the contest which is about to take place, the skilful charioteer, whom some individual backs, is not foremost in the race, and does not dexterously shave the turning-post with the trace-horses.

And when there is so much ruinous carelessness, when the wished-for day of the equestrian games dawns, before the sun has visibly risen, they all rush out with headlong haste, as if with their speed they would outstrip the very chariots which are going to race; while as to the event of the contest they are all torn asunder by opposite wishes, and the greater part of them, through their anxiety, pass sleepless nights.

From hence, if you go to some cheap theater, the actors on the stage are driven off by hisses, if they have not taken the precaution to conciliate the lowest of the people by gifts of money.

—C. D. Yonge.

Julian and the Christians

(A.D. 361)

And although from his earliest childhood he was inclined to the worship of the gods, and gradually, as he grew up, became more attached to it, yet he was influenced by many apprehensions which made him act in things relating to that subject as secretly as he could.

But when his fears were terminated, and he found himself at liberty to do what he pleased, he then showed his secret inclinations, and by plain and positive decrees ordered the temples to be opened, and victims to be brought to the altars for the worship of the gods.

And in order to give more effect to his intentions, he ordered the priests of the different Christian sects, with the adherents of each sect, to be admitted into the palace, and in a constitutional spirit expressed his wish that their dissensions being appeased, each without any hindrance might fearlessly follow the religion he preferred.

He did this the more resolutely because, as long license increased their dissensions,

he thought he should never have to fear the unanimity of the common people, having found by experience that no wild beasts are so hostile to men as Christian sects in general are to one another. And he often used to say, 'Listen to me, to whom the Alemanni and Franks have listened'; imitating in this an expression of the ancient emperor Marcus Aurelius. But he omitted to notice that there was a great difference between himself and his predecessor.

For when Marcus was passing through Palestine, on his road to Egypt, he is said, when wearied by the dirt and rebellious spirit of the Jews, to have often exclaimed with sorrow, 'O Marcomanni, O Quadi, O Sarmatians, I have at last found others worse than you!'

The Church at Rome

(A.D. 367)

His administration was tranquil and undisturbed, and the people enjoyed plenty under it. Yet he also was alarmed by fierce seditions raised by the discontented populace, which arose from the following occurrence.

Damasus and Ursinus, being both immoderately eager to obtain the bishopric, formed parties and carried on the conflict with great asperity, the partisans of each carrying their violence to actual battle, in which men were wounded and killed. And as Juventius was unable to put an end to, or even to soften, these disorders, he was at last by their violence compelled to withdraw to the suburbs.

Ultimately Damasus got the best of the strife by the strenuous efforts of his partisans. It is certain that on one day one hundred and thirty-seven dead bodies were found in the basilica of Sicininus, which is a Christian church. And the populace who had been thus roused to a state of ferocity were with great difficulty restored to order.

I do not deny, when I consider the ostentation that reigns at Rome, that those who desire such rank and power may be justified in laboring with all possible exertion and vehemence to obtain their wishes; since after they have succeeded, they will be secure for the future, being enriched by offerings from matrons, riding in carriages, dressing splendidly, and feasting luxuriously, so that their entertainments surpass even royal banquets.

And they might be really happy if, despising the vastness of the city, which they excite against themselves by their vices, they were to live in imitation of some of the priests in the provinces, whom the most rigid abstinence in eating and drinking, and plainness of apparel, and eyes always cast on the ground, recommend to the everlasting Deity and his true worshippers as pure and sober-minded men.

—C. D. Yonge.

QUINTUS AURELIUS SYMMACHUS (About A.D. 340–403)

Symmachus, a wealthy and cultured member of the nobility who served the imperial government and the city of Rome in all the important offices within their gift, is important in the history of pagan Rome as a figure representative of the best society and the best administrative talent nearly a hundred years after the edict of Constantine and only a few years before the advent of Alaric and the Goths, at a time when the Church was already not only militant against paganism but a prey to internal dissensions, when the pagan religion was on the defensive and beginning to crumble, and when the bonds of the empire were loosening. With his contemporary, Nicomachus Flavianus, who figured in the last revival of paganism in 394, during the short tenure of the rebel emperor Eugenius, he assisted at what may be called the last public appearance of the old religion in Rome. Previously, he had been a delegate of the pagan party in the attempt to persuade the emperors to restore to its old place in the senate house the famous altar of Victory, which had been removed at the insistence of the Christians, and which had come to be the visible center of controversy between the old and new religions. Symmachus was an orator of distinction and a good letter-writer, but not a genius. It was on his recommendation to Ambrose, bishop of Milan, that Augustine was appointed in 385 to the professorship of rhetoric in that city, where he was converted by the bishop and baptized in 387.

A PLEA FOR PAGANISM

To our Lords Valentinian, Theodosius, and Arcadius, always Augusti, Symmachus the Senator, Prefect of the City.

Let us at least give to the name the honor which has been denied the deity. Your Eternities owe much to Victory and will owe still more. Let those turn away from this source of power who have had from it no advantage; you cannot afford to give up the protection of a deity friendly to triumphs. Hers is a power for whose favor everyone prays. No one would deny that a deity whose aid he professes is to be desired should be the object of religious attention. But if the avoidance of this omen were not a just thing to ask, at any rate it would have been but decency to keep hands off the ornaments of the senate house.

Enable us, we supplicate you, to leave as old men to our children what as children we received from our fathers. Deep is the affection men feel for that to which they are accustomed. The act of Deified Constantine did not long hold, and deservedly. All precedents should be shunned by you which are found soon to have lost their force. We are concerned for the lasting renown of your names; we desire that time to come shall find nothing there to correct.

Where are we to swear allegiance to your laws and your words? With what shall the minds of the false be made to fear so that they will not lie in the giving of testimony? It is true, of course, that all creation is full of deity, and that no place is safe for the perjurer, but the fear of playing false is greatly magnified if he is constrained also by deity actually at hand. That altar stands for the concord of all our body, that altar is the pledge of good faith for individuals; there is nothing makes for authority in our decrees so much as the fact that our body votes them all as it were under oath to the gods. Shall perjury therefore have an unconsecrated place at which to take oath, and will my illustrious Princes, who owe protection to the public oath, find this a thing they can approve?

But Deified Constantine will be said to have done this. Let us rather emulate other acts of that emperor, who would have entered upon no such policy as this had any other made the mistake before him; for the lapse of the predecessor serves as correction for the follower, and it is from the disregard of precedent that improvement springs. It may have been right for him, the example of Your Clemencies,

in a matter still untried not to make sure he did nothing invidious; but can that same defense apply in our case if we imitate an act we have seen proved wrong? Let Your Eternities listen to other acts of this same emperor which you will find more worthy of appropriation. He took from the Sacred Virgins not a single one of their privileges, he decreed priesthoods to nobles, he did not deny moneys to meet the expense of the ceremonies in Rome, he accompanied the happy senate through all the streets of the Eternal City, looking with placid eye on our altars and shrines and on the names of the gods carved on the façades, inquiring into the origins of the temples, and marveling at their founders; and, although he professed another religion, gave ours his guarantee. For every man has his own ways, and every man has his own manner of worship; divine purpose has assigned various cults as protectors to cities. Just as souls are partitioned among human beings at birth, so to peoples are allotted the divine spirits that rule their fates.

There is the matter of benefits, too, which most of all justifies the gods to men. For when we bring every argument into the open, on what basis can we better judge of the gods than from the record and proof of prospering circumstances? Farther, if long existence confers authority upon religions, the faith of so many generations is worthy of preservation, and we ought to follow our fathers as they with such good results followed theirs.

Let us imagine Rome now present and pleading with you after this fashion: 'Best of princes, fathers of your country, have respect for my years—years to which my devotion to religion has brought me. Let me continue in the rites of my forefathers; for I have no reason for regret. Let me live, since I am free, in my own ways. The religion I profess brought the whole world under my sway, the cult I practise repulsed Hannibal from my walls and the Senones from the Capitol. Have I then been preserved for this, to be denied in my old age? What new ways are to be entered upon, should be mine to judge. Change in old age is tardy and disgraceful.'

And so we ask for peace to the gods of our fathers, and to the gods of our native soil. It is but fair that what all men worship should be regarded as one and the same. We gaze upon the same stars, the heavens are common to us, the same universe wraps us round. Why should it be a concern as to what manner of search for the truth another employs? It is not by one path alone that we can penetrate to so great a mystery.

—Grant Showerman.

CLAUDIUS CLAUDIANUS (About A.D. 400)

Claudian, a Greek born in Alexandria and using Latin as a foreign tongue but with perfection, appears in Rome in 395. The friend of the Emperor Honorius and his Vandal general Stilicho, he writes panegyrics on them and their friends and invectives against their enemies, besides various other poems, the longest of which is *The Rape of Proserpina,* by 402 has been honored with a bronze statue, and in 404 disappears from history. In 408 his patron Stilicho, who in 396 and 402 had checked the barbarians under Alaric, fell, and in August, 410, Rome was at last entered and spoiled by the Goths after fifteen years during which the threat of Alaric was never wholly absent. Poetically, Claudian's excellences are in language and meter which approach though they fall far short of Virgil, in descriptive passages, and in a certain inspiration when his theme is Rome and the Roman virtues. His defects are the artificialities inhering in imitative and laudatory court poetry. Historically, he is of exceeding interest as the main source for the times, and as reflecting the condition of a Rome which had existed for a thousand years, for five centuries had ruled the world, and now, still splendid in outward appearances but inwardly decadent and weak, was unconsciously and complacently advancing in the path soon to lead into the Dark Ages. He practically, and probably with intention, ignored Christianity. Aside from the idyllic gem, *The Old Man of Verona,* Claudian has inspired little verse translation.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA

Happy the man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th' inclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man whom the same humble place,
The hereditary cottage of his race,
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserved his life, and gave him birth.
Him no false lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never dangers either saw or feared:
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.
No change of consuls marks to him the year;
The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows.
He measures time by landmarks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighboring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
He has only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red sea, and of Benacus' lake.
Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

—Abraham Cowley.

ETERNAL ROME

Naught grander on earth does the sky embrace. The eye cannot comprehend her extent, the heart her beauty, nor the voice her praise. With the luster of her gold she rivals the stars she touches. Her seven hills recall the zones of Olympus. Mother of arms and laws, she spreads her rule over all mankind, the first to give them law. She it is who from narrow bounds spread to either pole, and starting from a little home reached forth her hands with the sun. Battling with destiny, while she waged countless wars at once, laid hold on the towns of Spain, besieged the towns of Sicily, brought low the Gaul on land, the Carthaginian on the sea, she never bowed to blow; no whit was she affrighted by wounds, but her voice rose stronger after Cannæ and the Trebia, and when the

flames girt her round about and the foe was at the wall, she sent her armies to the distant Iberians, nor was she stayed by Ocean, but embarked upon the deep and sought the Britons in a world remote for a fresh triumph. This is she who alone took the conquered to her bosom and cherished all mankind alike, as mother not as queen, and called them her sons whom she had conquered, and bound them to her afar by bonds of love. To her rule of peace we owe it that the stranger is at home in every land, that men may dwell in every clime, that it is but sport to visit Thule and the furthest shores; that we may range from Rhone to Orontes; that we are all one people. Nor shall there ever be an end to Rome's sway.

—Terrot Reaveley Glover.

THE GLORIES OF ROME

Behold, new honor dignifies the Palatine as with joy and gladness it receives the divine tenant (Honorius) . . . Surely no other seat were fit abode for those who rule the world; on no hill is Sovereignty more conscious of its worth, or feels more deeply the pride of supreme power. Rearing aloft its crown, with the Rostra far below, the Palace looks forth upon countless sanctuaries and countless sentinel gods encircling it. How fair a sight, to behold the Giants hanging from the Tarpeian rock below the temple of the Thunderer, and the graven doors, and statues soaring amid the clouds, and the high air dense with thronging temples, and everywhere the terrain a forest of columns adorned with beaks from many a conquered ship, and palaces reposing on foundations mountain-high which the hands of men have upreared, adding still to Nature, and arches unnumbered, rich with glittering spoils of war! The eye is bewildered and blinded by flashing metal and the gleam of gold on every hand.

—Grant Showerman.

DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS (A.D. 310–395)

At first an advocate in his native city Bordeaux, then professor of rhetoric in its university, Ausonius at fifty-four was appointed tutor to Gratian, the son of the Emperor Valentinian, and held imperial offices besides. His immediate relations with Gratian having ended with the latter's accession and the influence of Ambrose as his counsellor, Ausonius retired to Bordeaux. His poems form a great variety, including epigrams, acrostics, occasional verse, a few not very enthusiastic Christian poems, and *The Moselle,* whose five hundred lines contain a number of exquisite nature passages, the spirit of which is so modern and northern as almost to remove them from ancient Roman times. The touching epigram to his wife was written thirty-six years after her death at the age of twenty-seven.

TO HIS WIFE

Be life what it has been, and let us hold,
Dear wife, the names we each gave each of old;
And let not time work change upon us two,
I still your boy, and still my sweetheart you.
What though I outlive Nestor? and what though
You in your turn a Sibyl's years should know?
Ne'er let us know old age or late or soon;
Count not the years, but take of each its boon.

—Terrot Reaveley Glover.

UNHAPPY DIDO

Poor Dido found but little rest.
By neither of her spouses blest;
She flies, because the first was dead,
And dies, because the second fled.

—Charles T. Brooks.

THE MOSELLE

In nebulous light I crossed swift Nava's stream,
Saw the new walls of ancient Bingen gleam,
Where Gallia once matched Latian Cannæ's day,
And piles of dead unwept, unburied lay.
Thence through lone forest depths my journey ran,
That showed no trace of civilizing man;
O'er dry Dumnissus; then where with sweet sound
Perennial fountains murmur all around
Roman Tabernæ; and through fields where now
The Sauromatian colonist drives his plough.
At length I see upon the Belgian line
The castle famed of glorious Constantine,
Nivomagus, and here a purer air
Breathes o'er the fields; and now, serene and fair,
The face of Phœbus to the wondering sight
Renews Olympus clothed in purple light.
No longer vainly the bewildered eye
Through the green gloom of branches seeks the sky;
No more the ruddy ray and liquid light
Of the free heavens are hid by envious night.
The lovely light that smiles o'er hill and stream
Brings back the scenes that live in childhood's dream;
My own Burdigala's dear features lie
Imaged in all I see to memory's eye;
The villa roofs that crown the craggy steeps,
And overhang the valley's winding sweeps;
Hills green with vines, and at their feet the swell
And low-voiced murmur of thy waves, Moselle. . . .

Hail, O illustrious river, renowned for thy fields and thy farmers,
River that washest the walls of the Belgæ's imperial city,
River whose ridges are crowned with the vine's odoriferous clusters,
River whose meadows are clothed by the grass with an emerald verdure! . . .

Down through the crystalline depths of the waters we see to the bottom.
They have no mysteries to hide; and, as in the clear upper heavens
Ranges the eye far round through all the circling horizon,
What time no breath of wind shakes a leaflet or ripples the water,
So in the blue heaven below the eye freely ranges or lingers,
And in the azure-light chambers sees manifold shapes of rare beauty;
Plants that gracefully wave in the silent sway of the waters,
And through green groves of moss glittering jewels of sand. . . .

But let first the task I have now undertaken be ended;
Let me sing to the close the praise of the glorious river,
Follow the sweep of its tide rejoicing along the green meadows,
Till in the waves of the Rhine it shall come to receive consecration.
Open, O Rhine, thy blue bosom, spread wide thy green fluttering garments
To the new stream that with thine would mingle its sisterly waters! . . .

Thus I sang, who, sprung from the race of the ancient Vivisci,
Lately in friendly alliance a guest at the Belgian hearthstone,
Roman Ausonius am named, and claim as the home of my fathers
Gallia's utmost limits, and where the high Pyrenean
Mountains o'erhang Aquitania, serene land of free-hearted people.
Such the strains I boldly, though modestly swept from my harp-strings.
Poor though the tribute, 'twas fitting, O Muse, that these hands should this offer
Out of my poverty, gratitude's gift to the beautiful river.
Nor for fame I hanker! I only beg for forgiveness;
So many hast thou, O glorious stream, whose footsteps have wandered
Round the waters divine that are blessed by Æonian maidens,
And on whose foreheads hath sprinkled her cool drops the fair Aganippe;
But for me—if so much shall yet linger of fire poetic—
When to my native Bordeaux, youth's home and of age the still refuge,
Pater Augustus and also his son, whom of all I hold dearest,
Grant me once more to return, content with Ausonian fasces
Graced, and with curule honors,—and when at length the old master
Now is dismissed and rewarded with thanks for long years of true service,—
Then to the stream of the North will I pour out a worthier tribute:
Sing of the cities whose walls are washed by thy calm-gliding waters;
Sing of the castles that frown above thee with time-wasted turrets;
Sing of the fortresses built of old for a refuge from danger;
Used by the prosperous Belgians now, not for forts, but for garners.
Then, to the farthest lands and in tongues and in songs of strange peoples,
Wide shall be wafted thy name and thy glory, O hornèd Mosella!

—Charles T. Brooks.

RUTILIUS CLAUDIUS NAMATIANUS (About A.D. 415)

When Rutilius, after three years as prefect of the city, left Rome in 417 to visit his native Gaul, seven years had passed since Alaric humiliated the ancient capital, the Christian religion, recognized a century before by Constantine, had become dominant, and the empire was falling apart and approaching its end; but little evidence that this condition is a reality to him appears in the extant 644 and 68 lines respectively of the two books of elegiacs *On His Return*. As he floats away from the city and down the Tiber to the sea, his ears are filled with the echoing cheers of the multitude for the winning charioteer, his memory with images of proud monuments, and his heart with pride in the benefactions of Mother Rome to the human race.

With Rutilius the line of pagan poets comes to an end, and the story of pagan Roman literature is told.

ON HIS RETURN TO GAUL

Thou wilt somewhat marvel at my speedy return, O reader, and that I could so soon give up the Romulean blessings. But what is long to those who venerate Rome through all the years? Naught can e'er be long for which our love is ne'er ended.

Ah, how blessed, how many times blessed, can I count them whose lot has been to be born on this happy soil—the nobly sprung of Roman lineage to whose family honors are added still the glories of the City! Virtue's seeds transmitted as boon from Heaven could have being in no place so worthy. Blessed also they who, favored by fortune with the second lot, come to have abodes on Latin soil. A just and conscientious senate lies open to the stranger who merits praise, nor does it regard as strangers those worthy of being its own. The authority of the rank and of their colleagues is theirs to enjoy, and they have part in the character they venerate; as we are told it is in the council of greatest Jove in the ethereal reaches of the rolling universe.

But my fate tears me away from the beloved shores; the fields of Gaul are calling their native son—unsightly, indeed, from too long wars, yet rousing the more compassion as they are the less beautiful. Were my fellow-citizens secure and safe, to neglect them would be a lighter fault; the sufferings of a people demand the loyalty of the individual. I owe my tears in person to the abodes of my ancestors; true helpfulness comes from effort oft prompted by grief. It is not right for me longer not to look on the wide ruin which the delays of unfulfilled aid have multiplied; it is time now, after the raging fires, even to build the homes of the herdsmen on the dismantled estates. Nay, even the springs, could they utter words, and the very trees, could they speak, would urge the tardy one with just complaints, and add sails to my longing.

And now at last I am vanquished; I have loosed the embraces of the beloved city, and can scarce endure the tardiness of going. My way shall be on the sea, for the roads on the levels of earth are saturate with streams, the high places are rough with rocks. Since the Tuscan land and since the defences of Aurelian have felt the hand of the Goth with sword and fire, and forests are no longer safe with the dwellings of men, or streams with bridges, it is better to trust sails to the uncertain sea.

Many are the kisses we imprint on the gates we now must leave behind; our feet unwillingly cross the sacred threshold. We implore pardon for our tears and render thee offering of our praise, so far as tears permit the utterance of words:

Hearken, most beautiful queen of thy world, Rome received among the starry reaches of heaven! Hearken, O mother of men and mother of gods! Not far from the skies are we when in thy sacred abodes. Thee do we sing, and ever shall while the fates permit. No one can be secure, neglectful of thee. Sooner shall wretched oblivion blot out the sun than thine honor fail from our heart. For thou dost extend thy boon wheresoever shine the sun's rays, wheresoever billows the girdling Ocean. . . . Thou hast made of diverse nations a single fatherland; the reluctant, with thee to rule, have found it gain to be vanquished. In bestowing upon the subdued an equal right in thy law, thou hast made a city what was before a world.

—Grant Showerman.

VIII. THE RISE OF CHRISTIANITY (A.D. 58–420)

At least as early as 58, when Paul addressed the Romans, there existed a Christian community in the city. In 64, as we have read in Tacitus, its members were made the scapegoat by the Emperor Nero on the occasion of the great fire. From this time until about 400, when Christianity had definitely become the religion of administration and administrators, its progress was marked, first, for two hundred and fifty years by frequent persecutions, some general and some local, until in 313 Constantine's edict of Milan made it legitimate, and second, by a hundred years during which it gradually and in more peaceful manner supplanted the old religion, taking to itself in the process not only the membership, but not a little, both bad and good, of the character, of paganism.

PLINY TO TRAJAN ON THE CHRISTIANS

It is my wont, Sire, to refer to you all matters concerning which I am in doubt; for who better than you can guide me in my hesitations, or, if you please, instruct me in my ignorance? The trials of the Christians—I have never had to do with them, and so have no idea as to how far the sect should be held subject either to punishment or to examination. And I have felt no slight hesitation as to whether time of life should be taken into account, or no distinction should be made between those of very tender age and those of more years and strength; and as to whether the repentant should receive pardon, or renunciation should count for nothing if one at any time has been a Christian; and as to whether the mere name unattended by criminal conduct should constitute cause for punishment, or whether it is the crime inhering in the name that is to be punished.

In the meantime, in the cases brought before me with the charge of being Christians, I have followed this method of procedure. I have asked them whether they were Christians. On their confession of the fact, I have asked them a second and a third time, with threats of punishment. If they have persisted, I have ordered their execution; for I have had no doubt that, whatever they confessed, their pertinacity and their inflexible obstinacy at least ought to bring punishment upon them. There have been some afflicted with the same madness whom, because of their being citizens, I have taken steps to have sent to Rome for trial. Before long, by the very fact of measures being taken against it, as is usually the result, accusations began to be heard in various quarters, and a greater number of cases were brought before me. Anonymous information, with the names of many persons, has been lodged with me.

When those who have denied that they either were or had been Christians have called upon the gods in my presence, and have gone through the forms of worship, with incense and wine, before your likeness, which, with the images of the gods, I have ordered brought in for the purpose, and in addition to this have cursed Christ, —none of which acts those who are in real truth Christians can be brought to perform,—I have thought them deserving of discharge. Some have said that they were Christians, and then presently denied it, saying that they had been but had ceased to be, some many years before, a few even twenty years. These also, all of them, have both worshipped your likeness and the images of the gods and cursed Christ. They have affirmed, moreover, that the worst crime, or rather mistake, of which they had been guilty, had consisted in their custom of coming together before dawn on stated days to sing together a hymn to Christ, as if to God, and to bind themselves by an oath not to commit theft, robbery, or adultery, and not to deny a deposit when called upon. After this, according to their statement, they had been wont to separate. They had been accustomed to come together again to partake of

a meal, common to all, and without blame; but they had discontinued even this after the edict in which, in obedience to your instructions, I had forbidden the existence of secret societies. For this reason I thought it all the more necessary to try to get at the truth by the examination of two female slaves said to be deaconesses, and I even had them put to the torture. I have been able to discover nothing except a distorted and exaggerated outside cult, and so have postponed the hearings and resorted to you for counsel. The matter seemed to me to demand consultation, especially on account of the number of those who are in danger. For many, of every age, of every rank, and of both sexes, are being called into jeopardy, and will continue to be in the future. Not merely cities, but villages, too, and the country districts, have been thoroughly infected with the contagion of these wretched non-conformists—who I nevertheless think may be stayed and corrected. At least it is certain that the temples, already almost deserted, have begun to be much frequented again, and that the usual sacrifices, long neglected, are again being performed, and the fodder for the victims is on sale—there were very few buyers of it heretofore.

From this it is easy to form an opinion of the throngs who can be set right if only allowed the opportunity for recantation.

Trajan to Pliny

In dealing with the cases of the Christians brought before you, my dear Secundus, you have followed the proper mode of procedure.

No definite rule, to apply in all cases, can be laid down. The Christians are not to be sought out. If brought before you and found guilty, they are to be punished; but on this condition, that whosoever denies that he is a Christian, and makes good his assertion by performing acts of worship to our gods, is to have full pardon, however greatly suspected in the past. Anonymous charges are in no case to be admitted as evidence; this would be a very bad precedent, and besides not in the spirit of our times.

—Grant Showerman.

MARCUS MINUCIUS FELIX (About A.D. 175)

The *Octavius* of Minucius Felix, a cultivated Roman lawyer, is the earliest extant Latin essay on Christianity. Its author is a convert rich in pagan literary and philosophical lore, and writes an essay almost Ciceronian in style and presentation. In an utterly charming introduction, the narrator and his friends, the pagan Cæcilius and the Christian Octavius, after an early morning walk by the sea at Ostia, sit down to discuss the merits of new and old. The body of the essay consists of the two discourses of pagan and Christian, and the conclusion records the victory of the Christian and the deep satisfaction of the Christian narrator. The argument of Octavius is remarkable for the absence of peculiar Christian doctrines such as those of baptism, atonement, the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, and the resurrection, but striking in the familiar and modern nature of its reasoning.

OCTAVIUS; OR, PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN

The Friends at Ostia

Whenever my thoughts dwell on my good old friend Octavius, his charming and lovable personality becomes so real to me that I seem in a manner to return to the past, with something more than a mere recollection of its closed pages. My eyes can no longer see him, but his portrait is for that very reason all the more deeply engraved on my heart and inmost feelings. He was a remarkable and saintly man, and his departure from this world left me with an indefinite sense of loss. In truth, he was so much attached to me that our thoughts and wishes, whether grave or gay, always coincided; it was as though we had only one mind between us. The result of this unanimity was that, while he was the only partner of my pleasures, he shared my errors also. So, again, when I escaped from the dark slough of ignorance into the light of wisdom and truth, he did not cast off his companion, but, much more nobly, ran on to show him the way. Consequently, when my thoughts range over the whole period of our intimacy, my most vivid recollection is of a discourse of his in which by sheer force of argument he converted Quintus Cæcilius from his belated superstition to the true faith.

Octavius had come to Rome partly on business, and partly in order to see me; and he had left his wife and children at home, the little ones just at the age of innocence, and at that most lovable time when they try to say short words with delightfully quaint attempts at pronunciation. I cannot say how pleased I was to see my greatest friend, especially as his arrival was quite unexpected. After a day or two of renewed intimacy, when we had to some extent satisfied our hunger for each other's company, and had thoroughly compared notes together, we determined to go to Ostia, an exceedingly nice place, where I had been advised to try the bracing effects of sea-bathing. The vintage holidays had released me from the law-courts, and after the heat of summer there was a touch of autumn in the air.

Well, early one morning we were walking down to the sea, to enjoy the cool breeze and a stroll over the sands, when Cæcilius, who was with us, noticed an image of Serapis, and in the usual superstitious way kissed his hand to it.

Then Octavius said to me: 'Marcus, my brother, here is a man who is closely connected with you, both in private and in business. You are not doing your duty by him if you leave him in ignorant blindness, and let him stumble in broad daylight over blocks of stone, even though they are carved and anointed and crowned. You must be aware that his error is as discreditable to yourself as it is to him.'

This remark brought us past the town to the open shore, where the gentle waves had made us a promenade of level sand. The sea, which is never absolutely still,

even when there is no wind, came in, not white and foaming, but in curling, twisting waves which it was a pleasure to look at, and, when we walked quite at the edge of the water, played round our footsteps and then receded from them. So we walked on, slowly and quietly, along the slight curve of the shore, amusing ourselves with conversation and with Octavius's accounts of his experiences on board ship. When we had gone far enough, walking and talking, we turned to come back the same way, and, as we came to a place where some boats were laid up high and dry upon baulks of timber, we saw a number of boys playing at ducks and drakes with bits of tile. The game, of course, is to choose a flat piece, with rounded edges, and then, holding it low, to throw it so that it may skim the surface of the water and make as many hops and jumps as possible; and the boy whose shot goes farthest and jumps oftenest is the winner.

The sight distinctly amused Octavius and me, but Cæcilius took no notice of it and did not so much as smile, but showed by his preoccupied expression that he was trying to keep to himself something or other that had annoyed him.

'Now, Cæcilius,' said I, 'what is the matter with you? What has become of all your gaiety? You generally look more cheerful than that even on serious occasions.'

'It is that nasty remark of our friend Octavius,' he said, 'that has been irritating me all this time. It was addressed ostensibly to you, because he blamed your negligence; but that was only his indirect way of charging me with ignorance, which is worse. As he has practically raised the whole question, the matter cannot rest where it is, so I shall have to have it out with him. All I know is that, if he wants me to argue on behalf of the school I belong to, he will soon find it easier to wrangle among his friends than to conduct a philosophical discussion. However, suppose we sit down on this stone breakwater by the baths, and rest, and thresh it out.'

So we sat down as he suggested, with myself in the middle; not that etiquette demanded that I should have the place of honor, because friendship always assumes or makes equality, but in order that I might act as judge, and hear both sides equally, and part the combatants.

—Arthur Aiken Brodribb.

The Absurdities of Christian Belief and Practice

'I pass over many facts, and advisedly; for even those I have mentioned are all too many, and the truth of all of them, or of most of them, is proven by the very mystery in which the shameful superstition is enveloped. For why should they take so much trouble to hide away in the dark and to keep from view the object of their worship, whatever it is? What is honorable ever rejoices in being known to all; it is crime that loves secrecy. Why is it that they have no altars, no temples, and no statues that are known? Why do they never dare to speak openly, never venture to congregate freely?—unless it is that what they worship and keep suppressed is something for which they ought to be punished or of which they ought to be ashamed. . . .

'Then too, whence, or if you please who, or where is that god of theirs, alone of his kind, solitary, forsaken, whom no free people, no governments, whom not even Roman superstition knows? To be sure, the lonely and pitiable nation of the Jews also worships a single god, but they do it openly, in temples, before altars, with victims and according to definite rites, though his strength and effectiveness are so slight that he, together with his own race, is a captive among the Romans, who are only mortals! But more, what absurdities, what monstrosities, do the Christians frame in their imagination! That god of theirs, whom they can neither point out to others nor themselves see, is engaged, according to their belief, in carefully inquiring into the morals, into the deeds, and, finally, into the words and secret thoughts of all men—running hither and thither, of course, and everywhere present. They will make him out petty, restless, even impudently curious; for he is at hand to see every act, he is abroad in every place, though he can do no good to individuals because of being bound to attend to the whole world, and cannot suffice for the whole world because he is engaged with individuals.

'But what shall I say of their prophecies threatening the whole earth, yes, the universe itself, stars and all, with destruction by fire? as if the everlasting fabric of nature, based upon divine laws, could be disturbed, or as if, even supposing the bond of all elemental things ruptured, or the

framework of the heavens sundered, the great edifice by which all creation is contained and girdled could be crumbled into ruin. And yet, not content with a madman's belief like this, they add to it by trumping up old women's tales. They say they are to be born again after death, even from ash and cinders, and, prompted by an assurance which to me is a mystery, actually believe in their own lies. You would think they had already lived again. Double perversity and double nonsense, to threaten with destruction the heavens and the stars, which we leave at death as we find them at birth, and at the same time to promise to themselves, beings who, in like manner as they have entered upon existence, must also leave it, eternal life after annihilation in death! That, of course, is why they abhor the funeral pyre, and condemn cremation; as if any bodily frame, even if kept from the flames, would not be resolved into earth just the same after the passing of years and generations, and as if it made the least difference whether wild beasts tore it asunder, or the sea engulfed it, or the earth covered it, or fire consumed it. Any manner of disposition of the dead would be pain to the body if it retained the senses; and if not, its consumption by fire would be salutary because of its very quickness. Deceived by this mistake, they promise themselves after death, as a reward for their own goodness, a life of bliss through never-ending time, but to all others as a penalty for their wickedness, eternal torment. I could say much in regard to this, were I not in haste to finish. I have shown now that they themselves are unrighteous, and I care to go no farther. And yet, even if I should allow that they were righteous, it is a fact that both guilt and innocence, in the opinion of most men, are attributable to fate. You yourselves hold that view; for, just as others find in fate the reason for everything we do, you find it in your god. Thus those who belong to your sect do so not because of their own will, but because they are elect of God; and so you fashion a god who is unjust, inasmuch as he punishes men, not for what they will to do, but for what fate compels them to do.

'And yet I should like to ask whether they are to rise again without bodies, or with them—and with what bodies, the same, or new ones? Without? That, so far as I can see, would be neither mind nor soul nor life at all. With the same body? But that has already been dissolved, long ago. With another? In that case it is a new creature that is born, and the former being is not reconstructed. And besides, think of the length of time that has elapsed, and of the innumerable generations that have arrived and passed in the stream of existence: and has there been a single one who has returned from the shades, even on leave for so much as a few hours, like Protesilaus, to give us a precedent on which to ground a belief? All those figments of an unhealthy imagination, all those silly consolations invented by lying poets to lend charm to their song, you, credulous fools that you are, have clumsily refashioned and ascribed to your god.

'You do not even allow the present to teach you how vain is the promise and how fruitless the vows in which you are deceived. Miserable that you are, while you are still in this life consider what awaits you after death. Part of you, the greater part, and, according to your claim, the better, are suffering from poverty and cold, are wretched from hard labor and hunger, and your god allows it, pretends not to see, and is either unwilling or unable to come to the aid of his own; so weak or so unjust is he. And you, who dream of immortality after death,—when you are shaken by danger, when you are burning with fever, when you are torn by grief, do you still not realize your condition? do you still not recognize your fragility? In spite of yourself, wretched that you are, you are convicted of infirmity, and yet will not confess it.

'But I pass over the merely ordinary. Look, set before you are threats, punishments, torments, and crosses not indeed to be worshipped but to be endured, and even the flames which you both predict and fear—and where is that god of yours who can aid those who are entering upon life a second time, but not those who are in this life? Do not the Romans command, do they not rule, without your god? Do they not enjoy as their own the whole world, and are they not masters over you? But you, in the meantime, in suspense and anxiety, abstain from honorable pleasures, refuse to go to the games, take no part in the processions, will have nothing to do with feasts in common apart from your own, or with contests in honor of the gods,

or with the meats which remain from the sacrifices, or the wine left after libation at the altars. Thus it is that you stand in fear of the gods whom you deny. You set on your heads no garlands of flowers, you never grace your bodies with perfumes. You reserve your unguents for funerals, you deny the floral wreath even to the tomb. Pale and trembling with fear, you are worthy of compassion—but on the part of our gods; for the fact is, poor souls that you are, you neither live a second time nor do you enjoy the present life.

'So henceforth, if you have any remnant of wisdom or modesty, cease to scrutinize the regions of the sky and to pry into the destinies and secrets of the universe. It is enough for men to contemplate what is under their feet, especially when, like you, they are untaught, uncultured, rude, and rustic, and not only have no idea of human affairs, but are much less qualified to discuss the divine.'

—Grant Showerman.

THE CHRISTIAN REPLIES

'Do you really imagine that we conceal the object of our worship because we have no shrines and altars? What image can I possibly make of God when man himself, rightly regarded, is God's image? And what temple shall I build for him when the whole world, his handiwork, cannot contain him? Shall I, who have a more spacious dwelling myself, though I am only a man, try to enclose him within the four walls of one small building? Is he not better hallowed in the soul, and consecrated in the inmost heart? Shall I offer as victims and sacrifies to God the things which he has given me for my use, and so fling back his gift? That would be ungrateful. The fit sacrifice is a good spirit, a pure mind, and a clear conscience. He, then who follows after innocence prays to God; he who pursues righteousness sacrifices to God; he who abstains from deceit propitiates God; he who saves a fellow-man from peril offers the chiefest victim. These are our sacrifices, these are the sacred rites of our God. With us, the most upright man is the most religious. But, as you say, we neither show to others, nor ourselves see, the God whom we worship. In truth, it is a reason for believing him to be God, that we can perceive, but cannot see him. In his works, and in all the forces of nature, in thunder, in lightning, and in the unclouded blue, we see his ever-present power. You need not wonder that you cannot see God himself. Winds and storms blow and shake everything, but the winds are not actually visible to the eyes. It is the sun that enables us to see everything; but you cannot look into the sun, for his rays dull your sight, and, if you persevere in the attempt, you see nothing at all. Do you think that you could bear to gaze at the maker of the sun, the very source of light, when you have to turn away from the lightning and hide from the thunderbolts? Do you expect to see God with your physical eyes, while your soul, which gives you life and speech, is invisible and intangible? You have urged that God does not heed the actions of men, and that from his place in heaven he cannot at once pervade the whole and regard individuals. Man, you are mistaken and deceived. From what place can God be far distant when all the regions of heaven and earth, and all beyond our earthly sphere, are filled with him who made them? In every place he is not only very near to us, but is mingled with us. To take another illustration from the sun, it is set high in the heavens, but it throws its light over all lands, and diffuses its beams everywhere with unfailing glory. Much more is God, the author of all things, the observer of all men, and from whom no secrets are hid, present in darkness, and in that other darkness of our thoughts. Not only do we live under his eye, but I may almost say we live with him. . . .

'Now, with regard to the burning of the world, it is a vulgar error to hold that there cannot be an unexpected conflagration or a failure of moisture. No philosopher doubts that everything that has a beginning has also an end, and that all created things perish. The Stoics uniformly think that the heavens with all that they contain will be overcome by fire whenever the springs of water fail them, and that the world itself will take fire when all the moisture has been used up. The Epicureans agree with them as to the conflagration of the elements and the wreck of the universe. . . . And so with the renewal of life, the best philosophers, from Pythagoras downwards, and especially Plato, have held it with a sort of imperfect and partial belief. They say that after the dissolution of the body the soul alone remains eternally, and finds

new habitations, and they so far pervert the truth as to suggest that the souls of men migrate into birds and beasts. That idea is more suitable for pantomime than for philosophy. However, it is enough for my purpose that on the general question your philosophers do to some extent agree with us. And surely, no one would be so dull or so stupid as to deny that God, who made man originally, can make him again and afresh? If he was born from nothing, so he can be renewed from nothing, for renewal must needs be less difficult than creation. Do you believe that that which is withdrawn from our dull eyes is necessarily dead in God's sight also? Every human body, whether it becomes dry dust, or moisture, or a handful of ashes, is removed from us, but is reserved for the purposes of God, who guards the elements. Nor, as you suppose, do we fear that our dead will be prejudiced if they are not buried; it is only that we prefer burial to cremation as being the older and better custom. But see how all nature offers us consolatory suggestions of a future resurrection. The sun sets and rises again, the stars sink and return, flowers wither and grow again, shrubs grow green after their old age, seeds cannot spring up except they perish. So the body in its sepulchre is like trees in winter, which show no sign of sap and seem quite dry. You are not so impatient as to expect a tree to grow green in midwinter; and we in like manner wait for the spring-time of the body. . . .

Our Christian morality, lax as our system is in some respects, will be found on comparison much better than your own. For instance, your people forbid adultery, but practice it, while we are true husbands all our lives; you punish crimes when they have been committed, with us the mere contemplation of them is sinful; you fear your accomplices, we fear conscience alone, of which we cannot divest ourselves. Besides, the jails are full of your people, but no Christian who is not an apostate is to be found there, except on account of his religion. . . .

'How noble a spectacle it must be in God's sight when a Christian does battle with pain, and is matched like a gladiator against threats and torments and tortures; when he laughs at the terrors and din of the fatal theater and offers himself to the executioner; when he asserts his liberty against kings and princes, and yields only to God, whose he is; and when, with the triumphant air of a conqueror, he beards the very man who pronounced sentence upon him! He is indeed a conqueror, for he has won that for which he fought. What soldier does not adventure himself more bravely under the eye of his general? But the reward comes only after the deed of valor, and if the soldier is killed, the earthly general cannot give what he has not got;—he cannot prolong the man's life, but can only honor his good service. But the soldier of God is not deserted in trouble, nor put an end to by death. The Christian may seem unhappy, but cannot be so in reality. You yourselves laud to the skies the behavior of unfortunate people like Mucius Scævola, who, when he made a mistake and failed to kill the king, would have lost his life if he had not voluntarily sacrificed his right hand. But how many of our folk have borne in silence the burning, not of the right hand, but of the whole body, and that, too, when it was in their power to procure their release? Need I compare our grown men to Mucius and Aquilius and Regulus? Why, our boys and girls are so inspired to bear pain that they make light of crucifixion, wild beasts, and all the tortures and penalties of the law. You wretched people, you do not understand that no one submits to pain voluntarily without good reason, or can endure torture without God's help. . . .

We, then, who value virtue and modesty necessarily have no part or lot in your evil pleasures and pomps and shows. We know how they originated from your ritual, and we condemn their dangerous attractions. And who can help condemning the disreputable excitements of the circus, and the organized teaching of murder in your gladiatorial shows? In your stage-plays also there is just as much wild passion, but more long-drawn-out infamy. The obscenities of the actor dishonor your own gods, and his sham tears evoke your sympathy, so that, while you insist on real murder in the arena, you deplore the imitation of it on the stage. . . .

'We despise the pride of the philosophers, whom we know to be misleaders and flatterers of the great, notwithstanding their eloquent censure of their own faults. For ourselves, we wear our wisdom not in our dress, but in our minds; we do not say great things, but do them; and we glory in having attained that which the philoso-

phers, with all their diligent search, could not find. How can we be thankless and discontented if the truth of God has borne fruit in our own time? Let us enjoy our good fortune, and direct our minds aright so that superstition may be restrained, impiety banished, and the true faith upheld.'

The Verdict

When Octavius had done speaking, we sat still for a minute or two, too much surprised to say anything. For myself, I was reduced to silence by my extreme admiration for the arguments, the instances, and the wide reading with which he had illustrated what it is much easier to feel than to express. I admired also the way in which he had turned against his opponents their own philosophical weapons, and had shown that truth was such as it was easy to understand and to welcome.

Cæcilius was the first to speak, and interrupted my reflections by saying: 'I congratulate my friend Octavius most heartily, and myself too and I need not wait for the verdict. We have won, as things are, and I say 'we' because I am unprincipled enough to claim a share in the victory; for if Octavius has overcome me, I have got the better of my errors. As for the main question, I admit what he has said of providence and the unity of God, and I agree with him as to the merits of what is now the sect of both of us. But as it is past midday, let us reserve for tomorrow certain matters, not serious objections, on which I should like fuller information. The inquiry will be all the easier for our being agreed in principle.'

'For the sake of all three of us,' I said, 'I am delighted with the happy result; with my friend Octavius's victory, and with my own escape from the invidious duty of delivering judgment. I will not attempt to reward him with mere words of praise; and, besides, the testimony of man—especially of one man—would be inconclusive. But he has a noble reward from God, to whose inspiration and help he owes his eloquence and his success.'

After this we parted in good spirits and good humor; Cæcilius rejoicing that he had become a believer, and Octavius because he had made him one; and I for both reasons.

—Arthur Aiken Brodribb.

QUINTUS SEPTIMIUS FLORENS TERTULLIANUS (About A.D. 155–220)

Tertullian, a converted pagan of Carthage, was one of the most earnest and earliest of the distinguished defenders of Christianity. Ably educated in rhetoric and law, he was prominent after conversion as presbyter and author, but in later life became one of the schismatics called Montanists. He wrote abundantly in both periods, and always with more or less combative fervor. Among his works are *On the Witness of the Soul, On the Shows, On Women's Dress, The Apologeticus* or *Defence for Christians, On Idolatry, On Prayer, Against the Jews.* The intransigent nature of his teaching is exemplified by the passage in the treatise *On Idolatry* where he condemns not only all attendance at pagan worship, but every activity in any way connected with it, even to the carpenter's work that builds or repairs the temple, the sculptor's that fashions pagan images for temple or theater, the merchant's selling of incense, or the teacher's instruction in pagan letters. He preaches the utmost separateness from the world.

THE APOLOGY

The Numbers of the Christians

We are of yesterday, and we already fill all that is yours—your cities, your tenements, your fortress-towns, your municipalities, your meeting-places, your councils, your very camps, your tribes, your public service, the imperial palace, the senate, the forum. We have left you nothing but your temples. For what war might we not have been fit and ready, even if unequal in forces—we, who are so willing to be slain, if according to our ways it were not the better thing to be slain rather than to slay? Without recourse to arms, and without rebellion, but by merely disagreeing with you, we could have fought you by the ill will engendered through keeping separate from you; for if such a multitude of men had broken away from you and removed to some distant corner of the world, your rule would surely have been put to shame by the loss of so many citizens, whatever their character, and would have suffered from bare desertion. Beyond doubt, you would have been terrified at your solitude, at the silence in everything, and at the stupor of a world as if dead. You would have had to look for subjects to rule over; more enemies would have remained than citizens.

—Grant Showerman.

Christian Practice

We are made a body by common religious feeling, unity of discipline, and the bond of hope. We come together in a meeting and assembly, that we may as it were form a troop, and so in prayer to God beset Him with our supplications. This violence is well-pleasing to God. We pray also for emperors, for their ministers, and for them that are in power, for the welfare of the world, for peace therein, for the delay of the end. We meet together for the reading of the divine writings, if the character of the times compels us in any way to forewarning or reminder. However that may be, with the holy words we nourish our faith, lift up our hope, confirm our confidence and no less make strong our discipline by impressing the precepts. At these meetings we have also exhortations, rebukes, and a Divine censorship. For judgment also is executed with much gravity, as before men who are sure that they are in the sight of God; and it is a notable foretaste of judgment to come if a man has so sinned as to be banished from the communion of our prayer and meeting and all holy intercourse. Our presidents are the approved elders, obtaining that honor not for a price but by attested character; for indeed the things of God are not sold for a price. Even if there is a sort of common fund, it is not made up of money paid in fees, as for a worship by contract. Each of us puts in a trifle on the monthly day, or when he pleases; but only if he pleases, and only if he is able, for no man is obliged, but contributes of his own free will. These are as it were deposits of piety; for it is not paid out thence for feasts and drinkings and thankless eating-houses, but for feeding and burying the needy, for boys and girls deprived of means and parents, for old folk now confined to the house: also for them that are shipwrecked, for any who are in the mines, and for any who in the islands or in the prisons, if only it be for the cause of God's people, become the nurslings of their own confession.

—Henry Melvill Gwatkin.

CÆCILIUS CYPRIANUS (About A.D. 200–258)

Cyprian, like Tertullian, was a convert from paganism whom ability and earnestness elevated to Christian leadership in Carthage. Made bishop about 249, on the outbreak of Decius' persecution in 250 and 251 he fled, directing the affairs of the Church from his place of concealment. Less seriously affected by the persecution of Gallus, emperor in 251-3, and attacked again in the persecution of Valerian in 257, on September 14 of the following year he suffered martyrdom. He wrote tractates and letters, of which we have thirteen of the former and about eighty of the latter. Some of the living subjects of his discussion were the treatment of those who under persecution had fallen away from the faith, the charge that Christianity was responsible for the calamities of the time, the superior blessings of the Christian religion as compared with the old faith, the proper dress and bearing of Christian virgins, the sins of heresy and the unity of the Church, the virtue of patience, and the rightness of his hiding in the persecution of Decius in order not to leave the Christians without a head.

The translations are from Gwatkin's *Selections from Early Christian Writers.*

THE EDICT OF VALERIAN

Cyprian to his brother Successus, greeting . . . But the truth concerning them is as follows, that Valerian had sent a rescript to the senate, to the effect that bishops and presbyters and deacons should immediately be punished; but that senators, and men of importance, and Roman knights, should lose their dignity, and moreover be deprived of their property; and if, when their means were taken away, they should persist in being Christians, then they should also lose their heads; that matrons should be deprived of their property, and sent into banishment; but that people of Cæsar's household, whoever of them had either confessed before, or should now confess, should have their property confiscated, and should be sent in chains by assignment to Cæsar's estates.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH

And this unity we ought firmly to hold and assert, especially those of us that are bishops who preside in the Church, that we may also prove the episcopate itself to be one and undivided. Let no one deceive the brotherhood by a falsehood: let no one corrupt the faithfulness of the truth by perfidious prevarication. The episcopate is one, each part of which is held by each one for the whole. The Church also is one, which is spread abroad far and wide into a multitude by an increase of fruitfulness. As there are many rays of the sun, but one light; and many branches of a tree, but one strength based in its tenacious root; and since from one spring flow many streams, although the multiplicity seems diffused in the liberality of an overflowing abundance, yet the unity is still preserved in the source. . . . He who has left the Church of Christ is an alien, a profane person, an enemy. He cannot have God for his Father who has not the Church for his mother. If he could escape who was outside the ark of Noah, then he too will escape who was outside the Church.

HERETICAL BAPTISM INVALID

For I know not by what argument some of our colleagues are led to think that when those come to us who have been dipped by heretics, they ought not to be baptized, on the ground as they say that there is one baptism; which one of course is in the Catholic Church, for the Church is one, and baptism there is none outside the Church. For since there cannot be two baptisms, then if heretics in truth baptize, it is they who have the baptism. . . . We, however, say that those who have come thence are not rebaptized with us but baptized, for indeed they receive not anything there where nothing is, but come to us that they may here receive where there is all grace and truth, since there is but one grace and truth.

LUCIUS CÆCILIUS FIRMIANUS LACTANTIUS (About A.D. 260–340)

Lactantius, pupil of Arnobius and Ciceronian enthusiast, called as professor of rhetoric to Nicomedia by Diocletian, became a convert in middle age, and was in late life the tutor of Constantine's son Crispus in Gaul. His works, facile and gracious rather than profound, were principally the seven books of *Instruction in Religion,* designed to induct the reader into Christianity, *On the Wrath of God,* and various lost works. *On the Deaths of the Persecutors,* written after the last persecution by Diocletian, demonstrating the evil end of the great enemies of Christianity, is not surely by Lactantius.

THE EDICT OF MILAN

When we, Constantine Augustus and Licinius Augustus, had happily met together at Milan, and were holding consideration of all things which concern the advantage and security of the state, we thought that amongst other things which seemed likely to profit men generally we ought in the very first place to set in order the conditions of the reverence paid to the Divinity, by giving to the Christians and all others full authority to follow whatever worship any man has chosen; whereby whatsoever Divinity dwells in heaven may be benevolent and propitious to us and to all who are placed under our authority. Therefore we thought it good with sound counsel and very right reason to lay down this law, that no man whatever should be refused any legal facility, who has given up his mind either to the observance of Christianity, or to the worship which he personally feels best suited to himself; to the end that the supreme Divinity whose worship we freely follow may continue in all things to grant us his wonted favor and goodwill. Wherefore Your Devotion should know that it is our pleasure to abolish all conditions whatever which appeared in former charters directed to your office about the Christians, that every one of those who have a common wish to observe the Christian worship may now freely and unconditionally endeavor to observe the same without any annoyance or disquiet. These things we thought good to signify in the fullest manner to Your Carefulness, that you might know that we have given freely and unreservedly to the said Christians authority to practise their worship. And when you perceive that we have made this grant to the said Christians, Your Devotion understands that to others also freedom for their own worship and observance is likewise left open and freely granted, as befits the quiet of our times, that every man may have freedom in the practice of whatever worship he has chosen, for it is not our will that aught be diminished from the honor of any worship.

Moreover, in regard to the Christians we have thought fit to ordain this also, that if any appear to have bought, whether from our exchequer or from any others, the places at which they were used formerly to assemble, concerning which definite orders have been given before now, and that by letters issued to your office—that the same be restored to the Christians, setting aside all delay and doubtfulness, without any payment or demand of price. Those also who have obtained them by gift shall restore them in like manner without delay to the said Christians; and those moreover who have bought them, as well as those who have obtained them by gift, if they request anything of our benevolence, they shall apply to the Vicarius, that order may be taken for them too by Our Clemency. All these things must be delivered over at once and without delay by your intervention to the corporation of the Christians. And since the said Christians are known to have possessed, not those places only whereto they were used to assemble, but others also belonging to their corporation, namely the churches, and not to individuals, we comprise them all under the above law, so that you will order them to be restored without any doubtfulness or dispute to the said Christians, that is, to

their corporation and assemblies; provided always as aforesaid, that those who restore them without price, as we said, shall expect a compensation from our benevolence. In all these things you must give the aforesaid Christians your most effective intervention, that our command may be fulfilled as soon as may be, and that in this matter as well as others order may be taken by Our Clemency for the public quiet. So far we will ensure that, as is already said, the Divine favor which we have already experienced in so many affairs shall continue for all time to give us prosperity and successes, together with happiness for the state. But that it may be possible for this command of our benevolence to come to the knowledge of all men, it will be your duty by a proclamation of your own to publish everywhere and bring to the notice of all men this present document when it reaches you, that the command of this our benevolence may not be hidden.

ON DIOCLETIAN

When Diocletian, that inventor of crimes and deviser of evils, was ruining all things, he could not refrain his hands even from God. He was the man who overturned the whole world, partly by avarice and partly by cowardice. He made three partners in the government, dividing the empire into four parts, so that armies were multiplied, because each of the four endeavored to have a much greater number of soldiers than former emperors had when they ruled the state alone. Thus the receivers of taxes began to be more in number than the payers, so that by reason of the consumption of husbandmen's goods by the excess of land-taxes the farms were left waste and tilled lands turned into forest. In order too that all places might be filled with terror the provinces also were cut up into fragments, and many presidents and sundry companies of officials lay heavy on every territory, and indeed almost on every city; and there were many receivers besides and secretaries and deputies of the prefects. All these very seldom had civil cases before them, only condemnations and continual confiscations and requisitions—I will not say frequent, but unceasing—of every kind of property, and in the levying intolerable wrongs. Even these might be borne if they were intended to provide pay for the soldiers; but Diocletian in his insatiable avarice would never let his treasures be diminished, but was always heaping up extraordinary aids and benevolences, in order to keep his hoards untouched and inviolate. Again, when by various evil deeds he caused a prodigious scarcity, he essayed by law to fix the prices of goods in the market. Then much blood was shed for trifling and paltry wares, and through fear nothing appeared in the market, so that the scarcity was made much worse, till after the law had ruined multitudes it was of sheer necessity abolished. In addition to this he had an unlimited taste for building, and levied of the provincials as unlimited exactions for the wages of workmen and artificers, and the supplying of wagons and everything else that was wanted for the works in hand. . . . Thus he always played the madman in his endeavor to equal Nicomedia with imperial Rome.

—Gwatkin's Selections.

EUSEBIUS HIERONYMUS (About A.D. 348–420)

Jerome, born in Dalmatia, was in Rome at the age of five. Among the teachers of his youth was Ælius Donatus, the famous grammarian and commentator. After a sojourn in Gaul and the decision to devote himself to religion, followed by a sojourn at Aquileia in northeastern Italy, in 373 he set out for Jerusalem, which he did not reach, however, until twelve years later. Of the intervening time he spent two years in study at Antioch, three years as hermit in the desert in obedience to the strong ascetic impulse that characterized him, four years again in Antioch and in Constantinople as priest and student, and three years in Rome, where he was the intimate of Pope Damasus, for whom he undertook the famous revision and translation of the Bible called the Vulgate. In 385, the year after the death of Damasus, he yielded again to the ascetic impulse and left Rome for the East, the more readily because of enemies who found in his relations with Marcella, Paula, and Eustochium, Roman ladies of like ascetic inclination, convenient ground for criticism. Having met at Antioch, all visited Jerusalem in 386, returned to Alexandria and Egypt to learn at first hand the ways of the hermit life, and finally in 389 founded in Bethlehem a monastery, a convent, and a hospice for pilgrims. Here, after long years of study, teaching, and writing, not without the controversial unpleasantness into which his nature seemed to draw him, he died on September 30, 420, ten years after the taking of Rome by Alaric, the news of which had so affected him. He was a highly gifted man of strong emotions.

THE EPISTLES

The Charm of Cicero

When years ago I had torn myself from home and parents, sister and friends, for the kingdom of heaven's sake, and had taken my journey for Jerusalem, I could not part with the books which I had collected at Rome with very great care and labor. And so, unhappy man that I was, I followed up my fasting by reading Cicero; after a night of watching, after shedding tears, which the remembrance of my past sins drew from my inmost soul, I took up Plautus. If sometimes, coming to myself, I began to read the prophets, their inartistic style repelled me. When my blinded eyes could not see the light, I thought the fault was in the sun, not in my eyes. While the old serpent thus deceived me, about the middle of Lent a fever seized me, and so reduced my strength that my life scarce cleaved to my bones. They began to prepare for my funeral. My whole body was growing cold, only a little vital warmth remained in my breast; when suddenly I was caught up in spirit, and brought before the tribunal of the Judge. So great was the glory of his presence, and such the brilliancy of the purity of those who surrounded Him, that I cast myself to the earth, and did not dare to raise my eyes. Being asked who I was, I answered that I was a Christian. 'Thou liest,' said the Judge, 'thou art a Ciceronian, and not a Christian; for where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also.' Thereupon, I was silent. He ordered me to be beaten, but I was tormented more by remorse of conscience than by the blows; I said to myself, 'Who shall give thee thanks in hell?' Then I cried, 'Have mercy upon me, O Lord, have mercy upon me!' My cry was heard above the sound of the blows. Then they who stood by, gliding to the knees of the Judge, prayed Him to have mercy on my youth, and He gave me time for repentance, on pain of more severe punishment if I should read pagan books in the future. I, who in such a strait would have promised even greater things, made oath, and declared by His sacred Name, 'O Lord, if ever I henceforth possess profane books or read them, let me be treated as if I had denied thee.' After this oath, they let me go, and I returned to the world. To the wonder of all who stood by, I opened my eyes, shedding such a shower of tears that my grief would make even the incredulous believe in my vision. And this was not mere sleep, or a vain dream, such as often deludes us. The tribunal before which I lay is witness, so may I never come into a like judgment. I protest that my shoulders were livid, that

I felt the blows after I awoke, and thenceforward I studied divine things with greater ardor than ever I had studied the things of the world.

A Protest Against Slander

One finds fault with my walk and my smile, another slanders my countenance, another thinks my simplicity suspicious. I have lived among them nearly three years. A troop of virgins often surrounded me. I explained to them the divine books to the best of my ability. Study brought companionship, and companionship friendship, and friendship confidence. Let them say, if they have ever observed in me anything unbecoming a Christian man. Whose money have I accepted? Have I not refused all presents, great and small? Has anybody's gold tinkled in my hand? Have I spoken an ambiguous word, cast a light glance? They object nothing against me except that I am a man, and that objection was made only when Paula proposed to go to Jerusalem. Be it so. They believed my accuser when he lied, let them also believe him when he retracts. . . .

I have written these lines, dear lady Asella, on the eve of going on board, in haste, weeping, and mourning; and I thank my God that I am worthy of the hatred of the world. . . . They call me a malefactor; I, a servant of Christ, accept the title. . . . The infamy of a false accusation has been cast upon me; but I know it is through good report and through evil report one must come to the kingdom of heaven. Salute Paula and Eustochium, mine in Christ, whether the world will or no; salute Albina, my mother, Marcella my sister, Marcellina, the holy Felicitas, and say to them, we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ; there it shall be seen in what spirit each has lived. Remember me, illustrious example of purity and virginity, and let thy prayers smooth for me the stormy sea.

The Life and Death of Paula

Besides a monastery of men, which she assigned to be governed by men, she gathered many virgins together out of divers provinces, some who were noble, some of middle rank, and some of the meanest condition; and these she divided into three bands and three monasteries; but so that, while separated in their work and in their food, yet in their Psalms and Prayers they were joined. As soon as the Alleluia was sung, which was the sign by which they were summoned to the assembly, it was lawful for none to forbear coming. Paula being either the first, or at least one of the first, would watch the arrival of the rest; provoking them to be diligent by her example, and by shame rather than by fear. In the morning early, at the third hour, at the sixth, at the ninth, at vesper, and at midnight, they sang the Psalter in order. . . .

What shall I say about her piety and diligence, about sick persons whom she cherished with wonderful attention and care? But she, who liberally afforded all things to sick persons, and would also give them flesh to eat, whensoever she herself was sick allowed herself no such indulgences; and in that seemed unjust that, being so full of pity to others, she exercised so much severity upon herself. There was none of the young girls, healthful and strong, who gave herself to so much abstinence as Paula did, with that broken, aged, and weak body of hers. I confess that in this point she was somewhat too self-willed, for she would not spare herself nor hearken to my admonition. . . .

Why do I make any further delay, and increase my sorrow by prolonging it? This most wise of women felt that death was at hand. . . . And when I asked her why she was silent and would not answer us, and whether she was in any pain, she answered me in Greek, that 'she had no trouble, but that she saw all things before her in tranquillity and peace.' After this she was silent, and shutting her eyes, as one who now despised mortal things, she repeated these verses so that we could hardly hear what she said, even till she breathed out her soul, and applying her finger to her mouth, she made the sign of the cross upon her lips. Her spirit fainted, and panted apace toward death; and her soul even longing to break out, she converted the very rattling of her throat, wherewith mortal creatures use to end their life, into the praises of our Lord. There were present the bishops of Jerusalem and other cities, and an innumerable multitude of priests of inferior rank, and Levites. The whole monastery was filled with choirs of virgins and monks. . . .

From the moment of her death forward

there was no lamentation nor doleful cry, as is wont to be upon the death of this world, but there were whole troops of people who chanted out the Psalms in different tongues. Paula's body was carried to the tomb by the hands of bishops, who bent their necks under the bier, whilst other bishops carried lamps and tapers before the body; others led the choirs of singers; and she was laid in the middle of her Church of the Nativity of our blessed Savior. The whole crowd of the cities of Palestine came to her funeral.

—Edward L. Cutts.

The Ruin of the Roman World

It is not the calamities of wretched men that I am speaking of, but the fragile state of human conditions. My soul shrinks from reciting the ruins of our times. For twenty years and more, the blood of Rome has been poured out daily between the city of Constantine and the Julian Alps. In Scythia, Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, Dardania, Dacia, Epirus, Dalmatia, and all the Pannonias, the Goth, Sarmatian, Quade, Alan, Hun, Vandal, and Marcoman lay waste, pillage, and drag away. How many matrons, how many virgins of God, how many of the free-born and noble have been used for the mirth of these beasts! Bishops have been seized, elders and other officials slain, churches overthrown, horses stabled at the altars of Christ, the mortal relics of the martyrs dug up. Everywhere are lamentations, everywhere groanings, and on every hand the image of death. The Roman world is tumbling in ruins. And yet our head is erect and unbent. In what state of mind and soul now do you suppose are the people of Corinth, of Athens, of Lacedæmon, of Arcadia, and of entire Greece, all of them in the control of barbarians? and indeed I have named only a few cities that once had no slight power. The East seemed immune from these misfortunes, and thrown into consternation merely by rumors—when, look you, in the past year from the farthest cliffs of the Caucasus the wolves of the North came sweeping down on us, and in this short time have ranged over these big provinces. How many monasteries have been seized, how many rivers have had their waters changed to human blood! Antioch was besieged, and the rest of the cities by the Halys, the Cydnus, the Orontes, and the Euphrates. Troops of captives have been dragged away. Arabia, Phœnicia, Palestine, and Egypt are in bonds to fear.

Alaric in Rome

A terrifying rumor comes to me from the West that Rome has been besieged and her citizens' safety bought with gold; that, once despoiled, they were again beset, so that after losing their substance they might yield up life as well. My voice is stopped, and sobs cut off the words as I try to speak. Captive is the city which once took captive all the world; yea, it perished from famine ere touched by the sword, and few were found to be rendered captive. Maddening hunger drove to the use of meats unspeakable; they tore their own members, the one the other, mothers not sparing the sucking babe, and consuming again the fruits of their own bosoms. In the night was Moab taken, in the night its walls fell. O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; Thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth. Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem; and there was none to bury them. What voice could tell of that night's destruction and of its deadly woes, or what tears equal its sorrows? The city of old, the queen of the world for many years, is fallen to ruin, and the lifeless bodies of men lie thickly scattered in its streets and homes, and everywhere is the spectre of death.

—Grant Showerman.

THE PREFACE TO EZECHIEL III

After Alaric's Coming

No doubt everything which is born is doomed to die, that which has matured must grow old, there is no work of man but decay attacks it or age ends by destroying it. But who would have believed that Rome, raised by so many victories above the universe, could one day crumble to pieces, and be at once the mother and the tomb of her people? that she who had reckoned the East, and Egypt, and Africa among her slaves, should herself become a

slave in her turn? Who would have believed that obscure Bethlehem would see, begging at its gates, nobles lately loaded with wealth? The daughters of the queenly city now wander from shore to shore, to Africa, to Egypt, to the East; her ladies have become servants; the most illustrious personages ask bread at the gates of Bethlehem, and when we cannot give it to them all, we give them at least our tears. In vain I try to snatch myself from the sight of such sufferings by resuming my unfinished work; I am incapable of study. I feel that this is the time for translating the precepts of Scripture not into words but into deeds, and not for saying holy things but doing them.

A PROTEST TO AUGUSTINE

Most holy Lord and blessed Pope, a letter from your Blessedness reached me at the moment of the departure of our holy son, the sub-deacon Asterius, for the West. You affirm, in these lines which I read, that you have not sent a book written against me to Rome; it is not a book which is in question, but a certain letter which is attributed to you, and of which our brother, Sysinnius, brought me a copy. You there exhort me to sing my palinode on the dispute of the Apostles, Peter and Paul, and to do like Stesichore, who changed his satire on Helen into panegyric, in order to recover his sight, which he had lost through his misconduct. I sincerely admit that though I recognized in this writing your method of argumentation and your style, I did not think I ought rashly to accept its authenticity, and to reply to it, for fear I might lay myself open to a charge of injustice from your Blessedness, if I should attribute to you what was not really yours. To this reason for my silence there is another, the long illness of the holy and venerable Paula; occupied entirely in solicitude for her, I have almost forgotten your letter—or that which has been circulated under your name. Forgive me for recalling to you the proverb, 'Music in mourning is a tale out of season' (Eccles. xxii, 6). If the writing is indeed yours, tell me so plainly, and send me a copy of it, that we may discuss the Scriptures without bitterness, and learn either to correct one another's errors, or to show one another that they do not exist. . . . One thing remains for me to ask; it is that you will love one who loves you, and that you, a young man, will not provoke me, an old man, to the battle-ground of the Scriptures. We, too, have had our day, we have held the lists with such force as we had; now that it is your turn to hold them, and that you have obtained distinction, we claim repose at your hands. And that you may not be alone when you invoke against me the fables of the poets, recall to your mind Dares and Entellus. Think also of that proverb which says, 'When the ox is weary, he puts down his feet more heavily.' I dictate these lines with grief. Would to God I might have the happiness of embracing you, and that we could converse together, in order that we might understand one another, and teach one another whatever we are ignorant of.

Remember me, holy and venerable Pope, and see how I love you, I who, when provoked, have not been willing to reply to you, and shrank from attributing to you what I should have blamed in another.

—Edward L. Cutts.

AURELIUS AUGUSTINUS (A.D. 354–430)

Augustine, of Thagaste in Africa, was educated in his home town, at Madaura, and at Carthage, taught rhetoric in Thagaste, Carthage, Rome, and Milan, fell under the influence of Ambrose, then bishop of Milan, who baptized him in 387, and soon returned to Africa, where he was bishop of Hippo. One of his two great works, *The Confessions,* a highly spiritual comment on significant relations in his life, including his education, his love of Cicero and Virgil, and his mother's character and death, is ranked as one of the world's richest autobiographies. The other, *The City of God,* was a refutation of the pagan charge that neglect of paganism had been responsible for Alaric's taking of Rome, and a demonstration of the purpose of God in history. Augustine is called the greatest shaping influence between Paul and Luther.

The translation is by E. B. Pusey.

THE CONFESSIONS

The Inspiration of Cicero

Among such as these, in that unsettled age of mine, learned I books of eloquence, wherein I desired to be eminent, out of a damnable and vain glorious end, a joy in human vanity. In the ordinary course of study, I fell upon a certain book of Cicero, whose speech almost all admire, not so his heart. This book of his contains an exhortation to philosophy, and is called '*Hortensius.*' But this book altered my affections, and turned my prayers to Thyself, O Lord; and made me have other purposes and desires. Every vain hope at once became worthless to me; and I longed with an incredibly burning desire for an immortality of wisdom, and began now to arise, that I might return to Thee. For not to sharpen my tongue, (which thing I seemed to be purchasing with my mother's allowances, in that my nineteenth year, my father being dead two years before,) not to sharpen my tongue did I employ that book; nor did it infuse into me its style, but its matter.

How did I burn then, my God, how did I burn to re-mount from earthly things to Thee, nor knew I what Thou wouldest do with me? For with Thee is wisdom. But the love of wisdom is in Greek called 'philosophy,' with which that book inflamed me. Some there be that seduce through philosophy, under a great, and smooth, and honorable name coloring and disguising their own errors: and almost all who in that and former ages were such, are in that book censured and set forth: there also is made plain that wholesome advice of Thy Spirit, by Thy good and devout servant; *Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.* And since at that time (Thou, O light of my heart, knowest) Apostolic Scripture was not known to me, I was delighted with that exhortation, so far only, that I was thereby strongly roused, and kindled, and inflamed to love, and seek, and obtain, and hold, and embrace not this or that sect, but wisdom itself whatever it were; and this alone checked me thus enkindled, that the name of Christ was not in it. For this name, according to Thy mercy, O Lord, this name of my Saviour Thy Son, had my tender heart, even with my mother's milk, devoutly drunk in, and deeply treasured; and whatsoever was without that name, though never so learned, polished, or true, took not entire hold of me.

I resolved then to bend my mind to the holy Scriptures, that I might see what they were.

Carthage and Rome

Thou didst deal with me, that I should be persuaded to go to Rome, and to teach there rather, what I was teaching at Carthage. And how I was persuaded to

this, I will not neglect to confess to Thee: because herein also the deepest recesses of Thy wisdom, and Thy most present mercy to us, must be considered and confessed. I did not wish therefore to go to Rome, because higher gains and higher dignities were warranted me by my friends who persuaded me to this, (though even these things had at that time an influence over my mind,) but my chief and almost only reason was, that I heard that young men studied there more peacefully, and were kept quiet under a restraint of more regular discipline; so that they did not, at their pleasures, petulantly rush into the school of one, whose pupils they were not, nor were even admitted without his permission. Whereas at Carthage, there reigns among the scholars a most disgraceful and unruly licence. They burst in audaciously, and with gestures almost frantic, disturb all order which any one hath established for the good of his scholars. Divers outrages they commit, with a wonderful stolidity, punishable by law, did not custom uphold them; that custom evincing them to be the more miserable, in that they now do as lawful, what by Thy eternal law shall never be lawful; and they think they do it unpunished, whereas they are punished with the very blindness whereby they do it, and suffer incomparably worse than what they do. The manners then which, when a student, I would not make my own, I was fain, as a teacher, to endure in others: and so I was well pleased to go where, all that knew it, assured me that the like was not done. But Thou, *my refuge and my portion in the land of the living,* that I might change my earthly dwelling for the salvation of my soul, at Carthage didst goad me, that I might thereby be torn from it; and at Rome didst proffer me allurements, whereby I might be drawn thither, by men in love with a dying life, the one doing frantic, the other promising vain, things; and, to correct my steps, didst secretly use their and my own perverseness. For both they who disturbed my quiet were blinded with a disgraceful phrenzy, and they who invited me elsewhere, savored of earth. And I, who here detested real misery, was there seeking unreal happiness.

But why I went hence, and went thither, Thou knewest, O God, yet showedst it neither to me, nor to my mother, who grievously bewailed my journey, and followed me as far as the sea. But I deceived her, holding me by force, that either she might keep me back, or go with me, and I feigned that I had a friend whom I could not leave, till he had a fair wind to sail. And I lied to my mother, and such a mother, and escaped: for this also hast Thou mercifully forgiven me, preserving me, thus full of execrable defilements, from the waters of the sea, for the water of Thy Grace; whereby when I was cleansed, the streams of my mother's eyes should be dried, with which for me she daily watered the ground under her face. And yet refusing to return without me, I scarcely persuaded her to stay that night in a place hard by our ship, where was an Oratory in memory of the blessed Cyprian. That night I privily departed, but she was not behind in weeping and prayer. And what, O Lord, was she with so many tears asking of Thee, but that Thou wouldest not suffer me to sail? But Thou, in the depth of Thy counsels and hearing the main point of her desire, regardest not what she then asked, that Thou mightest make me what she ever asked. The wind blew and swelled our sails, and withdrew the shore from our sight; and she on the morrow was there, frantic with sorrow, and with complaints and groans filled Thine ears, who didst then disregard them; whilst through my desires, Thou wert hurrying me to end all desire, and the earthly part of her affection to me was chastened by the allotted scourge of sorrows. For she loved my being with her, as mothers do, but much more than many; and she knew not how great joy Thou wert about to work for her out of my absence. She knew not; therefore did she weep and wail, and by this agony there appeared in her the inheritance of Eve, with sorrow seeking, what in sorrow she had brought forth. And yet, after accusing my treachery and hardheartedness, she betook herself again to intercede to Thee for me, went to her wonted place, and I to Rome.

The Life and Death of Monnica

Finally, her own husband, towards the very end of his earthly life, did she gain unto Thee; nor had she to complain of that in him as a believer, which before he was a believer she had borne from him. She was also the servant of thy servants; whosoever of them knew her, did in her much praise and honor and love Thee; for that through the witness of the fruits

of a holy conversation they perceived Thy presence in her heart. For she had been *the wife of one man,* had *requited her parents, had governed her house* piously, *was well reported of for good works, had brought up children,* so often *travailing in birth of them,* as she saw them swerving from Thee. Lastly, of all of us Thy servants, O Lord (whom on occasion of Thy own gift Thou sufferest to speak), us, who before her sleeping in Thee lived united together, having received the grace of Thy baptism, did she so take care of, as though she had been mother of us all; so served us, as though she had been child to us all.

The day now approaching whereon she was to depart this life (which day Thou well knewest, we knew not), it came to pass, Thyself, as I believe, by Thy secret ways so ordering it, that she and I stood alone, leaning in a certain window, which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay, at Ostia; where removed from the din of men, we were recruiting from the fatigues of a long journey, for the voyage. We were discoursing then together, alone, very sweetly; and *forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,* we were inquiring between ourselves in the presence of the Truth, which Thou art, of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be, *which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man.* But yet we gasped with the mouth of our heart, after those heavenly streams of Thy fountain, *the fountain of life,* which is *with Thee;* that being bedewed thence according to our capacity, we might in some sort meditate upon so high a mystery. . . .

Such things was I speaking, and even if not in this very manner, and these same words, yet, Lord, Thou knowest, that in that day when we were speaking of these things, and this world with all its delights became, as we spake, contemptible to us, my mother said, 'Son, for mine own part I have no further delight in anything in this life. What I do here any longer, and to what end I am here, I know not, now that my hopes in this world are accomplished. One thing there was, for which I desired to linger for a while in this life, that I might see thee a Catholic Christian before I died. My God hath done this for me more abundantly, that I should now see thee withal, despising earthly happiness, become His servant: what do I here?'

What answer I made her unto these things, I remember not. For scarce five days after, or not much more, she fell sick of a fever; and in that sickness one day she fell into a swoon, and was for a while withdrawn from these visible things. We hastened round her; but she was soon brought back to her senses; and looking on me and my brother standing by her, said to us inquiringly, 'Where was I?' And then looking fixedly on us, with grief amazed; 'Here,' said she, 'shall you bury your mother.' I held my peace and refrained from weeping; but my brother spake something, wishing for her, as the happier lot, that she might die, not in a strange place, but in her own land. Whereat, she with anxious look, checking him with her eyes, for that he still *savored such things,* and then looking upon me; 'Behold,' saith she, 'what he saith:' and soon after to us both, 'Lay,' she saith, 'this body anywhere; let not the care for that any way disquiet you: this only I request, that you would remember me at the Lord's altar, wherever you be.' And having delivered this sentiment in what words she could, she held her peace, being exercised by her growing sickness.

But I, considering Thy gifts, Thou unseen God, which Thou instillest into the hearts of Thy faithful ones, whence wondrous fruits do spring, did rejoice and give thanks to Thee, recalling what I before knew, how careful and anxious she had ever been, as to her place of burial, which she had provided and prepared for herself by the body of her husband. For because they had lived in great harmony together, she also wished (so little can the human mind embrace things divine) to have this addition to that happiness, and to have it remembered among men, that after her pilgrimage beyond the seas, what was earthly of this united pair had been permitted to be united beneath the same earth. But when this emptiness had through the fulness of Thy goodness begun to cease in her heart, I knew not, and rejoiced admiring what she had so disclosed to me; though indeed in that our discourse also in the window, when she said, 'What do I here any longer?' there appeared no desire of dying in her own country. I heard afterwards also, that when we were now

at Ostia, she with a mother's confidence, when I was absent, one day discoursed with certain of my friends about the contempt of this life, and the blessing of death: and when they were amazed at such courage which Thou hadst given to a woman, and asked 'Whether she were not afraid to leave her body so far from her own city?' she replied, 'Nothing is far to God; nor was it to be feared lest at the end of the world, He should not recognize whence He were to raise me up.' On the ninth day then of her sickness, and the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the three and thirtieth of mine, was that religious and holy soul freed from the body.

I closed her eyes; and there flowed withal a mighty sorrow into my heart, which was overflowing into tears; mine eyes at the same time, by the violent command of my mind, drank up their fountain wholly dry; and woe was me in such a strife! But when she breathed her last, the boy Adeodatus burst out into a loud lament; then, checked by us all, held his peace. In like manner also a childish feeling in me, which was, through my heart's youthful voice, finding its vent in weeping, was checked and silenced. For we thought it not fitting to solemnize that funeral with tearful lament, and groanings: for thereby do they for the most part express grief for the departed, as though unhappy, or altogether dead; whereas she was neither unhappy in her death, nor altogether dead. Of this, we were assured on good grounds, the testimony of her good conversation and her *faith unfeigned.*

What then was it which did grievously pain me within, but a fresh wound wrought through the sudden wrench of that most sweet and dear custom of living together? I joyed indeed in her testimony, when, in that her last sickness, mingling her endearments with my acts of duty, she called me 'dutiful,' and mentioned, with great affection of love, that she never had heard any harsh or reproachful sound uttered by my mouth against her. But yet, O my God, Who madest us, what comparison is there betwixt that honor that I paid to her, and her slavery for me? Being then forsaken of so great a comfort in her, my soul was wounded, and that life rent asunder as it were, which, of hers and mine together, had been made but one.

The boy then being stilled from weeping, Euodius took up the Psalter, and began to sing, our whole house answering him, the Psalm, *I will sing of mercy and judgment to Thee, O Lord.* But hearing what we were doing, many brethren and religious women came together; and whilst they (whose office it was) made ready for the burial, as the manner is, I (in a part of the house, where I might properly), together with those who thought not fit to leave me, discoursed upon something fitting the time; and by this balm of truth, assuaged that torment, known to Thee, they unknowing and listening intently, and conceiving me to be without all sense of sorrow. But in Thy ears, where none of them heard, I blamed the weakness of my feelings, and refrained my flood of grief, which gave way a little unto me; but again came, as with a tide, yet not so as to burst out into tears, nor to a change of countenance; still I knew what I was keeping down in my heart. And being very much displeased, that these human things had such power over me, which in the due order and appointment of our natural condition, must needs come to pass, with a new grief I grieved for my grief, and was thus worn by a double sorrow.

And behold, the corpse was carried to the burial; we went and returned without tears. For neither in those prayers which we poured forth unto Thee, when the sacrifice of our ransom was offered for her, when now the corpse was by the grave's side, as the manner there is, previous to its being laid therein, did I weep even during those prayers; yet was I the whole day in secret heavily sad, and with troubled mind prayed Thee, as I could, to heal my sorrow, yet Thou didst not; impressing, I believe, upon my memory by this one instance, how strong is the bond of all habit, even upon a soul, which now feeds upon no receiving Word. It seemed also good to me to go and bathe, having heard that the bath had its name (balneum) from the Greek βαλανεῖον for that it drives sadness from the mind. And this also I confess unto Thy mercy, *Father of the fatherless,* that I bathed, and was the same as before I bathed. For the bitterness of sorrow could not exude out of my heart. Then I slept, and woke up again, and found my grief not a little softened; and as I was alone in my bed, I remembered those true verses of Thy Ambrose. For Thou art the

Maker of all, the Lord,
And Ruler of the height,
Who, robing day in light, hast poured
Soft slumbers o'er the night,
That to our limbs the power
Of toil may be renewed,
And hearts be rais'd that sink and cower,
And sorrows be subdued;

And then by little and little I recovered my former thoughts of Thy handmaid, her holy conversation towards Thee, her holy tenderness and observance towards us, whereof I was suddenly deprived: and I was minded to weep in Thy sight, for her and for myself, in her behalf and in my own. And I gave way to the tears which I before restrained, to overflow as much as they desired; reposing my heart upon them; and it found rest in them, for it was in Thy ears, not in those of man, who would have scornfully interpreted my weeping. And now, Lord, in writing I confess it unto Thee. Read it, who will, and interpret it, how he will: and if he finds sin therein, that I wept my mother for a small portion of an hour (the mother who for the time was dead to mine eyes, who had for many years wept for me, that I might live in Thine eyes), let him not deride me; but rather, if he be one of large charity, let him weep himself for my sins unto Thee, the Father of all the brethren of Thy Christ. . . .

I therefore, O my Praise and my Life, God of my heart, laying aside for a while her good deeds, for which I give thanks to Thee with joy, do now beseech Thee for the sins of my mother. Hearken unto me, I entreat Thee, by the Medicine of our wounds, Who hung upon the tree, and now *sitting at Thy right hand maketh intercession to Thee for us.* I know that she dealt mercifully, and from her heart *forgave her debtors their debts; do Thou also forgive her debts,* whatever she may have contracted in so many years, since the water of salvation. Forgive her, Lord, forgive, I beseech Thee; *enter not into judgment with her. Let Thy mercy be exalted above Thy justice,* since Thy words are true, and *Thou hast promised mercy unto the merciful;* which Thou gavest them to be, *who wilt have mercy on whom Thou wilt have mercy;* and wilt *have compassion, on whom Thou hast had compassion.*

. . .

May she rest then in peace with the husband, before and after whom she had never any; whom she obeyed, *with patience bringing forth fruit* unto Thee, that she might win him also unto Thee. And inspire, O Lord my God, inspire Thy servants my brethren, Thy sons my masters, whom with voice, and heart, and pen I serve, that so many as shall read these Confessions, may at Thy Altar remember Monnica Thy handmaid, with Patricius, her sometimes husband, by whose bodies Thou broughtest me into this life, how, I know not. May they with devout affection remember my parents in this transitory light, my brethren under Thee our Father in our Catholic Mother, and my fellow citizens in that eternal Jerusalem, which Thy pilgrim people sigheth after from their Exodus, even unto their return thither. That so, my mother's last request of me, may through my confessions, more than through my prayers, be, through the prayers of many, more abundantly filled to her.

APOLLINARIS SIDONIUS (About A.D. 431–489)

Sidonius was born in Lyons twenty-one years after Alaric entered Rome and twenty years before the defeat of the Huns at Chalons in one of the world's decisive battles, remarkable besides for the fact that Romans and Teutons for the first time stood together against a common enemy. After winning the favor first of the Emperor Avitus and next of Majorian, whose deaths were temporary checks to his career, he was sent by his province in 467 as delegate to Rome and the Emperor Anthemius, and was favored by appointment to the prefecture of Rome, an office from which he withdrew probably in 469, to become in about three years bishop of Clermont in Auvergne, seat of the ancient Arverni. In the raids and invasions of the Visigoths, and their sieges of Clermont, Sidonius was an active defender of the province, and when in 475 the Roman empire relinquished it to the chieftain Euric and Sidonius ceased to be a Roman citizen, he was filled with sorrow and indignation. After a period in prison, he was allowed to return to Clermont, where he devoted his remaining years to pastoral, scholastic, and literary tasks.

A LETTER FROM ROME

(A.D. 467)

Your letter finds me at Rome. You are solicitous to know whether the affairs which have brought me so far go forward as we hoped, what route I took, and how I fared on it, what rivers celebrated in song I saw, what towns famed for their fair sites, what mountains reputed as the haunt of gods, what glorious battlefields. . . . As bearer of the imperial letter, I was able to avail myself of the public post on leaving our beloved Lyons. . . . On the Ticino I boarded the packet known as the *Cursoria,* which soon bore me to the Po; be sure I laughed over those convivial songs of ours about Phaethon's sisters and their unnatural tears of amber gum. I passed the mouth of many a tributary from Ligurian or Euganean heights, sedgy Lambro, blue Adda, swift Adige, slow Mincio, borne upon their very eddies as I looked; their margins and high banks were clothed with groves of oak and maple. Everywhere sweetly resounded the harmony of birds, whose loose-piled nests swayed on the hollow canes, or amid the pointed rushes and smooth reed-grass luxuriantly flourishing in the moisture of this wet riverain soil. The way led past Cremona, over whose proximity the Mantuan Tityrus so deeply sighed. We just touched at Brescello to take on Æmilian boatmen in place of our Venetian rowers, and, bearing to the right, soon reached Ravenna. . . . But the drawback is that, with water all about us, we could not quench our thirst; there was neither pure-flowing aqueduct nor filterable cistern, nor trickling source, nor unclouded well. On the one side, the salt tides assail the gates; on the other, the movement of vessels stirs the filthy sediment in the canals, or the sluggish flow is fouled by the bargemen's poles, piercing the bottom slime. From Ravenna we came to the Rubicon, which borrows its name from the red color of its gravels, and formed the frontier between the old Italians and the Cisalpine Gauls when the two peoples divided the Adriatic towns. Thence I journeyed to Rimini and Fano, the first famed for its association with Cæsar's rebellion, the second tainted by the fate of Hasdrubal; for hard by flows Metaurus, more durably renowned through the fortune of a single day than if it had never ceased to run red to this hour and roll down the dead on blood-stained waters to the Dalmatian sea. After this I just traversed the other towns of the Flaminian Way—in at one gate, out at the other—leaving the Picenians on the left and the Umbrians on the right; and here my exhausted system succumbed either to Calabrian Atabulus or to air of the insalubrious Tuscan region, charged with poison-

ous exhalations, and blowing now hot, now cold. Fever and thirst ravaged the very marrow of my being; in vain I promised to their avidity draughts from the pleasant fountain or hidden well, yes, and from every stream present or to come, water of Velino clear as glass, of Clitunno ice-cold, cerulean of Teverone, sulphureous of Nera, pellucid of Farfa, muddy of Tiber; I was mad to drink, but prudence stayed the craving.

Meanwhile, Rome herself spread wide before my view, but I felt like draining down her aqueducts, or even the water of her naval spectacles. Before I reached the city limits, I fell prostrate at the triumphal threshold of the Apostles, and in a flash I felt the languor vanish from my enfeebled limbs. After which proof of celestial protection, I alighted at the inn of which I have engaged a part, and there I am trying to get a little rest, writing as I lie upon my couch. As yet I have not presented myself at the bustling gates of Emperor or court official. For my arrival coincided with the marriage of the patrician Ricimer, to whom the hand of the Emperor's daughter was being accorded in the hope of securer times for the state. Not individuals alone, but whole classes and parties are given up to rejoicing; you have the best of it on your side of the Alps. While I was writing these lines, scarce a theater, provision-market, prætorium, forum, temple, or gymnasium but echoed to the passage of the cry *Thalassío!* and even at this hour the schools are closed, no business is doing, the courts are voiceless, missions are postponed; there is a truce to intrigue, and all the serious business of life seems merged in the buffooneries of the stage. Though the bride has been given away, though the bridegroom has put off his wreath, the consular his palm-embroidered robe, the brideswoman her wedding gown, the distinguished senator his toga, and the plain man his cloak, yet the noise of the great gathering has not died away in the palace chambers, because the bride still delays to start for her husband's house. When this merrymaking has run out its course, you shall hear what remains to tell of my proceedings, if indeed these crowded hours of idleness to which the whole state seems now surrendered are ever to end, even when the festivities are over. Farewell.

—O. M. Dalton.

IX. THE THRESHOLD OF THE MIDDLE AGES

ANICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS·BOETHIUS (About A.D. 480–524)

Boethius, a Roman born of ancient noble family, son of a consul, consul himself in 510, father of the two consuls of 522, was charged by Theodoric the Ostrogoth, who ruled from 489 to 526, with conspiracy to free Rome from his authority, and after imprisonment at Pavia, near Milan, was put to death. He was devoted to Plato and Aristotle, immensely learned and industrious, sensitive to literary art, and a Christian, and has been called 'the last of the Roman philosophers, and the first of the scholastic theologians.' The *Consolation of Philosophy,* written in prison before his execution, is praised by Gibbon as 'a golden volume, not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or of Tully.' The fact that, unlike the *Tractates,* the *Consolation* contains no direct reference to peculiarly Christian doctrine is explained on the ground of its being philosophy and not theology.

The translation here presented is that of the unknown I. T. (1609), revised by H. F. Stewart in the Loeb Library series.

THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY

Philosophy Appeareth

I that with youthful heat did verses write,
Must now my woes in doleful tunes indite.
My work is framed by Muses torn and rude,
And my sad cheeks are with true tears be-dewed:
For these alone no terror could affray
From being partners of my weary way.
The art that was my young life's joy and glory
Becomes my solace now I'm old and sorry;
Sorrow has filched my youth from me, the thief!
My days are numbered not by time but Grief.
Untimely hoary hairs cover my head,
And my loose skin quakes on my flesh half dead.
O happy death, that spareth sweetest years,
And comes in sorrow often called with tears.
Alas, how deaf is he to wretch's cries;
And loath he is to close up weeping eyes;
While trustless chance me with vain favors crowned,
That saddest hour my life had almost drowned:
Now she hath clouded her deceitful face,
My spiteful days prolong their weary race.
My friends, why did you count me fortunate?
He that is fallen, ne'er stood in settled state.

5

While I ruminated these things with myself, and determined to set forth my woeful complaint in writing, methought I saw a woman stand above my head, having a grave countenance, glistening clear eye, and of quicker sight than commonly Nature doth afford; her color fresh and bespeaking unabated vigor and yet discovering so many years, that she could not at all be thought to belong to our times; her stature uncertain and doubtful, for sometime she exceeded not the common height of men, and sometime she seemed to touch the heavens, with her head, and if she lifted it up to the highest, she pierced the very heavens, so that she could not be seen by the beholders; her garments were made of most fine threads, with cunning workmanship into an ever-during stuff, which (as I knew afterward by her own report) she had woven with her own hands.

She Beginneth Her Consolation

Then fled the night and darkness did me leave,
Mine eyes their wonted strength receive,
As when swift Corus spreads the stars with clouds

And the clear sky a veil of tempest shrouds,
The sun doth lurk, the earth receiveth night,
Lacking the boon of starry light;
But if fierce Boreas, sent from Thrace, make way
For the restoring of the day,
Phœbus with fresh and sudden beams doth rise,
Striking with light our wondering eyes.

In like manner, the mists of sadness dissolved, I came to myself and recovered my judgment, so that I knew my Physician's face; wherefore casting my eyes upon her somewhat steadfastly, I beheld my nurse Philosophy, in whose house I had remained from my youth, and I said: 'O Mistress of all virtues, for what cause art thou come from heaven into this our solitary banishment? Art thou come to bear me company in being falsely accused?'

'Should I,' saith she, 'forsake thee, my disciple, and not divide the burden, which thou bearest through hatred of my name, by partaking of thy labor? But Philosophy never thought it lawful to forsake the innocent in his trouble. Should I fear any accusations, as though this were any new matter? For dost thou think that this is the first time that Wisdom hath been exposed to danger by wicked men? Have we not in ancient times before our Plato's age had oftentimes great conflicts with the rashness of folly? And while he lived, had not his master Socrates the victory of an unjust death in my presence, whose inheritance, when afterward the mob of Epicures, Stoics, and others (everyone for his own sect) endeavored to usurp, and as it were in part of their prey, sought to draw me to them, exclaiming and striving against them; they tore the garment which I had woven with my own hands, and having gotten some little pieces of it, thinking me to be wholly in their possession, departed. Some of whom, because certain signs of my apparel appeared upon them, were rashly supposed to be my familiar friends, and condemned accordingly through the error of the profane multitude.'

God Governeth with Goodness

'He that would seek the truth with thoughts profound
And would not stray in ways that are not right,
He to himself must turn his inward sight,
And guide his motions in a circled round,
Teaching his mind that ever she design
Herself in her own treasures to possess:
So that which late lay hidden in cloudiness
More bright and clear than Phœbus' beams shall shine.
Flesh hath not quenchéd all the spirit's light,
Though this oblivion's lamp holds her oppressed.
Some seed of truth remaineth in our breast,
Which skilful learning easily doth excite.
For being asked how can we answer true
Unless that grace within our hearts did dwell?
If Plato's heavenly Muse the truth us tell,
We learning things remember them anew.'

Then I said that I did very well like of Plato's doctrine, for she had brought these things to my remembrance now the second time, first, because I lost their memory by the contagion of my body, and after when I was oppressed with the burden of grief. 'If,' quoth she, 'thou reflectest upon that which heretofore hath been granted, thou wilt not be far from remembering that which in the beginning thou confessedst thyself to be ignorant of.' 'What?' quoth I. 'By what government,' quoth she, 'the world is ruled.' 'I remember,' quoth I, 'that I did confess my ignorance, but though I foresee what thou wilt say, yet I desire to hear it more plainly from thyself.' 'Thou thoughtest a little before that it was not to be doubted that this world is governed by God.' 'Neither do I think now,' quoth I, 'neither will I ever think, that it is to be doubted of, and I will briefly explicate the reasons which move me to think so. This world could never have been compacted of so many divers and contrary parts, unless there were One that doth unite these so different things; and this disagreeing diversity of natures being united would separate and divide this concord, unless there were One that holdeth together that which He united. Neither would the course of nature continue so certain, nor would the different parts hold so well-ordered motions in due places, times, causality, spaces, and qualities, unless there were One who, Himself remaining quiet, disposeth and ordereth this variety of motions. This, whatsoever it be, by which

things created continue and are moved, I call God, a name which all men use.'

'Since,' quoth she, 'thou art of this mind, I think with little labor thou mayest be capable of felicity, and return to thy country in safety. But let us consider what we proposed. Have we not placed sufficiency in happiness, and granted that God is Blessedness itself?' 'Yes truly.' 'Wherefore,' quoth she, 'He will need no outward help to govern the world, otherwise, if He needed anything, He had not full sufficiency.' 'That,' quoth I, 'must necessarily be so.' 'Wherefore He disposeth all things by Himself.' 'No doubt He doth,' quoth I. 'But it hath been proved that God is goodness itself.' 'I remember it very well,' quoth I. 'Then He disposeth all things by goodness: since He governeth all things by Himself, whom we have granted to be goodness. And this is as it were the helm and rudder by which the frame of the world is kept steadfast and uncorrupted.' 'I most willingly agree,' quoth I, 'and I foresaw a little before, though only with a slender guess, that thou wouldst conclude this.' 'I believe thee,' quoth she, 'for now I suppose thou lookest more watchfully about thee to discern the truth. But that which I shall say is no less manifest.' 'What?' quoth I. 'Since that God is deservedly thought to govern all things with the helm of goodness, and all these things likewise, as I have showed, hasten to goodness with their natural contention, can there be any doubt made but that they are governed willingly, and that they frame themselves of their own accord to their disposer's beck, as agreeable and conformable to their ruler?' 'It must needs be so,' quoth I, 'neither would it seem an happy government, if it were an imposed yoke, not a desired health.' 'There is nothing then which, following nature, endeavoreth to resist God.' 'Nothing,' quoth I. 'What if anything doth endeavor,' quoth she, 'can anything prevail against Him, whom we have granted to be most powerful by reason of His blessedness?' 'No doubt,' quoth I, 'nothing could prevail.' 'Wherefore there is nothing which either will or can resist this sovereign goodness.' 'I think not,' quoth I. 'It is then the sovereign goodness which governeth all things strongly, and disposeth them sweetly.' 'How much,' quoth I, 'doth not only the reason which thou allegest, but much more the very words which thou usest, delight me, that folly which so much vexed me may at length be ashamed of herself.'

'Thou hast heard in the poets' fables,' quoth she, 'how the giants provoked heaven, but this benign fortitude put them down also, as they deserved. But wilt thou have our arguments contend together? Perhaps by this clash there will fly out some beautiful spark of truth.' 'As it pleaseth thee,' quoth I. 'No man can doubt,' quoth she, 'but that God is almighty.' 'No man,' quoth I, 'that is well in his wits.' 'But,' quoth she, 'there is nothing that He who is almighty cannot do.' 'Nothing,' quoth I. 'Can God do evil?' 'No,' quoth I. 'Wherefore,' quoth she, 'evil is nothing, since He cannot do it who can do anything.' 'Dost thou mock me,' quoth I, 'making with thy reasons an inextricable labyrinth, because thou dost now go in where thou meanest to go out again, and after go out, where thou camest in, or dost thou frame a wonderful circle of the simplicity of God? For a little before taking thy beginning from blessedness, thou affirmedst that to be the chiefest good which thou saidst was placed in God, and likewise thou provedst that God Himself is the chiefest good and full happiness, out of which thou madest me a present of that inference, that no man shall be happy unless he be also a God. Again thou toldest me that the form of goodness is the substance of God and of blessedness, and that unity is the same with goodness, because it is desired by the nature of all things; thou didst also dispute that God governeth the whole world with the helm of goodness, and that all things obey willingly, and that there is no nature of evil, and thou didst explicate all these things with no foreign or far-fetched proofs, but with those which were proper and drawn from inward principles, the one confirming the other.'

'We neither play nor mock,' quoth she, 'and we have finished the greatest matter that can be by the assistance of God, whose aid we implored in the beginning. For such is the form of the Divine substance that it is neither divided into outward things, nor receiveth any such into itself, but as Parmenides saith of it:

"In body like a sphere well-rounded on all sides,"

it doth roll about the moving orb of things, while it keepeth itself unmov-

able. And if we have used no far-fetched reasons, but such as were placed within the compass of the matter we handled, thou hast no cause to marvel, since thou hast learned in Plato's school that our speeches must be like and as it were akin to the things we speak of.'

Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate

But yet thou wilt inquire whether God's knowledge shall be changed by thy disposition, so that when thou wilt now one thing, and now another, it should also seem to have divers knowledges. No. For God's sight preventeth all that is to come and recalleth and draweth it to the presence of His own knowledge; neither doth He vary, as thou imaginest, now knowing one thing and now another, but in one instant without moving preventeth and comprehendeth thy mutations. Which presence of comprehending and seeing all things, God hath not by the event of future things but by His own simplicity. By which that doubt is also resolved which thou didst put a little before, that it is an unworthy thing that our future actions should be said to cause the knowledge of God. For this force of the divine knowledge comprehending all things with a present notion appointeth to everything its measure and receiveth nothing from ensuing accidents. All which being so, the free-will of mortal men remaineth unviolated, neither are the laws unjust which propose punishments and rewards to our wills, which are free from all necessity. There remaineth also a beholder of all things which is God, who foreseeth all things, and the eternity of His vision, which is always present, concurreth with the future quality of our actions, distributing rewards to the good and punishments to the evil. Neither do we in vain put our hope in God or pray to Him; for if we do this well and as we ought, we shall not lose our labor or be without effect. Wherefore fly vices, embrace virtues, possess your minds with worthy hopes, offer up humble prayers to your highest Prince. There is, if you will not dissemble, a great necessity of doing well imposed upon you, since you live in the sight of your Judge, who beholdeth all things.'

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NOTES

THE ILIAD

4. 7. *Atrides,* son of Atreus, meaning Agamemnon; the word is a patronymic, as Pelides, son of Peleus, for Achilles.

53. *Smintheus,* a name given Apollo, from a town sacred to him in the Troad. The town of Cilla and the island of Tenedos were near.

5. 73. *Vulcan;* the translator uses in general the Latin rather than the Greek names of the gods and heroes.

88. *white-armed.* It is Homer's way to give the impression of beauty by the use of epithet expressive of a single suggestive detail.

17. *nervous,* sinewy or muscular.

20. ff. A series of grand similes, characteristic of Homer.

6. VI. The parting of Hector and Andromache is one of the Iliad's most beautiful passages.

33. Thebè, a town on the borders of the Troad.

9. 47. One of the most beautiful similes.

2. The Myrmidons were Achilles' special soldiers.

11. 53. Homer's gods frequently take part in battle, and may even be wounded.

13. XVIII. The beautiful shield passage is an important aid to our imagination of Homeric life.

15. 153. Gnossus was excavated by Sir Arthur Evans from 1900 on; Troy, by Schliemann and Dörpfeld from 1871 on.

18. 178. *dome,* house, from Latin *domus,* much used by the translators of Pope's time.

THE ODYSSEY

20. 1. Ulysses was much admired for resourcefulness. The Greek name is Odysseus. The use of Latin names for Greek is excusable only as a literary convention.

22. 36. The simile is much less frequent in the *Odyssey.*

23. 119. *Leucothea,* a sea nymph; she had given Ulysses the magic veil, with the command to cast it back into the sea after reaching safety.

24. 144. *horrors.* The word is used in the sense of Latin *horrere,* to be rough or shaggy, to quiver, to shudder.

VI. The sixth book is favorite because of its charming presentation of the girl princess.

9. *Phæacia,* localized in the island of Corfu, not far from Ithaca.

25. 62. *Taygetus,* the lofty and extended mountain overlooking Sparta; *Erymanthus,* a mountain in the Peloponnese.

26. IX. The passages by Pope are noticeably of greater facility and vigor, and reproduce more nearly "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey" (Andrew Lang).

27. 81. The land of the Cyclops is localized on the rocky coast near Ætna.

29. XI. The descent to the lower world is the theme of Virgil's *Æneid,* book VI, and is the whole substance of Dante's *Inferno.*

41. *Tiresias,* the famous blind prophet of Thebes.

30. 117. The Greek after-life at its best was not a happy existence.

31. 90. The rock is to be seen near modern Corfu.

32. XVII. The story of Argus is one of the most human things in Homer.

34. XXIII. Penelope's recognition of Ulysses is delayed by the changes time has wrought in his appearance, and by the caution bred in her by experience during his absence. His description of the bed, which is known to nobody outside of the family, will convince her.

THEOGONY

37. *The Theogony* is comparable to the Hebrew account of creation.

30. *Delphi,* also called Pytho, was high in a deep mountain valley near Parnassus.

46. *Japhet,* Iapetus, one of the twelve Titans, father of Prometheus, who stole fire from Heaven.

38. 67. One of Æschylus' surviving tragedies is *Prometheus Bound.*

WORKS AND DAYS

38. 1. *Pierian,* from a region near Mount Olympus.

39. 26. The Five Ages are a frequent subject in ancient literature: Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Seneca depict or refer to them. The Greek Age of Gold is the parallel of the Hebrew Paradise, and it too was ended by the Fall of Man.

41. 11. This passage affords glimpses of the basic life of Greek lands in all times.

A HYMN TO HERMES

42. 2. Arcadia and Mount Cyllene are in the northern part of the Peloponnese.

18. *ways,* object of *assays* and antecedent of *which* understood.

20. Such was the Greek admiration for inventiveness and resourcefulness that the dubious morality of both Hermes and Odysseus seems not to have lessened their attractiveness.

43. 133. The *Hymn to Hermes* is humorous after the fashion of many stories of the Christian Saints.

THE LYRIC

46. *The Abandoned Shield.* Horace makes a like humorous reference, to the lost battle of Philippi, in Odes I, 7.

47. *The Storm.* Cf. Horace, Odes I, 9, the *Soracte* poem.

Thou Too Sail On. The ship of state was a much used figure: cf. Plato's *Republic* VI, 487–9, Horace, Odes I, 14, and Longfellow.

48. II. Imitated by Catullus, poem LI.

49. VII. Supposed to be in answer to a poem of Alcæus.

XVII. *Teian,* Anacreon of Teos.

50. *The Constitution of Athens.* After setting in order the affairs of the city, the law-giver is said to have withdrawn from it in order not to prejudice the working of his laws.

51. 52. Compare the Hebrew complaint: Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments: Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper—Jeremiah xii, 1, 2.

The Bard of Love. Cadmus, the Phœnician founder of Thebes.

52. 15. *Alcides,* Hercules.

All Nature Drinks. Cf. Cowley's translation:

> 'Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
> Fill all the glasses there; for why
> Should every creature drink but I;
> Why, man of morals, tell me why?'

The Cicada. This insect is a prominent detail in Mediterranean midsummer days.

Thermopylæ. One of the world's most famous epigrams. Christopher North made 46 English versions of it 'one sleepless night in bed.'

53. *At The Eurymedon.* A naval battle won by Cimon on the coast of Asia Minor in 466 B. C., defeating the last great Persian attempt against Greece.

PINDAR

54. *Olympian I* was probably sung in Hiero's palace at Syracuse. Because it is a glorification of Olympian games above all others, its body is the story of Pelops, son of Tantalus, who won Hippodamia by winning in a race with her father Œnomaus.

54. *Strophe* I, 1. *Water,* an allusion to the philosophic conception, attributed to Thales, that water was the basic principle of all creation.

Antistrophe I. *Pisa* and *Alpheus,* a city and a river near Olympia.

Dorian, a minor mode in music, like the Æolian.

Pherenicus, the winning horse.

Strophe II. Pindar thinks unworthy the ordinary story that Tantalus placed his son before the gods as a feast, that Demeter ate one shoulder before noticing, and that the victim was given an ivory shoulder. He accounts for the ivory shoulder as the white birthmark belonging to the Pelopids, and for the story as a popular invention to account for the disappearance of Pelops.

55. *Epode* II. Pindar's enlightened views of religion are indicated here.

Antistrophe III. *Cyprian Queen,* Aphrodite.

56. *Epode* IV. *Cronium,* a hill overlooking Olympia.

Pythian I is a glorification of poetry and the gentle qualities of Hiero, as well as of his prowess in battle and in the race. This ode is the inspiration of Gray's *Progress of Poesy,* which should be read in connection with it. It was probably sung in Syracuse in 474, and also in the town of Ætna.

Antistrophe I. *Latoides,* patronymic of Apollo, god of poetry and music.

57. *Epode* I. The region from Cumæ to Ætna has always been actively volcanic. Virgil in the third book of the *Æneid* makes the writhing Titan Enceladus its cause, and in the sixth places the entrance to the lower world at Lake Avernus, near Cumæ. The description of the eruption of 478 in strophe II would serve perfectly for any modern outburst.

58. *Epode* III. *Dinomenes,* son of Hiero.

Strophe IV. The city of Ætna was founded by Hiero in 476 on the model of the Dorian institutions of Sparta, itself a Dorian foundation by Hyllus, who descended with his men from the Balkan Mount Pindus. Pamphylus, son of Ægimius, was another Dorian leader. Amyclæ was the first capital of Laconia, before the rise of Sparta.

Antistrophe IV. The Amena flowed through the town of Ætna.

Epode IV. Hiero defeated the Etruscans at Cumæ in 474, and the Carthaginians at Himera in Sicily in 480 on the day of Salamis.

59. V. Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, 570–554, burned men to death in a brazen bull which echoed their cries like bellowings.

HERODOTUS

60. Herodotus will be much more keenly enjoyed by those who read first Andrew Lang, *To Herodotus,* in his *Letters to Dead Authors.*

61. *The Story of Crœsus:* Book I, 30–33, 85–91.

63. *b.* 50. *the sin of his ancestor.* Like the Hebrews, the Greeks believed that the curse of guilt descended from generation to generation.

64. 10. Good instances of the ambiguities by which the famous oracle insured itself against reproach.

41. *Babylon:* Book I, 178–181.

50. *Ninus,* Nineveh.

b. 13. *hot bitumen,* suggesting the oil fields of today in the same region.

32. Excavation has revealed parts of ancient Babylon.

57. *Belus,* Baal. The tower here described was a *ziggurat.* The biblical tower of Babel was of this character.

65. 21. *The Nile:* Book II, 19–25.

30. The Nile rises in June, swollen by rains at its source, and subsides from September on. Its waters are now controlled and conserved by dams, the chief of which is at Assuan, ancient Syene.

b. 10. *the Ocean,* the Homeric idea of it.

66. 16. *Cats, Crocodiles:* Book II, 66–74. Great deposits of cat mummies have been discovered.

67. 21. The phœnix is described by Tacitus, Lactantius, and Claudian, and became a symbol of immortality.

51. *Death and Burial:* Book II, 84–88. The number of the embalmed dead in Egypt has been estimated at 731,000,000.

68. 23. *The Pyramids:* Book II, 124–125. The pyramids of Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus, near

Cairo, were visited by Herodotus as they are visited today.

55. The Great Pyramid measures 482 feet in height and 762 along the base (Hamlin).

b. 41. *Marathon:* Book VI, 105–117.

43. *Pheidippides;* Browning's Pheidippides should be read.

69. 32. *polemarch,* one of the nine archons, chosen by lot as commander.

42. *Harmodius and Aristogiton,* slayers of the tyrant Hipparchus a generation before Marathon. Hippias, the tyrant's brother, driven from Athens in 511, still threatened the city's liberty.

b. 33. *festivals,* the Panathenæa.

70. 25. *Euphorion,* brother of Æschylus, who also fought at Marathon.

32. *Sunium,* a promontory 45 miles southeast of Athens.

47. *Phalerum,* four miles from Athens, near the port Piræus.

48. *back to Asia.* Marathon is the first of Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* (1851), and Waterloo the last.

b. 14. *Xerxes Crosses:* Book VII, 34–37; 55–57.

15. *Abydos.* Sestos was on the opposite shore. The Hellespont here is the scene of the Hero and Leander story; see Ovid, *Leander to Hero,* page 443 below.

71. 18. *cubit,* about 18 inches, *talent,* 57.75 pounds.

b. 14. The crossing took place probably in April, 480.

72. 1. *Thermopylæ:* Book VII, 222–228.

73. 19. *Amphictyons,* a league of deputies from twelve Greek states.

26. *Salamis:* Book VIII, 54–57; 83–86; 96–99.

29. *Susa,* seat of Xerxes' capital and palace.

56. *Salamis,* about ten miles from Athens.

b. 37. Ægina, an island about 20 miles south.

74. *b.* 22. *The Persians* of Æschylus, who fought at Salamis, was first performed in 472, eight years after the battle, is interesting as one of the few ancient tragedies based on historic incident. Byron's beautiful lyric, *The Isles of Greece,* in *Don Juan,* Canto III, should also be read, for its associations with Marathon and Salamis.

THUCYDIDES

75. *b. The Cause of the War:* Book I, 22, 23.

76. 26. *Barbarians.* The term denotes peoples not Hellenic.

b. 10. *Athenians and Spartans:* Book I, 67-71; 80, 81; 83–87. These speeches are famous for the light they throw on Greek character.

77. 4. *Corcyra,* modern Corfu.

6. *Potidæa,* a Thracian city not far from modern Saloniki.

80. 53. *The Unburied Soldier:* Book II, 34.

b. 43. *The Funeral Oration:* Book II, 35–46.

84. *b.* 32. *The Great Plague:* Book II, 47, 48; 51–54. Lucretius concludes his poem *De Rerum Natura* with a description of this plague.

86. *b. The Fleet Departs:* Book VI, 30–32.

12. *Iapygia,* the southeastern promontory of Italy.

87. *b.* 21. *The Defeat:* Book VII, 70-72. A great description.

89. 49. *The End of the Expedition:* Book VII, 85–87.

b. 47. *Sphacteria.* In 425, the Athenians had killed and captured a Spartan force on this island, near Pylos.

90. *b.* 18. This conclusion is a fine example of classical reserve. Browning's *Balaustion's Adventure* has a Syracusan setting.

XENOPHON

91. *Preparations: Anabasis,* Book I, 1.

91. *b.* 17. *In the Desert:* Book I, 5.

21. *parasangs.* A parasang was about 18,000 feet, over three miles.

92. 22. *plethrum,* about 100 feet.

45. *The Death of Cyrus:* Book I, 8.

b. 26. *The Character of Clearchus:* Book II, 6.

93. 55. *Cold, Snow, and Hunger:* Book IV, 5.

94. 45. *The Sea:* Book VII, 7. The expedition had marched 1800 miles east from Ephesus, lost Cyrus in battle at Cunaxa, not far from Babylon, and now were at the end of their 700 miles north to the Black Sea through enemy country.

b. 33. *Cyrus a Great Ruler: Cyropædia,* Book I, 1.

95. *b.* 48. *Education in Persia:* Book I, 2.

97. 28. *Cyrus and His Grandfather:* Book I, 3.

99. 6. *Abradatas and Panthea:* Book VI, 4; VII, 1; VII, 3.

101. 27. *Babylon:* Book VII, 5.

102. 38. *The Last Words:* Book VIII, 7.

103. 43. *Households: Œconomicus,* 1, 1–5.

b. 31. *Ischomachus Talks:* 7, 3–15.

104. *b.* 17. *Morality and Hygiene:* 10, 1–12.

ÆSCHYLUS

106. Æschylus is noted for bold imagery and for speeches in the grand style.

3. *Atreidæ,* Agamemnon and Menelaus, sons of Atreus.

36. The feeling of suspense, created by the dark utterances of the watchman, is deepened steadily by chorus and action until the climax is reached at line 995 in the death of the king.

42. *Menelaos.* The translator here and elsewhere uses the Greek *-os.*

58. *clients,* protégés, about the temple, and important as the givers of signs.

60. *Erinnys,* the Fate that pursues the guilty.

61. *Alexandros,* Paris.

84. *three feet,* one being the staff.

100. *unguent,* oil for ceremonial purposes.

111–122. Uranus and Cronus, predecessors of Zeus, are referred to.

125–132. *pain is gain,* wisdom comes with suffering, a favorite theme repeated at line 212.

133. *chief,* Agamemnon at Aulis.

149. Artemis had been offended by Agamemnon's killing one of her stags in the chase, and must be propitiated by the sacrifice of the king's daughter Iphigenia before the winds would become favorable.

178. *frailty,* Helen's.

180–210. Lucretius, I, 84–101, page 375 below, makes use of the sacrifice of Iphigenia in his attack on religion, concluding with the famous line,

'Such are the crimes to which religion leads.'

The scene is represented also in a Pompeian painting in the Naples Museum; see Mau-Kelsey, *Pompeii*, page 313.

243. A celebrated speech. The map should be used here. The torch race, by relay, was a well known Greek sport.

269. *beard,* one of Æschylus' impressive figures.

314–377. There is deep human feeling in this chorus and in the herald's speech from 442.

536. A striking image.

575–606. Æschylus believes that the love of righteousness will remove the curse from any house, and that wrong-doing, not prosperity, brings the curse.

624. Another fine speech.

665–670. A remarkable succession of similes.

690. Another reference to the belief that prosperity endangered men by arousing the envy of the gods.

730. *purple juice.* Purple dye came from a shellfish.

776. Heracles.

810. Cassandra is possessed by the prophetic frenzy.

905. *children,* of Thyestes, served to him by his brother Atreus.

917. *lewd.* Cassandra sees that Clytemnestra has been unfaithful during the king's absence.

923. *Amphisbæna,* a serpent that could go forward or backward.

950. Clytemnestra, Ægisthus, and Agamemnon.

969. *Syrian,* luxurious.

995. The climax of the play. The practice of the Greek dramatist was to have deeds of violence done behind the scenes.

999. Clytemnestra now drops all pretence. Her terrible remorselessness, as well as her vigor and decisiveness, prompts the comparison with Lady Macbeth.

1020. A striking figure.

1028. Referring to the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

1045. *penalty,* death at the hands of Orestes, her son; the theme of Æschylus' *Libation-pourers* and the *Electra* of Sophocles and Euripides.

1056. *Chryseïds,* plural of Chryseïs, daughter of Chryses the priest, who in *Iliad* I compels Agamemnon to give her up.

1065. The queen does not conceal her relations with Ægisthus. Unfaithfulness and revengefulness are seen to be the motives for her murder of the king.

SOPHOCLES

121. 2. Cadmos, Phœnician founder of Thebes. The translator uses here and elsewhere the Greek *-os.*

41. *songstress,* the Sphinx, whose riddle, in verse, was first guessed by Œdipus.

76. *Pythian home,* Delphi, nearly a hundred miles northwest of Athens, and reached by sea or land.

157. *word of Zeus,* the oracle; see 197.

160. *fear.* The chorus, as in the *Agamemnon,* contribute to the feeling of suspense.

184. *darkling West,* death, the shore of Pluto.

222. *I banish.* Œdipus thus banishes himself, unwittingly. This is the celebrated dramatic irony of the Greeks. The play abounds in it.

247. The genealogy of Laius and Œdipus.

262. Teiresias, the blind prophet of Thebes, is consulted by Odysseus on his descent to the lower world in *Odyssey* XI.

295. Teiresias knows the guilt of Œdipus.

418. Here begins the series of inquiries and revelations leading to the king's discovery of his guilt. The steady progression from now on to the climax at line 1098 is wonderful art. *Œdipus the King* is an explicative play, as opposed to a synthetic.

499–538. Every Greek drama contains passages wholly or largely made up of one-line speeches. This is called sticomythy.

660. These three roads are still travelled.

858. *Now, oracles of Gods.* See 876; both Jocasta and Œdipus are guilty of disrespect to the oracle. Sophocles does not represent a faultless or a wholly guilty Œdipus, but one of great good qualities vitiated by arrogance and passion. To have represented the king as merely caught in the toils of Fate and without blame would have outraged our sense of justice and robbed the play of tragic quality.

931. Œdipus is relieved from one fear to be subjected to another.

935. At about this point, Jocasta has the full truth come to her.

1016. *He who rules,* Hermes, born on Mount Cyllene.

1019. *nymphs,* the Muses.

1094. The climax, or *scène à faire.*

1122. The messenger's speech is a regular feature of Greek tragedy.

1199–1355. The Greek play descended from the climax to the end less abruptly than the modern play.

EURIPIDES

140. 1–81. The Euripidean prologue still consists of action, but resembles the modern prologue in serving as introduction to the plot.

32. *Orcus,* death.

128. *The Sage's* Æsculapius, son of Apollo.

348. The extravagant idea of Admetus recalls the story of Pygmalion, at whose entreaties life was divinely breathed into the statue which he had chiselled and with which he had fallen in love. See page note, 442, line I.

455. Hercules is on the way to one of the Twelve Labors, weary, but hearty and human.

460. *Tirynthian king,* Eurystheus, who imposed the Labors.

523. *Not so.* The obligations of hospitality have always been very strict in Greece.

603. Does Euripides mean to present Admetus on the whole as an attractive character?

713. Hercules is presented as a robust and expansive hero, and is almost a comic figure.

964. Hercules leads Alcestis, veiled.

1115. *son of Sthenelus,* Eurystheus.

ARISTOPHANES

156. 5. *stadia,* plural of stadium, about 600 feet.

6. *Raven.* The sober raven and the chattering

jackdaw are characteristic of their masters, the pretentious Peisthetairus, *Talkover,* and the simple Euelpides, *Hopeful.*

159. *Melanthius,* a tragic poet who was leprous.

213. *Odds, nets and snares.* The Hoopoe swears appropriately, like Bob Acres.

362. *Nicias,* in command of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse; compare line 659.

568. *Alcmenas and Semeles,* the mothers by Jove of Hercules and Bacchus.

649. *Ammon's,* Jupiter-Ammon's, in Egypt.

704–793. The Parabasis; a part of the play in which the author has the chorus go outside the action to indulge in satire or fantasy. The object of satire here is the Athenian craze for novel philosophical and scientific accounts of creation.

775. *Bird.* The birds served as omens, and the word was the same for both.

802. *our own,* referring to the eagle pierced by an arrow feathered from his own wing.

865. Through the Poet, Aristophanes probably parodies well known lines.

949. This form of city has many modern advocates, who regard it as more convenient than the rectangular form.

1009. *Owl,* stamped on the Athenian coin.

1034–1110. Vividly suggestive of Athenian industrial and military life.

1136. *Salaminian galley.* This and the Paralian were for sacred and other important errands.

1187. Quoted from Euripides' *Alcestis,* a speech of Pheres to Admetus. The preceding speech of Iris is a parody of the tragic style.

1305. *dithyrambic.* The dithyramb was a special form of poem in honor of Dionysus.

1369. *Execestides,* notorious for having no citizen's rights.

1397. *Timon,* the celebrated misanthrope; see Shakespeare's play.

1429. Hercules and his appetite always made good matter for comedy.

1581. *Sycophantic,* referring to the despised informers.

1583. *Clepsydra,* the water-clock by which speeches in the Assembly were limited.

1591. *Gorgias,* one of the chief Sophists, who had a reputation for wordiness and sharp practice.

MENANDER

181. 9. *obol,* nearly two cents.

14. *talent,* about a thousand dollars.

16. *drachma,* nearly twenty cents.

140. The speech of Syriscus is suggestive of the usual content of comic drama in the fourth century. Tragedy also was not without the same material; Euripides' *Ion* is an example.

275. *chiton,* tunic.

PARMENIDES AND EMPEDOCLES

187. 2. *Acragas.* Empedocles lived in Acragas, Roman Agrigentum, modern Girgenti. Love, Hate, and Metempsychosis were important in his philosophy. For transmigration, compare Plato, *A Sojourn* (see page 216), and John Masefield, *A Creed.*

PLATO

188. *b.* 18. *bankers' tables.* Money-changers, etc., were more frequently in the open air than even now.

189. 21. *Pythia,* the priestess of Apollo who was the mouthpiece of the oracle, which was often capable of many different interpretations, and therefore safe for its authors.

b. 19. *Dog,* a frequent oath of Socrates, perhaps to avoid a more blasphemous expression.

190. *b.* 54. *monitor,* the famous *daimon,* a sort of guardian spirit always with Socrates.

191. 54 ff. *Minos, Rhadamanthus,* and *Æacus,* judges in the lower world; *Triptolemus,* founder of the worship of Demeter and Persephone at Eleusis, and giver of grains and agriculture; *Orpheus* and *Musæus,* famous bards; *Palamedes* and *Ajax,* heroes of the Trojan war; *Sisyphus,* for an offense to Jove condemned to roll up hill a stone which always rolled back before reaching the summit.

192. The *Crito* is noted for its ideas regarding the wrongfulness of retaliation, and the obligation of the social contract.

193. *b. dervishes of Cybele.* The priests of the Great Mother danced themselves into a frenzy as a means of communion with deity.

27. *Immortality.* Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood* is an echo of Plato.

199. *The Setting:* Book I, 327–330.

56. *Peiræus,* the port of Athens, five miles from the city.

200. 47. *threshold of age.* Cicero in *De Senectute* very charmingly adapts from the opening part of *The Republic.*

201. 45. *State:* II, 368–372. Aristotle's definition of the state was Platonic: 'an association of similar persons for the attainment of the best life possible.' Ten citizens he regarded as too few, a hundred thousand as too many. Athens had perhaps a hundred thousand inhabitants, of which about twenty-five thousand were citizens, the rest slaves and free outlanders. The ancient state was a city-state.

203. *b.* 36. *Education:* II, 376–383.

42. *music,* the equivalent of the modern liberal arts is meant: what is related to the Muses.

205. 6. *Homer.* The poet was a great vehicle of moral instruction, comparable to the Bible. Plato's argument is carried to surprising lengths.

208. *Homer Disapproved:* III, 387–388.

b. 55. *Women and the State:* V, 455–457.

210. *b.* 3. *possibility.* This sounds like sly humor.

6. *The Ship of State:* VI, 487–489.

211. *The Cave:* VII, 514-518.

213. 9. Achilles' word to Ulysses in the lower world; see note, page 30, line 117.

214. *Democracy:* VIII, 562–565.

6. *tyranny,* meaning the rule, good or bad, of one man. This selection is of the greatest interest to modern critics of democracy.

216. *A Sojourn:* X, 614-622.

218. *b.* 10. *Thamyras,* who challenged the Muses and was deprived of sight after defeat.

28. *Epeus,* builder of the wooden horse at Troy.

219. *b.* 21. *a thousand years,* the ancient Purgatory.

ARISTOTLE

220. *Ethics:* II, 6–7.

b. 24. *Milo,* of Croton in southern Italy, a famous athlete.

221. *b.* 47. *the diagram,* perhaps used while lecturing.

222. *b.* 17. *Phallic,* from *phallos,* the symbol of procreation and fruitfulness.

223. 6. *purification,* the much discussed *catharsis.*

THEOPHRASTUS

225. *b.* 5. *Bacchanalia,* the festival of Dionysus, about Easter time.

17. *Odeum,* a theater for musical events, built by Pericles not far from the theater of Dionysus.

HIPPOCRATES

229. *The Oath.* It is still administered in some colleges of medicine.

ISOCRATES

234. 25. *barbarians,* the turning back of the Persians was never far from the thoughts of an Athenian.

DEMOSTHENES

236. *b.* 9. *orgiasts.* The more unrestrained religions, of the sort mentioned here, were from the East, and were never quite so much respected as the native Hellenic cults.

33. *collecting figs,* a reference to the Athenian reception of poorly acted plays.

237. 16. *crown,* a golden ornament shaped like a wreath, or *corona.*

b. 42. *battle,* Chæronia, 338, Philip's overthrow of Athens.

THEOCRITUS

240. *b.* 7. *cosset,* a pet lamb, reared without the mother.

241. 27 ff. An example of the ancient fondness for the description of works of the sort; compare the Shield of Achilles passage on page 13.

b. 33. *Peneius, Pindus,* far away, in Greece, in contrast with the places next mentioned nearby.

242. 11. *Priapus,* deity of gardens.

23. *the Cyprian,* Venus of Cyprus, wed to Anchises, father of Æneas.

40. *Arethuse,* the famous fountain at Syracuse.

45. *knoll.* The tombs of Helice and Arcas were noted in Arcadia, to which this stanza refers.

243. *a.* 56. *the River,* of death, Acheron.

243. 1. The scene is the island of Cos, off Asia Minor, and the poem seems to be a personal experience.

15. *Lycidas,* the name used for the title of Milton's poem.

47. *Philetas,* of Cos, teacher of Theocritus. The *bard of Samos* is the epigrammatist Asclepiades.

54. *Oromedon,* perhaps Eurymedon; compare note, page 53.

56. *Chian bard,* Homer.

244. 114. *Aratus,* another pupil of Philetas, and author of an epic on astronomy.

245. 149–175. One of the most famous autumn descriptions in literature.

40. *The Women.* This idyll is of the nature of the mime; compare page 252.

246. *b.* 45. Golgi and Idaly in Cyprus, and Eryx in Sicily, were sacred to Aphrodite. Adonis was permitted to return for a short period each year; compare page 251.

247. 35–6. Ajax and Hector are referred to.

248. 64. *Amphitrite,* the Nereid, Neptune's queen.

b. 40. The Argonautic expedition is interpreted as one of the early adventures after gold. The Rocks are the Symplegades.

249. 55. The fight here described suggests the professionalized pugilism of the third century B. C.

HERODAS

252. *a.* 11. *over a shoulder.* The boy was hoisted by a schoolmate while the lash was used.

19. *Nannakos,* a Phrygian king who wept much because of oncoming death.

253. 9. *full moon of Akesaios,* who waited for but acted promptly on the full moon; Kottalos is to be flogged surely and immediately.

24. *Koutis,* perhaps the daughter of the master.

b. 27. *coat of honey.* Kottalos will have a hard time talking himself back into favor.

POLYBIUS

255. *Rome's First Victory:* Book II, 22–23. *Ancient Treaties:* III, 22; 25.

b. 56. *the crossing of Xerxes,* in 480.

256. 10. *the Fair Promontory,* at the western extremity of the gulf of Carthage.

b. 15. *The Elephants:* III, 45–46. Livy's account in XXI, 27–28, is very similar, Polybius being his source.

257. 25. *Roman Army Discipline:* VI, 36–39.

258. *b.* 10. *Constitution and Character:* VI, 51–55.

260. 25. *Cocles.* In Livy II, 10 (see note, page 453 b) the fate of Horatius is the well known one of Macaulay's *Lay.*

STRABO

262. *Latium and Rome:* V, 3, 5–8.

b. 20. *Pomptine Plain,* the still undrained Pomptine Marshes.

28. *Brentesium,* Brindisi; *Taras,* Taranto.

43. *towed by a mule.* Horace, *Satires* I, 5, *A Journey to Brundisium,* gives an amusing account of taking this boat.

263. 10. *The first founders.* There are wall remains indicating the early fortification of the Palatine, and many fragments of another wall which girdled a city over five miles in circumference. They are called the walls of Romulus and Servius, but prove nothing regarding those monarchs and are not early enough to be of their reputed times.

b. 19. *mines,* meaning the many quarries of tufa, travertine, and ordinary limestone.

264. 5. *wagons loaded with hay.* The Cloaca Maxima was about eleven feet wide and high where it flowed into the Tiber; Strabo should not here be taken literally.

58. *the Mausoleum,* now a wonderful concert hall with upwards of 4000 seats, called the Augusteo.

b. 23. *Pompeii and Vesuvius:* V, 4, 8–9.

265. *b.* 14. *Pindar.* From the *First Pythian;* see note, page 56.

PLUTARCH

267. 31. *from the isle of Delos,* soon after the outbreak of war with Corinth in 458.

268. 43. *The propylæa,* not entirely finished, as the remains show.

270. 54. *Cleon,* the tanner and demagogue.

271. *b.* 26. *Triumphal Procession,* after the battle of Pydna, 168 B. C.

274. *b.* 14. *Hecatompedon,* hundred-foot temple, a name given to the Parthenon of before the Persian wars, and here applied to the later one.

PAUSANIAS

277. 3. *The Theater:* Book I, 21. The theater still exists.

b. 8. *On the Acropolis:* I, 24–26.

21. *statue of Athene,* the gold-and-ivory image inside the Parthenon.

278. *b.* 14. *At Olympia:* V, 10–17.

279. *b.* 42. *one pillar.* This one wooden pillar has been thought to be the last of the original pillars of the temple, all the rest having been replaced by stone; the building thus being a proof that Greek architectural forms in stone are an evolution from wood construction.

53. *Hermes,* the celebrated statue, found by the German excavators in May, 1878, and now in the museum at Olympia.

MARCUS AURELIUS

282. 24. *Parmularius or the Scutarius,* fighters with shield or sword.

30. Maximus, an intimate Stoic acquaintance.

b. 14. *my father,* meaning his adoptive former, the Emperor Antonius Pius; his father by blood was Annius Verus.

283. *b.* 22. *Among the Quadi,* in Moravia.

284. 50. *Carnuntum,* on the Danube.

b. 41. *Helice,* a town in Achæa, swallowed by the sea.

LONGINUS

287. *b.* 6. *the descent into Hell,* in the Odyssey, book XI.

288. 1. Compare the translation, page 48.

LUCIAN

290. 32. *Ctesias,* 415–398, a physician at an Eastern court who first wrote Oriental history in Greek.

292. 32. *Momus,* son of Night, god of ridicule.

293. 17. *Helen.* Theseus had carried her off as a girl, but restored her.

294. 34. *Hercules.* He had spent three years in menial tasks as slave to Queen Omphale, and finally, after being poisoned by the robe of the Centaur Nessus, had built and ascended his funeral pyre on Mount Œta.

295. *b.* 5. *Menippus,* a Cynic.

298. *b.* 22. *triangle,* a symbol of the Pythagoreans, who sometimes wore it on the breast; they also made much of numbers.

300. *a.* 20. *Cyrenaic,* a school preceding and resembling the Epicurean.

b. 24. Democritus, the laughing philosopher; Heraclitus, the weeping.

301. *b.* 15. *Peregrinus.* The Christians were looked on by many as merely one more school of extremist philosophers, like Stoics, Cynics, and Epicureans, only more absurd in their claims.

THE FABLE

303. 30. *The Mountain in Labor.* The origin of the saying, 'The Mountains will be in travail and a ridiculous mouse will come forth,' is Horace, *On the Art of Poetry,* line 139.

304. *b.* 5. *The Vine.* Compare page 315, *Only Wait.*

LONGUS

307. *b.* 27. *A Greek Dance.* The Greek dance was imitative, not merely æsthetic; compare Aristotle, *Poetics* I, 'for the dancers also represent human character, and what men do and undergo' (tr. Cooper).

THE ANTHOLOGY

312. 6. *Gela's wide champaign,* in Sicily.

314. *The Last Journey.* Leonidas of Tarentum, Palladas, and Paulus Silentiarius are among the most serious of the epigrammatists.

316. *The Pure in Heart.* An exquisite expression of the better paganism.

Not of Itself. The inspiration of Ben Jonson.

MARCUS CATO

320. *b.* 19. *threshing-floor.* Agricultural life in Central Italy is much the same today as in the time of Cato; the threshing-floor, or *area,* is to be seen on every little farm.

QUINTUS ENNIUS

321. *The Skeptic.* This is the Epicurean view.

PLAUTUS

322. The names of the *dramatis personæ* are suggestive: Euclio and Eunomia are well-conducted persons; Staphyla, bunch of grapes, a hard drinker; Megadorus, generous giver; Strobilus, old top; Congrio, eel; Anthrax, a coal; etc.

327. *b.* 47. Molière models on and surpasses the lines on the miser's stinginess. Compare *a.* line 10, and the famous *sans dot.*

328. 41. Plautus is notorious for puns and other word-plays.

b. 52. *forum,* regularly for the market place or public square.

329. 2. *Vulcan,* the deity of fire; here humorously the kitchen fire.

331. 22. This scene is suggestive of Hellenistic life conditions, and to a certain extent of Roman.

b. 52. *Geryon* was a monster with three bodies, slain by Hercules; *Argus,* with a hundred eyes; *Pirene* has been excavated by the American School

of Classical Studies in Athens: it was a large and ornamental public fountain.

332. *b.* 19. There are many details of slave punishment in Plautus and Terence; being sent to the country to work was much dreaded, as well as the ordinary whipping; compare page 354, *b.* 32.

333. 36. The scene beginning here, and that beginning page 335.45, are among the most comic of those based on misunderstanding. Molière in *L'Avare* has five misunderstandings instead of Plautus's two, a fair index of their comparative complexity.

334. 38. *Silvanus,* deity of groves.

337. The mutilated ending of Plautus is hardly more unsatisfactory than the artificial ending of *L'Avare.*

TERENCE

338. *Personæ Mutæ,* characters with no lines.

339. 11. *Diphilus,* of the Greek New Comedy, wrote about 100 plays, of which there are three imitations among Plautus's extant comedies.

50. Micio's speech is a characterization of himself, his brother, the two boys, and of Athenian conditions, and also presents the theme of the play, which is the always interesting question as to the degree of strictness to be observed in the rearing of children.

341. 41. *Sannio.* The slave-dealer, usually also a pander, is the villain of ancient comedy.

343. *b.* 39. *flee the country,* probably by enlisting under one of the successors of Alexander; compare page 346, line 13.

345. *b.* 31. Syrus is a good example of the tricky slave, a stock character.

350. *b.* 1. *cithern-girl.* The female slave was bred in the accomplishments, if possible, to make her more salable.

357. *b.* 31. We may doubt the permanence of Demea's conversion; and also the author's entire approval of Micio's plan.

55. *Clap your hands.* A formal and a usual termination.

CICERO

358. *The Cicero Home: The Laws,* II, 1–3.

b. 1. *Atticus,* Titus Pomponius, 109–32 B. C., Cicero's most faithful friend, frequently his financial supporter, was the recipient of half the extant letters of the orator.

7. *Fibrenus,* modern Fibreno, the power for paper mills.

359. 3. *Niles and Euripi,* features of landscape gardens; the latter was so called from the Euripus, a channel between Eubœa and the Greek mainland, north of Athens.

27. *Arpinum,* Arpino. The Cicero home was three miles from the town, at the confluence of the Fibrenus with the Liris, modern Liri or Garigliano, about 75 miles southeast of Rome.

b. 26. Socrates as he talked dipped his foot in the Ilissus and praised its coolness.

31. *Letters to Atticus,* V, 1.

41. *separation,* caused by Cicero's appointment to the governorship of Cilicia.

43. Many of the letters are filled with business detail hard to understand because they were confidential.

360. 4. *your sister.* Quintus, brother of Marcus, was married to Pomponia, sister of Atticus. They finally separated.

11. *Arcanum,* an estate near by *Aquinum,* half way between Naples and Rome; the home of Juvenal and Thomas Aquinas.

20. *Statius,* a favorite freedman of Quintus disliked by Pomponia.

51. *Pomptinus,* a soldier friend who was to be one of Cicero's deputies in the province.

56. *Menturnæ,* a place on the Appian Way.

b. 1. *After the Rubicon: To Atticus,* VII, 22. Cæsar is driving Pompey toward Brundisium and out of Italy.

3. *Formiæ,* where Cicero had a villa, on the coast near Gaieta.

36. *The Qualities of Cæsar: To Atticus,* VIII, 13.

361. 10. *Cæsar to Cicero: To Atticus,* IX, 6a. The decisive tone of Cæsar will be noted.

34. *Cicero to Cæsar: To Atticus,* IX, 11a.

b. 17. *Pompey.* Cicero was between the two attractions of loyalty to Pompey and an inclination to Cæsar as the much abler man whom he could not help admire. His support was much valued by both men and their partisans.

36. *A Famous Interview: To Atticus,* IX, 18.

362. 13. *Celer,* an especially bad example.

16. *Servius, Titinius,* friends of Pompey's cause, or at least not hostile to Cæsar's.

31. *twittering swallow,* the next letter.

45. *A Warning: To Atticus,* X, 8b.

b. 24. *To Terentia: To Friends,* XIV, 12. Written after Pharsalia, and sometimes taken as indicating a coolness between Cicero and his wife, from whom he was divorced early in 46.

43. *Servius Sulpicius Consoles: To Friends,* IV, 5. One of the noblest letters ever written. Tullia had died in childbirth shortly before, leaving Cicero inconsolable. Servius died in 43 during an embassy to Antony, who was besieging Mutina.

363. 53. Compare Byron, *Childe Harold,* IV, 44:

> Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,
> The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind,
> The friend of Tully, etc.

364. 29. *Trebonius to Cicero: To Friends,* XII, 16. Trebonius was one of the conspirators against Cæsar.

b. 10. *Cratippus,* a Peripatetic philosopher, young Marcus's chief instructor in Athens.

22. *Marcus Junior to Tiro: To Friends,* XVI, 21. Marcus was twenty-one; Tiro was his father's confidential secretary, once his slave. The letter is a very human document.

365. 20. *Bruttius,* a teacher of elocution.

b. 26. *Anteros,* the letter-carrier.

28. *Brutus:* 91.

366. 51. *On the Orator:* I, 33–34. This and the preceding selection present the ideal culture for the orator, and Cicero's personal characteristics.

57. *Writing,* etc.: *stilus optimus et praestantissimus dicendi effector ac magister.*

b. 56. *Ennius,* the father of Latin poetry; *Gracchus,* forceful as an orator and leader.

367. *b.* 15. *De Officiis.* The selections are: I, 1;

34–35; 37–38; III, 33. The *Ethics* was an essay much admired by the Christian Fathers, and its morality was acceptable to and absorbed by Christianity.

51. *Peripatetics,* Aristotle's pupils, so named from their walking during lectures.

368. *b.* 52. *modesty,* grounded, according to Cicero, in natural impulse, and not in artificial sentiment or prudery.

369. 50. Enlightened words to the very talkative and the backbiter.

b. 50. *Cyrenaics,* hedonists, just preceding the Epicureans.

56. *Epicurus.* Cicero has nothing to say in approval of Epicureanism. Anniceris was another philosopher of Cyrene.

371. 11. *On Friendship:* 6–7; 27.

36. *Paullos,* etc., recognized great and good Romans.

b. 47. *a certain philosopher,* Empedocles; see page 186.

55. *Fannius, Mucius,* sons-in-law of Lælius, the chief character in the dialogue on Old Age.

372. *b.* 18. *The Second Philippic:* I; XLIV–XLVI. Composed in October, 44, one month after the break with Antony, and published late in November after Antony's march to the north to crush Decimus Brutus, the hope of Cicero and the Senate.

LUCRETIUS

374. *Invocation:* I, 1–28. The lines are addressed not so much to a deity as to the universal life-principle. Lucretius makes little use of mythology.

31. *Memmius,* the poet's patron, and a correspondent of Cicero, who writes him on behalf of the Epicureans of Athens, who wish to gain possession of the house and garden of Epicurus, in danger of being torn down and disposed of by Memmius.

33. *Divine one,* the usual prayer for inspiration, but this time not addressed to the Muse.

34. *The Guilt of Religion:* I, 80–101. Compare *Agamemnon,* page 108, lines 125–219.

59. *Knowledge Will Drive Out Fear:* II, 1–61.

80. *save that pain keep off;* the essence of Epicurean philosophy.

109. *Field of Mars,* Campus Martius, the drill ground of Rome.

137. *The Swerve of the Atoms:* II, 216–245. Epicurus is compelled to allow the swerve in order to make possible through collision the creation of the universe. The cause of the swerve he admits to be initiative on the part of the atom, and thus goes outside the purely material and contradicts his theory.

173. *The Soul is Mortal:* III, 417–469.

191. It is Lucretius' way to acquaint us with the theoretical by use of the actual and the known as illustrations. This makes him the poet of human experience in general and of Italian life and scenes in particular.

241. *Our Bodies after Death:* III, 870–930.

268 ff. Cremation, embalming, entombment, inhumation.

270–273. Gray's *Elegy:* 'For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,' etc.

309. *The Origin of Species:* V, 783–820.

379. 1. *The Evolution of Man:* V, 925–1090. Essentially Darwinian.

88. Lucretius likes alliteration and assonance: *viva videns vivo sepeliri viscera busto,* is the Latin of this line.

205. *The Evolution of Religion:* V, 1161–1240.

308. Italy has always suffered from earthquake.

315. *The Origin of Music:* V, 1379–1457. *The Rise of Civilization.*

CATULLUS

385. 2. *pumice-polished,* the bosses at the ends of the stick on which the volume, *volumen,* was rolled.

11. Nepos wrote the history of Italy.

3. *Lesbia,* the name used by Catullus for the object of his passion, who was probably Clodia, wife of Metellus Celer and sister of Clodius the enemy of Cicero.

386. 7. *Hyrcans,* near the Caspian Sea; Sacæ, Scythians.

b. 1. *Arrius.* The ancient Italians sometimes had trouble with the *h.*

Sappho. See note, page 48, 11.

387. *A Hymn,* 14. Juno Lucina was goddess of childbirth.

16. *Trivia,* of three roads, at their meeting.

At His Brother's Grave, to which he made a pilgrimage.

Farewell to Bithynia, where he had been a year, in the train of Memmius the proconsul, patron of Lucretius.

Sirmio. Tennyson's *Row us out from Desenzano.*

388. 12. *Lydian,* joyous, like the Lydian mode in music.

1. *Nuptial Song;* an Epithalamium.

8. *Œtæan,* from Mount Œta.

55 ff. A succession of beautiful similes.

CÆSAR

390. *The Nervii:* II, 17–20; 28. The Nervii lived in Belgic Gaul.

391. 32. A famous crisis.

b. 32. *Britain:* IV, 23–25; 28–29; 33–34. Compare Tacitus, page 496.

53. *Volusenus,* one of Cæsar's officers.

393. 37. *Alesia and Vercingetorix:* VII, 69; 71–74; 89–90. At Alise-Ste.-Reine there is a fine modern statue of Vercingetorix, and the ruins of a city have been excavated.

394. 23. *trunks,* etc., the equivalent of the modern barbed-wire entanglements.

b. 2. *lily, spurs,* reminding us of modern war names.

40. *Arverni,* in the Auvergne; *Bibracte,* Autun, capital of the Ædui.

SALLUST

395. *The Conspiracy of Catiline:* 5; 22–24; 31–32; 44–46; 54–55; 61.

396. 2. *jealousy,* because Cicero was a *novus homo,* a 'new man.'

38. *splendid speech,* the *First Oration against Catiline.*

b. 22. *Milvian Bridge,* three miles north of Rome, with some of the original arches preserved.

55. *Their birth,* referring to Cato and Cæsar, who in the debate on the fate of the conspirators were respectively for severity and clemency. Cato was great-grandson of Cato the Censor.

397. 42. *Tullian dungeon,* the Tullianum or Mamertine Prison, accessible now as San Pietro in Carcere, reputed to have been the prison also of Saints Peter and Paul.

VIRGIL

398. 1. *Sicilian Muse,* because Theocritus of Syracuse was Virgil's inspiration in the *Pastorals.* See page 240.

b. 11. *Lucina,* Juno, goddess of childbirth.

399. 1. *Pollio,* Asinius, consul, tragedian, historian, founder of libraries, and friend of Horace. The fourth *Pastoral* is called the Pollio. Its resemblances to Isaian prophecy gave it importance in ancient Christian and mediæval times. For the Golden Age, compare Hesiod, page 39.

41. *Tiphys,* helmsman of the argo.

66. *Orpheus, Linus,* primitive singers.

70. *Pan,* a good musician, native to Arcadia.

400. 15. *Mincius,* near Mantua, Virgil's home.

19. *Alcippe,* like the following proper names, denoting friends of Corydon and Thyrsis.

43. *Delia,* the Delian, Diana.

45. *Parian stone,* the famous glinting marble.

52. *Galatea,* a nymph.

84. *Alcides,* Hercules.

401. 6. *Mæcenas,* chief counsellor of Augustus, patron and friend of Virgil and Horace. *Prelude:* I, 1–42.

17. *Cæan,* referring to Cea, an island near Attica; *thou,* Aristæus, a son of Apollo.

23. *Pallas,* Athene, patroness of the olive.

41. *Thule,* ultima Thule, thought of as the extreme of distance.

1. *Fruitful Italy:* II, 136–176.

1–5. The gorgeous East.

7. *bulls,* referring to Jason's yoking of the fire-breathing oxen.

8. *teeth,* sown by Cadmus.

15. *Clitumnus,* in Umbria, north of Rome.

35–40. Great harbor improvements were under way.

44. *Marsian and Sabellian,* in the central Apennines.

46. *Ligurians,* near Genoa.

47. *Volscians,* southeast of Rome, on the mountains bordering Latium.

49. *Decii,* saviors of Rome through voluntary death on the field; *Marii,* referring to Marius and his driving back of the Cimbri and Teutons; *Camillus,* victor over the Etruscans and Gauls; *Scipio's double name,* not accurately translated, but referring to the two conquerors of Carthage in the second and third Punic wars.

55. *Saturnian,* from Saturn, primitive god of Italian agriculture.

60. *Ascræan.* Hesiod was from Ascra, and is Virgil's inspiration in the *Georgics.*

62. *Next to the Soil:* II, 458–540. A celebrated passage.

68. *Sylvans,* deities of the groves.

142. *brother god,* Romulus, or Quirinus, a sort of native Mars.

149. *rebel son,* Jupiter.

b. 1. *The Power of Love:* III, 212–244.

404. 2. *Juno's unrelenting hate,* because of Trojan Paris's slight to her beauty in the award of the golden apple.

40. *Ganymed,* favorite of Jupiter, cause of jealousy in Juno.

41. *Electra's glories.* The Trojan race was descended from Electra, daughter of Atlas, whom Jupiter loved in secret.

84. *Tydides,* Diomede, who nearly slew Æneas.

87. *Sarpedon,* son of Jupiter and king of the Lycians, ally of Troy slain by Patroclus.

101. *Ausonian,* Italian.

104. *Eurus,* the east wind.

405. *b.* 2. *Thetis' son,* Achilles.

9. *Laocoön,* recalling the celebrated group in the Vatican gallery, executed before Virgil's time.

65. *Cassandra,* whose prophecies were never credited.

82. *Pyrrhus,* son of Achilles.

115. *Hecuba,* Priam's queen.

170. An example of Virgil's pathos; compare the death of Dido, page 409, and of Palinurus, page 410.

407. 8. *Ascanius,* son of Æneas.

37. *Fame;* a celebrated characterization.

65. *Sichæus,* Dido's first husband.

73. *Stygian Jove,* Pluto, god of the lower world.

119. *hair,* the locks usually taken by Proserpina as a symbol of the passage of the dead into her power. *Sisters,* the Fates.

409. 1. The Fifth Book is famous for athletic contests.

83. *Phorbas,* a friend of Palinurus.

112. *Sirens' cliffs,* localized on the coast near Naples.

410. 1. *Acheron, Cocytus,* streams of the lower world.

13. *airy crowd. Odyssey* XI and Dante's *Inferno* are other famous depictions of the lower world.

49. *leader,* Orontes, lost in the storm of Book I; *Leucaspis,* another Trojan.

65. *vital hour,* of his appearance in this life.

78. *Mæotian,* Scythian.

97. *devoted,* voluntarily sacrificed.

98. *Drusian,* belonging to a branch of the Claudian line, of which Livia, empress of Augusta, was a member; *Camillus,* victor over the Gauls in 390; *Torquatus,* a Manlius, in 340, put his son to death for disobedience under arms, though the disobedience was to Rome's advantage.

100. *pair,* Cæsar and Pompey, who married Cæsar's daughter Julia.

128–132. The famous statement of Rome's mission.

135. *Marcellus,* victor at Syracuse in 212 B. C., and winner of spoils from a Gallic general whom he slew in 222; one of the three occasions in Roman history when the *spolia opimia* were taken.

144. *godlike youth,* Marcellus, son of Augustus' sister Octavia, who fainted when this part of the Æneid was read to her.

413. 3. *Thetis,* the sea.

19. *Erato,* Muse.

41. *Laurentian.* Æneas landed in the Laurentian fields.

47. *horned.* River deities and rivers were thought of as horned.

55. *fatal swine,* recognized as a sign which had been foretold and therefore confirmed Æneas in his course.

75. *rising towers,* of Evander, an Arcadian chief, legendary founder of the city on the Palatine Hill. Pallas is his son.

125. *Sicanians,* Sicilians.

135 *Tarpeian rock,* part of the Capitoline Hill.

146. *Æglian,* of Æolus, ruler of the winds.

158. *Achates,* faithful attendant of Æneas; *fidus Achates.*

416. 89. *Camilla,* Volscian princess allied to Turnus, leader of the armies opposed to the Trojans.

116. *Acca,* faithful friend of Camilla.

129. *sounds,* depths.

417. 1. *The Fury,* sent to bring the combat to an end.

5. *Juturna,* sister of Turnus; a water nymph. The fountain of Juturna has been excavated in the Roman Forum.

99. *Flames.* Virgil recalls the slaying of Pallas as if unwilling to have Turnus slain without motive.

HORACE

419. 6. Just enough to avoid striking the turning-post.

12. *Libyan.* Africa was the granary of Rome.

15. *Cyprian.* Cyprus was a shipbuilding island.

18. *Icarian,* part of the Ægean Sea.

420. 42. *Euterpe, Polyhymnia,* Muses.

43. *Lesbian.* Horace used Sapphics and Alcaics, the chief Lesbian stanzas.

7. *Vulcan,* the blacksmith god, with Cyclops for attendants.

11. *Faunus,* the shepherd god.

15. *Sestius,* to whom the poem is addressed.

20. *Pluto,* king of Hades.

b. 3. *Pyrrha,* a name suggesting fire; a blonde.

15. *votive tablet,* a picture hung in the temple as a token of gratitude for dangers escaped; like modern votives.

2. *Soracte,* a mountain to the north, barely visible from Rome.

7. *Thaliarchus,* a Greek name, perhaps not an actual person, but an imaginary master of the feast.

421. *Poet and Lover.* 1. *Fuscus,* Aristius Fuscus, a humorous friend; compare page 428, line 123.

6. *Hydaspes,* a river of India.

9. *Lalage,* signifying 'prattler.'

10. *Sabine wood,* probably with his estate near Tivoli in mind.

14. *Daunias,* Apulia, in the southeast of Italy, where the poet was born.

b. To Chloe. In this poem are found the Horatian qualities of concreteness, clearness, restraint, and unity.

9. *Gætulian,* African.

A Friend of the Muses. 5. *Tiridates,* a Parthian.

6. *Pimplea,* Muse of Pimplea, a fountain in Pieria, near Mount Olympus.

7. *Lamia,* Horace's friend.

9. *Lesbian,* because Horace wrote the poem in Alcaics. The translation is a Spenserian stanza.

The Poet's Prayer, written when the temple of Apollo on the Palatine was dedicated, in 28 B. C. This is one of Horace's most genial poems.

11. *Liris,* the river of Cicero's valley.

422. 14. *Calenian,* from Cales, in Campania.

A Recantation. The translation of witty Father Prout, quite as much as the original, leaves us in doubt as to the reality of the poet's conversion.

Here and Now, the motto of the Cyrenaics, who were hedonists.

13. The charm of the Italian garden permeates the poem.

A Poem of Friendship. Another especially successful poem and translation.

2. *Gades,* Cadiz; *Cantabrian,* the north of Spain, always hard to subdue.

5. *Tibur,* Tivoli, fifteen miles from Rome.

423. 10. *Galesus,* a stream near Tarentum, a Spartan settlement.

14. *Hybla,* a Sicilian mountain, substituted by the translator for Hymettus.

16. *Venafrum,* between Rome and Naples, and still with wonderful olive groves.

18. *Aulon,* perhaps a mountain near Tarentum.

20. *Falernian,* a wine from the west coast near Naples.

23. *your tear,* referring to the custom of quenching the funeral pyre with water or wine.

The Inevitable Hour. A favorite of Matthew Arnold; but the German scholar Beucheler called it a composition of youth. The critic who is also a poet is the more competent.

16. September had a bad name in Rome; compare page 428, line 40.

18. *Cocytus,* a stream in Hades.

19. *Danaus'* fifty daughters killed their husbands, with one exception.

20. *Sisyphus,* rolling the rock up hill, to have it ever descend.

24. *cypress,* always an ornament of Italian cemeteries, ancient and modern, and symbolic of death.

27. *Cæcuban,* Massic, Formian, Falernian, are Horace's favorite wines.

b. 5. *youths and maids,* the *virginibus puerisque* used by Stevenson as title for his essays.

19. *the urn,* shaken or whirled, from which the lot leaped.

31. *Tempe,* the famous Vale in Greece.

37 *Hædus,* the constellation of the Kid.

40. *shattered vineyards,* ruined by hail, the dread of Italian farmers.

424. 53. *Care,* the famous *atra cura.*

55. *mine,* marble quarry.

57. *Achæmenian,* Persian, oriental.

The Spring, perhaps on the Sabine Farm, where a so-called Bandusia is still pointed out. The ancient spring was regarded as sacred. Again the Horatian qualities are beautifully exemplified.

To a Jar of Wine. A highly successful poem in praise of wine, and an inspired translation.

2. *Manlius,* consul in 65, the year of Horace's birth.

To Diana. The *Odes* are sometimes called cameo-like.

A Regret. Another inspired translation.

6. *lay the load,* as a votive offering; compare *The Coquette,* page 420.

425. 12. *Chloe.* The poem is of the bantering sort; Horace is noted for a freedom from serious passion.

The Poet's Prophecy. This is literary convention; compare Shakespeare, *Sonnet* 55, and Ovid, pages 446 and 447.

12. *Aufidus,* near Venusia, Horace's birthplace.

14. *first,* the first to give real currency to the Alcaic and Sapphic stanzas.

To Augustus, on the Emperor's absence, which had begun in 16 B. C. and lasted until 13, a year or more after Horace composed this poem.

13. A beautiful and sympathetic simile.

40. *blends.* The *genius* of Augustus was associated with the gods of the household.

41. *Hesperia,* Italy.

The Race for Riches. This and the following selections were in hexameter, and called by Horace 'talks.' They are full of intimate pictures of Roman and Italian life.

18. *cock-crow,* the time of the *salutatio,* the patron's reception of his *clientes,* or dependents and supporters.

426. 27. *Fabius,* type of the loquacious.

35–36. Horace's ideal of satire, *ridentem dicere verum.*

53. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard.'

59. *Aquarius,* the January Sign of the Zodiac.

105. *Aufidus,* river near Venusia.

126. Clytemnestra killed Agamemnon with an axe.

427. 156. *Crispinus,* type of the lengthy composer.

The Bore. Horace's most amusing satire.

2. *Sacred Way,* the ancient street running through the Forum. Horace approaches from the east.

24. *Bolanus,* of an active temper.

42. *Cæsar's gardens,* on the right bank, three miles away; Horace makes it as far as possible.

52. *Viscus, Varius,* literary friends, the latter of great repute.

57. *Hermogenes,* whose singing the poet despised as much as he despised dancing.

76. *Vesta's,* near the head of the Forum and the Basilica Julia, the great law court.

92. *Mæcenas,* from whom Horace had received the Sabine Farm.

123. *Aristius,* Fuscus, the humorous friend mentioned in *Poet and Lover;* see page 421 and note.

155. *ear,* a token in use in the summons of a witness.

428. 9. *son of Maia,* Mercury, god of possessions.

32. Fat wits were not desired.

44. *Janus,* deity of beginnings, and so of the morning.

71. *Esquiline,* gloomy because a burial ground.

77. *scriveners,* a guild, or collegium, to which Horace belonged while he was a clerk in the Treasury.

91. *Bantam, Pet,* names of favorite gladiators or pugilists.

109. *Dacians,* the Roumanians, first conquered by Trajan over a hundred years later.

118. *Trinacria,* Sicily.

132. *kinsman bean.* The bean played a part in the beliefs regarding the soul. Pastry beans, *fave dolci,* are still a feature of All Souls' and the other Days of the Dead in Rome.

148. *Lepos,* some performer of the time.

154. *ends,* ideal or utilitarian?

156. the *summum bonum.*

157. *Cervius,* probably a country neighbor.

164. The immortal story of the Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.

226. *Molossian,* favorite watch-dogs.

430. 2. *Janus and Vertumnus,* an arch and a shrine in or near the Forum.

3. *Sosii,* publishers.

4. *pumice,* see page 385, line 2, and note.

22. *far away,* Utica or Ilerda (Africa or Spain), the original reads.

25. *restive fool,* not so fortunate as Balaam's ass.

31. Horace foresaw his use as a school book.

48. *Lepidus and Lollius.* Their names are on the Fabrician Bridge in Rome, recording repairs by them.

431. *The Art of Poetry.* A 'Talk,' or *Causerie,* addressed to a father and two sons who cannot be identified further than by name. It is full of common sense wittily expressed.

1–22. Unity and consistency.

25. the famous 'purple patch.'

23–38. Fitness and unity.

36. *jug.* See Austin Dobson, *Urceus Exit.*

39–50. Writers with no taste will blunder into extremes.

51–88. Fitness, including appropriate characterization.

89–110. Genius, madness, and common sense.

111–130. Sound philosophic observation the basis of truthful writing.

131–148. Genius needs the support of study and discipline.

TIBULLUS

433. Both poems of Tibullus are peculiarly Italian.

21. *Pales,* deity of shepherds.

27. *Ceres,* goddess of grains, will receive first-fruits.

69. *Messalla,* a prominent figure, lifelong friend of Tibullus.

74. *Delia:* the poets chose beautiful names for their ladies; compare Lesbia and Cynthia.

435. 34. *Falernian, Chian,* Italian and Greek.

76. *Minerva,* patroness of the arts of the loom. *Arachne,* transformed into a spider after a brilliant but unsuccessful contest in embroidery with Minerva.

Primitive Rome, a charming depiction.

1. *Æneas,* rescuer of his father Anchises from blazing Troy.

7. *Quirinus,* Romulus.

17. *Velabrian.* The Velabrum was a low district between the Capitoline and Palatine hills.

PROPERTIUS

437. 1. *Baiæ,* a fashionable beach near Cumæ, west of Naples.

3. *Thesprotus,* once king here.

4. *Misenum,* the promontory named from Misenus, the trumpeter, whose funeral mound it forms; see *Æneid* VI.

10. *Lucrine,* a lake near Baiæ.

11. *Teuthras,* a river of Campania.

14. *sand,* suggesting modern times.

438. 15. *Clitumnus,* in Umbria, the province from which Propertius came; compare page 431, line 15, and note.

OVID

439. 12. *seeds,* atoms. Ovid's account resembles that of Lucretius, but has more poetry and mythology mingled with the science.

97. Ovid makes man an object of greater consideration.

113. *The Flood.* Many peoples besides the Hebrews had the tradition of a great flood.

117. *Themis,* deity of justice and prophecy.

442. 1. *Pygmalion,* also the title of a Shaw play.

443. 16. *Sestos, Abydos,* on the European and Asian sides of the Hellespont, or Dardanelles. The original of this selection, as of all others from Ovid, is in verse.

41. *bands,* of the tablet, which they served to seal.

b. 16. *Actæan,* Athenian; Boreas loved Orithyia of Athens.

22. *child of Hippotes,* Æolus, ruler of the winds.

27. *Dædalus,* and Icarus, the first to fly.

46. Latmos, the scene of the Moon's love for Endymion.

444. 4. *Cynthia,* the moon.

15. Ovid tells the story of Ceyx and Alcyone; Ceyx was shipwrecked, and Alcyone threw herself into the sea and was changed into a kingfisher.

b. 8. *Maiden,* Helle, drowned in the strait called the Hellespont.

36. *Athamas,* father of Helle and Phrixus.

52. *Helice,* the Great Bear.

445. 6. *Colchis,* where the Argonauts went.

9. *Palæmon,* a sea deity.

20. *Elean,* of Elis, where Olympia was situated and the games took place.

b. 55. Mæonia's son, Homer.

58. *poet of Ascra,* Hesiod.

446. 3. *son of Battus,* Callimachus of Alexandria.

8. *Aratus,* an astronomical poet.

11. *Ennius, Accius, Varro,* poets.

16. *Æsonian chieftain,* Jason, leader of the Argonauts.

25. *Gallus,* a friend of Virgil whose works are lost; *Lycoris,* his love.

44. *survive,* an echo of Horace, *The Poet's Prophecy;* see page 425 and note.

49. *Sulmo,* still with channeled streams and gardens.

b. 38. *Falerii,* near Città Castellana; great walls survive.

447. 40. the figure of the race track.

57. *Amathus,* a town in Cyprus, sacred to Venus.

b. 2. *Lyæan,* Bacchus the inspirer.

31. *Chiron,* tutor of Achilles.

56. *Clio,* a Muse.

448. 59. *Perseus,* to the island of the Gorgons; *Paris,* to Sparta.

101. The circus procession was a great spectacle.

449. 17. *The Night of Exile,* in 8 A. D.

27. *Ausonia,* Italy.

b. 1. *Mettus,* torn by being bound to chariots driven in opposite directions.

53. *knight,* a rank dependent on the acquisition of about $16,000.

450. 19. *unbidden.* He 'lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.'

31. The board of triumvirs, membership in which was a first step to prominence.

33. In the senate, he would have had the broad purple stripe.

38. *Aonian sisters,* the Muses.

43. *Macer,* a poet friend.

46. *Propertius,* etc.; compare *The Immortality of Song,* page 445 and notes.

b. 1. *Thalia,* a Muse.

54. *ten times,* ten Olympiads. Ovid was 50 at the time.

451. *b.* 4. *Hister,* the Danube.

LIVY

452. *The Preface;* the longest of the many personal expressions of Livy, who frequently allows himself to comment on his narrative. He realizes well both the weakness and the greatness of the Roman state.

453. *b. Horatius at the Bridge:* II, 10. Macaulay's *Lay* should be reviewed.

9. *bridge of piles,* long the only bridge, and in later times retaining the name of Pons Sublicius. Date, about 508 B. C.

15. *Janiculum,* on the right or Etruscan bank, and the highest point in the city, *272* feet above the sea.

454. 33. *Cincinnatus:* III, 26.

b. 15. *The Gauls Take Rome:* V, 39–55. Date, about 390 B. C.

36. *Anio,* flowing into the Tiber three miles north of Rome.

41. *Veii,* captured by Camillus six years before.

455. 1. *Allia,* the stream that gave the name to the battle.

20. *Citadel and Capitol,* the two crests of the Capitoline hill.

24. *flamen,* a priest of Jupiter.

b. 38. See note, page 453, line 9.

53. *Cære,* a town in Etruria, modern Cerveteri.

456. 13. *devoted,* in the sense of consecrated.

23. *Colline Gate,* in the Servian Wall, northeastern part of the city.

b. 1. *ivory mace,* perhaps the staff once possessed by a member of the family who had had a triumph, or one he himself had used.

457. 56. *Gabinian,* a special traditional vestment.

b. 19. *Carmentis,* a deity of prophecy, mother of Evander, the Arcadian founder of the city on the Palatine.

458. 23. *rock,* the Tarpeian.

b. 3. *Ardea,* twenty miles or so south of Rome in the plain.

459. 21. *Gabinian Way,* the road to Gabii, east of Rome.

52. *Curia Hostilia,* the first senate house, supposedly from the time of Tullus Hostilius, third king of Rome.

b. 22. *Hannibal:* XXI, 4. The chapter is an example of concentrated thought and expression.

460. 19. *Lake Trasimene:* XXII, 4–7.

b. 34. *Punic faith;* see same page, column 1 line 7.

49. *Fabius,* Pictor, an earlier historian.

461. 9. *Comitium,* the election place in front of the senate.

55. *Archimedes and the Siege:* XXIV, 34. Date, 214 B. C.

b. 16. *quinqueremes,* ships with five banks of oars.

17. *Achradina,* a part of Syracuse, on the north.

462. 34. *Marcellus and Archimedes:* XXV, 24; 31.

b. 26. *The Great Mother:* XXIX, 10; 14. Date, 204 B. C. Possibly a political move.

33. *showers of stones,* suggesting volcanic disturbances.

38. *Pessinus,* a town in Phrygia.

463. 20. *Setia, Tarracina, Anagnia, Lanuvium,* towns to the south of Rome.

b. 25. *Claudia,* according to Ovid, drew the ship carrying the Great Mother by attaching to it her girdle, though it had been fast in the mud of the Tiber.

33. Thirteen years elapsed before the Great Mother had her own temple in Rome. Its ruins are to be seen on the Palatine. Her festival occurred in its developed form from March 15 to 27, including a day of mourning, a day of rejoicing in the Easter spirit, and a ritualistic bath of the deity.

43. *lectisternium,* a public visitation of the various shrines, where the deities were exhibited on couches.

PATERCULUS

464. *b.* 9. The author's statement has been proved correct by time.

SENECA

465. *Lucilius,* a friend or pupil, not identified.

On Quiet and Study: LVI.

466. *b.* 12. *On Meeting Death:* LXI. This should be read with the actual fate of the author in mind.

467. 1. *On the Proper Time:* LXX. The Stoics justified suicide when circumstances became unendurable.

468. *The Wooing of Megara.* On his return, Hercules will slay Lycus, the would-be usurper of his throne and bed, and then, in madness, will slay his own wife and children.

21–50. Allusions to the Twelve Labors.

97. *a course unknown,* through the Vale of Tempe.

111. *Queen of Fruits,* Demeter of Eleusis, the Ceres of the Romans.

136. *Syrtes,* on the north coast of Africa.

195. *Scylla,* in the strait of Messina.

197. *Euripus,* between Attica and Eubœa.

213. *daughter,* Niobe.

215. *Cadmus,* founder of Thebes.

282. *Delian shepherd,* Apollo of Delos, servant to Admetus.

287. *baby.* Bacchus, born of Swele and Jupiter as a thunderbolt.

291. *in a cave,* the infant Zeus, Jupiter.

301. Hercules was slave to Queen Omphale of Lydia.

309. *Teuthras,* a Mysian king.

313. *Eryx,* the Sicilian king from whom the mountain was named. The next names refer to other deeds of prowess by Hercules.

331. The story of Œdipus the King.

334. Really the daughters-in-law; see note, page 423, line *b.* 19.

473. *Seneca Addresses Fortune Octavia,* 377–437. The play is not by Seneca.

CALPURNIUS

474. *b.* 2. As high as the Capitoline hill.

4. *seat,* among the crowd, the first rows from the arena being reserved for senators and other dignitaries, the next for the *equites,* or middle class.

475. 28. The hippopotamus, from the Nile.

b. 6. *jumping out.* There were elevators which lifted the beasts to the arena from their cages below; excavation in the Coliseum has revealed them.

18. *our god,* seeming to mean Nero, who was young and much admired at first.

LUCAN

476. 1. *Emathian,* Macedonian; the scenes of Pharsalia and Philippi.

7. *piles,* spears, Latin *pila.*

42. *Pyrrhus,* of Epirus, who warred against Rome in 281–275 B. C.; *Cannæ,* Hannibal's great victory in 216.

b. 2. *boy-king,* Ptolemy of Egypt, whose father had been placed on his throne by Gabinius, a commissioner of the Roman government, some time before. Pompey had been influential in the affair.

5. *Casium,* a mountain to the east of the present Suez canal, on the Mediterranean coast.

477. 22. The dignity of Roman citizenship.

87. *Pharsalia,* 48 B. C., shortly before Pompey's death.

102. *o'er his head,* recalling Shakespeare's lines on Cæsar's death: 'And in his mantle muffling up his face,' etc.

PERSIUS

478. 7. *Sirius,* the dog-star.

14. *Arcadia,* shepherd country, full of animals.

50. The height of his ambition was skill in games of chance.

59. *the Porch,* of the Stoics, with paintings of Athenian victories.

64. *Samian branches:* the letter Y, with branches symbolizing the choice between virtue and vice, the stem of the letter being the plain path of childhood before the necessity of choice.

80. *Craterus,* a physician of Cicero's time mentioned by Horace.

95. *Umbrian rustics,* country clients who pay in produce.

101–117. Representing the ridicule of the crowd who care nothing for philosophy.

127. *Surrentin,* from what is now Sorrento.

147. *heels foremost,* in the atrium, according to custom.

165. *'each particular hair,'* quoted from Hamlet.

170. *Orestes,* maddened by the Furies; even he would call you mad.

PETRONIUS

481. *b.* 30. *Corinthian,* the approved bronze.

482. *b.* 47. *Marsyas,* the satyr, a favorite fountain figure.

483. *b.* 39. *not to descend,* a frequent provision on ancient stones, to insure against appropriation by unscrupulous relatives.

51. *denarii,* about twenty cents, the ancient franc or lira equivalent.

484. *b.* 57, referring to the quenching of the embers with wine.

PLINY THE ELDER

The selections are from Book XXXV.

486. 6. *Sicyonian,* of Sicyon, near Corinth.

18. *Man using the Bodyscraper,* the Apoxyomenos, now in the Vatican.

487. 7. *colossal,* like the hundred-foot statue erected in the Golden House, near the later arch of Titus.

44. It may be doubted whether the examples of skill here recorded are proof of real artistic capacity.

58. *Ambracia,* in Epirus; the incident occurred about 87 B. C.

b. 4. *Concord.* The ancient temple was as much an art gallery as the modern church.

488. 32. The proverb was, *ne sutor supra crepidam.*

b. 16. *Anadyomene,* rising from the sea.

29. The Parthenon.

42. *Temple of Peace,* in Vespasian's Forum.

QUINTILIAN

490. *Education Beneficial to All:* I, 1.

On Flogging: I, 3.

b. 17. *pædagogus,* personal attendant, not the teacher.

491. 9. *The Roman Poets:* X, 1, 85–87; 93–96. Compare notes on *The Immortality of Song,* page 445.

51. *Lucilius,* an earlier satirist.

b. 12. *Varro,* a friend of Cicero.

24. *Bibaculus,* who has left nothing.

35. *Cicero and Demosthenes:* X, 1, 105–114. A famous comparison of two great men.

492. *b.* 27. *Pollio;* see note on page 399, the fourth *Pastoral.*

SILIUS ITALICUS

493. *The Alps:* from Book III, ending with line 493.

STATIUS

494. *The Death of Amphiaraus: Thebaid,* VII, 798–823.

4. *Ismenus,* a river near Thebes, in Bœotia.

9. *Bellana,* deity of war.

The Mercy Seat: Thebaid, XII, 481–504.

495. *To Sleep: Silvæ,* V, 4.

To His Wife Claudia: Silvæ, III, 5.

TACITUS

496. *Agricola:* 10–13.

497. 1. *Silures,* inhabiting southern Wales and Monmouthshire.

b. 33. *avarice.* The sentence is bitter.

44. *Julius Cæsar,* in 55 and 54 B. C.

58. *established,* 509 B. C.

498. 43. *The Funeral of Augustus: Annals,* I, 8–9.

b. 38. *Nola,* not far from Pompeii.

499. 5. Antony, Lepidus, and Augustus were a triumvirate.

26. *Luxury and Law: Annals,* III, 52–55.

42. *consulships,* Valerius six, and Marius seven.

499. 13. *peace;* the results of Augustus' efforts were welcome, whatever the means he employed.

b. 15. *Galba,* one of the three emperors of 68–69 A. D.

500. 10. *An Amphitheater Collapses: Annals,* IV, 62–63.

18. *Fidenæ,* seven miles north of Rome, on the left bank.

b. 25. *e.g.,* after Cannæ, in 216 B. C.

30. *The Phœnix: Annals,* VI, 28–29. Compare Herodotus, page 66.

501. 4. *Heliopolis,* near Memphis, or Cairo.

b. 1. *The Death and Character of Tiberius: Annals,* VI, 50–51.

502. 14. Tiberius was a character mingled of the old Roman virtues and the vices of an embittered autocrat.

b. 4. *The Great Fire: Annals,* XV, 38–43.

17. The Palatine and the Cælian formed the south and southeast part of the city.

503. 22. *Antium,* on the coast south of Rome 36 miles.

b. 22. Old buildings of prehistoric origin preserved as memorials.

42. *Senones,* the Gauls of 390 B. C.

504. 30. There is a completed passage through the bank of Avernus.

b. 3. *quarries,* peperino, a hard grey stone with specks of black, from the craters of the Alban Mount.

31. *The First Persecution: Annals,* XV, 44.

39. *Vulcan, Ceres, Proserpine,* deities of fire and the under world.

505. 36. *the circus,* of Caligula, where St. Peter's and the Vatican stand.

50. *The Death of Seneca: Annals,* XV, 60–64.

52. *Lateranus.* The palace of the Laterani, confiscated by Nero, was made into the Lateran Church by Constantine.

b. 32. *villa,* probably on the Appian Way.

58. *Poppæa, Tigellinus,* mistress and favorite of Nero.

506. 49. *mother,* Agrippina.

50. *brother,* Britannicus, poisoned.

507. 23. *poison,* the hemlock of Socrates.

43. *Petronius Arbiter: Annals,* XVI, 18. Petronius is the reputed author of *Trimalchio's Dinner.*

b. 27. *The Abdication of Vitellius: Histories,* III, 68. Date, 69 A. D. Scene, the Forum.

508. 25. *palace,* on the Palatine hill.

27. *Civil War in Rome: Histories,* III, 69–70.

55. *Fundane lake,* a fountain or basin, *lacus,* somewhere in the city.

b. 54. *The Burning of the Capitol: Histories,* III, 71.

509. 25. *asylum,* an area between the Citadel and Capitol, the two summits of the Capitoline Hill. There were two approaches, one past the Tullianum, the other opposite the Palatine.

b. 55. *Vespasian's March on Rome: Histories,* III, 79–84.

510. 3. *Milvian* bridge, three miles north.

33. The neighborhood of Via Boncompagni in modern Rome.

52. One thinks of Tacitus as an eye-witness.

b. 23. *Sulla.* The troubles of 88–78 B. C., during which there were repeated proscriptions and assaults.

31. *Sabinus,* brother of Vespasian.

511. 19. *The Death of Vitellius: Histories,* III, 84–86.

b. 16. *charnel,* the *Scalæ Gemoniæ,* Steps of Lamentation, in front of the Tullianum.

PLINY THE YOUNGER

512. *To Cornelius Tacitus:* I, 6. The historian.

26. *Minerva,* goddess of wit.

b. The Elder Pliny's Habits: III, 5.

513. 1. *Drusus Nero,* brother of Tiberius.

18. *Bassus,* a writer on the Germans and the civil wars.

b. 20. He did not spend from three in the afternoon until late in the night after the fashion of the time.

36. *shorthand,* perhaps the Tironian system, invented by Cicero's secretary, Tiro.

56. About $16,000.

514. 33. *The Death of Martial:* III, 21. Martial died about 101 A. D.

b. 13. *rival.* Pliny's great ambition was to resemble Cicero.

23. *want of power.* Pliny did not realize the greatness of Martial.

33. *A Sad Event:* V, 16.

42. *thirteen.* There were many early marriages.

515. 53. *To Calpurnia:* VI, 4.

b. 27. *The Eruption of Vesuvius:* VI, 16. A second letter on the eruption is VI, 20.

56. The year 79.

516. 11. *pine-tree,* the umbrella or stone pine.

b. 3. *Stabiæ,* now Castellammare di Stabia; about three miles south.

40. The excavations show alternate strata of ash and pumice to the depth of about 20 feet.

517. 45. *To Calpurnia:* VII, 5.

b. 8. *The Tiber in Flood:* VIII, 7.

29. *mountains,* mistranslation for hills.

41. *villas,* a name for ordinary farm-houses as well as richer properties.

518. *Villas at Como:* IX, 7.

A New Meeting-House: IX, 39.

MARTIAL

519. *Providence Demonstrated.* There was a temple of Hercules at Tibur, and sulphur baths on the way then as now.

520. *b. Ravenna,* where water is still scarce, as in all East Italy.

521. *b. The Wife-poisoner,* for the sake of inheritance and dowry.

JUVENAL

522. 5. *Cumæ,* home of the Sibyl, ancient and deserted.

9. *Prochyta,* an island off Naples.

10. *Subura,* noisy quarter near the Forum.

21. Egeria was the divine counsellor of Numa.

41. *Dædalus,* finished his flight off the Cumæan coast.

67. *Tagus,* a gold-bearing stream in Spain.

78. *Grecian.* The Greeks were a subject race, and much despised by the average Roman.

89. *trechedipna,* some foppish Greek article, worn by Romans who should know better.

100. *Protean,* from Proteus, who changed identity at will.

121. beauty in ugliness.

126. Antæus.

149. *Berecynthia,* the Great Mother, Cybele.

150. *whose zeal divine,* referring to Lucius Cæcilius Metellus, a pontifex maximus who saved the palladium from fire in 241 B. C., and lost his eyesight in the act.

159. *Samothrace,* more foreign cults.

170. *toga,* the dress suit of antiquity.

180. the toga was white.

189. *Cossus,* any noble; *Veiento,* an informer of Domitian's time.

224. *Chiron,* the centaur, Achilles' tutor.

236. *Asturius,* any rich and ostentatious man.

244. *Polyclete,* the great sculptor.

264. *Samian,* Pythagoreans, and simple.

277. *Drusus,* perhaps Tiberius, whose name was Drusus; *calves of Proteus,* seal.

290. *Dole,* great numbers of Romans received daily allowances throughout the Empire, some from patrons, some from the state. There was a list of 150,000 in Julius Cæsar's time.

292. *Corbulo,* type of the strong man.

303. *Ligurian stone,* marble from Luna, or Carrara.

359. *Temple, or bridge.* Today it is the church that serves as the beggar's stand.

369. Pompeian remains indicate heavy defences against thieves.

377. These places have always served as refuge for bandits.

387. *one cell,* the Tullianum, long the only prison in Rome.

397. *Aquinum,* Juvenal's native city.

399. The reference is not clear.

SUETONIUS

528. 1. *Subura,* a popular quarter near the Forum.

3. *residence,* the Domus Publica, near the head of the Forum.

9. *Nemi,* the lake and town in the Alban Hills.

22. *bridge,* part of the polling-place.

27. *Hall of Pompey,* in connection with his theater, in the Campus Martius west of the Capitoline hill.

529. 19. *Venus Genetrix,* whose temple was in Cæsar's Forum.

37. *eulogy,* the formal *laudatio* customary in Rome.

54. *seats,* the prætors' benches, etc.

b. 24. *column.* The base of this column and altar has been discovered and is to be seen in front of the remains of the temple erected to Cæsar in the Forum by Augustus.

58. *Cyrus.* See page 92.

530. 49. *Mars the Avenger.* The temple still exists in large part, and is one of Rome's most impressive ruins.

b. 13. *temple of Apollo;* see note, page 421, line 9.

29–32. These buildings are still represented by remains.

44. Agrippa built the original Pantheon, of which the portico remains, joined to the structure of Hadrian's time.

46. The city had 14 regions, now called *rioni.*

54. The Tiber was always a problem.

531. 2. The Flaminian Way left the city along the line of the modern Corso.

b. 29. *Alban stone,* the volcanic peperino.

532. 26. *Sextus Pompey,* son of Pompey the Great, long defied Augustus.

b. 7. The statue from Prima Porta, a few miles north of Rome, is a fine idealization of Augustus.

49. *clap your hands,* the ending of many plays; see note, page 357, line 55.

533. 25. *Nola,* near Pompeii; *Bovillæ,* about ten miles from Rome on the Appian Way.

38. *statue of Victory,* the famous statue and altar which later figured in the conflict between Christianity and paganism.

56. the temple of Julius had a rostra near it, and the old is contrasted with it.

b. 7. *Mausoleum,* erected in 28 B. C.

48. *Manes,* the shades.

51. *Stairs of Mourning;* see note, page 511, *b.* 16.

54. *Atella,* near Capua, and the birthplace of the Atellan Farce.

534. 9. *passage,* perhaps the cryptoporticus still to be seen on the Palatine hill.

46. *gardens,* on the Esquiline, to the northeast.

b. 11. The draining of the Fucine Lake was not a success. It was accomplished in 1875 by Prince Torlonia and French engineers.

20. *aqueduct,* now the mightiest ruin of the Campagna.

44. *Pharos,* one of the Seven Wonders.

51. *Salii,* an ancient priesthood; the temple of Mars was in the Forum of Augustus.

535. *b.* The Golden House was an assemblage of buildings and enclosures extending from the Palatine far on to the Esquiline.

49. *Locusta,* a skilled poison-mixer.

52. *Guard,* the Prætorians, established for personal safety by Tiberius.

536. 5. *Galba,* who was to be the next emperor, and was now under arms.

38. *Via Salaria,* leaving the city for the northeast.

b. 8. *sand,* one of the numerous pits formed during the building of Rome. The 'sand' was probably the volcanic ash still used, called pozzolana.

537. 27. About $8,000.

31. *nurses.* The faithfulness of women to Nero has been commented on in his favor.

34. *Hill of Gardens,* the Pincio.

42. *Vespasian,* a diverting and attractive character.

538. 51. *baths,* near the Coliseum, where parts of them are still in existence underground.

56. *Vesuvius;* see Pliny, page 515.

b. 14. The scene is the palace on the Palatine hill, the work of the Flavians, Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. Many ruins survive.

539. *b.* 7. September 14, A. D. 96.

FRONTO AND MARCUS AURELIUS

540. 7. *Cato's Agriculture;* see page 319.

13. *Novius,* a writer of Atellan Farce who lived 250 years before Marcus Aurelius.

541. 4. *Gratia,* the first mentioned the wife, the second the daughter, of Fronto.

b. 15. Fronto was fond of old-fashioned words, but for a purpose.

GELLIUS

542. 6. See page 322.

15. *Orcus,* death.

25. *meterless numbers;* not clear.

31. A good example of the personal appeal so frequent in Roman epitaphs.

b. 3. *Frugi,* an early writer.

21. *three hearts:* imitated by Goethe.

PERVIGILIUM

543. 6. *Dione,* Venus. The poem celebrates the spirit of life and growth.

13–15. Aphrodite means foam-born.

23. *Favonius,* the west-wind.

33. *Paphia,* Venus of Paphos.

41. *Amyclæ,* a town forbidden to speak of the coming of an enemy, and consequently destroyed.

APULEIUS

545. 22. *rubbed,* as he had seen Pamphile do.

546. 50. *bringing their right hands,* a pagan salute; compare page 565, line 23.

b. 51. The description of Cupid is an illustration of Apuleius' delightful humor.

547. 20. The passage affords a charming picture.

31. *Nereus,* etc., deities of the sea.

b. 25. The story is easily made an allegory. Raphael's frescoes in the Villa Farnesina were inspired by Apuleius.

46. 'The patient oxen plough the soil,
And harvests rich repay their toil.'

548. 42. A beautiful nature passage.

b. 8. The procession reminds us of the great religious parades of modern Europe.

37. The gallant Bellerophon of Corinth bridled Pegasus at the fountain of Pirene and flew away to slay the Chimæra.

549. 16. *Sarapis.* The entire account suggests Egypt and the Orient, whose religions were very important in the latter days of Roman paganism.

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS

551. *High Life in the Eternal City:* XIV, 6. Rome's population had by this time declined considerably from the million or more of the first century after Christ.

b. 12. *Lotophagi,* Lotos-eaters.

552. 12. *Spoletum,* about 70 miles north.

40. *The Triumph of Constantius:* XVI, 10.

47. *Magentius,* one of the emperors, 350–353, assumed the purple at Autun, in Gaul.

b. 7. *Ocriculum,* where the bust of Jupiter of Otricoli was found.

553. 14. *Rostra,* the central interest of the Forum.

21. *Palace,* of the Cæsars, on the Palatine hill.

53. *temple of the City and the Forum of Peace,* the latter a building of Vespasian's time; theater of Pompey, Odeum, and Stadium, were in the Campus Martius.

58. *forum of Trajan,* one of the great ruins of Rome.

b. 42. *The Grain-fleet Threatened:* XIX, 10.

554. 3. *port of Augustus,* at Ostia.

39. *Julian and the Christians:* XXII, 5.

b. 15. *Alemanni,* Germans.

24. *Marcomanni,* etc., Bohemians.

30. *The Church at Rome:* XXVII, 3.

39. *Damasus,* pope in 366–384.

53. *Sicininus,* unknown.

555. The conclusion of this selection suggests the abuses as well as the virtues of the priesthood.

The Common People: XXVIII, 4.

SYMMACHUS

556. *A Plea for Paganism: Relationes,* III.

1. *Our Lords,* the Eastern and Western Emperors.

7. *Your Eternities,* a manner of address beginning in the late Empire, and perpetuated in such phrases as 'Your Holiness,' 'Your Grace,' etc.

26. The altar of Victory was more than once moved and replaced.

557. *b.* 5–32. Paganism is now the suppliant and on the defensive.

CLAUDIAN

558. 26. *Benacus,* the Garda Lake, not far from Verona.

b. 11. *Eternal Rome:* On Stilicho's Consulship III, 131–160.

18. *zones of Olympus,* regions of the heavens, perhaps referring to climatic zones.

31. *Cannæ and the Trebia,* the worst defeat and the first defeat respectively of the second Punic war.

559. 3. *Iberians,* Spaniards.

14. *Thule,* farthest northwest; *Orontes,* the far East.

22. *The Glories of Rome: On the Sixth Consulate of Honorius,* 35–52.

b. 10. *Giants hanging,* sculpture on the Rock, and Jupiter's temple with ornate portals above on the summit.

AUSONIUS

560. *The Moselle.* 1. *Nava,* near Bingen-on-the-Rhine.

12. *Nivomagus,* a city of the Treviri; now the Dutch Nymwegen.

23. *Burdigala,* Bordeaux.

52. *Aquitania,* southern Gaul, between the Loire and the Pyrenees.

PLINY TO TRAJAN

563. 21. *the mere name;* at first a question that constantly recurred.

b. 15. *images.* The two acts here mentioned were tests of loyalty to the state and disloyalty to Christianity.

564. *a meal,* perhaps the communion.

b. 1. There was an economic aspect of the religious problem; compare 'Demetrius the silversmith, which made shrines for Diana,' and 'brought no small gain to the craftsmen.' *Acts,* XIX, 24.

MINUCIUS FELIX

565. *The Friends at Ostia:* 1–4.

35. *to Rome,* from a distance, by sea, perhaps from Africa.

b. 12. *Ostia,* then as now a resort for the Romans.

31. *carved and anointed:* images with garlands and holy oil.

566. 16. *ducks and drakes,* a refreshing picture.

b. 1. *The Absurdities of Christian Belief:* 10–12. Enlightening as to the pagan interpretation of acts whose significance was hidden.

28. *the Jews,* at first confounded with the Christians, are now seen to be separate.

52. *prophecies.* But the Stoics and Epicureans also could prophesy a burning of the world; see page 568, line 4.

567. 22. The Christians, with their doctrine of resurrection, naturally did not favor cremation.

50. *elect of God;* predestination.

b. 13. Protesilaus, slain by Hector, was given three hours with Laodamia after death.

568. 27. *The Christian Replies:* 32–41.

569. 47. The early Christian made morality inseparably a part of religion.

b. 18. *Scaevola,* who held his hand in the fire to show the Etruscan king the uselessness of trying to make him tell his secret.

42. *teaching of murder,* training for the arena.

570. 10. *The Verdict:* 39:40.

TERTULLIAN

571. *The Numbers of the Christians: Apology,* 37. *Christian Practice:* 39.

CYPRIAN

572. *The Edict of Valerian: Ep.* 80.

7. *bishops and presbyters and deacons;* an attempt to deprive the Church of its leaders at one stroke.

The Unity of the Church: On the Unity of the Catholic Church, 5.

Heretical Baptism Invalid: Ep. 71.

LACTANTIUS

573. *The Edict of Milan: On the Deaths of the Persecutors,* 48.

574. *On Diocletian: On the Deaths of the Persecutors,* 7.

JEROME

575. *The Charm of Cicero: Epistle* XVIII. An eloquent testimony.

576. *A Protest Against Slander:* XXVIII.

The Life and Death of Paula: LXXXVI. Paula died in Bethlehem, where the reputed cell of Jerome may be seen, with his tomb, under the Church of the Nativity.

577. *The Ruin of the Roman World:* LX. Written about 406, from Bethlehem.

Alaric in Rome: CXXVII. Written from Bethlehem after 410.

After Alaric's Coming: from *The Preface to Ezechiel* III.

578. A protest to Augustine: CII.

AUGUSTINE

579. *The Inspiration of Cicero: Confessions,* III, 7–9.

13. The *Hortensius,* in praise of philosophy, is not extant.

b. 6. Italicized passages are scriptural quotations.

33. *Carthage and Rome:* X, 14–15.

580. 18. Vivid words on ancient student life.

b. 17. Cyprian was martyred at Carthage.

49. *The Life and Death of Monnica:* IX, 19–33.

581. 25. *this body anywhere.* The tomb of Monnica is in Sant' Agostino in Rome, where her bones are said to have been brought from Ostia in 1430.

582. 24. *Adeodatus,* 'given-of-God.'

b. 58. *Ambrose,* who had converted and baptized Augustine.

SIDONIUS

584. *A Letter from Rome:* I, 5.

19. *Phæthon's sisters,* turned into the poplars which are so plentiful in North Italy.

34. *Mantuan Tityrus,* in Virgil's first *Pastoral.*

b. 5. *water all about us;* see *'Where Water's Dear,* page 520.

14. *Rubicon,* made famous by Cæsar.

23. Hasdrubal was defeated and slain at the Metaurus in 207 B.C.—one of the *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* (Creasy).

34. *Atabulus,* a wind which Horace knew.

585. 26. *patrician Ricimer,* the word 'patrician' here being a title denoting very high authority. Ricimer was almost as powerful as the Emperor Anthemius, whose daughter he married.

b. 7. *Thalassio,* an ancient wedding-cry whose meaning is lost.

BOETHIUS

586. *Philosophy Appeareth:* I, 1.

She Beginneth Her Consolation: I, 3.

b. 33. *Corus,* the northwest wind.

587. *God Governeth with Goodness:* III, 12.

b. 28. The following is in imitation of Plato's dialectic method, but the matter and spirit of the Christian writer are strikingly different.

589. *Of Providence:* V, 6.

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(*Medieval and Modern*)

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With Introductions and Notes

BY

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

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I

ROMANCE AND SAGA

ROMANCE AND SAGA

Internal decay and pressure from without resulted not only in the downfall of the Roman Empire as a governmental organization, but in the disappearance of the civilization resting upon it and protected by it. The legionaries who kept the barbarians at bay in the outlying portions of the Empire were gradually withdrawn to protect the center, and the barbarians ultimately overran Rome itself. Latin continued to be the tongue of many of the races freed from the imperial power of Rome, and it was preserved, among those converted to Christianity, as the language of the Church, but it was retained as a medium of instruction and edification, no longer as a means of literary expression used by cultivated people. Greek dropped out of the knowledge, even of the learned, of western Europe, and the heritage of Latin literature, instead of being increased, was gradually curtailed as author after author passed into oblivion. All the great Latin prose writers were lost except Livy, the elder Pliny, and a few philosophical treatises of Cicero and Seneca. The very knowledge of drama as a form of art disappeared, so that tragedy came to mean simply a sad story and comedy any narrative with a happy ending.

Of the poets, Lucretius, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius and Martial were known no more. The works of Virgil and Ovid survived, but on the one hand were regarded as mines for the excavation of mythological information, and on the other were subjected to a process of allegorical interpretation which completely obscured the authors' intention. Of Greek poets in translation, a short paraphrase of the Iliad survived for a time, but Homer soon became nothing but a name. The philosophers fared better; two of three dialogues of Plato were saved in translation, in whole or in part, and Aristotle was preserved, not only in Latin translations, but in the "great commentary" of the Arabian scholar Averrhoës, to be reconciled and combined with Christian theology by Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas.

The light of the great masters of classical antiquity was, fortunately, only eclipsed, not finally extinguished; it was buried in monastic and other libraries to break out into new life centuries later. Preceding this re-birth of classical literature, which we are to consider later, there were new beginnings of popular literature—folk tales and folk songs, which were passed from generation to generation by word of mouth before they were committed to writing. How and when these stories originated and grew, we do not precisely know; and the earliest written records of them have perished. The manuscripts which have survived show traces of considerable working over and development, the combination of different versions of the same story and the confusion of elements from different periods, pagan deities appearing alongside of Christian beliefs, and the manner of life, customs, and weapons of one century jostling those of other centuries in the same tale or song as it has come down to us. The disentanglement and interpretation of these diverse elements are matters of research and controversy for the experts in the several fields of scholarship: what the ordinary student needs to realize is that the conditions of literary production and development were entirely different from those of modern times. 'The masses could not read. Whatsoever information they had came to them by word of mouth or from their own observation. They were closer observers than we are, and their memories were more retentive than ours; but they lacked the superficial breadth of mind that comes from casual inspection of many kinds of things. Book-learning was mostly confined, in the earlier medieval centuries, to clerics; and many of them had little enough of it. As time went on, it spread somewhat among the secular well-to-do; but the hand-laborers remained mostly unschooled. There were no journals, no printed books, no telegraphs or telephones, no railways, no facilities whatever for the rapid diffusion of information. Every bit of lore had to be patiently dug out of an expensive manuscript, which, at the best, was less easy to decipher, even for the expert, than any decent product of the modern press.' (Professor C. H. Grandgent).

EARLY IRISH ROMANCE

The existing manuscripts containing the Cycles of Irish Romance do not go back further than the eleventh century, but some of them appear to be copies of earlier writings going back to the seventh or eighth, and the oral traditions on which they rest go back earlier still. The cycles have been divided into three main groups according to the material with which they deal: (1) The mythological, recounting the exploits of the pre-historic pagan gods; (2) the heroic cycle, of which the leading figure is the hero Cuchulain (pronounced Cuhoolin), supposed to have reigned in Ulster about the beginning of the Christian Era; (3) the Ossianic cycle, centering about Ossian and his father Finn, whose date may be placed two or three centuries later, though all these are characters of legend rather than of history.

The Etain (pronounced Etoyn) story as presented in the following pages is taken from a semi-independent small cycle, which at a very early date was attached to the great Cuchulain cycle; the events it relates are imagined as taking place as about 100 B.C., but the dates suggested by tradition are inconsistent with each other and of no historical importance. Of the two principal manuscripts used in our text, as translated by Mr. A. H. Leahy, with the assistance of Professor Strachan of the University of Manchester, *Egerton 1782* is a fifteenth century MS., and *The Book of the Dun Cow* is of the eleventh century; but these dates give no clue to the time when the romances took the shape in which they are found in the manuscripts, and the legends or traditions underlying the romances probably go back to pre-Christian times in Ireland. Two passages marked by square brackets indicate gaps in the MS. which have been filled by the translator, Mr. Leahy, either from other parts of the same manuscript or from other early manuscripts dealing with the same story. For this translation, we are indebted to *Heroic Romances of Ireland,* Vol. II of the Irish Saga Library, published by David Nutt, London, Eng.

THE COURTSHIP OF ETAIN

From MS. Egerton 1782

Less than a year had passed since Eochaid first assumed the sovereignty over Erin, when the news was proclaimed at once throughout all the land that the Festival of Tara should be held, that all the men of Ireland should come into the presence of their king, and that he desired full knowledge of the tributes due from, and the customs proper to each. And the one answer that all the men of Ireland made to his call was: 'That they would not attend the Festival of Tara during such time, whether it be long or short, that the king of Ireland remained without a wife that was worthy of him;' for there is no noble who is a wifeless man among the men of Ireland; nor can there be any king without a queen; not does any man go to the Festival of Tara without his wife; nor does any wife go thither without her husband.

Thereupon Eochaid sent out from him his horsemen, and his wizards, and his officers who had the care of the roads, and his couriers of the boundaries throughout all Ireland; and they searched all Ireland as they sought for a wife that should be worthy of the king, in her form, and her grace, and her countenance, and her birth. And in addition to all this there yet remained one condition: that the king would take as his wife none who had been before as a wife to any other man before him.

And after that they had received these commands, his horsemen, and his wizards, and his officers who had the care of the roads, and the couriers of the boundaries went out; and they searched all Ireland south and north; and near to the Bay of Cichmany they found a wife worthy of the king; and her name was Etain the daughter of Etar, who was the king of Echrad. And his messengers returned to Eochaid, and they told him of the maiden, of her form, and her grace, and her countenance. And Eochaid came to that place to take the maiden thence, and this was the way that he took; for as he crossed over the ground where men hold the assembly of Bri Leith, he saw the maiden at the brink of the spring. A clear comb of silver was held in her hand, the comb was adorned with gold; and near her, as for washing, was a bason of silver whereon four birds had been chased, and there were little bright gems of carbuncle on the rims of the bason. A bright purple mantle waved round her, and beneath it was another mantle, ornamented with silver

fringes; the outer mantle was clasped over her bosom with a golden brooch. A tunic she wore, with a long hood that might cover her head attached to it; it was stiff and glossy with green silk beneath red embroidery of gold, and was clasped over her breasts with marvelously wrought clasps of silver and gold; so that men saw the bright gold and the green silk flashing against the sun. On her head were two tresses of golden hair, and each tress had been plaited into four strands; at the end of each strand was a little ball of gold. And there was that maiden, undoing her hair that she might wash it, her two arms out through the armholes of her smock. Each of her two arms was as white as the snow of a single night, and each of her cheeks was as rosy as the foxglove. Even and small were the teeth in her head, and they shone like pearls. Her eyes were as blue as a hyacinth, her lips delicate and crimson; very high, soft, and white were her shoulders. Tender, polished, and white were her wrists; her fingers long, and of great whiteness; her nails were beautiful and pink. White as the snow, or as the foam of the wave, was her side; long was it, slender, and as soft as silk. Smooth and white were her thighs; her knees were round and firm and white; her ankles were as straight as the rule of a carpenter. Her feet were slim, and as white as the ocean's foam; evenly set were her eyes; her eyebrows were of a bluish black, such as ye see upon the shell of a beetle. Never a maid fairer than she, or more worthy of love, was till then seen by the eyes of men; and it seemed to them that she must be one of those who have come from the fairy mounds. It is of this maiden that men have spoken when it hath been said: 'All that's graceful must be tested by Etain; all that's lovely by the standard of Etain.'

Grace with Etain's grace compare!
Etain's face shall test what's fair!

And desire of her seized upon the king; and he sent a man of his people in front of him to go to her kindred, in order that she might abide to await his coming. And afterwards the king came to the maiden, and he sought speech from her: 'Whence art thou sprung, O maiden?' says Eochaid, 'and whence is it that thou hast come?' 'It is easy to answer thee,' said the maiden: 'Etain is my name, the daughter of the king of Echrad; "out of the fairy mound" am I.' 'Shall an hour of dalliance with thee be granted to me?' said Eochaid. ''Tis for that I have come hither under thy safeguard,' said she. 'And indeed twenty years have I lived in this place, ever since I was born in the mound where the fairies dwell; and the men who dwell in the elf-mounds, their kings and their nobles, have been a-wooing me; yet to never a one of them was granted sleep with me, for I have loved thee, and have set my love and affection upon thee; and that ever since I was a little child, and had first the gift of speech. It was for the high tales of thee and of thy splendor that I have loved thee thus; and though I have never seen thee before, I knew thee at once by reason of the report of thee that I had heard; it is thou, I know, to whom we have attained.' 'It is no evil-minded lover who now inviteth thee,' says Eochaid. 'Thou shalt be welcomed by me, and I will leave all women for thy sake, and thine alone will I be so long as it is pleasing to thee.' 'Let the bride-price that befits me be paid,' said the maiden, 'and after that let my desire be fulfilled.' 'It shall be as thou hast said,' the king answered her; and he gave the value of seven cumals to be her bride-price; and after that he brought her to Tara, whereon a fair and hearty welcome was made to her.

Now there were three brothers of the one blood, all sons of Finn, namely, Eochaid Airem, and Eochaid, and Ailill Anglonnach, or Ailill of the Single Stain, because the only stain that was upon him was the love that he had for his brother's wife. And at that time came all the men of Ireland to hold the festival of Tara; they were there for fourteen days before Samhain, the day when the summer endeth, and for fourteen days after that day. It was at the feast of Tara that love for Etain the daughter of Etar came upon Ailill Anglonnach; and ever, so long as they were at the Tara Feast, so long he gazed upon the maid. And it was there that the wife of Ailill spoke to him; she who was the daughter of Luchta of the Red Hand, who came from the province of Leinster: 'Ailill,' said she, 'why dost thou gaze at her from afar? for long gazing is a token of love.' And Ailill gave blame to himself for this thing, and after that he looked not upon the maid.

Now it followed that after the Feast of Tara had been consumed, the men of Ire-

land parted from one another, and then it was that Ailill became filled with the pangs of envy and of desire; and he brought upon himself the choking misery of a sore sickness, and was borne to the stronghold of Frémain in Tethba after that he had fallen into that woe. There also, until a whole year had ended, sickness long brooded over Ailill, and for long was he in distress, yet he allowed none to know of his sickness. And there Eochaid came to learn of his brother's state, and he came near to his brother, and laid his hand upon his chest; and Ailill heaved a sigh. 'Why,' said Eochaid, 'surely this sickness of thine is not such as to cause thee to lament; how fares it with thee?' 'By my word,' said Ailill, ''tis no easier that I grow; but it is worse each day and each night.' 'Why, what ails thee?' said Eochaid. 'By my word of truth,' said Ailill, 'I know not.' 'Bring one of my folk hither,' said Eochaid, 'one who can find out the cause of this illness.'

Then Fachtna, the chief physician of Eochaid, was summoned to give aid to Ailill, and he laid his hand upon his chest, and Ailill heaved a sigh. 'Ah,' said Fachtna, 'there is no need for lament in this matter, for I know the cause of thy sickness; one or other of these two evils oppresseth thee, the pangs of envy, or the pangs of love: nor hast thou been aided to escape from them until now.' And Ailill was full of shame, and he refused to confess to Fachtna the cause of his illness, and the physician left him.

Now, after all this, King Eochaid went in person to make a royal progress throughout the realm of Ireland, and he left Etain behind him in his fortress; and 'Lady,' said he, 'deal thou gently with Ailill so long as he is yet alive; and, should he die,' said he, 'do thou see that his burial mound be heaped for him; and that a standing-stone be set up in memory of him; and let his name be written upon it in letters of Ogham.' Then the king went away for the space of a year, to make his royal progress throughout the realm of Ireland, and Ailill was left behind, in the stronghold of Frémain of Tethba; there to pass away and to die.

Now upon a certain day that followed, the lady Etain came to the house where Ailill lay in his sickness, and thus she spoke to him: 'What is it,' she said, 'that ails thee? thy sickness is great, and if we but knew anything that would content thee, thou shouldest have it.' It was thus that at that time she spoke, and she sang a verse of a song, and Ailill in song made answer to her. . . .

Now each day the lady came to Ailill to tend him, and to divide for him the portion of food that was allotted to him; and she wrought a great healing upon him: for it grieved her that he should perish for her sake. And one day the lady spoke to Ailill: 'Come thou to-morrow,' said she, 'to tryst with me at the break of day, in the house which lieth outside, and is beyond the fort, and there shalt thou have granted thy request and thy desire.' On that night Ailill lay without sleep until the coming of the morning; and when the time had come that was appointed for his tryst, his sleep lay heavily upon him; so that till the hour of his rising he lay deep in his sleep. And Etain went to the tryst, nor had she long to wait ere she saw a man coming towards her in the likeness of Ailill, weary and feeble; but she knew that he was not Ailill, and continued there waiting for Ailill. And the lady came back from her tryst, and Ailill awoke, and thought that he would rather die than live; and he went in great sadness and grief. And the lady came to speak with him, and when he told her what had befallen him: 'Thou shalt come,' said she, 'to the same place to meet with me upon the morrow.' And upon the morrow it was the same as upon the first day; each day came that man to her tryst. And she came again upon the last day that was appointed for the tryst, and the same man met her. ''Tis not with thee that I trysted,' said she, 'why dost thou come to meet me? and for him whom I would have met here; neither from desire of his love nor for fear of danger from him had I appointed to meet him, but only to heal him, and to cure him from the sickness which had come upon him for his love of me.' 'It were more fitting for thee to come to tryst with me,' says the man, 'for when thou wast Etain of the Horses, and when thou wast the daughter of Ailill, I myself was thy husband.' 'Why,' said she, 'what name hast thou in the land? that is what I would demand of thee.' 'It is not hard to answer thee,' he said, 'Mider of Bri Leith is my name.' 'And what made thee to part from me, if we were as thou sayest?' said Etain. 'Easy again is the

answer,' said Mider; 'it was the sorcery of Fuamnach and the spells of Bressal Etarlam that put us apart.' And Mider said to Etain: 'Wilt thou come with me?'

'Nay,' answered Etain, 'I will not exchange the king of all Ireland for thee; for a man whose kindred and whose lineage is unknown.' 'It was I myself indeed,' said Mider, 'who filled all the mind of Ailill with love for thee; it was I also who prevented his coming to the tryst with thee, and allowed him not thine honor to spoil it.'

After all this the lady went back to her house, and she came to speech with Ailill, and she greeted him. 'It hath happened well for us both,' said Ailill, 'that the man met thee there: for I am cured forever from my illness, thou also art unhurt in thine honor, and may a blessing rest upon thee!' 'Thanks be to our gods,' said Etain, 'that both of us do indeed deem that all this hath chanced so well.' And after that, Eochaid came back from his royal progress, and he asked at once for his brother; and the tale was told to him from the beginning to the end, and the king was grateful to Etain, in that she had been gracious to Ailill; and 'What hath been related in this tale,' said Eochaid, 'is well-pleasing to ourselves.'

From 'THE BOOK OF THE DUN COW'

Now upon another time it chanced that Eochaid Airemm, the king of Tara, arose upon a certain fair day in the time of summer and he ascended the high ground of Tara to behold the plain of Breg; beautiful was the color of that plain, and there was upon it excellent blossom, glowing with all hues that are known. And, as the aforesaid Eochaid looked about and around him, he saw a young strange warrior upon the high ground at his side. The tunic that the warrior wore was purple in color, his hair was of golden yellow, and of such length that it reached to the edge of his shoulders. The eyes of the young warrior were lustrous and grey; in the one hand he held a five-pointed spear, in the other a shield with a white central boss, and with gems of gold upon it. And Eochaid held his peace, for he knew that none such had been in Tara on the night before, and the gate that led into the Liss had not at that hour been thrown open.

The warrior came, and placed himself under the protection of Eochaid; and 'Welcome do I give,' said Eochaid, 'to the hero who is yet unknown.'

'Thy reception is such as I expected when I came,' said the warrior.

'We know thee not,' answered Eochaid. 'Yet thee in truth I know well!' he replied.

'What is the name by which thou art called?' said Eochaid.

'My name is not known to renown,' said the warrior; 'I am Mider of Bri Leith.'

'And for what purpose art thou come?' said Eochaid.

'I have come that I may play a game at the chess with thee,' answered Mider. 'Truly,' said Eochaid, 'I myself am skilful at the chess-play.'

'Let us test that skill!' said Mider.

'Nay,' said Eochaid, 'the queen is even now in her sleep; and hers is the palace in which the chessboard lies.'

'I have here with me,' said Mider, 'a chessboard which is not inferior to thine.' It was even as he said, for that chessboard was silver, and the men to play with were gold; and upon that board were costly stones, casting their light on every side, and the bag that held the men was of woven chains of brass.

Mider then set out the chessboard, and he called upon Eochaid to play. 'I will not play,' said Eochaid, 'unless we play for a stake.'

'What stake shall we have upon the game then?' said Mider.

'It is indifferent to me,' said Eochaid.

'Then,' said Mider, 'if thou dost obtain the forfeit of my stake, I will bestow on thee fifty steeds of a dark grey, their heads of a blood-red color, but dappled; their ears pricked high, and their chests broad; their nostrils wide, and their hoofs slender; great is their strength, and they are keen like a whetted edge; eager are they, high-standing and spirited, yet easily stopped in their course.'

[Many games were played between Eochaid and Mider; and since Mider did not put forth his whole strength, the victory on all occasions rested with Eochaid. But instead of the gifts which Mider had offered, Eochaid demanded that Mider and his folk should perform for him services which should be of benefit to his realm;

that he should clear away the rocks and stones from the plains of Meath, should remove the rushes which made the land barren around his favorite fort of Tethba, should cut down the forest of Breg, and finally should build a causeway across the moor or bog of Lamrach that men might pass freely across it. All these things Mider agreed to do, and Eochaid sent his steward to see how that work was done. And when it came to the time after sunset, the steward looked, and he saw that Mider and his fairy host, together with fairy oxen, were laboring at the causeway over the bog;] and thereupon much of earth and of gravel and of stones was poured into it. Now it had, before that time, always been the custom of the men of Ireland to harness their oxen with a strap over their foreheads, so that the pull might be against the foreheads of the oxen; and this custom lasted up to that very night, when it was seen that the fairy-folk had placed the yoke upon the shoulders of the oxen, so that the pull might be there; and in this way were the yokes of the oxen afterwards placed by Eochaid, and thence cometh the name by which he is known; even Eochaid Airemm, or Eochaid the Ploughman, for he was the first of all the men of Ireland to put the yokes on the necks of the oxen, and thus it became the custom for all the land of Ireland. And this is the song that the host of the fairies sang, as they labored at the making of the road:

Thrust it in hand! force it in hand!
Nobles this night, as an ox-troop, stand:
Hard is the task that is asked, and who
From the bridging of Lamrach shall gain, or rue?

Not in all the world could a road have been found that should be better than the road that they made, had it not been that the fairy folk were observed as they worked upon it; but for that cause a breach hath been made in that causeway. And the steward of Eochaid thereafter came to him; and he described to him that great laboring band that had come before his eyes, and he said that there was not over the chariot-pole of life a power that could withstand its might. And, as they spake thus with each other, they saw Mider standing before them; high was he girt, and ill-favored was the face that he showed; and Eochaid arose, and he gave welcome to him. 'Thy welcome is such as I expected when I came,' said Mider. 'Cruel and senseless hast thou been in thy treatment of me, and much of hardship and suffering hast thou given me. All things that seemed good in thy sight have I got for thee, but now anger against thee hath filled my mind!' 'I return not anger for anger,' answered Eochaid; 'what thou wishest shall be done.' 'Let it be as thou wishest,' said Mider; 'shall we play at the chess?' said he. 'What stake shall we set upon the game?' said Eochaid. 'Even such stake as the winner of it shall demand,' said Mider. And in that very place Eochaid was defeated, and he forfeited his stake.

'My stake is forfeit to thee,' said Eochaid.

'Had I wished it, it had been forfeit long ago,' said Mider.

'What is it that thou desirest me to grant?' said Eochaid.

'That I may hold Etain in my arms and obtain a kiss from her!' answered Mider.

Eochaid was silent for a while, and then he said: 'One month from this day thou shalt come, and that very thing that thou hast asked for shall be given to thee.' Now for a year before that Mider first came to Eochaid for the chess-play, had he been at the wooing of Etain, and he obtained her not; and the name which he gave to Etain was Béfind, or Fair-haired Woman, so it was that he said:

Wilt thou come to my home, fair-haired lady?

as has before been recited. And it was at that time that Etain said: 'If thou obtainest me from him who is the master of my house, I will go; but if thou art not able to obtain me from him, then I will not go.' And thereon Mider came to Eochaid, and allowed him at the first to win the victory over him, in order that Eochaid should stand in his debt; and therefore it was that he paid the great stakes to which he had agreed, and therefore also was it that he had demanded of him that he should play that game in ignorance of what was staked. And when Mider and his folk were paying those agreed-on stakes, which were paid upon that night; to wit, the making of the road, and the clearing of the stones from Meath, the rushes from around Tethba, and of the forest that is over Breg, it thus that he spoke, as it is written in the Book of Drom Snechta:

Pile on the soil; thrust on the soil;
Red are the oxen around who toil;
Heavy the troops that my words obey.
Heavy they seem, and yet men are they.
Strongly, as piles, are the tree-trunks placed:
Red are the wattles above them laced:
Tired are your hands, and your glances slant;
One woman's winning this toil may grant!

Oxen ye are, but revenge shall see;
Men who are white shall your servants be:
Rushes from Teffa are cleared away:
Grief is the price that the man shall pay:
Stones have been cleared from the rough Meath ground;
Whose shall the gain or the harm be found?

Now Mider appointed a day at the end of the month when he was to meet Eochaid, and Eochaid called the armies of the heroes of Ireland together, so that they came to Tara; and all the best of the champions of Ireland, ring within ring, were about Tara, and they were in the midst of Tara itself, and they guarded it, both without and within; and the king and the queen were in the midst of the palace, and the outer court thereof was shut and locked, for they knew that the great might of men would come upon them. And upon the appointed night Etain was dispensing the banquet to the kings, for it was her duty to pour out the wine, when in the midst of their talk they saw Mider standing before them in the center of the palace. He was always fair, yet fairer than he ever was seemed Mider to be upon that night. And he brought to amazement all the hosts on which he gazed, and all thereon were silent, and the king gave a welcome to him.

'Thy reception is such as I expected when I came,' said Mider; 'let that now be given to me that hath been promised. 'Tis a debt that is due when a promise hath been made; and I for my part have given to thee all that was promised by me.'

'I have not yet considered the matter,' said Eochaid.

'Thou hast promised Etain's very self to me,' said Mider; 'that is what hath come from thee.' Etain blushed for shame when she heard that word.

'Blush not,' said Mider to Etain, 'for in no wise hath thy wedding-feast been disgraced. I have been seeking thee for a year with the fairest jewels and treasures that can be found in Ireland, and I have not taken thee until the time came when Eochaid might permit it. 'Tis not through any will of thine that I have won thee.' 'I myself told thee,' said Etain, 'that until Eochaid should resign me to thee I would grant thee nothing. Take me then for my part, if Eochaid is willing to resign me to thee.'

'But I will not resign thee!' said Eochaid; 'nevertheless he shall take thee in his arms upon the floor of this house as thou art.'

'It shall be done!' said Mider.

He took his weapons into his left hand and the woman beneath his right shoulder; and he carried her off through the skylight of the house. And the hosts rose up around the king, for they felt that they had been disgraced, and they saw two swans circling round Tara, and the way that they took was the way to the elf-mound Femun. And Eochaid with an army of the men of Ireland went to the elf-mound of Femun, which men call the mound of the Fair-haired-Woman. And he followed the counsel of the men of Ireland, and he dug up each of the elf-mounds that he might take his wife from thence. [And Mider and his host opposed them and the war between them was long: again and again the trenches made by Eochaid were destroyed, for nine years, as some say, lasted the strife of the men of Ireland to enter into the fairy palace. And when at last the armies of Eochaid came by digging to the borders of the fairy mansion, Mider sent to the side of the palace sixty women all in the shape of Etain, and so like to her that none could tell which was the Queen, and Eochaid himself was deceived, and he chose instead of Etain her daughter Messbuachalla (or as some say Esa). But when he found that he had been deceived, he returned again to sack Bri Leith, and this time Etain made herself known to Eochaid, by proofs that he could not mistake, and he bore her away in triumph to Tara, and there she abode with the king.]

THE EDDAS

The Norsemen had their greatest period of activity between 850 and 1100. For a time they controlled the British Isles and that part of France which is still called Normandy. But they penetrated also into the Mediterranean, and left their mark on Sicily and Russia. This was also the period of the composition and oral transmission of songs and stories; from 1100 to 1250 these lays and sagas were written down, collected, merged together, extended and developed, especially in Iceland. There in 1222-3 Snorri Sturluson, himself a poet and writer of sagas, wrote out a full account of the older mythology of his race, of the exploits of the heroes and of the more recent doings of the Icelanders, with many quotations from the poems on which his prose narrative was often founded; in one of the early manuscripts, dating apparently about the end of the thirteenth century, it is written: 'This book is called *Edda,* which Snorri Sturluson composed.' *Edda* has lately been identified with Oddi, a place in Iceland where Snorri Sturluson lived, so that it really means 'The Book of Oddi,' but for centuries it was taken to mean 'Poetics,' and when in 1643 a Bishop of Iceland discovered an older manuscript collection of poems which Snorri Sturluson had evidently used, it was natural to call these poems *The Elder Edda* and Snorri's prose *The Younger Edda.* The poems have been divided into two groups—'Lays of the Gods,' dealing with the old Norse mythology, and 'Lays of the Heroes,' most of which have to do with the story, of Germanic origin, of Sigurd or Siegfried and Brynhild, familiar to most of us through the Nibelung cycle of Wagnerian opera. The Norsemen, in borrowing this legend from the Franks of the Rhine Valley, set the story in their own mythology by making Sigurd a descendant from Odin and converting Brynhild into a Valkyrie.

Our selection from *The Poetic Edda* is *The Lay of Thrym,* a spirited mythological ballad, supposed to have taken its present form about 900 A.D. *The Nibelung Gold* is from Snorri Sturluson's prose. Both versions are from the admirable translations of *The Poetic Edda,* by Harry Adams Bellows, of the prose by Arthur Gilchrist Brodeur, published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, to whom we are indebted for permission to reprint.

In the meter of the original poems, each line is divided into half-lines by a cæsural pause, each half containing two accented syllables and three or four unaccented ones. The accented syllables are alliterative, beginning with the same consonant, or with a vowel. The translator of *The Lay of Thrym* has preserved the effect of the original meter by maintaining the form and beat of each stanza as far as possible and alliterating two accented syllables in each line.

THE LAY OF THRYM

Wild was Vingthor when he awoke,
And when his mighty hammer he missed;
He shook his beard, his hair was bristling,
As the son of Jorth about him sought.

Hear now the speech that first he spake:
'Harken, Loki, and heed my words,
Nowhere on earth is it known to man,
Nor in heaven above: our hammer is stolen.'

To the dwelling fair of Freyja went they,
Hear now the speech that first he spake:
'Wilt thou, Freyja, thy feather-dress lend me,
That so my hammer I may seek?'

Freyja spake:
'Thine should it be though of silver bright,
And I would give it though 'twere of gold.'
Then Loki flew, and the feather-dress whirred,
Till he left behind him the home of the gods,
And reached at last the realm of the giants.

Thrym sat on a mound, the giants' master,
Leashes of gold he laid for his dogs,
And stroked and smoothed the manes of his steeds.

Thrym spake:
'How fare the gods, how fare the elves?
Why comest thou alone to the giants' land?'

Loki spake:
'Ill fare the gods, ill fare the elves!
Hast thou hidden Hlorrithi's hammer?'

Thrym spake:
'I have hidden Hlorrithi's hammer,
Eight miles down deep in the earth;
And back again shall no man bring it
If Freyja I win not to be my wife.'

Then Loki flew, and the feather-dress whirred,
Till he left behind him the home of the giants,
And reached at last the realm of the gods.
There in the courtyard Thor he met:
Hear now the speech that first he spake:

'Hast thou found tidings as well as trouble?
Thy news in the air shalt thou utter now;
Oft doth the sitter his story forget,
And lies he speaks who lays himself down.'

Loki spake:
'Trouble I have, and tidings as well:
Thrym, king of the giants, keeps thy hammer,
And back again shall no man bring it
If Freyja he wins not to be his wife.'

Freyja the fair then went they to find;
Hear now the speech that first he spake:
'Bind on, Freyja, the bridal veil,
For we two must haste to the giants' home.'

Wrathful was Freyja, and fiercely she snorted,
And the dwelling great of the gods was shaken,
And burst was the mighty Brisings' necklace:
'Most lustful indeed should I look to all
If I journey with thee to the giants' home.'

Then were the gods together met,
And the goddesses came and council held,
And the far-famed ones a plan would find,
How they might Hlorrithi's hammer win.

Then Heimdall spake, whitest of the gods,
Like the Wanes he knew the future well:
'Bind we on Thor the bridal veil,
Let him bear the mighty Brisings' necklace;

'Keys around him let there rattle,
And down to his knees hang woman's dress;
With gems full broad upon his breast,
And a pretty cap to crown his head.'

Then Thor the mighty his answer made:
'Me would the gods unmanly call
If I let bind the bridal veil.'

Then Loki spake, the son of Laufey:
'Be silent, Thor, and speak not thus;
Else will the giants in Asgarth dwell
If thy hammer is brought not home to thee.'

Then bound they on Thor the bridal veil,
And next the mighty Brisings' necklace.

Keys around him let they rattle,
And down to his knees hung woman's dress;
With gems full broad upon his breast,
And a pretty cap to crown his head.

Then Loki spake, the son of Laufey:
'As thy maid-servant thither I go with thee;
We two shall haste to the giants' home.'

Then home the goats to the hall were driven,
They wrenched at the halters, swift were they to run;
The mountains burst, earth burned with fire,
And Odin's son sought Jotunheim.

Then loud spake Thrym, the giants' leader:
'Bestir ye, giants, put straw on the benches;
Now Freyja they bring to be my bride,
The daughter of Njorth out of Noatun.

'Gold-horned cattle go to my stables,
Jet-black oxen, the giant's joy;
Many my gems, and many my jewels,
Freyja alone did I lack, methinks.'

Early it was to evening come,
And forth was borne the beer for the giants;
Thor alone ate an ox, and eight salmon,
All the dainties as well that were set for the women;
And drank Sif's mate three tuns of mead.

Then loud spake Thrym, the giants' leader:
'Who ever saw bride more keenly bite?
I ne'er saw bride with a broader bite,
Nor a maiden who drank more mead than this!'

Hard by there sat the serving-maid wise,
So well she answered the giant's words:
'From food has Freyja eight nights fasted,
So hot was her longing for Jotunheim.'

Thrym looked 'neath the veil, for he longed to kiss,
But back he leaped the length of the hall:
'Why are so fearful the eyes of Freyja?
Fire, methinks, from her eyes burns forth.'

Hard by there sat the serving-maid wise,
So well she answered the giant's words:
'No sleep has Freyja for eight nights found
So hot was her longing for Jotunheim.'

Soon came the giant's luckless sister,
Who feared not to ask the bridal fee:
'From thy hands the rings of red gold take,
If thou wouldst win my willing love,
(My willing love and welcome glad.')

Then loud spake Thrym, the giants' leader:
'Bring in the hammer to hallow the bride;
On the maiden's knees let Mjollnir lie,
That us both the hand of Vor may bless.'

The heart in the breast of Hlorrithi laughed
When the hard-souled one his hammer beheld;
First Thrym, the king of the giants, he killed,
Then all the folk of the giants he felled.

The giant's sister old he slew,
She who had begged the bridal fee;
A stroke she got in the shilling's stead,
And for many rings the might of the hammer.

And so his hammer got Odin's son.

THE NIBELUNG GOLD

It is related that when certain of the Æsir, Odin and Loki and Hœnir, went forth to explore the earth, they came to a certain river, and proceeded along the river to a water-fall. And beside the fall was an otter, which had taken a salmon from the fall and was eating, blinking his eyes the while. Then Loki took up a stone and cast it at the otter, and struck its head. And Loki boasted in his catch, that he had got otter and salmon with one blow. Then they took up the salmon and the otter and bore them along with them, and coming to the buildings of a certain farm, they went in. Now the husbandman who dwelt there was named Hreidmar: he was a man of much substance, and very skilled in black magic. The Æsir asked him for a night's lodging, saying that they had sufficient food with them, and showed him their catch. But when Hreidmar saw the otter, straightway he called to him his sons, Fáfnir and Regin, and told them that the otter their brother was slain, and who had done that deed.

Now father and sons went up to the Æsir, seized them, bound them, and told them about the otter, how he was Hreidmar's son. The Æsir offered a ransom for their lives, as much wealth as Hreidmar himself desired to appoint; and a covenant was made between them on those terms, and confirmed with oaths. Then the otter was flayed, and Hreidmar, taking the otter-skin, bade them fill the skin with red gold and also cover it altogether; and that should be the condition of the covenant between them. Thereupon Odin sent Loki into the Land of the Black Elves, and he came to the dwarf who is called Andvari, who was as a fish in the water. Loki caught him in his hands and required of him in ransom of his life all the gold that he had in his rock; and when they came within the rock, the dwarf brought forth all the gold he had, and it was very much wealth. Then the dwarf quickly swept under his hand one little gold ring, but Loki saw it and commanded him to give over the ring. The dwarf prayed him not to take the ring from him, saying that from this ring he could multiply wealth for himself if he might keep it. Loki answered that he should not have one penny left, and took the ring from him and went out; but the dwarf declared that that ring should be the ruin of every one who should come into possession of it. Loki replied that this seemed well enough to him, and that this condition should hold good provided that he himself brought it to the ears of them that should receive the ring and the curse. He went his way and came to Hreidmar's dwelling, and showed the gold to Odin; but when Odin saw the ring, it seemed fair to him, and he took it away from the treasure, and paid the gold to Hreidmar. Then Hreidmar filled the otter-skin as much as he could, and set it up when it was full. Next Odin went up, having the skin to cover with gold, and he bade Hreidmar look whether the skin were yet altogether hidden. But Hreidmar looked at it searchingly, and saw one of the hairs of the snout, and commanded that this be covered, else their covenant should be at an end. Then Odin drew out the ring, and covered the hair, saying that they were now delivered from their debt for the slaying of the otter. But when Odin had taken his spear, and Loki his shoes, and they had no longer any need to be afraid, then Loki declared that the curse which Andvari had uttered should be fulfilled: that this ring and this gold should be the destruction of him who received it; and that was fulfilled afterward. Now it has been told wherefore gold is called Otter's Wergild, or Forced Payment of the Æsir, or Metal of Strife.

What more is to be said of the gold? Hreidmar took the gold for his son's wergild, but Fáfnir and Regin claimed some part of their brother's blood-money for themselves. Hreidmar would not grant them one penny of the gold. This was the wicked purpose of those brethren; they slew their father for the gold. Then Regin demanded that Fáfnir share the gold with him, half for half. Fáfnir answered that there was little chance of his sharing it

with his brother, seeing that he had slain his father for its sake; and he bade Regin go hence, else he should fare even as Hreidmar. Fáfnir had taken the helmet which Hreidmar had possessed, and set it upon his head (this helmet was called the Helm of Terror, of which all living creatures that see it are afraid), and the sword called Hrotti. Regin had that sword which was named Refil. So he fled away, and Fáfnir went up to Gnita Heath, and made himself a lair, and turned himself into a serpent, and laid him down upon the gold.

Then Regin went to King Hjálprek at Thjód, and there he became his smith; and he took into his fostering Sigurd, son of Sigmund, Völsung's son, and of Hjördis, daughter of Eylimi. Sigurd was most illustrious of all Host-Kings in race, in prowess, and in mind. Regin declared to him where Fáfnir lay on the gold, and incited him to seek the gold. Then Regin fashioned the sword Gram, which was so sharp that Sigurd, bringing it down into running water, cut asunder a flock of wool which drifted down-stream onto the sword's edge. Next Sigurd clove Regin's anvil down to the stock with the sword. After that they went, Sigurd and Regin, to Gnita Heath, and there Sigurd dug a pit, in Fáfnir's way, and laid himself in ambush therein. And Fáfnir glided toward the water and came above the pit, Sigurd straightway thrust his sword through him, and that was his end.

Then Regin came forward, saying that Sigurd had slain his brother, and demanded as a condition of reconciliation that he take Fáfnir's heart and roast it with fire; and Regin laid him down and drank the blood of Fáfnir, and settled himself to sleep. But when Sigurd was roasting the heart, and thought that it must be quite roasted, he touched it with his finger to see how hard it was; and then the juice ran out from the heart on to his finger, so that he was burned and put his finger to his mouth. As soon as the heart's blood came upon his tongue, straightway he knew the speech of birds, and he understood what the nuthatches were saying which were sitting in the trees. Then one spake:

There sits Sigurd
Blood-besprinkled,
Fáfnir's heart
With flame he roasteth:
Wise seemed to me
The Spoiler of Rings
If the gleaming
Life-fiber he ate.

There lies Regin—sang another—
Rede he ponders,
Would betray the youth
Who trusteth in him:
In his wrath he plots
Wrong accusation;
The smith of bale
Would avenge his brother.

Then Sigurd went over to Regin and slew him, and thence to his horse, which was named Grani, and rode till he came to Fáfnir's lair. He took up the gold, trussed it up in his saddle-bags, laid it upon Grani's back, mounted up himself, and then rode his ways. Now the tale is told why gold is called Lair or Abode of Fáfnir, or Metal of Gnita Heath, or Grani's Burden.

Then Sigurd rode on till he found a house on the mountain, wherein a woman in helm and birnie lay sleeping. He drew his sword and cut the birnie from her: she awoke then, and gave her name as Hild; she is called Brynhild, and was a Valkyr. Sigurd rode away and came to the king who was named Gjúki, whose wife was Grimhild; their children were Gunnar, Högni, Gudrún, Gudný; Gotthorm was Gjúki's stepson. Sigurd tarried there a long time, and then he obtained the hand of Gudrún, daughter of Gjúki, and Gunnar and Högni swore oaths of blood-brotherhood with Sigurd. Thereafter Sigurd and the sons of Gjúki went unto Atli, Budli's son, to sue for the hand of Brynhild his sister in marriage to Gunnar. Brynhild abode on Hinda-Fell, and about her hall there was a flaring fire; and she had made a solemn vow to take none but that man who should dare to ride through the flaring fire.

Then Sigurd and the sons of Gjúki (who were also called Niflungs) rode up on to the mountain, and Gunnar should have ridden through the flaring fire; but he had the horse named Goti, and that horse dared not leap into the fire. So they exchanged shapes, Sigurd and Gunnar, and names likewise; for Grani would go under no man but Sigurd. Then Sigurd leapt on to Grani and rode through the flaring fire. That eve he was wedded with Brynhild. But when they came to bed, he drew the Sword Gram from its sheath and laid it between them. In the morning when he arose and clothed himself, he gave Bryn-

hild as linen-fee the same gold ring which Loki had taken from Andvari and took another ring from her hand for remembrance. Then Sigurd mounted his horse and rode to his fellows, and he and Gunnar changed shapes again and went home to Gjúki with Brynhild. Sigurd and Gudrún had two children, Sigmund and Swanhild.

It befell on a time that Brynhild and Gudrún went to the water to wash their hair. And when they came to the river, Brynhild waded out from the bank well into the river, saying that she would not touch to her head the water which ran out of the hair of Gudrún since she herself had the more valorous husband. Then Gudrún went into the river after her and said that it was her right to wash her hair higher upstream, for the reason that she had to husband such a man as neither Gunnar nor any other in the world matched in valor, seeing that he had slain Fáfnir and Regin and succeeded to the heritage of both. And Brynhild made answer: 'It was a matter of greater worth that Gunnar rode through the flaring fire and Sigurd durst not.' Then Gudrún laughed, and said: 'Dost thou think that Gunnar rode through the flaring fire? Now I think that he who went into the bride-bed with thee was the same that gave me this gold ring; and the gold ring which thou bearest on thine hand and didst receive for linen-fee is called Andvari's Yield, and I believe that it was not Gunnar who got that ring on Gnita Heath.' Then Brynhild was silent, and went home.

After that she egged on Gunnar and Högni to slay Sigurd; but because they were Sigurd's sworn blood-brothers, they stirred up Gotthorm their brother to slay him. He thrust his sword through Sigurd as he slept; but when Sigurd felt the wound, he hurled his sword Gram after Gotthorm, so that it cut the man asunder at the middle. There fell Sigurd and Sigmund, his son of three winters, whom they slew. Then Brynhild stabbed herself with a sword, and she was burned with Sigurd; but Gunnar and Högni took Fáfnir's heritage and Andvari's Yield, and ruled the lands thereafter.

King Atli, Budli's son, the brother of Brynhild, then wedded Gudrún, whom Sigurd had had to wife; and they had children. King Atli invited to him Gunnar and Högni, and they came at his invitation. Yet before they departed from their land, they hid the gold, Fáfnir's heritage, in the Rhine, and that gold has never since been found. Now King Atli had a host in readiness, and fought with Gunnar and Högni, and they were made captive. King Atli bade the heart be cut out of Högni alive, and that was his end. Gunnar he caused to be cast into a den of serpents. But a harp was brought secretly to Gunnar, and he struck it with his toes, his hands being bound; he played the harp so that all the serpents fell asleep, saving only one adder, which glided over to him and gnawed into the cartilage of his breast-bone so far that her head sank within the wound, and she clove to his liver till he died. Gunnar and Högni were called Niflungs and Gjúkungs, for which reason gold is called Treasure, or Heritage, of the Niflungs.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED

The story of Sigurd, as above related, probably originated in a nature-myth, recounting the victory of the dawn over the mist-dragon of the mountains and the awakening of the sun-maiden, with the ultimate triumph of night over day, or it may be the dispersal of the clouds by the spring sun and the freeing of the earth from the bonds of winter. By the Franks of the Rhine Valley, this myth, after being converted into the story of a hero, was later combined with the destruction of their neighbors, the Burgundians, by the Huns, a historical event which took place in 437 A.D. The Norsemen, as we have seen, developed the early part of the story and added to it romantic elements taken from their own mythology; in the later developments among the Christianised Germanic tribes the story takes a very different shape, preserved for us in a long narrative poem of over two thousand four-line stanzas—the Nibelungenlied, attributed to about 1200 A.D. Instead of pagan myths we have Christian customs and ceremonies, although these do not go far to mitigate the essential savagery of the traditional legend. The early miraculous element disappears or is softened; the slaying of the dragon is pushed into the background, only one stanza being devoted to it in the course of an incidental reference to the exploits of Sigurd (now called Siegfried) before the story opens. Brynhild is no longer fire-encircled, but merely a very valiant princess who demands extraordinary feats of strength as the price of her hand. She is won for Gunther (Gunnar of the *Prose Edda*) by Siegfried with the aid of his *tarn-kappe*, a cloak which makes the wearer invisible. Siegfried has also become a knight—Sir Siegfried—and there are long accounts of jousting, hunting, feasting, and other knightly amusements with very elaborate—for the modern reader much too elaborate—descriptions of the clothes, jewels, and armor worn. Carlyle, in a well-known essay on the Nibelungenlied, gave this German version of the story very high praise, but later English critics, who have had fuller access to the earlier Scandinavian versions of the story, have given the latter preference on account of their more spirited and poetic treatment of the subject.

The Sixteenth Adventure as here printed from the translation of Professor George Henry Needler (for which we have to thank the publishers, Henry Holt & Co.), follows the original meter, consisting of stanzas of four long rhymed lines, each of which is divided in half by an emphatic cæsura. The half lines have three accented syllables with the exception of the eighth and last, which has four. It is the longer closing line which gives this four line stanza its peculiarly deliberate movement.

HOW SIEGFRIED WAS SLAIN

Gunther and Hagen, the knights full keen,
Proposed with evil forethought a hunting in the green:
The boar within the forest they'd chase with pointed spear,
And shaggy bear and bison.—What sport to valiant men more dear?

With them rode also Siegfried happy and light of heart:
Their load of rich refreshments was made in goodly part.
Where a spring ran cooling they took from him his life,
Whereto in chief had urged them Brunhild, royal Gunther's wife.

Then went the valiant Siegfried where he Kriemhild found;
Rich hunting-dress was laden and now stood ready bound
For him and his companions across the Rhine to go.
Than this a sadder hour nevermore could Kriemhild know.

The spouse he loved so dearly upon the mouth he kissed.
'God grant that well I find thee again, if so He list,
And thine own eyes to see me. 'Mid kin that hold thee dear
May now the time go gently, the while I am no longer near.'

Then thought she of the story—but silence must she keep—
Whereof once Hagen asked her: then began to weep
The princess high and noble that ever she was born,
And wept with tears unceasing the valiant Siegfried's wife forlorn.

She spake unto her husband: 'Let now this hunting be.
I dreamt this night of evil, how wild boars hunted thee,
Two wild boars o'er the meadow, wherefrom the flowers grew red.
That I do weep so sorely have I poor woman direst need.

Yea, do I fear, Sir Siegfried, something treacherous,
If perchance have any of those been wronged by us
Who might yet be able to vent their enmity.
Tarry thou here, Sir Siegfried: Let that my faithful counsel be.'

Quoth he: 'I come, dear lady, when some short days are flown.
Of foes who bear us hatred here know I never one.
All of thine own kindred are gracious unto me,
Nor know I aught of reason why they should other-minded be.'

'But nay, belovèd Siegfried, thy death I fear 'twill prove.
This night I dreamt misfortune, how o'er thee from above
Down there fell two mountains: I never saw thee more.
And wilt thou now go from me, that must grieve my heart full sore.'

The lady rich in virtue within his arms he pressed,
And with loving kisses her fair form caressed.
From her thence he parted ere long time was o'er:
Alas for her, she saw him alive thereafter nevermore.

Then rode from thence the hunters deep within a wold
In search of pleasant pastime. Full many a rider bold
Followed after Gunther in his stately train.
Gernot and Giselher,—at home the knights did both remain.

Went many a horse well laden before them o'er the Rhine,
That for the huntsmen carried store of bread and wine,
Meat along with fishes and other victualling,
The which upon his table were fitting for so high a king.

Then bade they make encampment before the forest green
Where game was like to issue, those hunters proud and keen,
Who there would join in hunting, on a meadow wide that spread.
Thither also was come Siegfried: the same unto the king was said.

By the merry huntsmen soon were watched complete
At every point the runways. The company then did greet
Siegfried the keen and doughty: 'Who now within the green
Unto the game shall guide us, ye warriors so bold and keen?'

'Now part we from each other,' answered Hagen then,
'Ere that the hunting we do here begin!
Thereby may be apparent to my masters and to me
Who on this forest journey of the hunters best may be.

Let then hounds and huntsmen be ta'en in equal share,
That wheresoever any would go, there let him fare.
Who then is first in hunting shall have our thanks this day.'
Not longer there together did the merry hunters stay.

Thereto quoth Sir Siegfried: 'Of dogs have I no need,
More than one hound only of trusty hunting breed
For scenting well the runway of wild beast through the brake.
And now the chase begin we!' So the spouse of Kriemhild spake.

Then took a practised hunter a good tracking-hound,
That did bring them where they game in plenty found,
Nor kept them long awaiting. Whate'er did spring from lair
Pursued the merry huntsmen, as still good hunters everywhere.

As many as the hound started slew with might hand
Siegfried the full doughty hero of Netherland.
So swiftly went his charger that none could him outrun;
And praise before all others soon he in the hunting won.

He was in every feature a valiant knight and true.
The first within the forest that with his hand he slew
Was a half-grown wild-boar that he smote to ground;
Thereafter he full quickly a wild and mighty lion found.

When it the hound had started, with bow he shot it dead,
Wherewith a pointed arrow he had so swiftly sped
That the lion after could forward spring but thrice.
All they that hunted with him cried Siegfried's praise with merry voice.

Soon fell a prey unto him an elk and bison more,
A giant stag he slew him and huge ure-oxen four.
His steed bore him so swiftly that none could him outrun;
Of stag or hind encountered scarce could there escape him one.

A boar full huge and bristling soon was likewise found,
And when the same bethought him to flee before the hound,
Came quick again the master and stood athwart his path.
The boar upon the hero full charged straightway in mickle wrath.

Then the spouse of Kriemhild, with sword the boar he slew,
A thing that scarce another hunter had dared to do.
When he thus had felled him they leashed again the hound,
And soon his hunting prowess was known to all the people round.

Then spake to him his huntsmen: 'If that the thing may be,
So let some part, Sir Siegfried, of the forest game go free;
Today thou makest empty hillside and forest wild.'
Thereat in merry humor the thane so keen and valiant smiled.

Then they heard on all sides the din, from many a hound
And huntsmen eke the clamor so great was heard around
That back did come the answer from hill and forest tree—
Of hounds had four-and-twenty packs been set by hunter free.

Full many a forest denizen from life was doomed to part.
Each of all the hunters thereon had set his heart,
To win the prize in hunting. But such could never be,
When they the doughty Siegfried at the camping-place did see.

Now the chase was ended,—and yet complete 'twas not.
All they to camp who wended with them thither brought
Skin of full many an animal and of game good store.
Heigho! unto the table how much the king's attendants bore!

Then bade the king the noble hunters all to warn
That he would take refreshment, and loud a hunting-horn
In one long blast was winded: to all was known thereby
That the noble monarch at camp did wait their company

Spake one of Siegfried's huntsmen: 'Master, I do know
By blast of horn resounding that we now shall go
Unto the place of meeting: thereto I'll make reply.'
Then for the merry hunters blew the horn right lustily.

Then spake Sir Siegfried: 'Now leave we eke the green.'
His charger bore him smoothly, and followed huntsmen keen.
With their rout they started a beast of savage kind,
That was a bear untamèd. Then spake the knight to those behind:

'For our merry party some sport will I devise.
Let slip the hound then straightway, a bear now meets my eyes,
And with us shall he thither unto the camp-fire fare.
Full rapid must his flight be shall he our company forbear.'

From leash the hound was loosened, the bear sprang through the brake,
When that the spouse of Kriemhild did wish him to o'ertake.
He sought a pathless thicket, but yet it could not be,
As bruin fondly hoped it, that from the hunter he was free.

Then from his horse alighted the knight of spirit high,
And gan a running after. Bruin all unguardedly
Was ta'en and could escape not. Him caught straightway the knight,
And soon all unwounded had him bound in fetters tight.

Nor claws nor teeth availed him for aught of injury,
But bound he was to saddle. Then mounted speedily
The knight and to the camp-fire in right merry way
For pastime led he bruin, the hero valiant and gay.

In what manner stately unto the camp he rode!
He bore a spear full mickle, great of strength and broad.
A sword all ornamented hung down unto his spur,
And wrought of gold all ruddy at side a glittering horn he wore.

Of richer hunting-garments heard I ne'er tell before.
Black was the silken tunic that the rider wore,
And cap of costly sable did crown the gallant knight.
Heigho, and how his quiver with well-wrought hands was rich bedight!

A skin of gleaming panther covered the quiver o'er,
Prized for its pleasant odor. Eke a bow he bore,
The which to draw if ever had wished another man,
A lever he had needed: such power had Siegfried alone.

Of fur of costly otter his mantle was complete,
With other skins embroidered from head unto the feet.
And 'mid the fur all shining, full many a golden seam
On both sides of the valiant huntsman saw ye brightly gleam.

Balmung, a goodly weapon broad, he also wore,
That was so sharp at edges that it ne'er forbore
To cleave when swung on helmet: blade it was full good.
Stately was the huntsman as there with merry heart he rode.

If that complete the story to you I shall unfold,
Full many a goodly arrow did his rich quiver hold
Whereof were gold the sockets, and heads a hand-breadth each.
In sooth was doomed to perish whate'er in flight the same did reach

Pricking like goodly huntsman the noble knight did ride
When him the men of Gunther coming thither spied.
They hasted out to meet him and took from him his steed,
As bruin great and mighty by the saddle he did lead.

When he from horse alighted he loosed him every band
From foot and eke from muzzle. Straight on every hand
Began the dogs a howling when they beheld the bear.
Bruin would to the forest: among the men was mickle stir.

Amid the clamor bruin through the camp-fires sped:
Heigho, how the servants away before him fled!
O'erturned was many a kettle and flaming brands did fly:
Heigho, what goodly victuals did scattered in the ashes lie!

Then sprang from out the saddle knights and serving-men.
The bear was wild careering: the king bade loosen then
All the dogs that fastened within their leashes lay.
If this thing well had ended, then had there passed a merry day.

Not longer then they waited but with bow and eke with spear
Hasted the nimble hunters to pursue the bear,
Yet none might shoot upon him for all the dogs around.
Such clamor was of voices that all the mountain did resound.

When by the dogs pursued the bear away did run,
None there that could o'ertake him but Siegfried alone.
With his sword he came upon him and killed him at a blow,
And back unto the camp-fire bearing bruin they did go.

Then spake who there had seen it, he was a man of might.
Soon to the table bade they come each noble knight,
And on a smiling meadow the noble company sat.
Heigho, with what rare victuals did they upon the huntsmen wait!

Ne'er appeared a butler wine for them to pour.
Than they good knights were never better served before,
And had there not in secret been lurking treachery,
Then were the entertainers from every cause of cavil free.

Then spake Sir Siegfried: 'A wonder 'tis to me,
Since that from the kitchen so full supplied are we,
Why to us the butlers of wine bring not like store:
If such the huntsman's service a huntsman reckon me no more.

Meseems I yet did merit some share of courtesy.'
The king who sat at table spake then in treachery:
'Gladly shall be amended wherein we're guilty so.
The fault it is of Hagen, he'd willing see us thirsting go.'

Then spake of Tronje Hagen: 'Good master, hear me say,
I weened for this our hunting we did go today
Unto the spessart forest: the wine I thither sent.
Go we today a-thirsting, I'll later be more provident.'

Thereto replied Sir Siegfried: 'Small merit here is thine.
Good seven horses laden with mead and sparkling wine
Should hither have been conducted. If aught the same denied,
Then should our place of meeting have nearer been the Rhine beside.'

Then spake of Tronje Hagen: 'Ye noble knights and bold,
I know here nigh unto us a spring that's flowing cold.
Be then your wrath appeasèd, and let us thither go.'
Through that same wicked counsel came many a thane to grievous woe.

Sore was the noble Siegfried with the pangs of thirst:
To bid them rise from table was he thus the first.
He would along the hillside unto the fountain go:
In sooth they showed them traitors, those knights who there did counsel so.

On wagons hence to carry the game they gave command
Which had that day been slaughtered by Siegfried's doughty hand.
He'd carried off the honors, all who had seen did say.
Hagen his faith with Siegfried soon did break in grievous way.

When now they would go thither to where the linden spread,
Spake of Tronje Hagen: 'To me hath oft been said,
That none could follow after Kriemhild's nimble knight
Or vie with him in running: would that he'd prove it to our sight!'

Then spake of Netherland bold Siegfried speedily:
'That may ye well have proof of, will ye but run with me
In contest to the fountain. When that the same be done,
To him be given honor who the race hath fairly won.'

'Now surely make we trial,' quoth Hagen the thane.
Thereto the doughty Siegfried: 'I too will give you gain,
Afore your feet at starting to lay me in the grass.'
When that he had heard it, thereat how joyous Gunther was!

And spake again the warrior: 'And ye shall further hear:
All my clothing likewise will I upon me wear,
The spear and shield full heavy and hunting-dress I'll don.'
His sword as well as quiver had he full quickly girded on.

Doffed they their apparel and aside they laid it then:
Clothed in white shirts only saw you there the twain.
Like unto two wild panthers they coursed across the green:
Yet first beside the fountain was the valiant Siegfried seen.

No man in feats of valor who with him had vied.
The sword he soon ungirded and quiver laid aside,
The mighty spear he leanèd against the linden-tree:
Beside the running fountain stood the knight stately to see.

To Siegfried naught was lacking that doth good knight adorn.
Down the shield then laid he where did flow the burn,
Yet howsoe'er he thirsted no whit the hero drank
Before had drunk the monarch: therefore he earned but evil thank.

There where ran clear the water and cool from out the spring,
Down to it did bend him Gunther the king.
And when his thirst was quenchèd rose he from thence again:
Eke the valiant Siegfried, how glad had he done likewise then.

For his courtesy he suffered. Where bow and sword there lay,
Both did carry Hagen from him thence away,
And again sprang quickly thither where the spear did stand:
And for a cross the tunic of the valiant knight he scanned.

As there the noble Siegfried to drink o'er fountain bent,
Through the cross he pierced him, that from the wound was sent
The blood nigh to bespatter the tunic Hagen wore.
By hand of knight such evil deed shall wrought be nevermore.

The spear he left projecting where it had pierced the heart.
In terror as that moment did Hagen never start
In flight from any warrior he ever yet had found.
Soon as the noble Siegfried within him felt the mighty wound,

Raging the knight full doughty up from the fountain sprang,
The while from 'twixt his shoulders stood out a spearshaft long.
The prince weened to find there his bow or his sword:
Then in sooth had Hagen found the traitor's meet reward.

When from the sorely wounded knight his sword was gone,
Then had he naught to 'venge him but his shield alone.
This snatched he from the fountain and Hagen rushed upon,
And not at all escape him could the royal Gunther's man.

Though he nigh to death was wounded he yet such might did wield
That out in all directions flew from off the shield
Precious stones a many: the shield he clave in twain.
Thus vengeance fain had taken upon his foe the stately thane.

Beneath his hand must Hagen stagger and fall to ground.
So swift the blow he dealt him, the meadow did resound.
Had sword in hand been swinging, Hagen had had his meed,
So sorely raged he stricken: to rage in sooth was mickle need.

Faded from cheek was color, no longer could he stand,
And all his might of body soon complete had waned,
As did a deathly pallor over his visage creep.
Full many a fairest lady for the knight anon must weep.

So sank amid the flowers Kriemhild's noble knight,
While from his wound flowed thickly the blood before the sight.
Then gan he reviling—for dire was his need—
Who had thus encompassed his death by this same faithless deed.

Then spake the sorely wounded: 'O ye base cowards twain,
Doth then my service merit that me ye thus have slain?
To you I e'er was faithful and so am I repaid.
Alas, upon your kindred now have ye shame eternal laid.

By this deed dishonored hereafter evermore
Are their generations. Your anger all too sore
Have ye now thus vented and vengeance ta'en on me,
With shame henceforth be parted from good knights' company.'

All the hunters hastened where he stricken lay,
It was in sooth for many of them a joyless day.
Had any aught of honor, he mourned that day, I ween,
And well the same did merit the knight high-spirited and keen.

As there the king of Burgundy mourned that he should die,
Spake the knight sore wounded: 'To weep o'er injury,
Who hath wrought the evil hath smallest need, I trow.
Reviling doth he merit, and weeping may he well forego.'

Thereto quoth grim Hagen: 'Ye mourn, I know not why:
This same day hath ended all our anxiety.
Few shall we find henceforward for fear will give us need,
And well is me that from his mastery we thus are freed.'

'Light thing is now thy vaunting,' did Siegfried then reply.
'Had I e'er bethought me of this thy infamy
Well had I preservèd 'gainst all thy hate my life.
Me rueth naught so sorely as Lady Kriemhild my wife.

Now may God have mercy that to me a son was born,
That him alack! the people in times to come shall spurn,
That those he nameth kinsmen have done the murderer's deed.
An had I breath,' spake Siegfried, 'to mourn o'er this I well had need.'

Then spake, in anguish praying, the hero doomed to die:
'And wilt thou, king, to any yet not good faith deny,
In all the world to any, to thee commended be
And to thy loving mercy the spouse erstwhile was wed to me.

Let it be her good fortune that she thy sister is:
By all the princely virtues, I beg thee pledge me this.
For me long time my father and men henceforth must wait:
Upon a spouse was never wrought, as mine, a wrong so great.'

All around the flowers were wetted with the blood
As there with death he struggled. Yet not for long he could,
Because the deadly weapon had cut him all too sore:
And soon the keen and noble knight was doomed to speak no more.

When the lords perceived how that the knight was dead,
Upon a shield they laid him that was of gold full red,
And counsel took together how of the thing should naught
Be known, but held in secret that Hagen the deed had wrought.

Then spake of them a many: 'This is an evil day.
Now shall ye all conceal it and all alike shall say,
When as Kriemhild's husband the dark forest through
Rode alone a-hunting, him the hand of robber slew.'

Then spake of Tronje Hagen: 'Myself will bring him home.
In sooth I reck but little if to her ears it come,
Who my Lady Brunhild herself hath grieved so sore.
It maketh me small worry, an if she weep for evermore.'

THE SONG OF ROLAND

The French epic has characteristics which distinguish it very clearly from the romances and sagas hitherto considered. The frequent confusion of pagan and Christian elements in the latter has no place in the early literature of Christian France. 'Most of the heroic poems that have come down to us were written in the twelfth century and the thirteenth, and are apparently the work of clerics or of minstrels in close touch with the Church. While they deal primarily with feats of arms, they are apt to savor strongly of religion. Monasteries and shrines seem to have been their especial breeding-places; and they are locally associated with the highways which swarms of pilgrims followed, year after year.' (Grandgent). The *Chanson de Roland,* which is alike the best and the best known of the *chansons de geste,* lays stress on the conflict between the Christians of France and the Moors of Spain, though these pagans were by no means so black as they are painted in the poem; the feeling underlying the conflict is that which provoked and was developed by the Crusades for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. By the side of this spirit of religious antagonism we see very clearly the permeating influence of the spirit of feudalism. Often these two motives are intermingled. Archbishop Turpin is accounted worthy at the critical moment in the conflict to ride side by side with Roland as a 'good vassal,' great alike in battles and in 'very rare sermons.' So Roland, in his last hour, holds out his glove to his Over-Lord, God, who sends down the Angel Gabriel to take it from his hand. Evidently we have here an epic of Christian chivalry, with its characteristic modes of thought and expression.

The historical incident which the poem celebrates, obviously with considerable romantic exaggeration, was a rear-guard action fought between the Emperor Charlemagne's forces under his nephew Roland and the Saracens at Roncesvaux on August 15, 778 A.D. It is known that a Latin poem on the subject existed in the tenth century, and the Norman minstrel Taillefer sang some version of the story before the invading hosts at the battle of Hastings in 1066—probably not the Song of Roland as we have it, though it may have taken its present shape about this time or not much later. The Bodleian MS. ends with the words *Turoldus declinet,* but whether *Turoldus* was the name of the author of the poem, or of the Jongleur who sang it, or of the copyist who wrote out the manuscript, scholars have not been able to agree.

The poem consists of about 4,000 lines and has come down to us in several manuscripts, of which the one just referred to, now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is perhaps the best. The meter is decasyllabic, but is neither blank verse nor rhyme, though it has a strong rhythmical effect, produced by the assonance (repetition of vowel sound) of the strongly accented final syllable or syllables of each line in the same strophe or *laisse:* these might be called stanzas but that the number of lines in each is absolutely independent of all the rest. This meter is peculiarly difficult to get into English and the task was not attempted until very recently by Captain Charles Scott Moncrieff, who solaced the hardships of the Great War by a close study of the poem, and soon after succeeded in bringing his translation to a successful termination (published by Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1919). In achieving this feat he has had to take certain liberties unusual in English verse—the use of certain names (Charles, for instance), and past participles sometimes as one syllable, sometimes as two; the elision of 'to,' 'the' and similar words before following vowels; and so on. The beat of the verse is not so hard to catch by the modern reader if he remembers that the *Chansons* were songs chanted by professional performers (*Jongleurs*) to a monotonous tune played on a primitive kind of large violin called a *vielle.* Presbyterian readers (Captain Moncrieff suggests) may sing the poem to the favorite tune of their metrical Psalm: 'Now Israel may say, and that truly.'

THE DEATH OF ROLAND

When Rollant sees those misbegotten men,
Who are more black than ink is on the pen
With no part white, only their teeth except,
Then says that Count: 'I know now very well
That here to die we're bound, as I can tell.
Strike on, the Franks! For so I recommend.'
Says Oliver: 'Who holds back, is condemned!'
Upon those words, the Franks to strike again.

Franks are but few; which, when the pagans know,
Among themselves comfort and pride they show;
Says each to each: 'Wrong was that Emperor.'
Their alcaliph upon a sorrel rode,
And pricked it well with both his spurs of gold;
Struck Oliver, behind, on the back-bone,
His hauberk white into his body broke,
Clean through his breast the thrusting spear he drove;
After he said: 'You've borne a mighty blow.
Charlès the Great should not have left you so;
He's done us wrong, small thanks to him we owe;
I've well avenged all ours on you alone.'

Oliver feels that he to die is bound,
Holds Halteclere, whose steel is rough and brown,
Strikes the alcaliph on his helm's golden mount;
Flowers and stones fall clattering to the ground,
Slices his head, to th' small teeth in his mouth;
So brandishes his blade and flings him down;
After he says: 'Pagan, accurst be thou!
Thou'lt never say that Charles forsakes me now;
Nor to thy wife, nor any dame thou'st found,
Thou'lt never boast, in lands where thou wast crowned,
One pennyworth from me thou'st taken out,
Nor damage wrought on me nor any around.'
After, for aid, 'Rollant!' he cries aloud.

AOI.

Oliver feels that death is drawing nigh;
To avenge himself he hath no longer time;
Through the great press most gallantly he strikes,
He breaks their spears, their buckled shields doth slice,
Their feet, their fists, their shoulders and their sides,
Dismembers them: whoso had seen that sight,
Dead in the field one on another piled,
Remember well a vassal brave he might.
Charlès' ensign he'll not forget it quite;
Aloud and clear 'Monjoie' again he cries.
To call Rollanz, his friend and peer, he tries:
'My companion, come hither to my side.
With bitter grief we must us now divide.'

AOI.

Then Rollant looked upon Oliver's face;
Which was all wan and colorless and pale,
While the clear blood, out of his body sprayed,

Upon the ground gushed forth and ran away.
'God!' said that count, 'What shall I do or say?
My companion, gallant for such ill fate!
Ne'er shall man be, against thee could prevail.
Ah! France the Douce, henceforth art thou made waste
Of vassals brave, confounded and disgraced!
Our Emperor shall suffer damage great.'
And with these words upon his horse he faints.

AOI.

You'd seen Rollant aswoon there in his seat,
And Oliver, who unto death doth bleed,
So much he's bled, his eyes are dim and weak;
Nor clear enough his vision, far or near,
To recognize whatever man he sees;
His companion, when each the other meets,
Above the helm jeweled with gold he beats,
Slicing it down from there to the nose-piece,
But not his head; he's touched not brow nor cheek.
At such a blow Rollant regards him keen,
And asks of him, in gentle tones and sweet:
'To do this thing, my comrade, did you mean?
This is Rollanz, who ever held you dear;
And no mistrust was ever us between.'
Says Oliver: 'Now can I hear you speak;
I see you not: may the Lord God you keep!
I struck you now: and for your pardon plead.'
Answers Rollanz: 'I am not hurt, indeed;
I pardon you, before God's Throne and here.'
Upon these words, each to the other leans;
And in such love you had their parting seen.

Oliver feels death's anguish on him now;
And in his head his two eyes swimming round;
Nothing he sees; he hears not any sound;
Dismounting then, he kneels upon the ground,
Proclaims his sins both firmly and aloud,
Clasps his two hands, heavenwards holds them out,
Prays God himself in Paradise to allow;
Blessings on Charles, and on Douce France he vows,
And his comrade, Rollanz, to whom he's bound.
Then his heart fails; his helmet nods and bows;
Upon the earth he lays his whole length out:
And he is dead, may stay no more, that Count.
Rollanz the brave mourns him with grief profound;
Nowhere on earth so sad a man you'd found.

So Rollant's friend is dead; whom when he sees
Face to the ground, and biting it with's teeth,
Begins to mourn in language very sweet:
'Unlucky, friend, your courage was indeed!
Together we have spent such days and years;
No harmful thing 'twixt thee and me has been.
Now thou art dead, and all my life a grief.'
And with these words again he swoons, that chief,
Upon his horse, which he calls Veillantif;
Stirrups of gold support him underneath;
He cannot fall, whichever way he lean.

Soon as Rollant his senses won and knew,
Recovering and turning from that swoon,
Bitter great loss appeared there in his view:
Dead are the Franks; he'd all of them to lose,
Save the Archbishop, and save Gualter del Hum;
He is come down out of the Mountains, who
'Gainst Spanish men made there a great ado;
Dead are his men, for those the pagans slew;
Will he or nill, along the vales he flew,
And called Rollant, to bring him succour soon:
'Ah! Gentle Count, brave soldier, where are you?
For by thy side no fear I ever knew.
Gualter it is, who conquered Maëlgut,
And nephew was to hoary old Droün;
My vassalage thou ever thoughtest good.
Broken my spear, and split my shield in two;
Gone is the mail that on my hauberk grew;
This body of mine eight lances have gone through;
I'm dying. Yet full price for life I took.'
Rollant has heard these words and understood,
Has spurred his horse, and on towards him drew.

AOI.

Grief gives Rollanz intolerance and pride;
Through the great press he goes again to strike;
To slay a score of Spaniards he contrives,
Gualter has six, the Archbishop other five.
The pagans say: 'Men, these, of felon kind!
Lordings, take care they go not hence alive!
Felon he's named that does not bréak their line,
Recreant, who lets them any safety find!'
And so once more begin the hue and cry,
From every part they come to break the line.

AOI.

Count Rollant is a noble and brave soldier,
Gualter del Hum's a right good chevalier,
That Archbishop hath shewn good prowess there;
None of them falls behind the other pair;
Through the great press, pagans they strike again.
Come on afoot a thousand Sarrazens,
And on horseback some forty thousand men.
But well I know, to approach they never dare;
Lances and spears they poise to hurl at them,
Arrows, barbs, darts and javelins in the air.
With the first flight they've slain our Gualtïer;
Turpin of Reims has all his shield broken,
And cracked his helm; he's wounded in the head,
From his hauberk the woven mail they tear,
In his body four spear-wounds doth he bear;
Beneath him too his charger's fallen dead.
Great grief it was, when that Archbishop fell.

AOI.

Turpin of Reims hath felt himself undone,
Since that four spears have through his body come;
Nimble and bold upon his feet he jumps;
Looks for Rollant, and then towards him runs,

Saying this word: 'I am not overcome.
While life remains, no good vassal gives up.'
He's drawn Almace, whose steel was brown and rough,
Through the great press a thousand blows he's struck:
As Charlès said, quarter he gave to none;
He found him there, four hundred else among,
Wounded the most, speared through the middle some,
Also there were from whom the heads he'd cut:
So tells the tale, he that was there says thus,
The brave Saint Giles, whom God made marvelous,
Who charters wrote for th' Minster at Loüm;
Nothing he's heard that does not know this much.

The Count Rollanz has nobly fought and well,
But he is hot, and all his body sweats;
Great pain he has, and trouble in his head,
His temples burst when he the horn sounded;
But he would know if Charles will come to them,
Takes the olifant, and feebly sounds again.
That Emperor stood still and listened then:
'My lords,' said he, 'right evilly we fare!
This day Rollanz, my nephew, shall be dead:
I hear his horn, with scarcely any breath.
Nimbly canter, whoever would be there!
Your trumpets sound, as many as ye bear!'
Sixty thousand so loud together blare,
The mountains ring, the valleys answer them.
The pagans hear, they think it not a jest;
Says each to each: 'Carlum doth us bestead.'

AOI.

The pagans say: 'That Emperor's at hand,
We hear their sound, the trumpets of the Franks;
If Charlès come, great loss we then shall stand,
And wars renewed, unless we slay Rollant;
All Spain we'll lose, our own clear fatherland.'
Four hundred men of them in helmets stand;
The best of them that might be in their ranks
Make on Rollanz a grim and fierce attack;
'Gainst these the Count had well enough in hand.

AOI.

The Count Rollanz, when their approach he sees
Is grown so bold and manifest and fierce
So long as he's alive he will not yield.
He sits his horse, which men call Veillantif,
Pricking him well with golden spurs beneath,
Through the great press he goes, their line to meet,
And by his side is the Archbishop Turpin.
'Now, friend, begone!' say pagans, each to each;
'These Frankish men, their horns we plainly hear;
Charle is at hand, that King in Majesty.'

The Count Rollanz has never loved cowards,
Nor arrogant, nor men of evil heart,
Nor chevalier that was not good vassal.
That Archbishop, Turpins, he calls apart:
'Sir, you're afoot, and I my charger have;

For love of you, here will I take my stand,
Together we'll endure things good and bad;
I'll leave you not, for no incarnate man:
We'll give again these pagans their attack;
The better blows are those from Durendal.'
Says the Archbishop: 'Shame on him that holds back!
Charle is at hand, full vengeance he'll exact.'

The pagans say: 'Unlucky were we born!
An evil day for us did this day dawn!
For we have lost our peers and all our lords.
Charles his great host once more upon us draws,
Of Frankish men we plainly hear the horns,
'Monjoie' they cry, and great is their uproar.
The Count Rollant is of such pride and force
He'll never yield to man of woman born;
Let's aim at him, then leave him on the spot!'
And aim they did: with arrows long and short,
Lances and spears and feathered javelots;
Count Rollant's shield they've broken through and bored,
The woven mail have from his hauberk torn,
But not himself, they've never touched his corse;
Veillantif is in thirty places gored,
Beneath the Count he's fallen dead, that horse.
Pagans are fled, and leave him on the spot;
The Count Rollant stands on his feet once more.

AOI.

Pagans are fled, enangered and enraged,
Home into Spain with speed they make their way;
The Count Rollanz, he has not given chase,
For Veillantif, his charger, they have slain;
Will he or nill, on foot he must remain.
To the Archbishop, Turpins, he goes with aid;
He's from his head the golden helm unlaced,
Taken from him his white hauberk away,
And cut the gown in strips, was round his waist;
On his great wounds the pieces of it placed,
Then to his heart has caught him and embraced;
On the green grass he has him softly laid,
Most sweetly then to him has Rollant prayed:
'Ah! Gentle sir, give me your leave, I say;
Our companions, whom we so dear appraised,
Are now all dead; we cannot let them stay;
I will go seek and bring them to this place,
Arrange them here in ranks, before your face.'
Said the Archbishop: 'Go, and return again.
This field is yours and mine now; God be praised!'

So Rollanz turns; through the field, all alone,
Searching the vales and mountains, he is gone;
He finds Gerin, Gerers his companion,
Also he finds Berenger and Otton,
There too he finds Anséis and Sanson,
And finds Gerard the old, of Rossillon;
By one and one he's taken those barons,
To the Archbishop with each of them he comes,
Before his knees arranges every one.

That Archbishop, he cannot help but sob,
He lifts his hand, gives benediction;
After he's said: 'Unlucky, Lords, your lot!
But all your souls He'll lay, our Glorious God,
In Paradise, His holy flowers upon!
For my own death such anguish now I've got;
I shall not see him, our rich Emperor.'

So Rollant turns, goes through the field in quest;
His companion Oliver finds at length;
He has embraced him close against his breast,
To the Archbishop returns as he can best;
Upon a shield he's laid him, by the rest;
And the Archbishop has them absolved and blest;
Whereon his grief and pity grow afresh.
Then says Rollanz: 'Fair comrade Olivier,
You were the son of the good count Reinier,
Who held the march by th' Vale of Runïer;
To shatter spears, through buckled shields to bear,
And from hauberks the mail to break and tear,
Proof men to lead, and prudent counsel share,
Gluttons in field to frighten and conquer,
No land has known a better chevalier.'

The Count Rollanz, when dead he saw his peers,
And Oliver, he held so very dear,
Grew tender, and began to shed a tear;
Out of his face the color disappeared;
No longer could he stand, for so much grief,
Will he or nill, he swooned upon the field.
Said the Archbishop: 'Unlucky lord, indeed!'

When the Archbishop beheld him swoon, Rollant,
Never before such bitter grief he'd had;
Stretching his hand, he took that olifant.
Through Rencesvals a little river ran;
He would go there, fetch water for Rollant.
Went step by step, to stumble soon began,
So feeble he is, no further fare he can,
For too much blood he's lost, and no strength has;
Ere he has crossed an acre of the land,
His heart grows faint, he falls down forwards and
Death comes to him with very cruel pangs.

The Count Rollanz wakes from his swoon once more,
Climbs to his feet; his pains are very sore;
Looks down the vale, looks to the hills above;
On the green grass, beyond his companions,
He sees him lie, that noble old baron;
'Tis the Archbishop, whom in His name wrought God;
There he proclaims his sins, and looks above;
Joins his two hands, to Heaven holds them forth,
And Paradise prays God to him to accord.
Dead is Turpin, the warrior of Charlon.
In battles great and very rare sermons
Against pagans ever a champion.
God grant him now His Benediction!

The Count Rollant sees the Archbishop lie dead,
Sees the bowels of his body shed,
And sees the brains that surge from his forehead;
Between his two arm-pits, upon his breast,
Crossways he folds those hands so white and fair.
Then mourns aloud, as was the custom there:
'Thee, gentle sir, chevalier nobly bred,
To the Glorious Celestial I commend;
Ne'er shall man be, that will Him serve so well;
Since the Apostles was never such prophet,
To hold the laws and draw the hearts of men.
Now may your soul no pain nor sorrow ken,
Finding the gates of Paradise open!'

Then Rollanz feels that death to him draws near,
For all his brain is issued from his ears;
He prays to God that he will call the peers,
Bids Gabriel, the angel, t'himself appear.
Takes the olifant, that no reproach shall hear,
And Durendal in the other hand he wields;
Further than might a cross-bow's arrow speed
Goes towards Spain into a fallow-field;
Climbs on a cliff, where, under two fair trees,
Four terraces, of marble wrought, he sees.
There he falls down, and lies upon the green;
He swoons again, for death is very near.

High are the peaks, the trees are very high.
Four terraces of polished marble shine;
On the green grass Count Rollant swoons thereby.
A Sarrazin him all the time espies,
Who feigning death among the others hides;
Blood hath his face and all his body dyed;
He gets afoot, running towards him hies;
Fair was he, strong and of a courage high;
A mortal hate he's kindled in his pride.
He's seized Rollant, and the arms, were at his side,
'Charlè's nephew,' he's said, 'here conquered lies.
To Araby I'll bear this sword as prize.'
As he drew it, something the count descried.

So Rollant felt his sword was taken forth,
Opened his eyes, and this word to him spoke:
'Thou'rt never one of ours, full well I know.'
Took the olifant, that he would not let go,
Struck him on th' helm, that jeweled was with gold,
And broke its steel, his skull and all his bones,
Out of his head both the two eyes he drove;
Dead at his feet he has the pagan thrown:
After he's said: 'Culvert, thou wert too bold,
Or right or wrong, of my sword seizing hold!
They'll dub thee fool, to whom the tale is told.
But my great one, my olifant I broke;
Fallen from it the crystal and the gold.'

Then Rollanz feels that he has lost his sight,
Climbs to his feet, uses what strength he might;
In all his face the color is grown white.

In front of him a great brown boulder lies;
Whereon ten blows with grief and rage he strikes;
The steel cries out, but does not break outright;
And the count says: 'Saint Mary, be my guide!
Good Durendal, unlucky is your plight!
I've need of you no more; spent is my pride!
We in the field have won so many fights,
Combating through so many regions wide
That Charlès holds, whose beard is hoary white!
Be you not his that turns from any in flight!
A good vassal has held you this long time;
Never shall France the Free behold his like.'

Rollant hath struck the sardonyx terrace;
The steel cries out, but broken is no ways.
So when he sees he never can it break,
Within himself begins he to complain:
'Ah! Durendal, white art thou, clear of stain!
Beneath the sun reflecting back his rays!
In Moriane was Charlès, in the vale,
When from heaven God by His angel bade
Him give thee to a count and capitain;
Girt thee on me that noble King and great.
I won for him with thee Anjou, Bretaigne,
And won for him with thee Peitou, the Maine,
And Normandy the free for him I gained,
Also with thee Provence and Equitaigne,
And Lumbardie and all the whole Romaigne,
I won Baivere, all Flanders in the plain,
Also Burguigne and all the whole Puillane,
Costentinnople, that homage to him pays;
In Saisonie all is as he ordains;
With thee I won him Scotland, Ireland, Wales,
England also, where he his chamber makes;
Won I with thee so many countries strange
That Charlès holds, whose beard is white with age!
For this sword's sake sorrow upon me weighs,
Rather I'd die, than it mid pagans stay.
Lord God Father, never let France be shamed!'

Rollant his stroke on a dark stone repeats,
And more of it breaks off than I can speak.
The sword cries out, yet breaks not in the least,
Back from the blow into the air it leaps.
Destroy it can he not; which when he sees,
Within himself he makes a plaint most sweet:
'Ah! Durendal, most holy, fair indeed!
Relics enough thy golden hilt conceals:
Saint Peter's Tooth, the Blood of Saint Basile,
Some of the Hairs of my Lord, Saint Denise,
Some of the Robe, was worn by Saint Mary.
It is not right that pagans should thee seize,
For Christian men your use shall ever be.
Nor any man's that worketh cowardice!
Many broad lands with you have I retrieved
Which Charlès holds, who hath the great white beard;
Wherefore that King so proud and rich is he.'

But Rollant felt that death had made a way
Down from his head till on his heart it lay;
Beneath a pine running in haste he came,
On the green grass he lay there on his face;
His olifant and sword beneath him placed,
Turning his head towards the pagan race,
Now this he did, in truth, that Charles might say
(As he desired) and all the Franks his race;—
'Ah, gentle Count; conquering he was slain!'—
He owned his faults often and every way,
And for his sins his glove to God upraised.

AOI.

But Rollant feels he's no more time to seek;
Looking to Spain, he lies on a sharp peak,
And with one hand upon his breast he beats:
'Mea Culpa! God, by Thy Virtues clean
Me from my sins, the mortal and the mean,
Which from the hour that I was born have been
Until this day, when life is ended here!'
Holds out his glove towards God, as he speaks;
Angels descend from heaven on that scene.

AOI.

The Count Rollanz, beneath a pine he sits,
Turning his eyes towards Spain, he begins
Remembering so many divers things:
So many lands where he went conquering,
And France the Douce, the heroes of his kin,
And Charlemagne, his lord who nourished him.
Nor can he help but weep and sigh at this.
But his own self, he's not forgotten him,
He owns his faults, and God's forgiveness bids:
'Very Father, in Whom no falsehood is,
Saint Lazaron from death Thou didst remit,
And Daniel save from the lions' pit;
My soul in me preserve from all perils
And from the sins I did in life commit!'
His right-hand glove, to God he offers it,
Saint Gabriel from 's hand hath taken it.
Over his arm his head bows down and slips,
He joins his hands: and so is life finished.
God sent him down His angel cherubin,
And Saint Michael, we worship in peril;
And by their side Saint Gabriel alit;
So the Count's soul they bare to Paradis.

Rollant is dead; his soul to heaven God bare.
That Emperor to Rencesvals doth fare.
There was no path nor passage anywhere
Nor of waste ground no ell nor foot to spare
Without a Frank or pagan lying there.
Charles cries aloud: 'Where are you, nephew fair?
Where's the Archbishop and that count Oliviers?
Where is Gerins and his comrade Gerers?
Otés the Duke, and the count Berengiers
And Ivorie, and Ive, so dear they were?
What is become of Gascon Engelier,

Sansun the Duke and Anséis the fierce?
Where's old Gerard of Russillun; oh, where
The dozen peers I left behind me here?'
But what avail, since none can answer bear?
'God!' says the King, 'now well may I despair,
I was not here the first assault to share!'
Seeming enraged, his beard the King doth tear.
Weep from their eyes barons and chevaliers,
A thousand score, they swoon upon the earth;
Duke Neimes for them was moved with pity rare.

No chevalier nor baron is there, who
Pitifully weeps not for grief and dule;
They mourn their sons, their brothers, their nephews,
And their liege lords, and trusty friends and true;
Upon the ground a many of them swoon.
Thereon Duke Neimes doth act with wisdom proof,
First before all he's said to the Emperor:
'See beforehand, a league from us or two,
From the highways dust rising in our view;
Pagans are there, and many of them, too.
Canter therefore! Vengeance upon them do!'
'Ah, God!' says Charles, 'so far are they removed!
Do right by me, my honor still renew!
They've torn from me the flower of France the Douce.'
The King commands Gebuin and Otun,
Tedbalt of Reims, also the Count Milun:
'Guard me this field, these hills and valleys too,
Let the dead lie, all as they are, unmoved,
Let not approach lion, nor any brute,
Let not approach esquire, nor any groom;
For I forbid that any come thereto,
Until God will that we return anew.'
These answer him sweetly, their love to prove:
'Right Emperor, dear Sire, so will we do.'
A thousand knights they keep in retinue.

AOI.

That Emperor bids trumpets sound again,
Then canters forth with his great host so brave.
Of Spanish men, whose backs are turned their way,
Franks one and all continue in their chase.
When the King sees the light at even fade,
On the green grass dismounting as he may,
He kneels aground, to God the Lord doth pray
That the sun's course He will for him delay,
Put off the night, and still prolong the day.
An angel then, with him should reason make,
Nimbly enough appeared to him and spake:
'Charles, canter on! Light needst not thou await.
The flower of France, as God knows well, is slain;
Thou canst be avenged upon that crimeful race.'
Upon that word mounts the Emperor again.

AOI.

For Charlemagne a great marvel God planned:
Making the sun still in his course to stand.

So pagans fled, and chased them well the Franks
Through the Valley of Shadows, close in hand;
Towards Sarraguce by force they chased them back,
And as they went with killing blows attacked:
Barred their highways and every path they had.
The River Sebre before them reared its bank,
'Twas very deep, marvelous current ran;
No barge thereon nor dromond nor caland.
A god of theirs invóked they, Tervagant.
And then leaped in, but there no warrant had.
The armèd men more weighty were for that,
Many of them down to the bottom sank,
Downstream the rest floated as they might hap;
So much water the luckiest of them drank,
That all were drowned, with marvelous keen pangs.
'An evil day,' cry Franks, 'ye saw Rollant!'

When Charlès sees that pagans all are dead,
Some of them slain, the greater part drownèd;
(Whereby great spoils his chevaliers collect)
That gentle King upon his feet descends,
Kneels on the ground, his thanks to God presents.
When he once more rises, the sun is set.
Says the Emperor: 'Time is to pitch our tents;
To Rencesvals too late to go again.
Our horses are worn out and founderèd:
Unsaddle them, take bridles from their heads,
And through these meads let them refreshment get.'
Answer the Franks: 'Sire, you have spoken well.'

AOI.

That Emperor hath chosen his bivouac;
The Franks dismount in those deserted tracts,
Their saddles take from off their horses' backs,
Bridles of gold from off their heads unstrap,
Let them go free; there is enough fresh grass—
No service can they render them, save that.
Who is most tired sleeps on the ground stretched flat.
Upon this night no sentinels keep watch.

THE CID

'The Cid Campeador' ('Lord Champion') was a popular title given to a historical Castilian outlaw, Ruy Diaz, who was born at Bivar about 1040, married Jimena, King Alfonso's cousin, in 1074, was banished in 1081, and died in 1099; his embalmed body, after many adventures, found repose at last at Burgos, where it remains 'a show for tourists in a huge tea-caddy.' On his banishment he took refuge among the Moors of Spain and carved out for himself a small principality with the sword. His exploits were magnified in ballad and story, the earliest being 'The Poem of My Cid,' probably composed in 1207 and here quoted from the translation of John Ormsby; though somewhat lacking in polish, the original poem is considered one of the most spirited of the early romantic epics. The subject was given dramatic treatment by Guillem de Castro (1569-1631) and taken over from Spanish into French drama by Corneille. In the eighteenth century Herder introduced the story to German romance, and Southey made the *Chronicle of the Cid* familiar to nineteenth century England. Not much more in fact than a bold and successful freebooter, like the more familiar Robin Hood or Rob Roy, the Cid owes his fame principally to popular and imaginative literature. The incident recounted below belongs to an early stage of his career as an outlaw.

THE CID'S GENEROSITY TO A BEATEN FOE

The Count of Barcelona, when the tidings met his ear
How that my Cid Ruy Diaz made forays far and near,
And laid the country waste, with wrath his inmost soul was stirred,
And in his anger hastily he spake a braggart word—
'He cometh to insult me, doth my Cid, he of Bivar.
Up to my very court, methinks, he means to carry war.
My nephew he hath wronged; the wrong remaineth unrepaired:
And now the lands that I protect to harry hath he dared.
No challenge have I sent to him, nor sought him for my foe;
But now I call him to account, since he will have it so.'
Great mustering there is of Moors and Christians through the land,
A mighty host of men-at-arms he hath at his command.
Two days, three nights, they march to seek the Good One of Bivar,
To snare him where he harbors in the Pine-wood of Tebar;
And such the speed of their advance, that, cumbered with his spoils,
And unaware, my Cid well nigh was taken in the toils.
The tidings reached my Cid as down the sierra side he went,
Then straightway to Count Raymond he a friendly message sent:
'Say to the Count that he, meseems, to me no grudge doth owe:
Of him I take no spoil, with him in peace I fain would go.'
'Nay,' said the Count, 'for all his deeds he hath to make amends:
This outlaw must be made to know whose honor he offends.'
With utmost speed the messenger Count Raymond's answer brought;
Then of a surety knew my Cid a battle must be fought.
'Now, cavaliers,' quoth he, 'make safe the booty we have won.
Look to your weapons, gentlemen; with speed your armor don.
On battle bent Count Raymond comes; a mighty host hath he
Of Moors and Christians; fight we must if hence we would go free.
Here let us fight the battle out, since fight we must perforce.
On with your harness, cavaliers, quick! saddle, and to horse!

Yonder they come, the linen breeks, all down the mountain side,
For saddles they have Moorish pads, with slackened girths they ride:
Our saddles are Galician make, our leggings tough and stout:
A hundred of us gentlemen should scatter such a rout.
Before they gain the level plain, home with the lance charge we,
And then, for every blow we strike, we empty saddles three.
Count Raymond Berenger shall know with whom he has to do;
And dearly in Tebar today his raid on me shall rue.'
In serried squadron while he speaks they form around my Cid.
Each grasps his lance, and firm and square each sits upon his steed.
Over against them down the hill they watch the Franks descend,
On to the level ground below, where plain and mountain blend.
Then gives my Cid the word to charge—with a good will they go:
Fast ply the lances; some they pierce, and some they overthrow.
And he that in good hour was born soon hath he won the field;
And the Count Raymond Berenger he hath compelled to yield;
And reaping honor for his beard a noble prize hath made,
A thousand marks of silver worth, the great Colada blade.
Unto his quarters under guard the captive Count he sent,
While his men haste to gather in their spoils in high content.
Then for my Cid Don Roderick a banquet they prepare;
But little doth Count Raymond now for feast or banquet care.
They bring him meat and drink, but he repels them with disdain.
'No morsel will I touch,' said he, 'for all the wealth of Spain.
Let soul and body perish now; life why should I prolong,
Conquered and captive at the hands of such an ill-breeched throng?'
'Nay,' said my Cid, 'take bread and wine; eat, and thou goest free;
If not, thy realms in Christendom thou never more shalt see.'
'Go thou, Don Roderick,' said the Count, 'eat if thou wilt, but I
Have no more lust for meat or drink: I only crave to die.'
Three days, while they the booty share, for all that they entreat,
The Count his purpose holds unchanged, refusing still to eat.
Then said my Cid, 'I pray thee, Count, take food and trust to me;
Thyself and two knights of thy train I promise to set free.'
Glad was Count Raymond in his heart when he the promise heard—
'A marvel that will be, my Cid, if thou dost keep thy word.'
'Then, Count, take food, and when I see thy hunger satisfied,
My word is pledged to let thee go, thyself and two beside.
But understand, one farthing's worth I render not again
Of what has been in battle lost and won on yonder plain.
I give not back the lawful spoils I fairly win in fight;
But for mine own and vassals' wants I hold them as my right.
My followers are needy men; I cannot if I would;
For spoil from thee and others won is all our livelihood.
And such, while God's good will it is, must be our daily life,
As outcasts forced to wander, with an angry king at strife.'
With lighter heart Count Raymond called for water for his hands,
And then with his two gentlemen, sent by the Cid's commands,
He blithely sat him down to meat: God! with what gust ate he!
And glad was the Campeador such heartiness to see.
Quoth he, 'Until thou eat thy fill we part not, Count, today.'
'Nor loth am I,' Count Raymond said, 'such bidding to obey.'
So he and his two cavaliers a hearty meal they made:
It pleased my Cid to watch his hands, how lustily they played.
'Now, if thou wilt,' Count Raymond said, 'that we are satisfied,
Bid them to lead the horses forth, that we may mount and ride.
Never since I have been a Count have I yet broken fast
With such a relish; long shall I remember this repast.'

Three palfreys with caparisons of costly sort they bring,
And on the saddles robes of fur and mantles rich they fling.
Thus, with a knight on either hand, away Count Raymond rides;
While to the outposts of the camp his guests the Champion guides,
'Now speed thee, Count; ride on,' quoth he, 'a free Frank as thou art.
For the brave spoil thou leavest me I thank thee from my heart;
And if to win it back again perchance thou hast a mind,
Come thou and seek me when thou wilt; I am not far to find.
But if it be not to thy taste to try another day,
Still somewhat, be it mine or thine, thou carriest away.'
'Nay! go in peace for me, my Cid: no more I seek of thee;
And thou, I think, for one year's space hast won enough of me.'
He spurred his steed, but, as he rode, a backward glance he bent,
Still fearing to the last my Cid his promise would repent:
A thing, the world itself to win, my Cid would not have done:
No perfidy was ever found in him, the Perfect One.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

The *Chansons de geste* (songs of doughty deeds) dealt mainly with war and feats of arms and were sung to audiences largely composed of men, by whom they were taken, if not literally, at any rate seriously. For my lady, who demanded more fanciful stories, of love rather than of war, there were *romans,* long tales written in rhymed couplets, to be read, not sung. The 'matter' of these tales was taken from very various sources, and assumed different shapes in different hands, spreading from France to England on the one hand, and to Germany and Italy on the other. From them we get such famous romantic lovers as Troilus and Cressida, Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristram and Iseult, whose originals come, the first two from Latin translations of Greek romances, the last four probably from Celtic sources. An Oriental tale seems to have furnished the plot of the charming *Aucassin et Nicolette,* a French romance partly in prose, partly in verse, of which a few pages are given below, from the translation of Andrew Lang. The author who invented this mixed form, called *cante-fable,* lived, so Gaston Paris thought, in the first half of the twelfth century. Nicolette, the heroine of the story, is a slave girl bought from the Saracens, and it is only at the end that the author lets us know that she is the daughter of the King of Carthage, stolen away from him in early childhood. Aucassin is the son and heir of Count Garin de Biaucaire, who, in ignorance of her high lineage, puts every possible obstacle in the way of the young people's happiness.

HOW AUCASSIN ESCAPED FROM PRISON

Aucassin was cast into prison as ye have heard tell, and Nicolette, of her part, was in the chamber. Now it was summer time, the month of May, when days are warm and long and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolette lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of Aucassin her lover whom she loved so well. Then fell she to thoughts of Count Garin de Biaucaire, that hated her to the death; therefore deemed she that there she would no longer abide, for that, if she were told of, and the Count knew whereas she lay, an ill death would he make her die. Now she knew that the old woman slept who held her company. Then she arose, and clad her in a mantle of silk she had by her, very goodly, and took napkins, and sheets of the bed, and knotted one to the other, and made therewith a cord as long as she might, so knitted it to a pillar in the window, and let herself slip down into the garden, then caught up her raiment in both hands, behind and before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of the dew that she saw lying deep on the grass, and so went her way down through the garden.

Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of bodice as they had been two apples; so slim she was in the waist that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tip-toe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden. She came to the postern gate, and unbarred it, and went out through the streets of Biaucaire, keeping always on the shadowy side, for the moon was shining right clear, and so wandered she till she came to the tower where her lover lay. The tower was flanked with buttresses, and she cowered under one of them, wrapped in her mantle. Then thrust she her head through a crevice of the tower that was old and worn, and so heard she Aucassin wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loved so well. And when she had listened to him she began to say:

Here one singeth:

Nicolette, the bright of brow,
On a pillar leanest thou,
All Aucassin's wail dost hear
For his love that is so dear.
Then thou spakest, shrill and clear,
'Gentle knight withouten fear
Little good befalleth thee,
Little help of sigh or tear,
Ne'er shalt thou have joy of me
Never shalt thou win me; still
Am I held in evil will
Of thy father and thy kin,
Therefore must I cross the sea,
And another land must win.'
Then she cut her curls of gold,
Cast them in the dungeon hold,
Aucassin doth clasp them there,
Kissed the curls that were so fair,
Them doth in his bosom bear,
Then he wept, even as of old,
All for his love!

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard Nicolette say that she would pass into a far country, he was all in wrath.

'Fair sweet friend,' quoth he, 'thou shalt not go, for then wouldst thou be my death. And the first man that saw thee and had the might withal, would take thee straightway into his bed to be his leman. And once thou camest into a man's bed, and that bed not mine, wit ye well that I would not tarry till I had found a knife to pierce my breast and slay myself. Nay, verily, wait so long I would not: but would hurl myself on it so soon as I could find a wall, or a black stone, thereon would I dash my head so mightily, that the eyes would start, and my brain burst. Rather would I die even such a death than know thou hadst lain in a man's bed, and that bed not mine.'

'Aucassin,' she said, 'I trow thou lovest me not as much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou lovest me.'

'Ah, fair sweet friend,' said Aucassin, 'it may not be that thou shouldst love me even as I love thee. Woman may not love man as man loves woman, for a woman's love lies in the glance of her eye, and the bud of her breast, and her foot's tip-toe, but the love of man is in his heart planted, whence it can never issue forth and pass away.'

Now while Aucassin and Nicolette held this parley together, the town's guards came down a street, with swords drawn beneath their cloaks, for the Count Garin had charged them that if they could take her they should slay her. But the sentinel that was on the tower saw them coming, and heard them speaking of Nicolette as they went, and threatening to slay her.

'God!' quoth he, 'this were great pity to slay so fair a maid! Right great charity it were if I could say aught to her, and they perceive it not, and she should be on her guard against them, for if they slay her, then were Aucassin, my damoiseau, dead, and that were great pity.'

Here one singeth:

Valiant was the sentinel,
Courteous, kind, and practised well,
So a song did sing and tell
Of the peril that befell.
'Maiden fair that lingerest here,
Gentle maid of merry cheer,
Hair of gold, and eyes as clear
As the water in a mere,
Thou, meseems, hast spoken word
To thy lover and thy lord,
That would die for thee, his dear;
Now beware the ill accord,
Of the cloaked men of the sword,
These have sworn and keep their word,
They will put thee to the sword
Save thou take heed!'

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

'Ha!' quoth Nicolette, 'be the soul of thy father and the soul of thy mother in the rest of Paradise, so fairly and so courteously hast thou spoken me! Please God, I will be right ware of them, God keep me out of their hands.'

So she shrank under her mantle into the shadow of the pillar till they had passed by, and then took she farewell of Aucassin, and so fared till she came unto the castle wall. Now that wall was wasted and broken, and some deal mended, so she clomb thereon till she came down between wall and fosse, and so looked down, and saw that the fosse was deep and steep, whereat she was sore adread.

'Ah, God,' saith she, 'sweet Savior! If I let myself fall hence, I shall break my neck, and if here I abide, tomorrow they will take me, and burn me in a fire. Yet liefer would I perish here than that tomorrow the folk should stare on me for a gazing-stock.'

Then she crossed herself, and so let herself slip into the fosse, and when she had come to the bottom, her fair feet and fair hands that had not custom thereof were bruised and frayed, and the blood springing from a dozen places, yet felt she no pain nor hurt, by reason of the great dread wherein she went. But if she were

in cumber to win there, in worse was she to win out. But she deemed that there to abide was of none avail, and she found a pike sharpened, that they of the city had thrown out to keep the hold. Therewith made she one stepping place after another, till, with much travail, she climbed the wall. Now the forest lay within two cross-bow shots, and the forest was of thirty leagues this way and that. Therein also were wild beasts, and beasts serpentine, and she feared that if she entered there they would slay her. But anon she deemed that if men found her there they would hale her back into the town to burn her.

Here one singeth:

Nicolette, the fair of face,
Climbed upon the coping stone,
There made she lament and moan
Calling on our Lord alone
For his mercy and his grace.

'Father, king of Majesty,
Listen for I nothing know
Where to flee or whither go.
If within the wood I fare,
Lo, the wolves will slay me there,
Boars and lions terrible,
Many in the wild wood dwell;
But if I abide the day,
Surely worse will come of it,
Surely will the fire be lit
That shall burn my body away.
Jesus, lord of Majesty,
Better seemeth it to me,
That within the wood I fare,
Though the wolves devour me there
Than within the town to go,
Ne'er be it so!'

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolette made great moan, as ye have heard; then commended she herself to God, and anon fared till she came unto the forest. But to go deep in it she dared not, by reason of the wild beasts and beasts serpentine. Anon crept she into a little thicket, where sleep came upon her, and she slept till prime next day, when the shepherds issued forth from the town and drove their bestial between wood and water. Anon came they all into one place by a fair fountain which was on the fringe of the forest, thereby spread they a mantle, and thereon set bread. So while they were eating, Nicolette wakened, with the sound of the singing birds, and the shepherds, and she went unto them, saying, 'Fair boys, our Lord keep you!'

'God bless thee,' quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest.

'Fair boys,' quoth she, 'know ye Aucassin, the son of Count Garin de Biaucaire?'

'Yea, well we know him.'

'So may God help you, fair boys,' quoth she, 'tell him there is a beast in this forest, and bid him come chase it, and if he can take it, he would not give one limb thereof for a hundred marks of gold, nay, nor five hundred, nor for any ransom.'

Then looked they on her, and saw her so fair that they were all astonished.

'Will I tell him thereof?' quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest; 'foul fall him who speaks of the thing or tells him the tidings. These are but visions ye tell of, for there is no beast so great in this forest, stag, nor lion, nor boar, that one of his limbs is worth more than two deniers, or three at the most, and ye speak of such great ransom. Foul fall him that believes your word, and him that telleth Aucassin. Ye be a Fairy, and we have none liking for your company; nay, hold on your road.'

'Nay, fair boys,' quoth she, 'nay, ye will do my bidding. For this beast is so mighty of medicine that thereby will Aucassin be healed of his torment. And lo! I have five sols in my purse, take them, and tell him; for within three days must he come hunting it hither, and if within three days he find it not, never will he be healed of his torment.'

'My faith,' quoth he, 'the money will we take, and if he come hither we will tell him, but seek him we will not.'

'In God's name,' quoth she; and so took farewell of the shepherds, and went her way.

Here singeth one:

Nicolette, the bright of brow,
From the shepherds doth she pass
All below the blossomed bough
Where an ancient way there was,
Overgrown and choked with grass,
Till she found the cross-roads where
Seven paths do all way fare,
Then she deemeth she will try,
Should her lover pass thereby,
If he love her loyally.
So she gathered white lilies,
Oak-leaf, that in green wood is,
Leaves of many a branch I wis,
Therewith built a lodge of green,
Goodlier was never seen,
Swore by God who may not lie,
'If my love the lodge should spy,
He will rest awhile thereby
If he love me loyally.'
Thus his faith she deemed to try,
'Or I love him not, not I,
Nor he loves me.'

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolette built her lodge of boughs, as ye have heard, right fair and feteously, and wove it well, within and without, of flowers and leaves. So lay she hard by the lodge in a deep coppice to know what Aucassin will do. And the cry and the bruit went abroad through the country and all the land, that Nicolette was lost. Some told that she had fled, and some that the Count Garin had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, no joy had Aucassin. And the Count Garin, his father, had taken him out of prison, and had sent for the knights of that land, and the ladies, and let make a right great feast, for the comforting of Aucassin his son. Now at the high time of the feast, was Aucassin leaning from a gallery all woeful and discomforted. Whatsoever men might devise of mirth, Aucassin had no joy thereof, nor no desire, for he saw not her that he loved. Then a knight looked on him, and came to him, and said:

'Aucassin, of that sickness of thine have I been sick, and good counsel will I give thee, if thou wilt hearken to me——'

'Sir,' said Aucassin, 'gramercy, good counsel would I fain hear.'

'Mount thy horse,' quoth he, 'and go take thy pastime in yonder forest, there wilt thou see the good flowers and grass, and hear the sweet birds sing. Perchance thou shalt hear some word, whereby thou shalt be the better.'

'Sir,' quoth Aucassin, 'gramercy, that will I do.'

He passed out of the hall, and went down the stairs, and came to the stable where his horse was. He let saddle and bridle him, and mounted, and rode forth from the castle, and wandered till he came to the forest, so rode till he came to the fountain and found the shepherds at point of noon. And they had a mantle stretched on the grass, and were eating bread, and making great joy.

Here one singeth:

> There were gathered shepherds all,
> Martin, Esmeric, and Hal,
> Aubrey, Robin, great and small.
> Saith the one, 'Good fellows all,
> God keep Aucassin the fair,
> And the maid with yellow hair,
> Bright of brow and eyes of vair
> She that gave us gold to ware,
> Cakes therewith to buy ye know,
> Goodly knives and sheaths also.
> Flutes to play, and pipes to blow,
> May God him heal!'

When Aucassin heard the shepherds, anon he bethought him of Nicolette, his sweet lady he loved so well, and he deemed that she had passed thereby; then set he spurs to his horse, and so came to the shepherds.

'Fair boys, God be with you.'

'God bless you,' quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest.

'Fair boys,' quoth Aucassin, 'say the song again that anon ye sang.'

'Say it we will not,' quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest; 'foul fall him who will sing it again for you, fair sir!'

'Fair boys,' quoth Aucassin, 'know ye me not?'

'Yea, we know well that you are Aucassin, our damoiseau, natheless we be not your men, but the Count's.'

'Fair boys, yet sing it again, I pray you.'

'Hearken! by the Holy Heart,' quoth he, 'wherefore should I sing for you, if it likes me not? Lo, there is no such rich man in this country, saving the body of Garin the Count, that dare drive forth my oxen, or my cows, or my sheep, if he finds them in his fields, or his corn, lest he lose his eyes for it, and wherefore should I sing to you, if it likes me not?'

'God be your aid, fair boys, sing it ye will, and take ye these ten sols I have here in a purse.'

'Sir, the money will we take, but never a note will I sing, for I have given my oath, but I will tell thee a plain tale, if thou wilt.'

'By God,' saith Aucassin, 'I love a plain tale better than naught.'

'Sir, we were in this place, a little time agone, between prime and tierce, and were eating our bread by this fountain, even as now we do, and a maid came past, the fairest thing in the world, whereby we deemed that she should be a fay, and all the wood shone round about her. Anon she gave us of that she had, whereby we made covenant with her, that if ye came hither we would bid you hunt in this forest, wherein is such a beast that, an ye might take him, ye would not give one limb of him for five hundred marks of silver, nor for no ransom; for this beast is so mighty of medicine, that, an ye could take him, ye should be healed of your torment, and with-

in three days must ye take him, and if ye take him not then, never will ye look on him. So chase ye the beast, an ye will, or an ye will let be, for my promise have I kept with her.'

'Fair boys,' quoth Aucassin, 'ye have said enough. God grant me to find this quarry.'

Here one singeth:

Aucassin, when he had heard,
Sore within his heart was stirred,
Left the shepherds on that word,
Far into the forest spurred;
Rode into the wood; and fleet
Fled his horse through paths of it,
Three words spake he of his sweet,
'Nicolette the fair, the dear,
'T is for thee I follow here
Track of boar, nor slot of deer,
But thy sweet body and eyes so clear,
All thy mirth and merry cheer,
That my very heart have slain,
So please God to me maintain
I shall see my love again,
Sweet sister, friend.'

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin fared through the forest from path to path after Nicolette, and his horse bare him furiously. Think ye not that the thorns him spared, nor the briars, nay, not so, but tare his raiment, that scarce a knot might be tied with the soundest part thereof, and the blood sprang from his arms, and flanks, and legs, in forty places, or thirty, so that behind the Childe men might follow on the track of his blood in the grass. But so much he went in thoughts of Nicolette, his lady sweet, that he felt no pain nor torment, and all the day hurled through the forest in this fashion nor heard no word of her. And when he saw Vespers draw nigh, he began to weep for that he found her not. All down an old road, the grassgrown, he fared, when anon, looking along the way before him, he saw such an one as I shall tell you. Tall was he and great of growth, laidly and marvelous to look upon: his head huge, and black as charcoal, and more than the breadth of a hand between his two eyes, and great cheeks, and a big nose and broad, big nostrils and ugly, and thick lips redder than a collop, and great teeth yellow and ugly, and he was shod with hosen and shoon of bull's hide, bound with cords of bark over the knee, and all about him a great cloak twy-fold, and he leaned on a grievous cudgel, and Aucassin came unto him, and was afraid when he beheld him.

'Fair brother, God aid thee.'

'God bless you,' quoth he.

'As God he helpeth thee, what makest thou here?'

'What is that to thee?'

'Nay, naught, naught,' said Aucassin; 'I ask but out of courtesy.'

'But for whom weepest thou,' quoth he, 'and makest such heavy lament? Certes, were I as rich a man as thou, the whole world should not make me weep.'

'Ha, know ye me?' saith Aucassin.

'Yea, I know well that ye be Aucassin, the son of the Count, and if ye tell me for why ye weep, then will I tell you what I make here.'

'Certes,' quoth Aucassin, 'I will tell you right gladly. Hither came I this morning to hunt in this forest; and with me a white hound, the fairest in the world; him have I lost, and for him I weep.'

'By the Heart our Lord bare in his breast,' quoth he, 'are ye weeping for a stinking hound? Foul fall him that holds thee high henceforth! for there is no such rich man in the land, but if thy father asked it of him, he would give thee ten, or fifteen, or twenty, and be the gladder for it. But I have cause to weep and make dole.'

'Wherefore so, brother?'

'Sir, I will tell thee. I was hireling to a rich villain, and drove his plow; four oxen had he. But three days since came on me great misadventure, whereby I lost the best of mine oxen, Roger, the best of my team. Him go I seeking, and have neither eaten nor drunken these three days, nor may I go to the town, lest they cast me into prison, seeing that I have not wherewithal to pay. Out of all the wealth of the world have I no more than ye see on my body. A poor mother bare me, that had no more but one wretched bed; this have they taken from under her, and she lies in the very straw. This ails me more than mine own case, for wealth comes and goes; if now I have lost, another tide will I gain, and will pay for mine ox whenas I may; never for that will I weep. But you weep for a stinking hound. Foul fall whoso thinks well of thee!'

'Certes thou art a good comforter, brother, blessed be thou! And of what price was thine ox?'

'Sir, they ask me twenty sols for him, whereof I cannot abate one doit.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Aucassin, 'take these twenty sols I have in my purse, and pay for thine ox.'

'Sir,' saith he, 'gramercy. And God give thee to find that thou seekest.'

So they parted each from other, and Aucassin rode on; the night was fair and still, and so long he went that he came to the lodge of boughs, that Nicolette had builded and woven within and without, over and under, with flowers, and it was the fairest lodge that might be seen. When Aucassin was ware of it, he stopped suddenly and the light of the moon fell therein.

'God,' quoth Aucassin, 'here was Nicolette, my sweet lady, and this lodge builded she with her fair hands. For the sweetness of it, and for love of her, will I alight, and rest here this night long.'

He drew forth his foot from the stirrup to alight, and the steed was great and tall. He dreamed so much on Nicolette his right sweet lady, that he slipped on a stone, and drave his shoulder out of its place. Then knew he that he was hurt sore, natheless he bore him with what force he might, and fastened with the other hand the mare's son to a thorn. Then turned he on his side, and crept backwise into the lodge of boughs. And he looked through a gap in the lodge and saw the stars in heaven, and one that was brighter than the rest; so began he to say:

Here one singeth:

'Star, that I from far behold,
Star, the Moon calls to her fold,
Nicolette with thee doth dwell,
My sweet love with locks of gold,
God would have her dwell afar,
Dwell with him for evening star,
Would to God, whate'er befell,
Would that with her I might dwell,
I would clip her close and strait,
Nay, were I of much estate,
Some king's son desirable,
Worthy she to be my mate,
Me to kiss and clip me well,
Sister, sweet friend.'

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Nicolette heard Aucassin, right so came she unto him, for she was not far away. She passed within the lodge, and threw her arms about his neck, and clipped and kissed him.

'Fair sweet friend, welcome be thou.'

'And thou, fair sweet love, be thou welcome.'

So either kissed and clipped the other, and fair joy was them between.

'Ha! sweet love,' quoth Aucassin, 'but now was I sore hurt, and my shoulder wried, but I take no force of it, nor have no hurt therefrom since I have thee.'

Right so felt she his shoulder and found it was wried from its place. And she so handled it with her white hands, and so wrought in her surgery, that by God's will who loveth lovers, it went back into its place. Then took she flowers, and fresh grass, and leaves green, and bound these herbs on the hurt with a strip of her smock, and he was all healed.

'Aucassin,' saith she, 'fair sweet love, take counsel what thou wilt do. If thy father let search this forest tomorrow, and men find me here, they will slay me, come to thee what will.'

'Certes, fair sweet love, therefore should I sorrow heavily, but, an if I may, never shall they take thee.'

Anon gat he on his horse, and his lady before him, kissing and clipping her, and so rode they at adventure.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin, the frank, the fair,
Aucassin of the yellow hair,
Gentle knight, and true lover,
From the forest doth he fare,
Holds his love before him there,
Kissing cheek, and chin, and eyes,
But she spake in sober wise,
'Aucassin, true love and fair,
To what land do we repair?'
'Sweet my love, I take no care,
Thou art with me everywhere!'
So they pass the woods and downs,
Pass the villages and towns,
Hills and dales and open land,
Came at dawn to the sea sand,
Lighted down upon the strand,
Beside the sea.

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin lighted down and his love, as ye have heard sing. He held his horse by the bridle, and his lady by the hands; so went they along the sea-shore, and on the sea they saw a ship, and he called unto the sailors, and they came to him. Then held he such speech with them, that he and his lady were brought aboard that ship, and when they were on the high sea, behold a mighty wind and tyrannous arose, marvelous and great, and drave them from land to land, till they came unto a strange country, and won the haven of the castle of Torelore.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF NICOLETTE

Aucassin dwelt in the castle of Torelore, in great ease and great delight, for that he had with him Nicolette his sweet love, whom he loved so well. Now while he was in such pleasure and such delight, came a troop of Saracens by sea, and laid siege to the castle and took it by main strength. Anon took they the substance that was therein and carried off the men and maidens captives. They seized Nicolette and Aucassin, and bound Aucassin hand and foot, and cast him into one ship, and Nicolette into another. Then rose there a mighty wind over sea, and scattered the ships. Now that ship wherein was Aucassin went wandering on the sea, till it came to the castle of Biaucaire, and the folk of the country ran together to wreck her, and there found they Aucassin, and they knew him again.

So when they of Biaucaire saw their damoiseau, they made great joy of him, for Aucassin had dwelt full three years in the castle of Torelore, and his father and mother were dead. So the people took him to the castle of Biaucaire, and there were they all his men. And he held the land in peace.

Now leave we Aucassin, and speak we of Nicolette. The ship wherein she was cast pertained to the King of Carthage, and he was her father, and she had twelve brothers, all princes or kings. When they beheld Nicolette, how fair she was, they did her great worship, and made much joy of her, and many times asked her who she was, for surely seemed she a lady of noble line and high parentry. But she might not tell them of her lineage, for she was but a child when men stole her away. So sailed they till they won the City of Carthage, and when Nicolette saw the walls of the castle, and the country-side, she knew that there had she been nourished and thence stolen away, being but a child. Yet was she not so young a child but that well she knew she had been daughter of the King of Carthage; and of her nurture in that city.

Here singeth one:

Nicolette, the good and true,
To the land hath come anew,
Sees the palaces and walls,
And the houses and the halls!
Then she spake and said, 'Alas!
That of birth so great I was,
Cousin of the Amiral
And the very child of him
Carthage counts King of Paynim,
Wild folk hold me here withal;
Nay, Aucassin, love of thee
Gentle knight, and true, and free,
Burns and wastes the heart of me.
Ah God grant it of his grace,
That thou hold me, and embrace,
That thou kiss me on the face,
Love and lord!'

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When the King of Carthage heard Nicolette speak in this wise, he cast his arms about her neck.

'Fair sweet love,' saith he, 'tell me who thou art, and be not adread of me.'

'Sir,' said she, 'I am the daughter to the King of Carthage, and was taken, being then a little child, it is now fifteen years gone.'

When all they of the court heard her speak thus, they knew well that she spake sooth: so made they great joy of her, and led her to the castle in great honor, as the King's daughter. And they would have given her to her lord a king of Paynim, but she had no mind to marry. There dwelt she three days or four. And she considered by what means she might seek for Aucassin. Then she got her a viol, and learned to play on it, till they would have married her on a day to a great king of Paynim, and she stole forth by night, and came to the seaport, and dwelt with a poor woman thereby. Then took she a certain herb, and therewith smeared her head and her face, till she was all brown and stained. And she let make coat, and mantle, and smock, and hose, and attired herself as if she had been a harper. So took she the viol and went to a mariner, and so wrought on him that he took her aboard his vessel. Then hoisted they sail, and fared on the high seas even till they came to the land of Provence. And Nicolette went forth and took the viol, and went playing through all that country, even till she came to the castle of Biaucaire, where Aucassin lay.

II

THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING

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The change from what it was once the fashion to call the 'dark' ages to the era of progress was a very gradual one, beginning and developing at different rates in different places at different times. The earlier age was not altogether dark, but it was static, endeavoring not so much to add to the achievements of the past as to maintain, as far as possible, what had been already gained. Even this humbler endeavor, as we have seen, was not entirely successful, owing to the disorder of the time and its consequent poverty and misery. A beginning of the organization of order in the West was made by the crowning of Charlemagne as Emperor in 800 A.D., and the growing power of the Papacy also helped to extend the exercise of authority over the wide field in which the Church claimed jurisdiction. But the two powers soon clashed, and in the Italian cities, in which the strife became most intense, the partisans of the Pope came to be known as Guelfs, those of the Emperor as Ghibellines. These factions were often bitter and destructive, but they were part of a vigorous city life, in which the static element gave place to the modern desire for progress.

It was natural that the first effort should be directed to the recovery and restoration of the art and literature of the past which had been in some measure lost, but once the mind of man begins to move, it does not content itself merely with recovering lost treasures; it goes on to create treasures of its own. It was inevitable that the process of recovery should begin in Italy, where these treasures of the past were most easily attainable, and that here too should arise the impulse to new achievements. As the growth of wealth made the cities more powerful and independent, their pride and ambition found expression in the erection of great municipal buildings, cathedrals and churches, and the adornment of these with pictures and statuary.

The development of a new and original literature came more slowly. It has been associated with the organization of the universities in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries at Bologna in Italy and at Paris in France, followed by that of Oxford in England. But these new opportunities for learning, at once the cause and consequence of a new zeal for knowledge, were merely elements in a new soaring of the human spirit, a new desire to express life in art and literature, life as it was being lived at the time, not merely to set forth how it had been lived in the past.

The dramatic instinct, which had already made a new beginning in connection with the sacred legends of the Church, took a more regular form, first through the representation of Latin tragedies and comedies in the original tongue, then by the translation and adaptation of these to contemporary life, finally by the composition of original dramas for stage production. The study of Latin historians prompted men to write histories of their own time after the classical model. Philosophy, hitherto regarded merely as the handmaid of theology, slowly established its right to an independent position. Science developed still more slowly; but it made a beginning, especially in the work of Roger Bacon at Oxford. It was in poetry and fiction that the greatest and most immediate advances were made; these, as we have seen, had never lost their hold on the popular mind, and the study of classical examples simply gave new stimulus and new forms to a mode of expression that was already familiar.

In poetry the Provençal troubadours, with their songs of love, took the lead before the end of the eleventh century, and one of them, Pierre Vidal of Toulouse, who accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion on the third Crusade in 1190, declared Provençal to be 'the only true language of poetry.' Frederic II, who resided in Sicily until he became Emperor in 1212, made Italian the language of his court, but Sordello, who was born near Mantua, was writing ballads up to the middle of the thirteenth century in Provençal. Brunetto Latini, the teacher of Dante, wrote the *Tesoro* about the same time in French, and Dante speaks of fourteen dialects of Italian in use in his time. It was indeed Dante himself who elevated Tuscan to the rank of a literary standard which has prevailed from that day to this to such a degree that his language is still easily understood by the common people and is not far removed from literary Italian of the present time—about as near to it, in fact, as the language of Shakespeare and the Bible is to modern English.

DANTE (1265–1321)

Dante is in the first place a poet for whom the modern reader is not called upon to make any allowance or excuse; successive translators—some of them excellent poets—have striven in vain to reproduce the charm, variety, and beauty of his verse when read in the original Italian. The interlaced rhymes of the Divine Comedy follow a simple pattern, but Dante was enough of a metrical artist to use this medium (*terza rima,* which he himself invented) for the fitting expression of every height and depth of emotion, from the gentlest sympathy and the keenest admiration to the sternest indignation and the bitterest satire. He can pass from a charming description of a scene of quiet natural beauty to the exposition of the highest themes in philosophy or theology.

In the second place Dante presents to us a personality whose private fortunes and opinions on public questions have made a distinct impression on following generations. His portrait in the Bargello is sought out by many visitors to Florence who are unaware of the difference between Guelfs and Ghibellines, Blacks and Whites, but who know that Dante died in exile and left behind him indelible pictures of the people of whom he disapproved. The turbulent factions of medieval Florence and the ardent, often bitter, spirit of its municipal life have through Dante's pen won for themselves a vague remembrance in the memory of mankind. His political career was, as a matter of fact, exceedingly short. Born in 1265, it was not till 1300 that he rose to the highest office in his native city, acting for two months as one of the six Priors who governed Florence. He held minor offices in 1301, but in that year the White party, with which he was identified, was overthrown, and in the January following he was driven into exile. Leaving his wife and family at Florence, he became a wanderer from one court to another willing to give him refuge, and died in 1321 at Ravenna, whose lord was a nephew of Francesca da Rimini, immortalised in the beautiful lines which are translated below.

Before he left Florence Dante had put forth the *Vita Nuova,* an account partly in verse, partly in prose, of his mystical love for a young girl named Beatrice, who in the Divine Comedy becomes a symbolic figure signifying the revelation of divine wisdom and love. Soon after his exile he wrote five books of a philosophical treatise—the *Convivio* or *Banquet*—explaining allegorically certain poems which to a superficial observer might seem merely love lyrics. He wrote also a Latin treatise on poetic composition in the vulgar tongue, *De Volgari Eloquio,* and another Latin treatise, *De Monarchia,* in which he sets forth his ideas on government. But the world will always associate his name chiefly with the great work of his later life, the *Commedia,* which, as Carlyle says, all men have called Divine.

Another important aspect of this great poem is that it is an epitome of the knowledge of the time and presents in a form of chiseled beauty the medieval view of this world as a place of preparation for a better life to come. Dante's conception of the universe has given way to other views through the discoveries of modern science, but the ideas which underlie it have not yet lost their hold on the minds of men. His Christianity is characteristically medieval in its other-worldliness, but he was thoroughly human and a keen observer of the men and life of his time, as well as a diligent student of the past, so far as it was accessible to him.

Villani, the contemporary historian of Florence, while expressing the highest appreciation of Dante's learning and worth as a citizen, describes him as haughty in demeanor and contemptuous of ordinary people. Boccaccio, on the other hand, says that although reserved in manner and melancholy in expression, he was exceptionally courteous and civil. A somewhat later biographer speaks of him as in his youth a gallant soldier, proficient in all manly exercises, and in his maturity a man of great refinement, serious in aspect, and of slow, but subtle speech.

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THE DIVINE COMEDY

OPENING OF THE INFERNO

When half the journey of our life was done
I found me in a darkling wood astray
Because aside from the straight pathway run.

Ah me, how hard a thing it is to say
What was this thorny wildwood intricate
Whose memory renews the first dismay!

Scarcely in death is bitterness more great:
But as concerns the good discovered there
The other things I saw will I relate.

How there I entered I am unaware,
So was I at that moment full of sleep
When I abandoned the true thoroughfare.

But when I reached the bottom of a steep
Ending the valley which had overcome
My courage, piercing me with fear so deep,

Lifting mine eyes up, I beheld its dome
Already covered with that planet's light
Which along all our pathways leads us home.

Then was a little quieted the fright
That had been lurking in the heart of me
Throughout the passage of the piteous night.

And as the panting castaway, if he
Escape the wave and on the shore arrive
Turns back and gazes on the perilous sea,

Even so my spirit, still a fugitive,
Turned back again to look upon the shore
That never left one person yet alive.

My weary frame somewhat refreshed, once more
Along the solitary slope I plied
So that the firm foot ever was the lower.

And lo! where but begins the mountainside,
A leopard light and very swift of pace
And covered with a gaily spotted hide.

Never withdrew she from before my face:
Nay, rather blocked she so my going on
That oft I turned my footing to retrace.

It was about the moment of the dawn:
Uprose the sun and paled the light benign
Of those fair stars which were beside him yon

When took they motion first from Love Divine:
So the sweet season and the time of day
Caused me to augur as a hopeful sign

That animal with skin bedappled gay:
Yet not so much but that I felt dismayed
To see a lion intercept my way.

It seemed to me that he toward me made
With head erected and with hunger raving
So that the very air appeared afraid:

And a she-wolf, made gaunt by every craving
Wherewith methought she heavy-laden went,
And much folk hitherto of joy bereaving;

She brought on me so much discouragement
By terror of her aspect that perforce
I forfeited all hope of the ascent.

And as one, interrupted in his course
Of winning, when his fortune is undone
Is full of perturbation and remorse,

That truceless beast made me such malison,
And coming on against me pace by pace
Baffled me back where silent is the sun.

While I was falling back to that low place
A certain person there appearance made,
Whose lengthened silence argued feebleness.

When him I saw in the deserted glade,
'Have pity upon me!' I imploring cried,
'Whate'er thou beest, whether man or shade.'

'Not man,—a man once was I,' he replied,
'My parents both were born at Mantua,
And were of Lombard blood on either side.

Sub Julio was I born, though late the day,
And under good Augustus lived at Rome
When false and lying deities bore sway.

I was a poet: that just hero whom
Anchises sired, I sang, who came from Troy
After the burning of proud Ilium.

But why dost thou return to such annoy,
Wherefore ascend not the delightful Mount,
Beginning and occasion of all joy?'

'Art thou indeed that Virgil, and that fount
Whence pours of eloquence so broad a stream?'
I made reply to him with bashful front.

'O of the other poets light supreme,
May the long study well avail me now
And the great love that made thy book my theme.

Thou art my Master and my Author thou,
And thou alone art he from whom results
The goodly style whereto my honors owe.

Behold the beast that doth my steps repulse:
Come to my help against her, famous sage,
For palpitates my every vein and pulse.'

'Another journey must thy steps engage,'
When he beheld me weeping, did he say,
'Wouldst from his savage place make pilgrimage;

Because this beast whereat thou criest, gives way
Never to any comer, but doth sore
Impede and harass him until she slay.

Malignant is she so that nevermore
The craving of her appetite is fed,
And after food is hungrier than before.

Many are the animals that with her wed,
And there shall yet be more, until the Hound
Shall come and in her misery strike her dead.

His food shall not be either pelf or ground
But what is loving, wise and valorous:
Feltro and Feltro shall his nation bound.

That humble Italy preserves he thus
For which the maid Camilla bit the dust
Turnus and Nisus and Euryalus.

And out of every city shall he thrust
That beast, until he drive her back to Hell
Whence she was first let loose by envious lust.

Wherefore for thee I think and judge it well
Thou follow me, and I will bring about
Thy passage thither where the eternal dwell.

There shalt thou hearken the despairing shout,
Shalt see the souls of yore, each woful guest
Who craving for the second death cry out.

Shalt see thereafter those who are at rest
Amid the flame because their wishes bend
To make them, whensoever, of the blest.

If then to these thou wishest to ascend,
For this a worthier soul than I shall wait,
And with her will I leave thee at the end:

Because that Emperor who there holds state,
Seeing I was a rebel to His law,
Wills that through me none pass His City-gate.

There rules His Love, as everywhere His Awe;
There in His Capital He sits on high:
Happy his chosen who may nigh him draw.'

'O Poet, I entreat of thee,' said I,
'By that Divinity thou didst not know,
So this and greater evil I may fly,

That where thou saidst I may a pilgrim go,
And led by thee Saint Peter's portal find,
And those thou makest out afflicted so.'
Then moved he on, I following behind.

VIRGIL TELLS OF BEATRICE

INFERNO, CANTO II

Day was departing and the dusky air
Loosing the living things on earth that dwell
From their fatigues; and I alone was there

Preparing to sustain the war, as well
Of the long way as also of the woe,
Which now unerring memory will tell.

O Muses! O high Genius, aid me now!
O Memory who wrote down what I did see,
Herein all thy nobility will show.

Now I began: 'Poet, who guidest me,
Look to my worth if it be plenteous,
Ere to the hard pass thou confidest me.

Thou tellest that the Sire of Silvius
Went to the everlasting world, while still
Corruptible, and in the body thus.

But that the Adversary of every ill
Should grace him so, viewing the issue high
And who he was and what he should fulfil,

Seems not unfit to the understanding eye;
For he was father of imperial Rome
Elected in the empyrean sky,

Founding that city and her masterdom
In sooth, for see and sanctuary blest
Of those who after greatest Peter come.

And by that going which thou honorest,
He heard of things whereon were consequent
His victory and then the Papal Vest.

There afterward the Chosen Vessel went
Thence bringing comfort to that Faith supreme
Which of salvation is the rudiment.

But wherefore I? Who grants me such a dream?
Æneas am I not, nor am I Paul,
Nor to myself or others worthy seem.

Whence, if I dare to yield me to thy call,
I tremble lest the going prove insane:
My words are to the wise,—thou knowest all.'

And like to those who chop and change again
On second thoughts, unwilling former will,
And make their fair beginning wholly vain,

Such became I on that benighted hill:
Since, taking thought, I canceled the emprise
I was before so eager to fulfil.

'If I have comprehended thy replies,'
Returned that shadow of the lofty mind,
'Thy soul in caitiff apprehension lies,

Which oftentimes so baffles humankind,
They turn like animal false sight perceiving,
Leaving emprise of honor all behind.

To free thee from this timid misconceiving,
Let me now tell thee what my coming meant,
And what I heard of thee that set me grieving.

I was with those who are in Limbo pent
When a fair Lady from the blest abode
Called me, and her command was my consent.

More brilliant than the star her glances glowed
And gently and serenely she began
With voice angelic, in her own sweet mode:

"O courteous shade, soul of the Mantuan
Whose fame endures today in human ear,
And will endure as long as motion can,

One dear to me and not to fortune dear,
Is on the desert hillside in his way
So hindered that he has turned back for fear,

And may, alas! be now so far astray
That I am risen for his relief too late,
From what I hear the Heavenly voices say.

Now go, and with thine eloquence ornate,
And what may serve for his escape from woe,
Aid him, lest I should be disconsolate.

Myself am Beatrice who bid thee go;
Thence come I whither to return I sigh;
Love prompted me and makes me urge thee so.

When I shall be before my Lord on high
Often will I invoke for thee His grace."
Thereat she paused, and I began reply:

"O Lady, by virtue of whom the human race
Doth in nobility all things excel
Within the Heaven that rounds the smallest space,

To do thy bidding pleases me so well
The deed were laggard if already done;
There is no further need thy wish to tell.

But tell me rather why thou dost not shun
Descending to this center from the sphere
So wide, whereto thou burnest to be gone."

"Seeing it is thy will so far to peer,
I will proceed to tell thee," she replied,
"Why I am not afraid to enter here.

Of those things only fear is justified
Wherein is power of harming less or much:
At nothing else need one be terrified.

By Grace Divine have I been fashioned such
That pangs me not the misery of you,
Nor can the flame of all this burning touch.

In Heaven there is a gentle Lady who
Berues this barrier whence I bid thee fare,
So that she bursts on high stern judgment through.

She summoned Lucy to her in her prayer
And said: 'Thy faithful one now needs thee so
That I commend him to thy tender care.'

Lucy, of every cruelty the foe,
Arose and came where I had not been long
With Rachel, who was set there long ago.

'Beatrice,' she said, 'God's very choral song,
Why help not him who had such love for thee
That he forsook for thee the vulgar throng?

Dost thou not hear him weep in misery?
Dost thou not see how he is combated
By DEATH upon a flood wild as the sea?'

None ever in the world so swiftly sped
Avoiding hurt or questing benefit,
As came I, after suchlike words were said,

Speeding me down from where the blessed sit,
Trusting thy noble speech whose modest lore
Honors thyself and others hearing it."

After she this had spoken, she forebore,
And, weeping, turned her shining eyes away,
Wherefore to come she made me hasten more;

And, coming to thee even as she did pray,
I drew thee from the beast which up the fair
Mountain, bereft thee of the briefer way.

What ails thee then? ah, why, why tarry there?
Why harbor in thy heart such cowardice?
Why not take liberty to do and dare,

When cherish for thee so much care as this
In Court of Heaven three Ladies benedight,
And mine own speaking pledges thee such bliss?'

Even as the flowerets by the chill of night
Bended and closed, when brightens them the sun
Uplift both stem and petal to the light,

So with my drooping courage I had done
Already, and began like one set free,
So much good daring to my heart had run:

'O deep compassion of her who succored me!
And courteous thou, promptly obedient
To the true words that she addressed to thee!

Thy words have with such ardent longing bent
My heart to the adventure that, in troth,
I have returned now to my first intent.

Now go, for one will animates us both
Thou leader and thou lord and master mild!'
So said I; and he moving, nothing loth
I entered on the pathway deep and wild.

CHARON'S BOAT

INFERNO, CANTO III

'Through me the way is to the city of woe;
Through me the way unto eternal pain
Through me the way unto the lost below.

Justice commoved my high Creator, when
Made me Divine Omnipotence, combined
With Primal Love and Wisdom Sovereign.

Before me nothing was of any kind
Except eterne, and I eterne abide:
Leave, ye that enter in, all hope behind!'

On high above a gateway I descried,
Written in dusky color, this device:
Whence I: 'The sense is dire to me, O Guide!'

Then answered he, as of expert advice:
'Here must thou every fear perforce neglect,
Here must perforce be killed all cowardice.

Now come we where I taught thee to expect
To look upon the woful populace
Who have forgone the good of intellect.'

Laying his hand on mine with cheerful face,
Whence I was comforted, he made me keep
Right on and inward to the secret place.

Here lamentations, sighs, and wailings deep
Resounding, so the starless welkin fill
That, at the first, I could not choose but weep.

Strange languages, discoursings horrible,
Accents of anger, histories of woes,
Smiting of hands, with voices hoarse and shrill,

Make a tumultuous roar that swirling goes
Forever in that air of endless night,
Like to the sandblast when the whirlwind blows,

And I, my temples girded with affright,
Said: 'Master, what is this, and who may be
The folk who seem in such a woful plight?'

'The melancholy souls,' then answered h
'Of those enduring this condition dire,
Lived void of honor and of infamy.

They are commingled with that caitiff quire
Of angels, who nowise rebellious were,
Nor leal to God, but all for self-desire.

The Heavens to keep their beauty from impair,
Banned them, nor harbors them the deep of Hell,
Because the damned some boast of them would bear.'

'Master,' said I, 'what grievance is so fell
To these, that their lament should be so great?'
He answered: 'I will very briefly tell.

These have no hope of death; and this their state
Of blind existence is degraded so,
They are envious of every other fate.

Report of them the world does not allow;
Mercy and Justice hold them in disdain:
Let us not speak of them, but look, and go.'

And I beheld, on looking there again,
A whirling banner running swiftly on,
As scorning all delay; and such a train

Of people in pursuit of it that run,
Nothing but seeing could belief persuade
That ever Death so many had fordone.

And recognizing some, I saw a shade
In whom detected I that one of these
Who cravenly the Great Refusal made.

This was the sect of caitiffs, who displease,
As now forthwith I understood and knew,
Not God alone but all His enemies.

Wretches who never were alive, and who
Were sorely stung upon their bodies nude
By hornets and by wasps that thither flew.

These caused their visages to stream with blood,
Which, mixed with tears, was gathered at their feet
By vermin, foul and loathsome multitude.

And now my glances, pushing further, meet
People upon the marge of a great stream;
Whence I: 'Now tell me, Master, I entreat,

What folk are these, and by what rule they seem
So eager on the passage to be gone,
As I distinguish by the feeble gleam.'

And he to me: 'These matters shall be known
Unto thee, when we stay from our advance
Upon the woful marge of Acheron.'

Thereon with downcast eyes and modest glance,
Fearing my words were irksome to him, I
Far as the stream refrained from utterance

And lo! upon a bark approaching nigh,
One white with ancient tresses, passing old:
'Woe to you wicked spirits!' was his cry.

'Hope nevermore the Heavens to behold;
I come to lead you to the other bank,
Into eternal darkness, heat, and cold.

And thou, O living spirit, from the rank
Dispart thee, of these others who are dead.'
And when he saw me not as one who shrank:

'Another way, by other ports,' he said,
'Not here, shalt come for ferriage to the shore:
Upon a lighter keel must thou be sped.'

'Vex thee not, Charon,' said my Monitor:
'Thus it is willed where will is one and same
With potence to fulfil,—and ask no more.'

Then quieted the shaggy cheeks became,
Of him, the boatman of the marish dark,
Who round about his eyes had wheels of flame.

But all those spirits, so forworn and stark,
Change color and their teeth are chattering,
As soon as they the cruel accents mark.

God they blaspheme and their own sires, and fling
Curses on race and place and time and law
Both of their birth and their engendering.

Then flocking all together, they withdraw,
Bitterly weeping, to the curséd shore
Awaiting each who holds not God in awe.

Charon, the demon, with the eyes that glower,
Beckoning to them, every one receives,
And smites whoever lingers, with the oar.

As in the autumn season when the leaves,
First one, and then another lightly fall,
Till all upon the ground the bough perceives:

Likewise the evil seed of Adam all
Fling them from off that margin one by one
At signals, like the bird at his recall.

Thus over the dusk water they are gone,
And ere they can alight on yonder strand
Forgathers a fresh throng on this anon.

'Son,' said the courteous Master, 'understand
That those who perish subject to God's ire
Are all assembled here from every land,

And ready are to pass the river dire,
Because Celestial Justice so doth goad
That very fear converts into desire.

No righteous spirit ever takes this road:
And hence, though Charon may of thee complain,
Thou knowest now the meaning of his mode.'

When he had ended, all the dreary plain
So trembled that, but calling it to mind
The terror bathes me now with sweat again.

The land of tears gave forth a blast of wind
With lightning flashes of vermilion deep,
When consciousness I utterly resigned:
Then sank I like one overcome with sleep.

THE PAGANS IN LIMBO

INFERNO, CANTO IV

A pealing burst of thunder loosed my sense
From chains of heavy sleep, and made me bound
Like one who is awaked by violence:

And, risen erect, on every side around
I moved my rested eye, and fixed my sight
To recognize the features of that ground.

True is it that I stood upon the height
Above the valley of the Abyss of Woe,
Which gathers roar of wailing infinite.

It was so dark, deep, cloudy, that although
My gaze upon the bottom I confined,
Not anything discerned I there below.

'Now go we down among the people blind,'
Began the Poet, pallid as the dead:
'I will go first, and follow thou behind.'

And I, observant of his pallor, said:
'How shall I come if thou afraid appear,
By whom I am wonted to be comforted?'

'The anguish of the people downward here,
Portrays upon my face,' said he at this,
'That pity which thou deemest to be fear.

The long way urges: come, be not remiss.'
Thus he set forth, and made me enter thus,
The foremost circle that begirds the abyss.

Here was no sound perceptible to us
Of wailing, only sighs and sighs again,
That made the eternal air all tremulous:

And this arose from woe unpanged with pain,
Felt by the great and thronging multitude
Of children and of women and of men.

'Askest thou not,' resumed the Master good,
'What spirits these may be thou dost behold?
Now ere thou go, I wish it understood

Though these sinned not, their merit manifold
Doth not, for want of Baptism, signify,—
The portal of the faith which thou dost hold,—

They worship God but through idolatry,
Seeing they were to Christian ages prior:
And among such as these myself am I.

For such defects, and for no trespass dire,
Lost are we, suffering no more but so,
That without hope we languish in desire.'

On hearing this, laid hold on me great woe,
For very worthy people knew I well,
Suspended in that Limbo there below.

'O tell me, Lord, O Master, speak and tell,'
Began I, wishing full intelligence
About the faith that doth all error quell,

'Went ever any by self-merit hence,
Or by another's, to a blissful fate?'
And he, who understood my covert sense,

Made answer: 'I was new unto this state,
When I beheld One come omnipotent,
With sign of victory incoronate.

The shade of our first father penitent,
Abel his son and Noah, hence he drew;
Moses the lawgiver obedient;

Patriarch Abraham, King David too;
Israel with his sire, with every son,
With Rachel for whose sake such pains he knew,

And many more, and gave them benison:
And thou must know that earlier than these,
Never a human soul salvation won.'

Not for his speaking did our going cease,
But ever through the forest did we fare,
The forest, I mean, where spirits were the trees.

We had not traveled far as yet from where
My sleep befel, when I beheld a blaze
Which conquered from the dark a hemisphere.

We still were distant by a little space,
Yet not so far but I discerned in part
That honorable people held that place.

'O thou who honorest both science and art,
Who may these be that so great honor claim,
Thus set from fashion of the rest apart?'

And he to me: 'The honorable fame
Concerning them that in thy life doth ring,
Wins grace in Heaven that so advances them.'

Hereon I heard a voice thus heralding:
'Honor to him of poets loftiest!
His shade returneth home from wandering.'

After the voice had ceased and was at rest,
Four mighty shades advancing did I see,
In whom nor grief nor joy was manifest.

The Master good began to say to me:
'Mark him there, carrying that sword in hand,
Who, as their lord, comes on before the three:

'Tis Homer, sovran bard of every land,
Horace next after him, satiric wit,
Third Ovid, Lucan last of all the band.

Since unto each doth, as to me, befit
The name the one voice sounded, in such wise
They do me honor, and do well in it.'

Thus gathered the fair school before mine eyes,
Of him, the lord of song the loftiest,
Who o'er the others like an eagle flies.

When they had talked awhile with him, the rest
To me with signs of salutation bent;
Whereat my Master's smile his mind expressed.

They paid me honor far more eminent,
In that they made me of their brotherhood:
So I was sixth of them, the sapient.

Toward the light we thus our way pursued,
Discoursing things whereof fits reticence,
Even as there to speak of them was good.

We gained a castle's grand circumference,
With seven lofty walls encircled round,
Bemoated with a brooklet for defense.

This passed we over as upon dry ground:
Through seven gates I with those sages went;
A meadow of fresh verdure there we found.

People were there of aspect eminent,
With eyes that moved majestical and slow:
Taciturn, but with voices sweetly blent.

A little to one side withdrew we so,
Into an open place, and high and sheen,
Where one and all we might behold and know.

There opposite, upon the enameled green,
Were shown to me the mighty souls, whom I
Feel inwardly exalted to have seen.

I saw Electra with much people by,
Hector among them, and Æneas descried,
And armored Cæsar with the falcon eye.

Camill', Penthesiléa, I espied;
Over against them King Latinus dwelled,
Lavinia, his daughter, by his side.

I saw that Brutus Tarquin who expelled;
Lucrece, Cornelia, Julia, Marcia; then
Alone, apart, great Saladin beheld.

And when I lifted up my brows again,
The Master I beheld of those who know,
Sitting amid the philosophic train.

All look to him, to him all honor show:
Here saw I Plato, Socrates advance,
Who nearer him before the others go;

Democritus, who puts the world on chance,
Anaxagoras and Diogenes I saw;
Dioscorides, collector good of plants;

Thales, and Zeno of the Stoic law;
Orpheus, Heraclitus, Empedocles,
Tully, and Linus, and moral Seneca;

Euclid, geometer; Hippocrates,
Ptolemy, Avicen, Galen; him who wrought
The Commentary great, Averroës.

In full concerning all report I not,
For the long theme impels me forward: thus
Many a time the word comes short of thought.

The band of six gives places to two of us:
My sage Guide leads me by another way
Forth from the still air to the tremulous;
And now I come where shines no light of day.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

INFERNO, CANTO V

From the first circle thus I made descent
Down to the second, whose contracted rim
Girdles so much more woe it goads lament.

There Minos stands and snarls with clamor grim,
Examines the transgressions at the gate,
Judges, and sends as he encircles him.

Yea, when the spirit born to evil fate
Before him comes confessing all, that fell
Distinguisher among the reprobate,

Seeing what place belongs to it in Hell,
Entwines him with his tail such times as show
How many circles down he bids it dwell.

Always before him many wait; they go
All turn by turn to sentence for their sin:
They tell and hear and then are whirled below.

'O thou that comest to the woful inn!'
As soon as he beheld me, Minos cried,
Leaving the act of so great discipline,

'Beware to enter, beware in whom confide,
Be not deceived by wideness of the door.'
'Why dost thou also clamor?' said my Guide.

'Bar not his going fated from before:
Thus it is willed up yonder where is might
To bring the will to pass, and ask no more.'

And now the notes of woe begin to smite
The hollow of mine ear; now am I come
Where I am pierced by wailings infinite.

I came into a place of all light dumb,
Which bellows like a sea where thunders roll
And counter winds contend for masterdom.

The infernal hurricane beyond control
Sweeps on and on with ravishment malign
Whirling and buffeting each hapless soul.

When by the headlong tempest hurled supine,
Here are the shrieks, the moaning, the laments
Here they blaspheme the puissance divine.

I learned that to such sorry recompense
Are damned the sinners of the carnal sting
Who make the reason thrall to appetence.

And as great flocks of starlings on the wing
In winter-time together trooping go,
So did that blast the wicked spirits fling

Now here, now there, now up, and now below:
Comfort of hope to them is never known
Either of rest or even less bitter woe.

And as the pilgrim cranes from zone to zone
Draw out their aery file and chant the dirge,
So saw I, and I heard them making moan,

Shadows who on that storm-blast whirl and surge:
Whence I: 'Who, Master, are those tempest-flung,
Round whom the black air whistles like a scourge?'

'The first,' said he, 'that multitude among,
Of whom thou seekest knowledge more precise,
Was empress over many a tribe and tongue.

Abandoned so was she to wanton vice
That, her own stigma so to wipe away,
Lust was made licit by her law device.

That is Semiramis,—as annals say
Consort of Ninus and successor too;
Where governs now the Soldan, she held sway.

The next one, lo! herself for love she slew
And to Sichaeus' urn her faith dismissed;
Next wanton Cleopatra comes to view;

Now lookest thou on Helen, whose acquist
Brought evil years; and great Achilles see
Who found in Love his last antagonist.

Look, Paris, Tristan . . .' and he pointed me
A thousand shades, and named me every name,
Who in our life gave Love the victory.

When I had heard my Teacher many a dame
Of eld enumerate, and many a knight,
Pity assailed me and almost overcame.

'Poet,' began I, 'fain would I invite
Speech with those twain who go a single way
And seem upon the wind to be so light.'

And he made answer: 'Thou shalt mark when they
Draw near to us, and then adjure them by
The Love that leads them, and they will obey.'

Thereafter when a whirlwind swept them nigh
I lifted up my voice: 'O souls forspent,
Come and have speech with us if none deny.'

As doves to the heart's call obedient
Are borne along to the belovéd nest
On wide and steady pinions homeward bent,

So these came toward us through the air unblessed,
Veering from Dido and her multitude,
So tender and so strong was my request.

'O living creature, full of grace and good
Who goest through the dusk air visiting
Us who left earth encrimsoned with our blood,

If friendly were the Universal King
We would be praying to Him for thy peace,
Seeing thou pitiest our suffering.

Whatever ye to speak and hear may please,
That will we speak and hear you close at hand,
If yet awhile the wind as now may cease.

The town where I was born sits on the strand
Beside the water where descends the Po
In quest of peace, with his companion band.

Love that in gentle heart is soon aglow
Laid hold on this one for the person fair
Bereft me, and the mode is still my woe.

Love that doth none beloved from loving spare,
To do him pleasure made my heart so fain
That, as thou seest not yet doth it forbear.

Love led us down to death together: Cain
Awaits the soul of him who laid us dead.'
These words from them to us returned again.

Hearing those injured souls, I bowed my head
And held it for so long dejectedly
That, 'Whereon thinkest thou?' the Poet said.

When I could answer, I began: 'Ah me,
How many tender thoughts, what longing drew
These lovers to the pass of agony.'

Thereafter I turned to them, and spoke anew:
'Francesca, all thy torments dim mine eyes
With tears that flow for sympathy and rue.

But tell me, in the time of the sweet sighs
By what, and how did Love to you disclose
The vague desires, that ye should realize?'

And she to me: 'It is the woe of woes
Remembrance of the happy time to keep
In misery,—and that thy Teacher knows.

But if thy yearning be indeed so deep
To know the first root of a love so dear,
I will do even as they who speak and weep.

One day together read we for good cheer
Of Love, how he laid hold on Launcëlot:
Alone we were and without any fear.

Many and many a time that reading brought
Our eyes to meet, and blanched our faces o'er,
But only one point we resisted not.

When reading of the smile long-waited-for
Being kissed by such a lover chivalrous,
He, never now from me divided more,

Kissed me upon the mouth, all tremulous.
Gallehaut was the book and writer too:
That day there was no reading more for us.'

And while one soul was saying this, for rue
So wept the other, that I fainted all
For pity, even as dying persons do,
And fell, as would a lifeless body fall.

ULYSSES

INFERNO, CANTO XXVI

Rejoice, O Florence, since thou art so great,
Thy wings are beating land and sea around,
And even in Hell thy name is celebrate.

Among the robbers five like these I found,
Thy citizens,—whereat comes shame to me,
Nor do thy honors greatly thence abound.

But if near dawning dream be verity,
Within short while from now shalt thou perceive
What Prato, if no other, craves for thee.

If it must be, let come without reprieve;
Serene the mind when of the worst aware:
The older I become, the more 'twill grieve.

We parted thence, and up along the stair
The spur-stones made before for our descent,
My Guide remounted now, and drew me there.

And as the solitary way we went
Amid the crags and splinters of the span,
The foot without the hand had been forspent.

Then sorrowed I, and sorrow now again,
When I direct my thought to what I viewed,
And curb my genius from the course it ran,

Lest it from Virtue turn to truanthood;
So that if favoring star or higher grace
Have given me aught, I forfeit not that good.

During that season when from us his face
He least conceals whose light the world doth fill,
What time the fly unto the gnat gives place,

The peasant who is resting on the hill
Sees many a firefly down along the dale,
Perhaps where he doth gather grapes and till:

With flames so many the eighth pit of Hell
Was everywhere agleam, as I beheld
On coming where I saw the bottom well.

And even as he whom bears avenged of eld
Looked on Elijah's parting chariot
When straight the way to Heaven the horses held;

For with the eyesight could he follow not
So that aught other than the flame was seen
Flitting aloft, a fading cloudy spot:

Thus moved along the throat of the ravine
Each flame, for none of them the theft unlock,
Though every flame a sinner wraps within.

I stood to look upon the bridge of rock,
Erect, so that, did not a jut prevent,
To make me fall had been no need of shock.

And when my Leader saw me thus intent,
He said: 'The spirits in the fires abide,
Each swathed within the burning element.'

'Through hearing thee, my Master,' I replied,
'Am I more certain; but what thou dost say
I had surmised and would have asked, O Guide,

Who is within that flame which comes this way,
Whose cloven top seems rising from the pyre
Where once Eteocles with his brother lay?'

'Ulysses pines,' he said, 'within that fire,
And Diomed; thus neither goes alone
In punishment, as neither went in ire:

And in their flame together do they groan
The ambush of the horse, whence was to come
The noble seed by the old Romans sown;

There weep the guile whereby, though dead and dumb,
Deidamia still Achilles wails;
And there they pay for the Palladium.'

'If they within those sparks can tell their tales,'
Said I, 'O Master, much I pray thee, pray
Until my prayer a thousandfold avails,

That thou refuse not unto me to stay
Until the horned flame comes hither nigh:
Thou seest with what desire I lean that way.'

'Thy prayer deserves all praise,' he made reply,
'And therefore I accept it; none the less
Take heed thou to thy tongue all speech deny:

Leave me to speak, for I already guess
What thou desirest. Seeing that these were Greek,
Perhaps they might be shy of thine address.'

After the flame with the divided peak
Had come where time and place to him seemed due,
I heard my Leader in this manner speak:

'O ye, within one fire remaining two,
If I deserved of you in life, if I
Or much or little merited of you

When in the world I wrote the verses high,
Do not move on, but one of you declare
Whither, being lost, he went away to die.'

One horn, the mightier of the ancient pair,
With murmuring began to quiver then,
Even as a flame made weary by the air.

Waving the summit back and forth again,
Thereafter, like a speaking tongue, the flame
Flung forth a voice and spoke as follows: 'When

Of Circé I had taken leave,—the same
Who held me near Gaeta a year and more,
Ere yet Æneas gave it such a name,—

Nor tender love of son, nor pity for
My aged father, nor affection due
That should have cheered Penelopé, o'erbore

The ardor that was in me to pursue
Experience of the world, that I might be
In human vices versed and virtue too:

But I put forth on the deep open sea
With but one vessel, and that little train
Which hitherto had not deserted me.

Both of the shores I saw as far as Spain,
Morocco, and Sardinia's isle, and so
The other islands bathing in that main.

I and my company were old and slow
When in upon that narrow pass we bore,
Where Hercules set up his bounds to show

That man beyond might venture nevermore.
Here left I Seville back upon the right,
And had left Ceuta on the other shore.

"O brothers," said I, "who are come despite
Ten thousand perils to the West, let none,
While still our senses hold the vigil slight

Remaining to us ere our course is run,
Be willing to forgo experience
Of the unpeopled world beyond the sun.

Regard your origin,—from whom and whence!
Not to exist like brutes, but made were ye
To follow virtue and intelligence."

With this brief speech I made my company
So keen to go, that scarce to be denied
Would they have been thereafter, even by me.

And having turned the stern to morning-tide,
For the mad flight we plied the wingéd oar,
Steadily gaining on the larboard side.

Night saw the constellations more and more
Of the other pole, and ours at such descent
That it rose not above the ocean-floor.

Five times rekindled and as many spent
The light beneath the moon did wane away,
Since to the passage of the deep we went

When there appeared to us a mountain, gray
With distance, and upreared a loftier brow
Than I had ever seen until that day.

We joyed, but joy soon turned to weeping now,
For out of the new land a whirling blast
Arose and struck the vessel on the prow—

Thrice with the waters all, it whirled her fast;
The fourth upheaved the stern and sunk amain
The prow, as pleased Another, till at last
The ocean had above us closed again.'

THE MEETING WITH SORDELLO

PURGATORIO, CANTOS VI AND VII

When breaks the game of hazard, he who lost
Remains behind in sorrow, and essays
The throws again, thus learning to his cost;

With the winner all the others go their ways:
One in advance, one plucks him from the rear,
And for reminder one beside him stays.

He hastens,—all soliciting his ear,—
His hand goes out to some, who leave him free,—
And from the pressure of the crowd gets clear.

So I, amid that thronging company,
Was turning to them here and there my face,
And making promise, extricated me.

The Aretine who in the grim embrace
Of Ghin di Tacco perished, with them stood,
And the other who was drowned while giving chase.

There prayed, with hands in suppliant attitude,
Frederick Novello, and that Pisan son
Who proved the good Marzucco's fortitude.

I saw Count Orso, and the soul of one
Bereft of life by spite, as he averred,
And envy, not for any trespass done,—

Pier de la Brosse, I mean: and by this word
Be warned the Dame of Brabant to take heed
Lest she for this consort with baser herd.

As soon as I was from these shadows freed,
Whose one prayer was that other prayer benign
Them on the way to holiness might speed,

Thus I began: 'It seems, O light of mine,
In one text thou expressly questionest
That orison may bend decree divine;

And yet these people only this request:
Can it be possible their hope is vain?
Or is to me thy word not manifest?'

And he responded: 'What I wrote is plain,
And not fallacious is the hope of these
If one consider it with reason sane,

For Top of Judgment stoops not when the pleas
Of burning love do in a moment what
These do who here await the slow decrees.

And in the instance where I tied that knot,
Prayer did not counterbalance the defect,
Since, from God disunited, prayer was not.

Howbeit, waive decision in respect
To doubt so deep, till she interpret this,
Who shall be light 'twixt truth and intellect.

Be assured that here I speak of Beatrice:
Her shalt thou see above, upon the crown
Of this same Mountain, smiling and in bliss.'

And I: 'Lord, let us hasten to be gone,
For I am not as hitherto forspent,
And look, the hill now casts a shadow down.'

'As much as possible of the ascent,
Will we perform today,' responded he,
'But other than thou thinkest is the event.

Ere thou canst climb up yonder, thou wilt see
Return that light so hidden that its ray
Is interrupted now no more by thee.

But see! there is a spirit making stay
All, all alone, and looking toward this side;
It will point out to us the speediest way.'

We thither came. O Lombard soul, what pride
And lofty scorn thine attitude expressed,
And thy slow-moving eyes how dignified!

As we came on he proffered no request,
But let us go our way, calmly surveying
In manner of a lion when at rest.

Steadily drew up Virgil toward him, praying
Direction where ascent might best be made;
But he, no word by way of answer saying,

News of our life and of our country prayed.
And when thereto the gentle Guide began,
'Mantua' upleaped that all-secluded shade

From where before he stood: 'O Mantuan,
I am Sordello of thy city!' said he,
And to embrace of each the other ran.

Hostel of woe, ah, servile Italy,
Vessel unpiloted in a great storm,
No Lady of provinces, but harlotry!

Eager that noble spirit was and warm
To welcome there his own compatriot,
So did the sweet name of his city charm!

While now in civil tumult are distraught
Thy living citizens,—at daggers drawn
Those whom one wall incloses, and one moat.

Make search around thy seaboard, wretched one,
And after in thy bosom look again,
If anywhere within be unison!

What boots Justinian adjust the rein
If ever empty be the saddle? Without
Such bridle not so black would be the stain.

Ah, gentry, ye that ought to be devout
And let but Cæsar in the saddle sit,
Nor leave unheeded what God pointed out,

Look well to this wild beast, consider it,
Ungoaded by the spur how fell it grows
Since ye laid hand upon the bridle-bit!

O German Albert, who to such as those
Yieldest this wild unruly animal,
And oughtest to bestride her saddlebows,

May from the stars upon thy issue fall
Just judgment, and be it strange and manifest
Such that it may thy follower appal!

Thy father suffered and thou sufferest,
Held back up yonder by the greed of you,
The garden of the Empire go to waste.

Come look at Capulet and Montague,
Monaldi and Filippeschi, careless prince,
These dreading that which those already rue.

Come, cruel man, and see thy nobles wince
Under oppression, cure their hurts,—nay come
See Santafiora how secure long since!

Come hear the outcries of thy weeping Rome
By day and night, a widow and alone:
'My Cæsar, why forsakest thou thy home?'

Come, see thy people, how their love is grown;
And if for us thou have no sympathy,
Come and take shame to thee for thy renown.

And if it be allowed me, Jove most High,
Thou who for us on earth wast crucified,
Is otherwhere averted thy just eye?

Or is it discipline thou dost provide
In thy deep counsel, for some useful plan
To our perception utterly denied?

Swarm in Italian towns the tyrant clan,
And a Marcellus comes incipient
In every churl who plays the partisan.

My Florence, thou indeed mayst be content
With this aside,—thy withers are unwrung,
Thanks to thy people all so provident.

The bow of justice is but slowly strung
By many, who let no random arrow fly:
Thy people have justice pat upon the tongue.

Many would put the public burden by,
But answers eagerly thy populace
Unbidden: 'Shoulder to the wheel!' they cry.

Good reason hast thou to take heart of grace:
If sooth I say, the facts do not conceal,
Thou wealthy and thou wise and thou at peace!

The Athenian and the Spartan commonweal,
Long famed for art and law, gave feeble proof
Of civil life to what thy deeds reveal,

Who with such foresight weave in that behoof,
That reach not to the middle of November
The filmy threadlets of October's woof.

How often hast thou changed (canst thou remember?)
Law, coinage, offices, time out of mind,
And usage, renovating every member.

And were thy memory not so short or blind,
Thou wouldst see thyself in that sick woman, fain
A little rest upon her couch to find,
Who would by tossing ward away her pain.

After the courtly and glad greetings now
Again a third time and a fourth began,
Sordello drew back saying: 'Who art thou?'

'Ere to this Mount turned any soul of man
Worthy to rise with God to be enskied,
My bones were buried by Octavian.

Virgil am I; and for no crime beside
Not having faith, went I from Heaven astray.'
So forthwith made reply to him my Guide.

Like one encountering upon his way
Some sudden wonder which he stands before,
Doubting, believing, saying yea and nay,

Sordello stood; then bowed his forehead lower,
Turning to greet my Leader with embrace
More humble, where lays hold the inferior.

'O glory,' exclaimed he, 'of the Latin race,
Through whom our language showed its worth so well,
O praise eternal of my native place,

What merit shows thee or what miracle?
If I be worthy held thy news to know,
Say from what cloister comst thou, if from Hell?'

'Through all the circles of the world of woe
Am I come hither,' so he made reply,
'Moved by a power of Heaven whereby I go.

Omitting, not committing, forfeit I
Sight of the Dayspring where thy longings rise,
And which was known by me too tardily.

There is a place below not otherwise
Tormented save with gloom, where the laments
Are uttered not in wailing but in sighs;

There I abide with little innocents
Bitten by fangs of Death and all undone
Ere yet exempt from man's maleficence;

There I abide with those who put on none
Of the three holy virtues, yet who knew
The others, following guiltless every one.

But if thou know and can, afford some clue
To us, whereby we may arrive apace
Where Purgatory has beginning true.'

He answered: 'We are bound to no fixed place;
I lawfully may wander up and round,
And join you as guide for my allotted space.

But look! the day declining to the bound,
And we are powerless to ascend by night;
Then let us think of pleasant resting-ground.

Souls dwell secluded yonder to the right:
Unto them will I lead if thou consent,
Nor will acquaintance be without delight.'

'How so?' was asked, 'if any made ascent
By night, would he be then inhibited
By another, or would want of power prevent?'

'Look!'—and the good Sordello's finger sped
Along the ground,—'the sun being parted hence
Thou couldst not even cross this line,' he said;

'Not that there else would be impediments
To going up save shades nocturnal,—they
Would trammel up the will with impotence.

One might indeed in darkness downward stray,
And make the tour of the whole mountain-ring,
While the horizon prisons up the day.'

Then said my Master, as if wondering:
'Now lead us on whither, by thy report,
We may have some delight while tarrying.'

Thence on the Mountain was the distance short
When of a hollow I became aware,
Valleys down here are hollowed in such sort.

'Yonder,' proposed that shade, 'let us repair
Where inward-curving slopes a dell surround,
And dawning of new day await we there.'

END OF THE PARADISO

XXXIII. 55-145

After this point my vision far surpassed
Our human speech, from which such concepts flee,
And even recollection fails at last.

As dreaming men who something clearly see,
And afterwards their feeling can recall
But nothing else is left to memory,

E'en so am I: returneth scarce at all
The thing I saw, yet trickles through my mind
The dew of sweetness which therefrom did fall.

Thus runs the snow which sunshine doth unbind;
Thus, writ on fluttering leaves, the Sybil's lore
Was swept away forever by the wind.

O Fire Supreme, which human minds ignore,
Inept to scale thy height, I pray thee, some
Fragment of thy revealing now restore,

And lend such power unto mine organs dumb
That I one single spark of all thy light
May leave to generations yet to come.

For if it glimmer on mine aftersight
And faintly echo in the verse I pen,
Better conceived by man shall be thy might.

I think, so keenly did I suffer when
I faced the living beam, my sight were spent,
Had I mine eyes from it averted then.

This thought new courage to my spirit lent,
As I remember, till my struggling gaze
On God's immeasurable self was bent.

O grace abounding! through the endless rays
Thou gavest me full confidence to look,
Till mortal sight was quenched within the blaze.

Whate'er is writ in Cosmos' every nook
Was in that depth collected, ream by ream,
Bound up by love into a single book.

Things transient and eternal blended seem,
And all their operations, so combined
That what I saw was one unchanging gleam.

The bond which all the universe confined
I think I saw, because, this statement made,
An ampler satisfaction floods my mind.

One moment makes my memory fainter fade
Than five and twenty centuries that quest
Which startled Neptune with the Argo's shade.

Now mine uplifted spirit, God-possessed,
Was gazing, fixed and still, with all its might,
To deeper look by constant yearning pressed.

The while he stands before that Presence bright,
The spellbound gazer never can consent
To turn away for any other sight;

Since goodness, object of the will's intent,
All centers there; outside of It, the best
A true perfection never can present.

Henceforth my telling must be more compressed—
E'en what I can recall—than infant's lore
Whose tongue is moistened still at mother's breast!

It was not that the living Brightness bore
Aught but a single image to my view,
For It is always what it was before;

My sight it was which, peering, stronger grew
And altered, while the change occurred in me,
One selfsame form to various figures new.

Within the deep, clear Light I seemed to see
Three rings, which one dimension doth connect,
Yet are those rings in color ever three.

The first appeared the second to reflect.
As rainbows do; a flame appeared the third,
Which each and other equally project.

O! What a feeble thing is speech, and blurred,
Beside my thought! And this, beside my sight,
Is such that 'little' is no fitting word.

O self-contained and everlasting Light,
Which thine own self alone doth understand,
With love and wisdom smiling infinite!

That circle which I deemed a radiant band
By thee reflected and within thee shown,
Examined by mine eyes on every hand,

Seemed painted, with a color all its own,
In very likeness of our human kind;
Wherefore my gaze was fixed on it alone.

As some geometer bends all his mind
To square the circle, yet, by pondering,
The principle he lacks can never find,

So bent was I upon this wondrous thing:
I wondered how the image was applied,
I burned to know how it could fit the ring.

Too high was that for mortal wings to glide
Till, stricken by a sudden-flashing ray,
My reason found its longing satisfied.

My soaring fancy here at last gave way;
But, like a wheel whose motion nothing mars,
Already wish and will in even sway,
Were turned by Love, which moves the sun and stars.

PETRARCH (1304–1374)

It is as hard to fix a precise date for the end of the Middle Ages, as for the beginning, but scholars are generally agreed that while Dante is the crown and epitome of the medieval spirit, in Petrarch and Boccaccio a new point of view is already manifest. 'Petrarch, the First Modern Scholar and Man of Letters, a Selection from his Correspondence with Boccaccio and other Friends, designed to illustrate the Beginnings of the Renaissance' is the full title of a well-known book by Professors James Harvey Robinson and Henry Winchester Rolfe; and one of the best medievalists of the last generation, Professor W. P. Ker, in a volume of essays published in 1905, says: 'To many readers it has appeared as if the friendship of Petrarch and Boccaccio made the first comfortable resting place in the history of literature on this side of the Dark Ages. . . . Even to speak of Dante is not always safe with the less adventurous sort of pilgrims; it is like recommending a good mountain to a traveler who is anxious about his inn. Boccaccio and Petrarch come much nearer to their readers and take them into their confidence; . . . and Petrarch takes the first stages in a progress that is to lead from superstition (that is to say, the traditional and conventional moralities of the Dark Ages) to the free and unembarrassed study of human nature.'

Francesco Petrarca, son of a Florentine notary, was born in Arezzo, where his father had been driven into exile at the same time that Dante was expelled from Florence in 1302. In 1312 his father left Tuscany for the papal court at Avignon in the South of France, where, as later at Montpellier and Bologna, the youth studied Cicero and Virgil with much more enthusiasm than the legal lore which was supposed to be his business. Returning to Avignon on his father's death in 1326, he first met the Laura whom he was to make immortal in his verse on April 6, 1327. This date, together with that of the lady's death exactly twenty-one years later, stands recorded in Petrarch's own hand on the fly-leaf of his copy of Virgil, now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. Chiefly on the basis of these dates she has been identified with Laura de Noves, who in 1325 married Hugo de Sade, and died, the mother of eleven children, in April, 1348.

Petrarch early won fame as a classical scholar and was much sought after by Popes, Emperors, and other potentates as an adornment of their courts. He enjoyed the most exalted patronage, and on Easter Day, 1341, was solemnly crowned laureate poet by the Roman Senate at the Capitol amid the acclamations of the multitude. He traveled far and wide in search of classical manuscripts and unearthed works of Cicero and other writers then unknown, rendering invaluable service to the cause of learning in this and other ways.

When sick of the corruption and vanity of court life, Petrarch sought quiet in what he called his 'most delightful transalpine solitude' at Vaucluse, near Avignon, and after the death of Laura and his friend and patron, Cardinal Colonna, he left Avignon for good and retired to his country house in the Euganean Hills at Arquà near Padua. Here he was found dead, sitting at his study-table, his head bowed upon the Virgil he had been reading.

Petrarch's fame during his lifetime was mainly founded upon his classical erudition and his works in Latin, which include an epic *Africa,* of which the hero is Scipio Africanus, eclogues, epistles in verse, prose treatises and an extensive collection of letters on various subjects. His more modern fame depends upon his lyrics, consisting of sonnets and other poems, setting forth with every variety of emotion and psychological analysis his unrequited passion for Laura. The rhyme scheme of the Petrarcan sonnet became the standard for all subsequent writers of this form of poetry. Petrarch's *Canzoniere* includes 317 sonnets, 29 odes, 9 sestines, 7 ballads, and 4 madrigals—366 poems in all, beside the six *Triumphs* of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Eternity. All these poems have reference, more or less direct, to Petrarch's love of Laura, the earlier ones of Laura in life, the later ones of Laura in death. They afforded a rich mine of fancies for lovelorn poets of the suc-

ceeding ages, and were so frequently translated, adapted, and imitated in various languages and by different poets that Petrarch and his followers may be said to have exhausted every phase of this particular kind of poetic adoration.

The translation of the letters following is taken from 'Petrarch' by J. H. Robinson and H. W. Rolfe, by the courtesy of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

ON THE SCARCITY OF COPYISTS

A Letter to Lapo da Castiglionchio

Your Cicero has been in my possession four years and more. There is a good reason, though, for so long a delay; namely, the great scarcity of copyists who understand such work. It is a state of affairs that has resulted in an incredible loss to scholarship. Books that by their nature are a little hard to understand are no longer multiplied, and have ceased to be generally intelligible, and so have sunk into utter neglect, and in the end have perished. This age of ours consequently has let fall, bit by bit, some of the richest and sweetest fruits that the tree of knowledge has yielded; has thrown away the results of the vigils and labors of the most illustrious men of genius, things of more value, I am almost tempted to say, than anything else in the whole world. . . .

But I must return to your Cicero. I could not do without it, and the incompetence of the copyists would not let me possess it. What was left for me but to rely upon my own resources, and press these weary fingers and this worn and ragged pen into the service? The plan that I followed was this. I want you to know it, in case you should ever have to grapple with a similar task. Not a single word did I read except as I wrote. But how is that, I hear someone say; did you write without knowing what it was that you were writing? Ah! but from the very first it was enough for me to know that it was a work of Tullius, and an extremely rare one too. And then as soon as I was fairly started I found at every step so much sweetness and charm, and felt so strong a desire to advance, that the only difficulty which I experienced in reading and writing at the same time came from the fact that my pen could not cover the ground so rapidly as I wanted it to, whereas my expectation had been rather that it would outstrip my eyes, and that my ardor for writing would be chilled by the slowness of my reading. So the pen held back the eye, and the eye drove on the pen, and I covered page after page, delighting in my task, and committing many and many a passage to memory as I wrote. For just in proportion as the writing is slower than the reading does the passage make a deep impression and cling to the mind.

And yet I must confess that I did finally reach a point in my copying where I was overcome by weariness; not mental, for how unlikely that would be where Cicero was concerned, but the sort of fatigue that springs from excessive manual labor. I began to feel doubtful about this plan that I was following, and to regret having undertaken a task for which I had not been trained; when suddenly I came across a place where Cicero tells how he himself copied the orations of—someone or other; just who it was I do not know, but certainly no Tullius, for there is but one such man, one such voice, one such mind. These are his words: 'You say that you have been in the habit of reading the orations of Cassius in your idle moments. But I,' he jestingly adds, with his customary disregard of his adversary's feelings, 'have made a practice of *copying* them, so that I might *have* no idle moments.' As I read this passage I grew hot with shame, like a modest young soldier who hears the voice of his beloved leader rebuking him. I said to myself, 'So Cicero copied orations that another wrote, and you are not ready to copy his? What ardor! What scholarly devotion! What reverence for a man of godlike genius!' These thoughts were a spur to me, and I pushed on, with all my doubts dispelled. If ever from my darkness there shall come a single ray that can enhance the splendor of the reputation which his heavenly eloquence has won for him, it will proceed in no slight measure from the fact that I was so captivated by his ineffable sweetness that I did a thing in itself most irksome with such delight and eagerness that I scarcely knew I was doing it at all.

So then at last your Cicero has the happiness of returning to you, bearing you my thanks. And yet he also stays, very willingly, with me; a dear friend, to whom I give the credit of being almost the only

man of letters for whose sake I would go to the length of spending my time, when the difficulties of life are pressing on me so sharply and inexorably and the cares pertaining to my literary labors make the longest life seem far too short, in transcribing compositions not my own. I may have done such things in former days, when I thought myself rich in time, and had not learned how stealthily it slips away: but I now know that this is of all our riches the most uncertain and fleeting; the years are closing in upon me now, and there is no longer any room for deviation from the beaten path. I am forced to practise strict economy; I only hope that I have not begun too late. But Cicero! he assuredly is worthy of a part of even the little that I still have left. Farewell.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT VENTOUX

A Letter to Dionisio da Borgo San Sepolcro

Today I made the ascent of the highest mountain in this region, which is not improperly called Ventosum. My only motive was the wish to see what so great an elevation had to offer. I have had the expedition in mind for many years; for, as you know, I have lived in this region from infancy, having been cast here by that fate which determines the affairs of men. Consequently the mountain, which is visible from a great distance, was ever before my eyes, and I conceived the plan of some time doing what I have at last accomplished today. The idea took hold upon me with especial force when, in re-reading Livy's History of Rome, yesterday, I happened upon the place where Philip of Macedon, the same who waged war against the Romans, ascended Mount Hæmus in Thessaly, from whose summit he was able, it is said, to see two seas, the Adriatic and the Euxine. Whether this be true or false I have not been able to determine, for the mountain is too far away, and writers disagree. Pomponius Mela, the cosmographer—not to mention others who have spoken of this occurrence—admits its truth without hesitation; Titus Livius, on the other hand, considers it false. I, assuredly, should not have left the question long in doubt, had that mountain been as easy to explore as this one. Let us leave this matter on one side, however, and return to my mountain here,—it seems to me that a young man in private life may well be excused for attempting what an aged king could undertake without arousing criticism.

When I came to look about for a companion I found, strangely enough, that hardly one among my friends seemed suitable, so rarely do we meet with just the right combination of personal tastes and characteristics, even among those who are dearest to us. This one was too apathetic, that one over-anxious; this one too slow, that one too hasty; one was too sad, another over-cheerful; one more simple, another more sagacious, than I desired. I feared this one's taciturnity and that one's loquacity. The heavy deliberation of some repelled me as much as the lean incapacity of others. I rejected those who were likely to irritate me by a cold want of interest, as well as those who might weary me by their excessive enthusiasm. Such defects, however grave, could be borne with at home, for charity suffereth all things, and friendship accepts any burden; but it is quite otherwise on a journey, where every weakness becomes much more serious. So, as I was bent upon pleasure and anxious that my enjoyment should be unalloyed, I looked about me with unusual care, balanced against one another the various characteristics of my friends, and without committing any breach of friendship I silently condemned every trait which might prove disagreeable on the way. And—would you believe it?—I finally turned homeward for aid, and proposed the ascent to my only brother, who is younger than I, and with whom you are well acquainted. He was delighted and gratified beyond measure by the thought of holding the place of a friend as well as of a brother.

At the time fixed we left the house, and by evening reached Malaucène, which lies at the foot of the mountain, to the north. Having rested there a day, we finally made the ascent this morning with no companions except two servants; and a most difficult task it was. The mountain is a very steep and almost inaccessible mass of stony soil. But, as the poet has well said, 'Remorseless toil conquers all.' It was a long day, the air fine. We enjoyed the advantages of vigor of mind and strength

and agility of body, and everything else essential to those engaged in such an undertaking, and so had no other difficulties to face than those of the region itself. We found an old shepherd in one of the mountain dales, who tried, at great length, to dissuade us from the ascent, saying that some fifty years before he had, in the same ardor of youth, reached the summit, but had gotten for his pains nothing except fatigue and regret, and clothes and body torn by the rocks and briars. No one, so far as he or his companions knew, had ever tried the ascent before or after him. But his counsels increased rather than diminished our desire to proceed, since youth is suspicious of warnings. So the old man, finding that his efforts were in vain, went a little way with us, and pointed out a rough path among the rocks, uttering many admonitions, which he continued to send after us even after we had left him behind. Surrendering to him all such garments or other possessions as might prove burdensome to us, we made ready for the ascent, and started off at a good pace. But, as usually happens, fatigue quickly followed upon our excessive exertion, and we soon came to a halt at the top of a certain cliff. Upon starting on again we went more slowly, and I especially advanced along the rocky way with a more deliberate step. While my brother chose a direct path straight up the ridge, I weakly took an easier one which really descended. When I was called back, and the right road was shown me, I replied that I hoped to find a better way round on the other side, and that I did not mind going farther if the path were only less steep. This was just an excuse for my laziness; and when the others had already reached a considerable height I was still wandering in the valleys. I had failed to find an easier path, and had only increased the distance and difficulty of the ascent. At last I became disgusted with the intricate way I had chosen and resolved to ascend without more ado. When I reached my brother, who, while waiting for me, had had ample opportunity for rest, I was tired and irritated. We walked along together for a time, but hardly had we passed the first spur when I forgot about the circuitous route which I had just tried, and took a lower one again. Once more I followed an easy, roundabout path through winding valleys, only to find myself soon in my old difficulty. I was simply trying to avoid the exertion of the ascent; but no human ingenuity can alter the nature of things, or cause anything to reach a height by going down. Suffice it to say that, much to my vexation and my brother's amusement, I made this same mistake three times or more during a few hours.

After being frequently misled in this way, I finally sat down in a valley and transferred my winged thoughts from things corporeal to the immaterial, addressing myself as follows:—'What thou hast repeatedly experienced today in the ascent of this mountain, happens to thee, as to many, in the journey toward the blessed life. But this is not so readily perceived by men, since the motions of the body are obvious and external while those of the soul are invisible and hidden. Yes, the life which we call blessed is to be sought for on a high eminence, and strait is the way that leads to it. Many, also, are the hills that lie between, and we must ascend, by a glorious stairway, from strength to strength. At the top is at once the end of our struggles and the goal for which we are bound. All wish to reach this goal, but, as Ovid says, "To wish is little; we must long with the utmost eagerness to gain our end." Thou certainly dost ardently desire, as well as simply wish, unless thou deceivest thyself in this matter, as in so many others. What, then, doth hold thee back? Nothing, assuredly, except that thou wouldst take a path which seems, at first thought, more easy, leading through low and worldly pleasures. But nevertheless in the end, after long wanderings, thou must perforce either climb the steeper path, under the burden of tasks foolishly deferred, to its blessed culmination, or lie down in the valley of thy sins, and (I shudder to think of it!) if the shadow of death overtake thee, spend an eternal night amid constant torments.' These thoughts stimulated both body and mind in a wonderful degree for facing the difficulties which yet remained. Oh, that I might traverse in spirit that other road for which I long day and night, even as today I overcame material obstacles by my bodily exertions! And I know not why it should not be far easier, since the swift immortal soul can reach its goal in the twinkling of an eye, without passing through space, while my progress today was necessarily slow, dependent as I was upon a failing

body weighed down by heavy members.

One peak of the mountain, the highest of all, the country people call 'Sonny,' why, I do not know, unless by antiphrasis, as I have sometimes suspected in other instances; for the peak in question would seem to be the father of all the surrounding ones. On its top is a little level place, and here we could at last rest our tired bodies.

Now, my father, since you have followed the thoughts that spurred me on in my ascent, listen to the rest of the story, and devote one hour, I pray you, to reviewing the experiences of my entire day. At first, owing to the unaccustomed quality of the air and the effect of the great sweep of view spread out before me, I stood like one dazed. I beheld the clouds under our feet, and what I had read of Athos and Olympus seemed less incredible as I myself witnessed the same things from a mountain of less fame. I turned my eyes toward Italy, whither my heart most inclined. The Alps, rugged and snow-capped, seemed to rise close by, although they were really at a great distance, the very same Alps through which that fierce enemy of the Roman name once made his way, bursting the rocks, if we may believe the report, by the application of vinegar. I sighed, I must confess, for the skies of Italy, which I beheld rather with my mind than with my eyes. An inexpressible longing came over me to see once more my friend and my country. At the same time I reproached myself for this double weakness, springing, as it did, from a soul not yet steeled to manly resistance. And yet there were excuses for both of these cravings, and a number of distinguished writers might be summoned to support me.

Then a new idea took possession of me, and I shifted my thoughts to a consideration of time rather than place. 'Today it is ten years since, having completed thy youthful studies, thou didst leave Bologna. Eternal God! In the name of immutable wisdom think what alterations in thy character this intervening period has beheld! I pass over a thousand instances. I am not yet in a safe harbor where I can calmly recall past storms. The time may come when I can review in due order all the experiences of the past, saying with St. Augustine, "I desire to recall my foul actions and the carnal corruption of my soul, not because I love them, but that I may the more love thee, O my God." Much that is doubtful and evil still clings to me, but what I once loved, that I love no longer. And yet what am I saying? I still love it, but with shame, but with heaviness of heart. Now, at last, I have confessed the truth. So it is. I love, but love what I would not love, what I would that I might hate. Though loath to do so, though constrained, though sad and sorrowing, still I do love, and I feel in my miserable self the truth of the well-known words, "I will hate if I can; if not, I will love against my will." Three years have not yet passed since that perverse and wicked passion which had a firm grasp upon me and held undisputed sway in my heart began to discover a rebellious opponent, who was unwilling longer to yield obedience. These two adversaries have joined in close combat for the supremacy, and for a long time now a harassing and doubtful war has been waged in the field of my thoughts.'

Thus I turned over the last ten years in my mind, and then, fixing my anxious gaze on the future, I asked myself, 'If, perchance, thou shouldst prolong this uncertain life of thine for yet two lusters, and shouldst make an advance toward virtue proportionate to the distance to which thou hast departed from thine original infatuation during the past two years, since the new longing first encountered the old, couldst thou, on reaching thy fortieth year, face death, if not with complete assurance, at least with hopefulness, calmly dismissing from thy thoughts the residuum of life as it faded into old age?'

These and similar reflections occurred to me, my father. I rejoiced in my progress, mourned my weaknesses, and commiserated the universal instability of human conduct. I had well-nigh forgotten where I was and our object in coming; but at last I dismissed my anxieties, which were better suited to other surroundings, and resolved to look about me and see what we had come to see. The sinking sun and the lengthening shadows of the mountain were already warning us that the time was near at hand when we must go. As if suddenly wakened from sleep, I turned about and gazed toward the west. I was unable to discern the summits of the Pyrenees, which form the barrier between France and Spain; not because of any intervening obstacle

that I know of but owing simply to the insufficiency of our mortal vision. But I could see with the utmost clearness, off to the right, the mountains of the region about Lyons, and to the left the bay of Marseilles and the waters that lash the shores of Aigues Mortes, although all these places were so distant that it would require a journey of several days to reach them. Under our very eyes flowed the Rhone.

While I was thus dividing my thoughts, now turning my attention to some terrestrial object that lay before me, now raising my soul, as I had done my body, to higher planes, it occurred to me to look into my copy of St. Augustine's Confessions, a gift that I owe to your love, and that I always have about me, in memory of both the author and the giver. I opened the compact little volume, small indeed in size, but of infinite charm, with the intention of reading whatever came to hand, for I could happen upon nothing that would be otherwise than edifying and devout. Now it chanced that the tenth book presented itself. My brother, waiting to hear something of St. Augustine's from my lips, stood attentively by. I call him, and God too, to witness that where I first fixed my eyes it was written: 'And men go about to wonder at the heights of the mountains, and the mighty waves of the sea, and the wide sweep of rivers, and the circuit of the ocean, and the revolution of the stars, but themselves they consider not.' I was abashed, and, asking my brother (who was anxious to hear more), not to annoy me, I closed the book, angry with myself that I should still be admiring earthly things who might long ago have learned from even the pagan philosophers that nothing is wonderful but the soul, which, when great itself, finds nothing great outside itself. Then, in truth, I was satisfied that I had seen enough of the mountain; I turned my inward eye upon myself, and from that time not a syllable fell from my lips until we reached the bottom again. Those words had given me occupation enough, for I could not believe that it was by a mere accident that I happened upon them. What I had there read I believed to be addressed to me and to no other, remembering that St. Augustine had once suspected the same thing in his own case, when on opening the book of the Apostle, as he himself tells us, the first words that he saw there were, 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.'

The same thing happened earlier to St. Anthony, when he was listening to the Gospel where it is written, 'If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.' Believing this scripture to have been read for his especial benefit, as his biographer Athanasius says, he guided himself by its aid to the Kingdom of Heaven. And as Anthony on hearing these words waited for nothing more, and as Augustine upon reading the Apostle's admonition sought no farther, so I concluded my reading in the few words which I have given. I thought in silence of the lack of good counsel in us mortals, who neglect what is noblest in ourselves, scatter our energies in all directions, and waste ourselves in a vain show, because we look about us for what is to be found only within. I wondered at the natural nobility of our soul, save when it debases itself of its own free will, and deserts its original estate, turning what God has given it for its honor into dishonor. How many times, think you, did I turn back that day, to glance at the summit of the mountain, which seemed scarcely a cubit high compared with the range of human contemplation,—when it is not immersed in the foul mire of earth? With every downward step I asked myself this: If we are ready to endure so much sweat and labor in order that we may bring our bodies a little nearer heaven, how can a soul struggling toward God, up the steeps of human pride and human destiny, fear any cross or prison or sting of fortune? How few, I thought, but are diverted from their path by the fear of difficulties or the love of ease! How happy the lot of those few, if any such there be! It is of them, assuredly, that the poet was thinking, when he wrote:

> Happy the man who is skilled to understand
> Nature's hid causes; who beneath his feet
> All terrors casts, and death's relentless doom,
> And the loud roar of greedy Acheron.

How earnestly should we strive, not to stand on mountain-tops, but to trample beneath us those appetites which spring from earthly impulses.

Malaucène, April 26 (1336 or 1337).

BALLAD I

LAURA'S VEIL

Translated by Nott

Wherefore my unkind fair one, say,
Whether the sun fierce darts his ray,
Or whether gloom o'erspreads the sky,
That envious veil is ne'er thrown by;
Though well you read my heart, and knew
How much I longed your charms to view?
While I concealed each tender thought,
That my fond mind's destruction wrought,
Your face with pity sweetly shone;
But, when love made my passion known,
Your sunny locks were seen no more,
Nor smiled your eyes as heretofore;
Behind a jealous cloud retired
Those beauties which I most admired.
And shall a veil thus rule my fate?
O cruel veil, that whether heat
Or cold be felt, art doomed to prove
Fatal to me, shadowing the lights I love!

SONNET XLVII

Translated by Lady Dacre

Blest be the year, the month, the hour, the day,
The season and the time, and point of space,
And blest the beauteous country and the place
Where first of two bright eyes I felt the sway:
Blest the sweet pain of which I was the prey,
When newly doomed Love's sovereign law to embrace
And blest the bow and shaft to which I trace
The wound that to my inmost heart found way:
Blest be the ceaseless accents of my tongue,
Unwearied breathing my loved lady's name:
Blest my fond wishes, sighs, and tears, and pains:
Blest be the lays in which her praise I sung,
That on all sides acquired to her fair fame,
And blest my thoughts! for o'er them all she reigns.

SONNET XCV

Translated by Macgregor

My sixteenth year of sighs its course has run,
I stand alone, already on the brow
Where Age descends: and yet it seems as now
My time of trial only were begun.
'Tis sweet to love and good to be undone;
Though life be hard, more days may Heaven allow
Misfortune to outlive: else Death may bow

The bright head low my loving praise that won.
Here am I now who fain would be elsewhere;
More would I wish and yet no more I would;
I could no more and yet did all I could:
And new tears born of old desires declare
That still I am as I was wont to be,
And that a thousand changes change not me.

SONNET CXXXII

Translated by Macgregor

As o'er the fresh grass her fair form its sweet
And graceful passage makes at evening hours,
Seems as around the newly-waking flowers
Found virtue issue from her delicate feet.
Love, which in true hearts only has his seat,
Nor elsewhere deigns to prove his certain powers,
So warm a pleasure from her bright eyes showers,
No other bliss I ask, no better meat.
And with her soft look and light step agree
Her mild and modest, never eager air,
And sweetest words in constant union rare.
From these four sparks—nor only these we see—
Springs the great fire wherein I live and burn,
Which makes me from the sun as night-birds turn.

CANZONE VI

A DREAM OF LAURA DEAD

Translated by Lady Dacre

When she, the faithful soother of my pain,
This life's long weary pilgrimage to cheer,
Vouchsafes beside my nightly couch to appear,
With her sweet speech attempering reason's strain;
O'ercome by tenderness, and terror vain,
I cry, 'Whence comest thou, O spirit blest?'
She from her beauteous breast
A branch of laurel and of palm displays,
And, answering, thus she says:
'From th' empyrean seat of holy love
Alone thy sorrows to console I move.'

In actions and in words, in humble guise
I speak my thanks, and ask, 'How may it be
That thou shouldst know my wretched state?' and she:
'Thy floods of tears perpetual, and thy sighs
Breathed forth unceasing, to high heaven arise,
And there disturb my blissful state serene;
So grievous hath it been,
That freed from this poor being, I at last
To a better life have passed,
Which should have joyed thee hadst thou loved as well
As thy sad brow, and sadder numbers tell.'

'Oh! not thy ills, I but deplore my own,
In darkness, and in grief remaining here,
Certain that thou hast reached the highest sphere,
As of a thing that man hath seen and known.
Would God and Nature to the world have shown
Such virtue in a young and gentle breast,
Were not eternal rest
The appointed guerdon of a life so fair?
Thou! of the spirits rare,
Who, from a course unspotted, pure and high,
Are suddenly translated to the sky.

'But I! how can I cease to weep? forlorn,
Without thee nothing, wretched, desolate!
Oh, in the cradle had I met my fate,
Or at the breast! and not to love been born!'
And she: 'Why by consuming grief thus worn?
Were it not better spread aloft thy wings,
And now all mortal things,
With these thy sweet and idle fantasies,
At their just value prize,
And follow me, if true thy tender vows,
Gathering henceforth with me these honored boughs?'

Then answering her:—'Fain would I thou shouldst say
What these two verdant branches signify.'
'Methinks,' she says, 'thou mayest thyself reply,
Whose pen has graced the one by many a lay.
The palm shows victory; and in youth's bright day
I overcame the world, and my weak heart:
The triumph mine in part,
Glory to Him who made my weakness strength!
And thou, yet turn at length!
'Gainst other powers His gracious aid implore,
That we may be with Him thy trial o'er!'

'Are these the crispéd locks, and links of gold
That bind me still? And these the radiant eyes,
To me the Sun?' 'Err not with the unwise,
Nor think,' she says, 'as they are wont. Behold
In me a spirit among the blest enrolled;
Thou seekest what hath long been earth again:
Yet to relieve thy pain
'Tis given me thus to appear, ere I resume
That beauty from the tomb,
More loved, that I, severe in pity, win
Thy soul with mine to Heaven, from death and sin.'

I weep: and she my cheek,
Soft sighing, with her own fair hand will dry;
And, gently chiding, speak
In tones of power to rive hard rocks in twain;
Then vanishing, sleep follows in her train.

BOCCACCIO (1313–1375)

'Petrarch and Boccaccio,' says Professor Ker, 'determined the course of the principal streams of poetry in all the languages of Europe for more than two centuries after their lifetime, and, in some important respects, even to the present day. . . . Boccaccio is the first adventurer in that long line of poets, in all the nations, who have tried for the prize of the epic. . . . He is one of the first of modern writers to try for the form and the spirit of classical literature.' At the same time he has firm attachments to the Middle Ages: he wrote, quite in the medieval spirit, encyclopedias of classical mythology, of princes who came to misfortune, and of women of renown, whereby poets might adorn their verses with classical allusions. 'Boccaccio was a professor in his old age; when he came to Virgil in his Dante lectures he had nothing to tell his audience about Virgil's diction nor about the idea of a Heroic Poem; he told them that Virgil was an astrologer who lived at Naples, and who made a brazen fly and a bronze horse and the two heads, one weeping and the other laughing, set up at the two sides of the Porta Nolana.'

But Boccaccio was modern in his keen sense of literary form and structure. He had 'a natural gift for story-telling, and for coherence in story-telling. His talent for composition, design, arrangement, gives him his rank among literary reformers.' Beside the Decameron, which is a most important landmark in the history of European fiction, he wrote the first pastoral romance in intermingled prose and verse, the *Ameto*, which had many successors in that kind, now known only to students of literary history. His *Filostrato* and *Teseide* furnished much more than the outlines of some of the best work of Chaucer, who learnt from him important lessons of proportion and design. Quite apart from these literary influences and achievements, he remains one of the best of story-tellers, whom fiction-lovers of the present day, innocent of all antiquarian curiosity, will turn to for the sake of a well-told tale. In spite of the changes of literary taste and fashion, his appeal to the ordinary reader has stood firm throughout the ages.

Giovanni Boccaccio, the illegitimate son of a Certaldo merchant, was first set by his father to business, which he disliked, and then to the study of law, but he was determined to devote himself to literature. His father sent him, when he was still a boy, to Naples, where he fell in love with a local beauty, a lady of high rank, whom he celebrated as the heroine of his early prose romances, *Filocolo* and *Fiammetta*. It is noteworthy that while Dante's Beatrice is etherialized into a symbol, and Petrarch's Laura became not much more than a literary subject and inspiration, Boccaccio's Fiammetta is always to him a living woman. In his maturity he made her one of the story-tellers of the Decameron, which he wrote during the years 1348-53, a period remarkable also for the beginning of his friendship with Petrarch and of his active service to the city of Florence as ambassador to Rome, Ravenna, Avignon, and other European courts. He persuaded the Florentines to appoint a wandering Greek scholar as professor of Greek, and with his help made prose versions of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which he sent on to Petrarch; he himself gave lectures on the works of Dante and wrote a commentary on the Divine Comedy. His last years were spent in retirement at Certaldo, a village in Florentine territory, where the house in which he worked and died is still preserved.

THE DECAMERON—FIRST DAY

From the translation by J. M. Rigg

[In 1348] in the illustrious city of Florence, the fairest of all the cities of Italy, there made its appearance that deadly pestilence, which, whether disseminated by the influence of the celestial bodies, or sent upon us mortals by God in His just wrath by way of retribution for our iniquities, had had its origin some years before in the East, whence, after destroying an innumerable multitude of living beings, it had

propagated itself without respite from place to place, and so, calamitously, had spread into the West.

In Florence, despite all that human wisdom and forethought could devise to avert it, as the cleansing of the city from many impurities by officials appointed for the purpose, the refusal of entrance to all sick folk, and the adoption of many precautions for the preservation of health; despite also humble supplications addressed to God, and often repeated both in public procession and otherwise, by the devout; towards the beginning of the spring of the said year the doleful effects of the pestilence began to be horribly apparent by symptoms that showed as if miraculous.

Not such were they as in the East, where an issue of blood from the nose was a manifest sign of inevitable death; but in men and women alike it first betrayed itself by the emergence of certain tumors in the groin or the armpits, some of which grew as large as a common apple, others as an egg, some more, some less, which the common folk called *gavoccioli*. From the two said parts of the body this deadly *gavocciolo* soon began to propagate and spread itself in all directions indifferently; after which the form of the malady began to change, black spots or livid making their appearance in many cases on the arm or the thigh or elsewhere, now few and large, now minute and numerous. And as the *gavocciolo* had been and still was an infallible token of approaching death, such also were these spots on whomsoever they showed themselves. Which maladies seemed to set entirely at naught both the art of the physician and the virtues of physic; indeed, whether it was that the disorder was of a nature to defy such treatment, or that the physicians were at fault—beside the qualified there was now a multitude both of men and of women who practised without having received the slightest tincture of medical science—and, being in ignorance of its source, failed to apply the proper remedies; in either case, not merely were those that recovered few, but almost all within three days from the appearance of the said symptoms, sooner or later, died, and in most cases without any fever or other attendant malady.

Moreover, the virulence of the pest was the greater by reason that intercourse was apt to convey it from the sick to the whole, just as fire devours things dry or greasy when they are brought close to it. Nay, the evil went yet further, for not merely by speech or association with the sick was the malady communicated to the healthy with consequent peril of common death, but any that touched the clothes of the sick or aught else that had been touched or used by them seemed thereby to contract the disease.

So marvelous sounds that which I have now to relate, that, had not many, and I among them, observed it with their own eyes, I had hardly dared to credit it, much less to set it down in writing, though I had had it from the lips of a credible witness.

I say, then, that such was the energy of the contagion of the said pestilence, that it was not merely propagated from man to man, but, what is much more startling, it was frequently observed, that things which had belonged to one sick or dead of the disease, if touched by some other living creature, not of the human species, were the occasion, not merely of sickening, but of an almost instantaneous death. Whereof my own eyes (as I said a little before) had cognizance, one day among others, by the following experience. The rags of a poor man who had died of the disease being strewn about the open street, two hogs came thither, and after, as is their wont, no little trifling with their snouts, took the rags between their teeth and tossed them to and fro about their chaps; whereupon, almost immediately, they gave a few turns, and fell down dead, as if by poison, upon the rags which in an evil hour they had disturbed.

In which circumstances, not to speak of many others of a similar or even graver complexion, divers apprehensions and imaginations were engendered in the minds of such as were left alive, inclining almost all of them to the same harsh resolution, to wit, to shun and abhor all contact with the sick and all that belonged to them, thinking thereby to make each his own health secure. Among whom there were those who thought that to live temperately and avoid all excess would count for much as a preservative against seizures of this kind. Wherefore they banded together, and, dissociating themselves from all others, formed communities in houses where there were no sick, and lived a separate and secluded life, which they regulated with the utmost care, avoiding every kind

of luxury, but eating and drinking very moderately of the most delicate viands and the finest wines, holding converse with none but one another, lest tidings of sickness or death should reach them, and diverting their minds with music and such other delights as they could devise. Others, the bias of whose minds was in the opposite direction, maintained that to drink freely, frequent places of public resort, and take their pleasure with song and revel, sparing to satisfy no appetite and to laugh and mock at no event, was the sovereign remedy for so great an evil; and that which they affirmed they also put in practise, so far as they were able, resorting day and night, now to this tavern, now to that, drinking with an entire disregard of rule or measure, and by preference making the houses of others, as it were, their inns, if they but saw in them aught that was particularly to their taste or liking, which they were readily able to do, because the owners, seeing death imminent, had become as reckless of their property as of their lives; so that most of the houses were open to all comers, and no distinction was observed between the stranger who presented himself and the rightful lord. Thus, adhering ever to their inhuman determination to shun the sick, as far as possible, they ordered their life. In this extremity of our city's suffering and tribulation the venerable authority of laws, human and divine, was abased and all but totally dissolved, for lack of those who should have administered and enforced them, most of whom, like the rest of the citizens, were either dead or sick, or so hard bested for servants that they were unable to execute any office; whereby every man was free to do what was right in his own eyes.

Not a few there were who belonged to neither of the two said parties, but kept a middle course between them, neither laying the same restraint upon their diet as the former, nor allowing themselves the same license in drinking and other dissipations as the latter, but living with a degree of freedom sufficient to satisfy their appetites, and not as recluses. They therefore walked abroad, carrying in their hands flowers or fragrant herbs or divers sorts of spices, which they frequently raised to their noses, deeming it an excellent thing thus to comfort the brain with such perfumes, because the air seemed to be everywhere laden and reeking with the stench emitted by the dead and the dying, and the odors of drugs.

Some again, the most sound, perhaps, in judgment, as they were also the most harsh in temper of all, affirmed that there was no medicine for the disease superior or equal in efficacy to flight; following which prescription a multitude of men and women, negligent of all but themselves, deserted their city, their houses, their estates, their kinsfolk, their goods, and went into voluntary exile, or migrated to the country parts, as if God in visiting men with this pestilence in requital of their iniquities would not pursue them with His wrath wherever they might be, but intended the destruction of such alone as remained within the circuit of the walls of the city; or deeming, perchance, that it was now time for all to flee from it, and that its last hour was come.

Of the adherents of these divers opinions not all died, neither did all escape; but rather there were, of each sort and in every place, many that sickened, and by those who retained their health were treated after the example which they themselves, while whole, had set, being everywhere left to languish in almost total neglect. Tedious were it to recount, how citizen avoided citizen, how among neighbors was scarce found any that showed fellow-feeling for another, how kinsfolk held aloof, and never met, or but rarely; enough that this sore affliction entered so deep into the minds of men and women, that in the horror thereof brother was forsaken by brother, nephew by uncle, brother by sister, and oftentimes husband by wife; nay, what is more and scarcely to be believed, fathers and mothers were found to abandon their own children, untended, unvisited, to their fate, as if they had been strangers. Wherefore the sick of both sexes, whose number could not be estimated, were left without resource but in the charity of friends (and few such there were), or the interest of servants, who were hardly to be had at high rates and on unseemly terms, and being, moreover, one and all, men and women of gross understanding, and for the most part unused to such offices, concerned themselves no further than to supply the immediate and expressed wants of the sick, and to watch them die; in which service they themselves not seldom perished with their gains. In consequence of which dearth of

servants and direliction of the sick by neighbors, kinsfolk and friends, it came to pass—a thing, perhaps, never before heard of—that no woman, however dainty, fair or well-born she might be, shrank, when stricken with the disease, from the ministrations of a man, no matter whether he were young or no, or scrupled to expose to him every part of her body, with no more shame than if he had been a woman, submitting of necessity to that which her malady required; wherefrom, perchance, there resulted in after-time some loss of modesty in such as recovered. Beside which many succumbed, who, with proper attendance, would, perhaps have escaped death; so that, what with the virulence of the plague and the lack of due tendance of the sick, the multitude of the deaths, that daily and nightly took place in the city, was such that those who heard the tale—not to say witnessed the fact—were struck dumb with amazement. Whereby, practises contrary to the former habits of the citizens could hardly fail to grow up among the survivors.

It had been, as today it still is, the custom for the women that were neighbors and of kin to the deceased to gather in his house with the women that were most closely connected with him, to wail with them in common, while on the other hand his male kinsfolk and neighbors, with not a few of the other citizens, and a due proportion of the clergy according to his quality, assembled without, in front of the house, to receive the corpse; and so the dead man was borne on the shoulders of his peers, with funeral pomp of taper and dirge, to the church selected by him before his death. Which rites, as the pestilence waxed in fury, were either in whole or in great part disused, and gave way to others of a novel order. For not only did no crowd of women surround the bed of the dying, but many passed from this life unregarded, and few indeed were they to whom were accorded the lamentations and bitter tears of sorrowing relations; nay, for the most part, their place was taken by the laugh, the jest, the festal gathering; observances which the women, domestic piety in large measure set aside, had adopted with very great advantage to their health. Few also there were whose bodies were attended to the church by more than ten or twelve of their neighbors, and those not the most honorable and respected citizens, but a sort of corpse-carriers drawn from the baser ranks, who called themselves *becchini* and performed such offices for hire, would shoulder the bier, and with hurried steps carry it, not to the church of the dead man's choice, but to that which was nearest at hand, with four or six priests in front and a candle or two, or perhaps, none; nor did the priests distress themselves with too long and solemn an office, but with the aid of the *becchini* hastily consigned the corpse to the first tomb which they found untenanted. The condition of the lower, and, perhaps, in great measure, of the middle ranks of the people showed even worse and more deplorable; for, deluded by hope or constrained by poverty, they stayed in their quarters, in their houses, where they sickened by thousands a day, and, being without service or help of any kind, were, so to speak, irredeemably devoted to the death which overtook them. Many died daily or nightly in the public streets; of many others, who died at home, the departure was hardly observed by their neighbors, until the stench of their putrefying bodies carried the tidings; and what with their corpses and the corpses of others who died on every hand the whole place was a sepulcher.

It was the common practise of most of the neighbors, moved no less by fear of contamination by the putrefying bodies than by charity towards the deceased, to drag the corpses out of the houses with their own hands, aided, perhaps, by a porter, if a porter was to be had, and to lay them in front of the doors, where any one who made the round might have seen, especially in the morning, more of them than he could count; afterwards they would have biers brought up, or, in default, planks, whereon they laid them. Nor was it once or twice only that one and the same bier carried two or three corpses at once; but quite a considerable number of such cases occurred, one bier sufficing for husband and wife, two or three brothers, father and son, and so forth. And times without number it happened, that, as two priests, bearing the cross, were on their way to perform the last office for some one, three or four biers were brought up by the porters in rear of them, so that, whereas the priests supposed that they had but one corpse to bury, they discovered that there were six or eight, or sometimes more. Nor,

for all their number, were their obsequies honored by either tears or lights or crowds of mourners; rather, it was come to this, that a dead man was then of no more account than a dead goat would be today. From all which it is abundantly manifest, that that lesson of patient resignation, which the sages were never able to learn from the slight and infrequent mishaps which occur in the natural course of events, was now brought home even to the minds of the simple by the magnitude of their disasters, so that they became indifferent to them.

As consecrated ground there was not in extent sufficient to provide tombs for the vast multitude of corpses which day and night and almost every hour were brought in eager haste to the churches for interment, least of all, if ancient custom were to be observed and a separate resting-place assigned to each, they dug, for each graveyard, as soon as it was full, a huge trench, in which they laid the corpses as they arrived by hundreds at a time, piling them up as merchandise is stowed in the hold of a ship, tier upon tier, each covered with a little earth, until the trench would hold no more.

But I spare to rehearse with minute particularity each of the woes that came upon our city, and say in brief, that, harsh as was the tenor of her fortunes, the surrounding country knew no mitigation; for there—not to speak of the castles, each, as it were, a little city in itself—in sequestered village, or on the open champaign, by the wayside, on the farm, in the homestead, the poor hapless husbandmen and their families, forlorn of physicians' care or servants' tendance, perished day and night alike, not as men, but rather as beasts. Wherefore, they too, like the citizens, abandoned all rule of life, all habit of industry, all counsel of prudence; nay, one and all, as if expecting each day to be their last, not merely ceased to aid Nature to yield her fruit in due season of their beasts and their lands and their past labors, but left no means unused, which ingenuity could devise, to waste their accumulated store; denying shelter to their oxen, asses, sheep, goats, pigs, fowls, nay, even to their dogs, man's most faithful companions, and driving them out into the fields to roam at large amid the unsheaved, nay, unreaped corn. Many of which, as if endowed with reason, took their fill during the day, and returned home at night without any guidance of herdsman.

But enough of the country! What need we add, but (reverting to the city) that such and so grievous was the harshness of heaven, and perhaps, in some degree of man, that, what with the fury of the pestilence, the panic of those whom it spared, and their consequent neglect or desertion of not a few of the stricken in their need, it is believed without any manner of doubt, that between March and the ensuing July upwards of a hundred thousand human beings lost their lives within the walls of the city of Florence, which before the deadly visitation would not have been supposed to contain so many people! How many grand palaces, how many stately homes, how many splendid residences, once full of retainers, of lords, of ladies, were now left desolate of all, even to the meanest servant! How many families of historic fame, of vast ancestral domains, and wealth proverbial, found now no scion to continue the succession! How many brave men, how many fair ladies, how many gallant youths whom any physician, were he Galen, Hippocrates, or Æsculapius himself, would have pronounced in the soundest of health, broke fast with their kinsfolk, comrades and friends in the morning, and when evening came, supped with their forefathers in the other world!

Irksome it is to myself to rehearse in detail so sorrowful a history. Wherefore, being minded to pass over so much thereof as I fairly can, I say, that our city being thus well-nigh depopulated, it so happened, as I afterwards learned from one worthy of credit, that on a Tuesday morning after Divine Service the venerable church of Santa Maria Novella was almost deserted save for the presence of seven young ladies habited sadly in keeping with the season. All were connected either by blood or at least as friends or neighbors; and fair and of good understanding were they all, as also of noble birth, gentle manners, and a modest sprightliness. In age none exceeded twenty-eight, or fell short of eighteen years. Their names I would set down in due form, had I not good reason to withhold them, being solicitous lest the matters which here ensue, as told and heard by them, should in after-time be occasion of reproach to any of them, in view of the ample indulgence which was then, for the reasons heretofore set forth, accorded to

the lighter hours of persons of much riper years than they, but which the manners of today have somewhat restricted; nor would I furnish material to detractors, ever ready to bestow their bite where praise is due, to cast by invidious speech the least slur upon the honor of these noble ladies.

THE STORY OF GRISELDA

Translated by J. M. Rigg

There was in olden days a certain Marquis of Saluzzo, Gualtieri by name, a young man, but head of the house, who, having neither wife nor child, passed his time in nought else but in hawking and hunting, and of taking a wife and begetting children had no thought; wherein he should have been accounted very wise: but his vassals, brooking it ill, did oftentimes entreat him to take a wife, that he might not die without an heir, and they be left without a lord; offering to find him one of such a pattern, and of such parentage, that he might marry with good hope, and be well content with the sequel. To whom, 'My friends,' replied Gualtieri, 'you enforce me to that which I had resolved never to do, seeing how hard it is to find a wife, whose ways accord well with one's own, and how plentiful is the supply of such as run counter thereto, and how grievous a life he leads who chances upon a lady that matches ill with him. And to say that you think to know the daughters by the qualities of their fathers and mothers, and thereby—so you would argue—to provide me with a wife to my liking, is but folly; for I wot not how you may penetrate the secrets of their mothers so as to know their fathers; and granted that you do know them, daughters oftentimes resemble neither of their parents. However, as you are minded to rivet these fetters upon me, I am content that so it be; and that I may have no cause to reproach any but myself, should it turn out ill, I am resolved that my wife shall be of my own choosing; but of this rest assured, that, no matter whom I choose, if she receive not from you the honor due to a lady, you shall prove to your great cost how sorely I resent being thus constrained by your importunity to take a wife against my will.'

The worthy men replied that they were well content, so only he would marry without more ado. And Gualtieri, who had long noted with approval the mien of a poor girl that dwelt on a farm hard by his house, and found her fair enough, deemed that with her he might pass a tolerably happy life. Wherefore he sought no further, but forthwith resolved to marry her; and having sent for her father, who was a very poor man, he contracted with him to take her to wife. Which done, Gualtieri assembled all the friends he had in those parts, and, 'My friends,' quoth he, 'you were and are minded that I should take a wife, and rather to comply with your wishes, than for any desire that I had to marry, I have made up my mind to do so. You remember the promise you gave me, to wit, that, whomsoever I should take, you would pay her the honor due to a lady. Which promise I now require you to keep, the time being come when I am to keep mine. I have found hard by here a maiden after mine own heart, whom I purpose to take to wife, and to bring hither to my house in the course of a few days. Wherefore bethink you, how you may make the nuptial feast splendid, and welcome her with all honor, that I may confess myself satisfied with your observance of your promise, as you will be with my observance of mine.' The worthy men, one and all, answered with alacrity that they were well content, and that, whoever she might be, they would entreat her as a lady, and pay her all due honor as such. After which, they all addressed them to make goodly and grand and gladsome celebration of the event, as did also Gualtieri. He arranged for a wedding most stately and fair, and bade thereto a goodly number of his friends and kinsfolk, and great gentlemen, and others, of the neighborhood; and therewithal he caused many a fine and costly robe to be cut and fashioned to the figure of a girl who seemed to him of the like proportions as the girl that he proposed to wed; and laid in store, besides, of girdles and rings, with a costly and beautiful crown, and all the other paraphernalia of a bride.

The day that he appointed for the wedding being come, about half tierce he got him to horse with as many as had come to do him honor, and having made all needful dispositions, 'Gentlemen,' quoth he, ''tis time to go bring home the bride.' And so away he rode with his company to the village; where, being come to the house of

the girl's father, they found her returning from the spring with a bucket of water, making all the haste she could, that she might afterwards go with the other women to see Gualtieri's bride come by. Whom Gualtieri no sooner saw, than he called her by her name, to wit, Griselda, and asked her where her father was. To whom she modestly made answer:—'My lord, he is in the house.' Whereupon Gualtieri dismounted, and having bidden the rest await him without, entered the cottage alone; and meeting her father, whose name was Giannucolo, 'I am come,' quoth he, 'to wed Griselda, but first of all there are some matters I would learn from her own lips in thy presence.' He then asked her, whether, if he took her to wife, she would study to comply with his wishes, and be not wroth, no matter what he might say or do, and be obedient, with not a few other questions of a like sort; to all which she answered, Aye. Whereupon Gualtieri took her by the hand, led her forth, and before the eyes of all his company, and as many other folk as were there, caused her to strip naked, and let bring the garments that he had had fashioned for her, and had her forthwith arrayed therein, and upon her unkempt head let set a crown; and then, while all wondered, 'Gentlemen,' quoth he, 'this is she whom I purpose to make my wife, so she be minded to have me for husband.' Then, she standing abashed and astonished, he turned to her, saying:—'Griselda, wilt thou have me for thy husband?' To whom, 'Aye, my lord,' answered she. 'And I will have thee to wife,' said he, and married her before them all. And having set her upon a palfrey, he brought her home with pomp.

The wedding was fair and stately, and had he married a daughter of the King of France, the feast could not have been more splendid. It seemed as if, with the change of her garb, the bride had acquired a new dignity of mind and mien. She was, as we have said, fair of form and feature; and therewithal she was now grown so engaging and gracious and debonair, that she showed no longer as the shepherdess and the daughter of Giannucolo, but as the daughter of some noble lord, insomuch that she caused as many as had known her before to marvel. Moreover, she was so obedient and devoted to her husband, that he deemed himself the happiest and luckiest man in the world. And likewise so gracious and kindly was she to her husband's vassals, that there was none of them but loved her more dearly than himself, and was zealous to do her honor and prayed for her welfare and prosperity and aggrandisement, and instead of, as erstwhile, saying that Gualtieri had done foolishly to take her to wife, now averred that he had not his like in the world for wisdom and discernment, for that, save to him, her noble qualities would ever have remained hidden under her sorry apparel and the garb of the peasant girl. And in short she so comported herself as in no long time to bring it to pass that, not only in the marquisate, but far and wide besides, her virtues and her admirable conversation were matter of common talk, and, if aught had been said to the disadvantage of her husband, when he married her, the judgment was now altogether to the contrary effect.

She had not been long with Gualtieri before she conceived; and in due time she was delivered of a girl, whereat Gualtieri made great cheer. But, soon after, a strange humor took possession of him, to wit, to put her patience to the proof by prolonged and intolerable hard usage; wherefore he began by afflicting her with his gibes, putting on a vexed air, and telling her that his vassals were most sorely dissatisfied with her by reason of her base condition, and all the more so since they saw that she was a mother, and that they did naught but most ruefully murmur at the birth of a daughter. Whereto Griselda, without the least change of countenance or sign of discomposure, made answer:—'My lord, do with me as thou mayest deem best for thine own honor and comfort, for well I wot that I am of less account than they, and unworthy of this honorable estate to which of thy courtesy thou hast advanced me.' By which answer Gualtieri was well pleased, witting that she was in no degree puffed up with pride by his or any other's honorable entreatment of her. A while afterwards, having in general terms given his wife to understand that the vassals could not endure her daughter, he sent her a message by a servant. So the servant came, and 'Madame,' quoth he with a dolorous mien, 'so I value my life, I must needs do my lord's bidding. He has bidden me take your daughter and . . .' He said no more, but the lady by what she heard, and read in his face, and remembered of her husband's

words, understood that he was bidden to put the child to death. Whereupon she presently took the child from the cradle, and having kissed and blessed her, albeit she was very sore at heart, she changed not countenance, but placed it in the servant's arms, saying:—'See that thou leave nought undone that my lord and thine has charged thee to do, but leave her not so that the beasts and the birds devour her, unless he have so bidden thee.' So the servant took the child, and told Gualtieri what the lady had said; and Gualtieri, marveling at her constancy, sent him with the child to Bologna, to one of his kinswomen, whom he besought to rear and educate the child with all care, but never to let it be known whose child she was.

Soon after it befell that the lady again conceived, and in due time was delivered of a son, whereat Gualtieri was overjoyed. But, not content with what he had done, he now even more poignantly afflicted the lady; and one day with a ruffled mien, 'Wife,' quoth he, 'since thou gavest birth to this boy, I may on no wise live in peace with my vassals, so bitterly do they reproach me that a grandson of Giannucolo is to succeed me as their lord; and therefore I fear that, so I be not minded to be sent a packing hence, I must even do herein as I did before, and in the end put thee away, and take another wife.' The lady heard him patiently, and answered only:—'My lord, study how thou mayst content thee and best please thyself, and waste no thought upon me, for there is nought I desire save in so far as I know that 'tis thy pleasure.' Not many days after, Gualtieri, in like manner as he had sent for the daughter, sent for the son, and having made a show of putting him to death, provided for his, as for the girl's nurture, at Bologna. Whereat the lady showed no more discomposure of countenance or speech than at the loss of her daughter: which Gualtieri found passing strange, and inly affirmed that there was never another woman in the world that would have so done. And but that he had marked that she was most tenderly affectionate towards her children, while 'twas well pleasing to him, he had supposed that she was tired of them, whereas he knew that 'twas of her discretion that she so did. His vassals, who believed that he had put the children to death, held him mightily to blame for his cruelty, and felt the utmost compassion for the lady. She, however, said never aught to the ladies that condoled with her on the death of her children, but that the pleasure of him that had begotten them was her pleasure likewise.

Years not a few had passed since the girl's birth, when Gualtieri at length deemed the time come to put his wife's patience to the final proof. Accordingly, in the presence of a great company of his vassals he declared that on no wise might he longer brook to have Griselda to wife, that he confessed that in taking her he had done a sorry thing and the act of a stripling, and that he therefore meant to do what he could to procure the Pope's dispensation to put Griselda away, and take another wife; for which cause being much upbraided by many worthy men, he made no other answer but only that needs must it so be. Whereof the lady being apprised, and now deeming that she must look to go back to her father's house, and perchance tend the sheep, as she had aforetime, and see him, to whom she was utterly devoted, engrossed by another woman, did inly bewail herself right sorely; but still with the same composed mien with which she had borne Fortune's former buffets, she set herself to endure this last outrage. Nor was it long before Gualtieri by counterfeit letters, which he caused to be sent to him from Rome, made his vassals believe that the Pope had thereby given him a dispensation to put Griselda away, and take another wife. Wherefore, having caused her to be brought before him, he said to her in the presence of not a few, 'Wife, by license granted me by the Pope, I am now free to put thee away, and take another wife; and, for that my forbears have always been great gentlemen and lords of these parts, whereas thine have ever been husbandmen, I purpose that thou go back to Giannucolo's house with the dowry that thou broughtest me; whereupon I shall bring home a lady that I have found, and who is meet to be my wife.'

'Twas not without travail most grievous that the lady, as she heard this announcement, got the better of her woman's nature, and suppressing her tears, made answer:—'My lord, I ever knew that my low degree was on no wise congruous with your nobility, and acknowledged that the rank I had with you was of your and God's bestowal, nor did I ever make as if it were mine by gift, or so esteem it, but still accounted it

as a loan. 'Tis your pleasure to recall it, and therefore it should be, and is, my pleasure to render it up to you. So, here is your ring, with which you espoused me; take it back. You bid me take with me the dowry that I brought you; which to do will require neither paymaster on your part nor purse nor pack-horse on mine; for I am not unmindful that naked was I when you first had me. And if you deem it seemly that that body in which I have borne children, by you begotten, be beheld of all, naked will I depart; but yet, I pray you, be pleased, in guerdon of the virginity that I brought you and take not away, to suffer me to bear hence upon my back a single shift—I crave no more—beside my dowry.' There was nought of which Gualtieri was so fain as to weep; but yet setting his face as a flint, he made answer:—'I allow thee a shift to thy back; so get thee hence.' All that stood by besought him to give her a robe, that she, who had been his wife for thirteen years and more, might not be seen to quit his house in so sorry and shameful a plight, having nought on her but a shift. But their entreaties went for nothing; the lady in her shift, and barefoot and bareheaded, having bade them adieu, departed the house, and went back to her father amid the tears and lamentations of all that saw her. Giannucolo, who had ever deemed it a thing incredible that Gualtieri should keep his daughter to wife, and had looked for this to happen every day, and had kept the clothes that she had put off on the morning that Gualtieri had wedded her, now brought them to her; and she, having resumed them, applied herself to the petty drudgery of her father's house, as she had been wont, enduring with fortitude this cruel visitation of adverse Fortune.

Now no sooner had Gualtieri dismissed Griselda, than he gave his vassals to understand that he had taken to wife a daughter of one of the Counts of Panago. He accordingly made great preparations as for the nuptials, during which he sent for Griselda. To whom, being come, quoth he, 'I am bringing hither my new bride, and in this her first home-coming I purpose to show her honor; and thou knowest that women I have none in the house that know how to set chambers in due order, or attend to the many other matters that so joyful an event requires; wherefore do thou, that understandest these things better than another, see to all that needs be done, and bid hither such ladies as thou mayst see fit, and receive them, as if thou wert the lady of the house, and then, when the nuptials are ended, thou mayst go back to thy cottage.' Albeit each of these words pierced Griselda's heart like a knife, for that, in resigning her good fortune, she had not been able to renounce the love she bore Gualtieri, nevertheless, 'My lord,' she made answer, 'I am ready and prompt to do your pleasure.' And so, clad in her sorry garments of coarse romagnole, she entered the house, which, but a little before, she had quitted in her shift, and addressed her to sweep the chambers, and arrange arras and cushions in the halls, and make ready the kitchen, and set her hand to everything, as if she had been a paltry serving-wench; nor did she rest until she had brought all into such meet and seemly trim as the occasion demanded. This done, she invited in Gualtieri's name all the ladies of those parts to be present at his nuptials, and awaited the event. The day being come, still wearing her sorry weeds, but in heart and soul and mien the lady, she received the ladies as they came, and gave each a gladsome greeting.

Now Gualtieri, as we said, had caused his children to be carefully nurtured and brought up by a kinswoman of his at Bologna, which kinswoman was married into the family of the Counts of Panago; and, the girl being now twelve years old, and the loveliest creature that ever was seen, and the boy being about six years old, he had sent word to his kinswoman's husband at Bologna, praying him to be pleased to come with this girl and boy of his to Saluzzo, and to see that he brought a goodly and honorable company with him, and to give all to understand that he brought the girl to him to wife, and on no wise to disclose to any who she really was. The gentleman did as the Marquis bade him, and within a few days of his setting forth arrived at Saluzzo about breakfast-time with the girl, and her brother, and a noble company, and found all the folk of those parts, and much people besides, gathered there in expectation of Gualtieri's new bride. Who, being received by the ladies, was no sooner come into the hall, where the tables were set, than Griselda advanced to meet her, saying with hearty cheer:—'Welcome, my lady.' So the ladies, who had with much instance

but in vain, besought Gualtieri, either to let Griselda keep in another room, or at any rate to furnish her with one of the robes that had been hers, that she might not present herself in such a sorry guise before the strangers, sat down to table; and the service being begun, the eyes of all were set on the girl, and everyone said that Gualtieri had made a good exchange, and Griselda joined with the rest in greatly commending her, and also her little brother. And now Gualtieri, sated at last with all that he had seen of his wife's patience, marking that this new and strange turn made not the least alteration in her demeanor, and being well assured that 'twas not due to apathy, for he knew her to be of excellent understanding, deemed it time to relieve her of the suffering which he judged her to dissemble under a resolute front; and so, having called her to him in presence of them all, he said with a smile, 'And what thinkst thou of our bride?' 'My lord,' replied Griselda, 'I think mighty well of her; and if she be but as discreet as she is fair, and so I deem her—I make no doubt but you may reckon to lead with her a life of incomparable felicity; but with all earnestness I entreat you, that you spare her those tribulations which you did once inflict upon another that was yours, for I scarce think she would be able to bear them as well because she is younger, as for that she has been delicately nurtured, whereas that other had known no respite of hardship since she was but a little child.' Marking that she made no doubt but that the girl was to be his wife, and yet spoke never a whit the less sweetly, Gualtieri caused her to sit down beside him, and, 'Griselda,' said he, ''tis now time that thou see the reward of thy long patience and those, who have deemed me cruel and unjust and insensate, should know that what I did was done of purpose aforethought, for that I was minded to give both thee and them a lesson, that thou mightest learn to be a wife, and they in like manner might learn how to take and keep a wife, and that I might beget me perpetual peace with thee for the rest of my life; whereof being in great fear, when I came to take a wife, lest I should be disappointed, I, therefore, to put the matter to the proof, did, and how sorely thou knowest, harass and afflict thee. And since I never knew thee either by deed or by word to deviate from my will, I now, deeming myself to have of thee that assurance of happiness which I desired, am minded to restore to thee at once all that, step by step, I took from thee, and by extremity of joy to compensate the tribulations that I inflicted on thee. Receive, then, this girl, whom thou supposest to be my bride, and her brother, with glad heart, as thy children and mine. These are they, whom by thee and many another it has long been supposed that I did ruthlessly to death, and I am thy husband, that loves thee more dearly than aught else, deeming that other there is none that has the like good cause to be well content with his wife.'

Which said, he embraced and kissed her; and then, while she wept for joy, they rose and hied them there where sat the daughter all astonished to hear the news, whom, as also her brother, they tenderly embraced, and explained to them, and many others that stood by, the whole mystery. Whereat the ladies, transported with delight, rose from table and betook them with Griselda to a chamber, and, with better omen, divested her of her sorry garb, and arrayed her in one of her own robes of state; and so, in guise of a lady (howbeit in her rags she had showed as no less) they led her back into the hall. Wondrous was the cheer which there they made with the children; and all overjoyed at the event, they reveled and made merry amain, and prolonged the festivities for several days, and very discreet they pronounced Gualtieri, albeit they censured as intolerably harsh the probation to which he had subjected Griselda, and most discreet beyond all compare they accounted Griselda.

Some days after, the Count of Panago returned to Bologna, and Gualtieri took Giannucolo from his husbandry, and established him in honor as his father-in-law, wherein to his great solace he lived for the rest of his days. Gualtieri himself, having mated his daughter with a husband of high degree, lived long and happily thereafter with Griselda, to whom he ever paid all honor.

FROISSART (1337–1410)

Jean Froissart was born at Valenciennes and early established a reputation as a chivalric poet. At eighteen he went to England and won the favor of Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III, who made him her secretary. In 1368 he accompanied the Duke of Clarence to Milan on the occasion of the marriage of this English prince to a daughter of the Visconti—a ceremony at which Petrarch was an honored guest; it was thought at one time that Chaucer was also present, but the English poet's visit to Italy seems to have been of later date. On the death of Queen Philippa in 1369, Froissart entered the service of Wenceslaus, Duke of Brabant, and on his death, that of Guy, Count of Blois, who gave him the canonry of Chimay, and induced him to complete his history of France, England, and the neighboring countries during his own lifetime. For the purpose of assembling materials for his *Chronicles,* which cover the period 1326-1400, Froissart traveled widely, and visited England again after an absence of forty years. He seems then to have retired and spent the rest of his life in quiet study at Chimay, where he died. The outlines of two stories included in the passage from the *Chronicles* given below are included in every child's history of England, but the charm of the narrative is Froissart's own. The second incident, that of Queen Philippa's intercession for the citizens of Calais, is told by no other historian, but there is no reason to doubt its authenticity and it may well have been related to Froissart by the Queen herself.

Froissart's *Chronicles* were first published in Paris about the end of the fifteenth century and some twenty-five years later were translated into English by Bourchier, Lord Berners, whose version is still highly prized by lovers of Tudor literature, but for the purposes of modern readers the more exact translation of Thomas Johnes, made at the beginning of the nineteenth century, appears more serviceable and is here used.

EDWARD III'S INVASION OF FRANCE

The king of France ordered all the bridges and fords of the river Somme to be guarded, to prevent the king of England from crossing it with his army; for he was resolved to force them to fight when he should see the most favorable opportunity, or else to starve them.

The two marshals, having thus in vain followed the course of the Somme, returned to the king of England, and related to him that they were unable to find a passage anywhere. That same evening, the king of France took up his quarters in Amiens, with upwards of one hundred thousand men. The king of England was very pensive: he ordered mass before sunrise, and his trumpets to sound for decamping. All sorts of people followed the marshals' banners, according to the orders the king had issued the preceding day; and they marched through the country of Vimeu, drawing near to the good town of Abbeville. In their march, they came to a town where a great number of the country people had assembled, trusting to some small fortifications which were thrown up there; but the English conquered the town, as soon as they came to it, and all that were within. Many of the townsmen and those from the adjoining country were slain or taken prisoners. The king lodged, that night, in the great hospital.

The king of France set out from Amiens, and came to Airaines about noon; the English king had quitted it about ten o'clock. The French found there provisions of all sorts; meat on the spits, bread and pastry in the ovens, wine in barrels, and even some tables ready spread, for the English had left it in very great haste. The king of France fixed his quarters there, to wait for his nobles and their retinue. The king of England was in the town of Oisemont. When his two marshals returned in the evening, after having overrun the country as far as the gates of Abbeville, and to St. Valery, where they had had a smart skirmish, the king of England summoned a council, and ordered many prisoners,

whom his people had made in the districts of Ponthieu and Vimeu, to be brought before him.

The king, most courteously asked, 'if any of them knew a ford below Abbeville, where he and his army could pass without danger;' and added, 'Whoever will show us such a ford shall have his liberty, and that of any twenty of his fellow-soldiers whom he may wish to select.' There was among them a common fellow whose name was Gobin Agace, who answered the king, and said, 'Sir, I promise you, under peril of my life, that I will conduct you to such a place, where you and your whole army may pass the river Somme without any risk. There are certain fordable places where you may pass twelve men abreast twice in the day, and not have water above your knees; but when the tide is in, the river is full and deep, and no one can cross it; when the tide is out, the river is so low that it may be passed, on horseback or on foot, without danger. The bottom of this ford is very hard, of gravel and white stones, over which all your carriages may safely pass, and from thence is called Blanchetaque. You must therefore set out early, so as to be at the ford before sunrise.' 'Friend,' replied the king, 'if I find what thou hast just said to be true, I will give thee and all thy companions their liberty, and I will besides make thee a present of a hundred nobles.' The king gave orders for everyone to be ready to march at the first sound of his trumpet, and to proceed forward.

THE FIGHT AT THE FORD

The king of England did not sleep much that night, but, rising at midnight, ordered his trumpet to sound. Very soon everything was ready; and, the baggage being loaded, they set out from the town of Oisemont about daybreak, and rode on, under the guidance of Gobin Agace, until they came to the ford of Blanchetaque, about sunrise; but the tide was at that time so full, they could not cross. The king, however, determined to wait there for those of his army who were not yet come up; and he remained until after ten o'clock, when the tide was gone out. The king of France, who had his scouts all over the country, was informed of the situation of the king of England: he imagined he should be able to shut him up between Abbeville and the Somme, and thus take him prisoner, or force him to fight at a disadvantage. From the time of his arrival at Amiens, he had ordered a great baron of Normandy, called Sir Godémar du Fay, to guard this ford of Blanchetaque, which the English must cross, and nowhere else. Sir Godémar had set out, in obedience to this order, and had with him, in the whole, one thousand men-at-arms and six thousand foot, with the Genoese. He had passed St. Ricquier in Ponthieu, and from thence came to Crotoy, where this ford was; he had collected, in his march, great numbers of the country people. The townsmen of Abbeville had also accompanied him, excellently well appointed: they had arrived at the passage before the English. They were, in all, fully twelve thousand men; among them were two thousand who had jackets, resembling wagoners' frocks, called *torviquiaux*.

On the arrival of the English army, Sir Godémar du Fay drew up his men on the banks of the river, to defend and guard the ford. The king of England, however, did not for this give up his intention of crossing; but, as soon as the tide was sufficiently gone out, he ordered his marshals to dash into the water, in the names of God and St. George. The most doughty and the best mounted leaped in first; and, in the river, the engagement began: many on both sides were unhorsed into the water: there were some knights and squires, from Artois and Picardy, in the pay of Sir Godémar, who in hopes of preferment and to acquire honor had posted themselves at this ford, and they appeared to be equally fond of tilting in the water as upon dry land.

The French were drawn up in battle array, near the narrow pass leading to the ford; and the English were much annoyed by them as they came out of the water to gain the land; for there were among them Genoese cross bowmen who did them much mischief. On the other hand, the English archers shot so well together that they forced the men-at-arms to give way. At this ford of Blanchetaque many gallant feats of arms were performed on each side; but, in the end, the English crossed over, and, as they came on shore, hastened to the fields. After the king, the prince, and the other lords had crossed, the French did not long keep in the order they were in, but ran off for the fastest. When Sir Godémar

du Fay found his army discomfited, he saved himself as quickly as he could, and many with him, some making for Abbeville, others for St. Ricquier. The infantry, however, could not escape; and there were numbers of those from Abbeville, Arras, Montreuil, and St. Ricquier, slain or taken prisoners: the pursuit lasted more than a league. The English had scarcely gained the opposite bank, when some of the light horse of the French army, particularly those belonging to the king of Bohemia and Sir John of Hainault, advanced upon the rear, and took from them some horses and accoutrements, and slew several on the bank who were late in crossing.

The king of France had set out from Airaines that morning, thinking to find the English on the banks of the Somme; when news was brought to him of the defeat of Sir Godémar and his army, he immediately halted, and demanded from his marshals what was to be done; they answered, 'You can only cross the river by the bridge of Abbeville, for the tide is now in at Blanchetaque.' The king of France therefore turned back and took up his quarters at Abbeville.

The king of England, when he had crossed the Somme, gave thanks to God for it, and began his march in the same order as he had done before. He called to him Gobin Agace, gave him his freedom without ransom, as well as that of his companions, and ordered the hundred nobles of gold to be given to him, and also a good horse.

The king continued his march, thinking to take up his quarters at a good and large town called Noyelle, situated hard by; but when he was informed that it belonged to the Countess d'Aumarle, sister to the late Robert d'Artois, he sent to assure the inhabitants, as well as all the farmers belonging to her, that they should not be hurt. He marched further on; but his two marshals rode to Crotoy, near the sea; they took the town, and burnt it. In the harbor they found many ships, and other vessels, laden with wines, from Poitou, Saintonge, and la Rochelle: they ordered the best to be carried to the English army; then one of the marshals pushed forward, even as far as the gates of Abbeville, and returned to St. Ricquier, following the seashore to the town of St. Esprit de Rue.

THE ENGLISH ENCAMP

These two battalions of the marshals came, on a Friday in the afternoon, to where the king was; and they fixed their quarters, all three together, near Crecy in Ponthieu. The king of England, who had been informed that the king of France was following him, in order to give him battle, said to his people: 'Let us post ourselves here; for we will not go farther before we have seen our enemies. I have good reason to wait for them on this spot; as I am now upon the lawful inheritance of my lady-mother, which was given her as her marriage portion; and I am resolved to defend it against my adversary, Philippe de Valois.' On account of his not having more than an eighth part of the forces which the king of France had, his marshals fixed upon the most advantageous situation; and the army went and took possession of it. He then sent his scouts toward Abbeville, to learn if the king of France meant to take the field this Friday; but they returned, and said they saw no appearance of it; upon which he dismissed his men to their quarters, with orders to be in readiness by times in the morning, and to assemble in the same place.

The king of France remained all Friday in Abbeville, waiting for more troops. He sent his marshals, the lord of St. Venant and lord Charles of Montmorency, out of Abbeville, to examine the country, and get some certain intelligence of the English. They returned, about vespers, with information that the English were encamped on the plain. That night the king of France entertained at supper, in Abbeville, all the princes and chief lords. There was much conversation relative to war; and the king entreated them, after supper, that they would always remain in friendship with each other; that they would be friends without jealousy, and courteous without pride. The king was still expecting the Earl of Savoy, who ought to have been there with a thousand lances, as he had been well paid for them at Troyes in Champaign, three months in advance.

THE ENGLISH ORDER OF BATTLE

The king of England, as I have mentioned before, encamped this Friday in the plain, for he found the country abounding in provisions; but, if they should have

failed, he had plenty in the carriages which attended on him. The army set about furbishing and repairing their armor; and the king gave a supper that evening to the earls and barons of his army, where they made good cheer. On their taking leave, the king remained alone, with the lords of his bed-chamber; he retired into his oratory, and, falling on his knees before the altar, prayed to God, that, if he should combat his enemies on the morrow, he might come off with honor. About midnight he went to his bed; and, rising early the next day, he and the Prince of Wales heard mass, and communicated. The greater part of his army did the same, confessed, and made proper preparations. After mass, the king ordered his men to arm themselves, and assemble on the ground he had before fixed on. He had enclosed a large park near a wood, on the rear of his army, in which he placed all his baggage-wagons and horses; and this park had but one entrance: his men-at-arms and archers remained on foot.

The king afterwards ordered, through his constable and his two marshals, that the army should be divided into three battalions. In the first, he placed the young Prince of Wales, and with him the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, the Lord Reginald Cobham, Lord Thomas Holland, Lord Stafford, Lord Mauley, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Lord Bartholomew Burgherst, Lord Robert Neville, Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord Latimer, and many other knights and squires whom I cannot name. There might be, in the first division, about eight hundred men-at-arms, two thousand archers, and a thousand Welshmen. They advanced in regular order to their ground, each lord under his banner and pennon, and in the center of his men. In the second battalion were the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lords Roos, Willoughby, Basset, St. Albans, Sir Lewis Tufton, Lord Multon, the Lord Lascels, and many others, amounting, in the whole, to about eight hundred men-at-arms and twelve hundred archers. The third battalion was commanded by the king, and was composed of about seven hundred men-at-arms and two thousand archers.

The king then mounted a small palfrey, having a white wand in his hand, and attended by his two marshals on each side of him: he rode a foot's pace through all the ranks, encouraging and entreating the army that they would guard his honor and defend his right. He spoke this so sweetly and with such a cheerful countenance, that all who had been dispirited were directly comforted by seeing and hearing him. When he had thus visited all the battalions, it was near ten o'clock; he retired to his own division, and ordered them all to eat heartily, and drink a glass after. They ate and drank at their ease; and, having packed up pots, barrels, etc., in the carts, they returned to their battalions, according to the marshal's orders, and seated themselves on the ground, placing their helmets and bows before them, that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive.

THE FRENCH ARMY

That same Saturday, the king of France rose betimes, and heard mass in the monastery of St. Peter's in Abbeville, where he had lodged; having ordered his army to do the same, he left that town after sunrise. When he had marched about two leagues from Abbeville, and was approaching the enemy, he was advised to form his army in order of battle, and to let those on foot march forward, that they might not be trampled on by the horses. The king, upon this, sent off four knights, the Lord Moyne of Bastleberg, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord of Aubigny, who rode so near to the English that they could clearly distinguish their position. The English plainly perceived that they were come to reconnoitre them; however, they took no notice of it, but suffered them to return unmolested. When the king of France saw them coming back, he halted his army; and the knights, pushing through the crowds, came near the king, who said to them, 'My lords, what news?' They looked at each other without opening their mouths: for neither chose to speak first. At last, the king addressed himself to the Lord Moyne, who was attached to the king of Bohemia, and had performed very many gallant deeds, so that he was esteemed one of the most valiant knights in Christendom. The Lord Moyne said, 'Sir, I will speak, since it pleases you to order me, but under the correction of my companion. We have advanced far enough to reconnoitre your ene-

mies. Know, then, that they are drawn up in three battalions, and are waiting for you. I would advise, for my part (submitting, however, to better counsel), that you halt your army here, and quarter them for the night; for before the rear shall come up, and the army be properly drawn out, it will be very late, your men will be tired and in disorder, whilst they will find your enemies fresh and properly arrayed. On the morrow you may draw up your army more at your ease, and may reconnoitre at leisure on what part it will be most advantageous to begin the attack; for, be assured they will wait for you.' The king commanded that it should so be done: and the two marshals rode, one toward the front, and the other to the rear, crying out, 'Halt banners, in the name of God and St. Denis.' Those that were in the front halted; but those behind said they would not halt until they were as forward as the front. When the front perceived the rear pressing on, they pushed forward; and neither the king nor the marshals could stop them, but they marched on without any order until they came in sight of their enemies. As soon as the foremost rank saw them, they fell back at once, in great disorder, which alarmed those in the rear, who thought they had been fighting. There was then space and room enough for them to have passed forward, had they been willing to do so: some did so, but others remained shy. All the roads between Abbeville and Crecy were covered with common people, who, when they were come within three leagues of their enemies, drew their swords, bawling out, 'Kill, kill;' and with them were many great lords that were eager to make show of their courage. There is no man, unless he had been present, that can imagine, or describe truly, the confusion of that day; especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were out of number. What I know, and shall relate in this book, I have learnt chiefly from the English, who had well observed the confusion they were in, and from those attached to Sir John of Hainault, who was always near the person of the king of France.

THE BATTLE OF CRECY

The English, who were drawn up in three divisions, and seated on the ground, on seeing their enemies advance, rose undauntedly up, and fell into their ranks. That of the prince was the first to do so, whose archers were formed in the manner of a portcullis, or harrow, and the men-at-arms in the rear. The Earls of Northampton and Arundel, who commanded the second division, had posted themselves in good order on his wing, to assist and succor the prince if necessary.

You must know that these kings, earls, barons, and lords of France did not advance in regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves. As soon as the king of France came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, 'Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis.' There were about fifteen thousand Genoese cross bowmen; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed, and with their cross bows. They told the constable they were not in a fit condition to do any great things that day in battle. The Earl Alençon, hearing this, said, 'This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them.' During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a very terrible eclipse of the sun; and before this rain a great flight of crows hovered in the air over all those battalions, making a loud noise. Shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the Frenchmen had it in their faces, and the English in their backs. When the Genoese were somewhat in order, and approached the English, they set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them; but they remained quite still, and did not seem to attend it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward; but the English never moved. They hooted a third time, advancing with their cross bows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness that it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced their arms, heads, and through their armor, some of them cut the strings of their cross bows, others flung them on the ground, and all turned about and retreated quite discomfited. The French had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback, richly dressed, to support the Genoese. The king of France, seeing

them thus fall back, cried out, 'Kill me those scoundrels; for they stop up our road, without any reason.' You would then have seen the above-mentioned men-at-arms lay about them, killing all they could of these runaways.

The English continued shooting as vigorously and quickly as before; some of their arrows fell among the horsemen, who were sumptuously equipped, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again. In the English army there were some Cornish and Welshmen on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives; these, advancing through the ranks of the men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this danger, and, falling upon earls, barons, knights, and squires, slew many, at which the king of England was afterwards much exasperated. The valiant king of Bohemia was slain there. He was called Charles of Luxembourg; for he was the son of the gallant king and emperor, Henry of Luxembourg; having heard the order of the battle, he inquired where his son, the Lord Charles, was: his attendants answered, that they did not know, but believed he was fighting. The king said to them: 'Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends and brethren at arms this day; therefore, as I am blind, I request of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword.' The knights replied, they would directly lead him forward; and in order that they might not lose him in the crowd, they fastened all the reins of their horses together, and put the king at their head, that he might gratify his wish, and advanced toward the enemy. The Lord Charles of Bohemia, who already signed his name as king of Germany, and bore the arms, had come in good order to the engagement; but when he perceived that it was likely to turn out against the French, he departed, and I do not well know what road he took. The king, his father, had rode in among the enemy, and made good use of his sword; for he and his companions had fought most gallantly. They had advanced so far that they were all slain; and on the morrow they were found on the ground, with their horses all tied together.

The Earl of Alençon advanced in regular order upon the English, to fight with them; as did the Earl of Flanders, in another part. These two lords, with their detachments, coasting, as it were, the archers, came to the prince's battalion, where they fought valiantly for a length of time. The king of France was eager to march to the place where he saw their banners displayed, but there was a hedge of archers before him. He had that day made a present of a handsome black horse to Sir John of Hainault, who had mounted on it a knight of his, called Sir John de Fusselles, that bore his banner: which horse ran off with him, and forced his way through the English army, and, when about to return, stumbled and fell into a ditch and severely wounded him: he would have been dead, if his page had not followed him round the battalions, and found him unable to rise: he had not, however, any other hindrance than from his horse; for the English did not quit the ranks that day to make prisoners. The page alighted, and raised him up; but he did not return the way he came, as he would have found it difficult from the crowd.

This battle, which was fought on the Saturday between la Broyes and Crecy, was very murderous and cruel; and many gallant deeds of arms were performed that were never known. Toward evening, many knights and squires of the French had lost their masters: they wandered up and down the plain, attacking the English in small parties: they were soon destroyed; for the English had determined that day to give no quarter, or hear of ransom for any one.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Early in the day, some French, Germans, and Savoyards had broken through the archers of the prince's battalion, and had engaged with the men-at-arms; upon which the second battalion came to his aid, and it was time, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight in great haste to the king of England, who was posted upon an eminence, near a windmill. On the knight's arrival, he said, 'Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Stafford, the Lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son, are vigorously attacked by the French; and they entreat that you would come to their assistance with your battalion, for, if their

numbers should increase, they fear he will have too much to do.' The king replied, 'Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?' 'Nothing of the sort, thank God,' rejoined the knight; 'but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help.' The king answered, 'Now, Sir Thomas, return back to those that sent you, and tell them from me, not to send again for me this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say, that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have entrusted him.' The knight returned to his lords and related the king's answer, which mightily encouraged them and made them repent they had ever sent such a message.

AFTER THE BATTLE

It is a certain fact, that Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, who was in the prince's battalion, having been told by some of the English, that they had seen the banner of his brother engaged in the battle against him, was exceedingly anxious to save him; but he was too late, for he was left on the field, and so was the Earl of Aumarle, his nephew. On the other hand, the Earls of Alençon and of Flanders were fighting lustily under their banners, and with their own people; but they could not resist the force of the English, and were there slain, as well as many other knights and squires that were attending on or accompanying them. The Earl of Blois, nephew to the king of France, and the Duke of Lorraine, his brother-in-law, with their troops, made a gallant defense; but they were surrounded by a troop of English and Welsh, and slain in spite of their prowess. The Earl of St. Pol and the Earl of Auxerre were also killed, as well as many others. Late after vespers, the king of France had not more about him than sixty men, every one included. Sir John of Hainault, who was of the number, had once remounted the king; for his horse had been killed under him by an arrow: he said to the king, 'Sir, retreat whilst you have an opportunity, and do not expose yourself so simply; if you have lost this battle, another time you will be the conqueror.' After he had said this, he took the bridle of the king's horse, and led him off by force; for he had before entreated of him to retire. The king rode on until he came to the castle of la Broyes, where he found the gates shut, for it was very dark. The king ordered the governor of it to be summoned; he came upon the battlements, and asked who it was that called at such an hour? The king answered, 'Open, open, governor; it is the fortune of France.' The governor, hearing the king's voice, immediately descended, opened the gate, and let down the bridge. The king and his company entered the castle; but he had only with him five barons, Sir John of Hainault, the Lord Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord of Aubigny, and the Lord of Montfort. The king would not bury himself in such a place as that, but, having taken some refreshments, set out again with his attendants about midnight, and rode on, under the direction of guides who were well acquainted with the country, until, about daybreak, he came to Amiens, where he halted. This Saturday the English never quitted their ranks in pursuit of any one, but remained on the field, guarding their position, and defending themselves against all who attacked them. The battle was ended at the hour of vespers.

When, on this Saturday night, the English heard no more hooting or shouting, nor any more crying out to particular lords or their banners, they looked upon the field as their own, and their enemies as beaten. They made great fires, and lighted torches because of the obscurity of the night. King Edward then came down from his post, who all that day had not put on his helmet, and, with his whole battalion, advanced to the Prince of Wales, whom he embraced in his arms and kissed, and said, 'Sweet son, God give you good perseverance: you are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day: you are worthy to be a sovereign.' The prince bowed down very low and humbled himself, giving all honor to the king, his father. The English, during the night, made frequent thanksgivings to the Lord, for the happy issue of the day, and without rioting; for the king had forbidden all riot or noise.

On the Sunday morning, there was so great a fog that one could scarcely see the distance of half an acre. The king ordered a detachment from the army, un-

der the command of the two marshals, consisting of about five hundred lances and two thousand archers, to make an excursion, and see if there were any bodies of French collected together. The quota of troops from Rouen and Beauvais had, this Sunday morning, left Abbeville and St. Ricquier in Ponthieu, to join the French army, and were ignorant of the defeat of the preceding evening: they met this detachment, and, thinking they must be French, hastened to join them. As soon as the English found who they were, they fell upon them, and there was a sharp engagement; but the French soon turned their backs, and fled in great disorder. There were slain in this fight in the open fields, under hedges and bushes, upwards of seven thousand; and had it been clear weather, not one soul would have escaped.

A little time afterwards, this same party fell in with the Archbishop of Rouen and the great Prior of France, who were also ignorant of the discomfiture of the French; for they had been informed that the king was not to fight before Sunday. Here began a fresh battle: for those two lords were well attended by good men-at-arms: however, they could not withstand the English, but were almost all slain, with the two chiefs who commanded them, very few escaping. In the course of the morning, the English found many Frenchmen who had lost their road on the Saturday, and had lain in the open fields, not knowing what was become of the king, or their own leaders. The English put to the sword all they met; and it has been assured to me for fact, that of foot soldiers, sent from the cities, towns and municipalities, there were slain, this Sunday morning, four times as many as in the battle of the Saturday.

NUMBERING THE DEAD

This detachment, which had been sent to look after the French, returned as the king was coming from mass, and related to him all they had seen and met with. After he had been assured by them that there was not any appearance of the French collecting another army, he sent to have the numbers and condition of the dead examined.

He ordered on this business Lord Reginald Cobham, Lord Stafford, and three heralds to examine their arms, and two secretaries to write down all the names. They took much pains to examine all the dead, and were the whole day in the field of battle, not returning but just as the king was sitting down to supper. They made to him a very circumstantial report of all they had observed, and said they had found eighty banners, the bodies of eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and about thirty thousand common men.

The English halted there that day, and on the Monday morning prepared to march off. The king ordered the bodies of the principal knights to be taken from the ground, and carried to the monastery of Montenay, which was hard by, there to be interred in consecrated ground. He had it proclaimed in the neighborhood that he should grant a truce for three days in order that the dead might be buried. He then marched on, passing by Montreuil-sur-mer.

His marshals made an excursion as far as Hesdin, and burnt Vaubain and Serain; but they could make nothing of the castle, as it was too strong and well guarded. They lay that Monday night upon the banks of the Canche, near Blangy. The next day they rode toward Boulogne, and burnt the towns of St. Josse and Neufchatel: they did the same to Estaples, in the country of the Boulonois. The whole army passed through the forest of Hardelou and the country of the Boulonois, and came to the large town of Wissant, where the king, prince, and all the English lodged; and, having refreshed themselves there one whole day, they came, on the Thursday, before the strong town of Calais.

THE SIEGE OF CALAIS

A Burgundy knight, named Sir John de Vienne, was governor of Calais; and with him were Sir Arnold d'Andreghen, Sir John of Surie, Sir Bardo de Bellebourne, Sir Geoffry de la Motte, Sir Pepin de Were and many other knights and squires. On the king's arrival before Calais, he laid siege to it, and built, between it and the river and bridge, houses of wood: they were laid out in streets, and thatched with straw or broom; and in this town of the king's, there was everything necessary for an army, beside a market place, where there were markets, every Wednesday and Saturday, for butcher's meat, and all other sorts of merchandise; cloth, bread, and everything else, which came from England,

and Flanders, might be had there, as well as all comforts, for money. The English made frequent excursions to Guines and its neighborhood, and to the gates of St. Omer and Boulogne, from whence they brought great booties back to the army. The king made no attacks upon the town, as he knew it would be only lost labor; and he was sparing of his men and artillery; but said he would remain there so long that he would starve the town into a surrender, unless the king of France should come there to raise the siege. When the governor of Calais saw the preparations of the king of England, he collected together all the poor inhabitants, who had not laid in any store of provisions, and, one Wednesday morning, sent upwards of seventeen hundred men, women and children out of the town. As they were passing through the English army, they asked them, why they had left the town? They replied, because they had nothing to eat. The king, upon this, allowed them to pass through in safety, ordered them a hearty dinner, and gave to each two sterlings, as charity and alms, for which many of them prayed earnestly for the king.

ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE SIEGE

King Philip of France, who felt that his subjects in Calais must be severely oppressed, commanded all the knights and squires of his realm to rendezvous at Amiens, or near that town, on the Feast of Whitsuntide. No one dared to disobey this order, but all were punctual in being there at the appointed time. King Philip kept a solemn court at Amiens, at which were present the Duke of Normandy, his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, his youngest son, Eudes Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Bourbon, the Earl of Foix, the Lord Lewis of Savoy, the Lord John of Hainault, the Earls of Armagnac, Valentinois, Forêts, and a great many other earls, barons and knights. When all these noblemen were assembled in Amiens, they held many councils. The king of France was very anxious to have a free passage through Flanders, that he might send through it a part of his army by way of Gravelines, to reinforce the garrison of Calais, and to attack and fight with the English on that side of the town. He sent, therefore, a very magnificent embassy into Flanders, to treat with the Flemings on this subject; but the king of England had so many friends there that they would not grant him his request. The king upon this said he would then advance as far as Boulogne.

The king of England, who found that he could not conquer Calais but by famine, ordered a large castle to be constructed of strong timbers, in order to shut up the communication with the sea; and he directed it to be built and embattled in such a manner that it could not be destroyed. He placed it between the town and the sea, and fortified it with all sorts of warlike instruments, and garrisoned it with forty men-at-arms and two hundred archers, who guarded the harbor and port of Calais so closely, that nothing could come out or go into the town, without being sunk or taken. By this means he more sorely aggrieved the Calesians than by anything he had hitherto done, and sooner brought famine among them. About this time, the king of England was so active among the Flemings (with whom as you have just heard the king of France wanted to make a treaty) that they, to the amount of a hundred thousand men, marched out of Flanders, and laid siege to the town of Aire: they burnt all the country round it, as far as St. Venant, Mourville la Gorge, Estelly le Ventre, and a tract of country round Loo, and even as far as the gates of St. Omer and Terouenne.

The king of France took up his quarters at Arras. He sent a large body of men to strengthen his garrisons in Artois, and in particular Sir Charles d'Espagne, his constable, to St. Omer; for the Earl of Eu and of Guines, who had been constable, was a prisoner, as I have before related, in England. The Flemings kept advancing into the country, and gave the French employment enough before they retreated. When the Flemings were returned, after having made themselves well acquainted with the parts about Loo, the king of France and his army left Arras, and came to Hesdin: the army and baggage occupied three leagues of country. When the king had rested one day at Hesdin, he advanced the next day to Blangy, where he halted, in order to consider whither he should march next. He was advised to make for that part of the country called la Belune, and accordingly began his march thither, his army following, which amounted, including men of all descriptions, to two

hundred thousand. The king and his army passed through the country of Faukenberg, and came straight to the hill of Sangate, between Calais and Wissant; they marched armed, with banners flying, by moonlight, so that it was a beautiful sight to see their gallant army. When those in Calais perceived them from the walls, pitching their tents, they thought it had been a new siege.

THE FRENCH ARMY RETIRES

I will now relate what the king of England had done and was doing when he saw with what a prodigious force the king of France was come to raise the siege of Calais, which had cost him so much money and labor. He knew that the town was so nearly famished that it could hold out but a very short time; therefore it would have sorely hurt him to have been forced at that time to raise it. He considered that the French could neither approach his army nor the town of Calais but by two roads: the one by the downs along the seashore, the other higher up the country, which, however, was full of ditches and bogs; and there was but one bridge, called the bridge of Nieullet, by which they could be crossed. He posted, therefore, his fleet along the shore, as near as he could to the downs, and provided it with plenty of every warlike engine, so that the French could not pass that way. He sent the Earl of Derby, with a sufficient force of men-at-arms and archers, to guard the bridge of Nieullet. The French, therefore, were prevented from advancing thither, unless they attempted crossing the marshes between Sangate and the sea, which were impassable. There was also, nearer to Calais, a high tower, which was guarded by thirty archers from England; and they had fortified it with double ditches, as a stronger defense of the passage over the downs. When the French had taken up their quarters on the hill of Sangate, those from Tournay, who might amount to about fifteen hundred men, advanced toward this tower; the garrison shot at them, and wounded some, but the men of Tournay crossed the ditches, and reached the foot of the tower with pickaxes and bars. The engagement was then very sharp, and many of the Tournaymen were killed and wounded; but, in the end, the tower was taken and thrown down, and all that were within it put to the sword.

The king of France sent his two marshals, the Lord of Beaujeu and the Lord of St. Venant, to examine the country, and see where the army could pass, in order to fight with the English; but, after they had well examined all the passes, they returned and told the king there was not any possibility of doing it, but with infinite loss of men. Things remained in this state that day and the following night; but on the morrow, after the king of France had heard mass, he sent to the king of England the Lord Geoffry de Chargny, the Lord Eustace de Ribeaumont, Sir Guy de Nesle, and the Lord of Beaujeu, who, as they rode along, observed how strongly all the passes were guarded; they were allowed to proceed freely, for so the king of England had ordered, and praised very much the dispositions of the Earl of Derby, who was posted at the bridge of Nieullet, over which they passed. They rode on until they came where the king was, whom they found surrounded by his barons and knights; they all four dismounted, and advanced toward the king, with many reverences. Then the Lord Eustace de Ribeaumont said, 'Sir, the king of France informs you through us that he is come to the hill of Sangate in order to give you battle; but he cannot find any means of approaching you; he therefore wishes you would assemble your council, and he will send some of his, that they may confer together, and fix upon a spot where a general combat may take place.' The king of England was advised to make his answer as follows: 'Gentlemen, I perfectly understand the request you have made me from my adversary, who wrongfully keeps possession of my inheritance, which weighs much upon me. You will therefore tell him from me, if you please, that I have been on this spot near a twelvemonth; this he was well informed of, and, had he chosen it, might have come here sooner; but he has allowed me to remain so long that I have expended very large sums of money and have done so much that I must be master of Calais in a very short time. I am not therefore inclined, in the smallest degree, to comply with his request, or to gratify his convenience, or to abandon what I have gained, or what I have been so anxious to conquer. If, therefore, neither he nor his army can pass this way, he must seek out some other road.' The four noblemen then returned,

and were escorted as far as the bridge of Nieullet, and related to the king of France the king of England's answer.

Whilst the king of France was devising means to fight with the English, two cardinals, from Pope Clement, arrived as ambassadors in the camp. Immediately on their arrival, they visited each army, and exerted themselves so much that they procured a sort of truce; during which time, four lords of each party were to meet, and endeavor to form a peace. On the part of the king of France were nominated the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Bourbon, the Lord Lewis of Savoy, and Sir John of Hainault. The English commissioners were the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Northampton, Lord Reginald Cobham and Sir Walter Manny. The two cardinals were the most active persons in this business, going backwards and forwards from one army to the other. These commissioners were three days together; and various propositions for peace were brought forward, though none took effect. During which time the king of England was strengthening his army, and making wide and deep ditches on the downs, to prevent the French from surprising him. When these three days were passed without any treaty being effected, the two cardinals went to St. Omer. The king of France, perceiving he could not in any way succeed, decamped on the morrow, and took the road to Amiens, where he disbanded all his troops, the men-at-arms as well as those sent from the different towns. When the Calesians saw them depart, it gave them great grief. Some of the English fell on their rear, and captured horses and wagons laden with wine and other things, as well as some prisoners; all which they brought to their camp before Calais.

CALAIS SURRENDERS

After the departure of the king of France, with his army, from the hill of Sangate, the Calesians saw clearly that all hopes of succor were at an end; which occasioned them so much sorrow and distress, that the hardiest could scarcely support it. They entreated, therefore, most earnestly, the Lord John de Vienne, their governor, to mount upon the battlements, and make a sign that he wished to hold a parley. The king of England, upon hearing this, sent to him Sir Walter Manny and Lord Basset. When they were come near, the Lord de Vienne said to them, 'Dear gentlemen, you who are very valiant knights, know that the king of France, whose subjects we are, has sent us hither to defend this town and castle from all harm and damage; this we have done to the best of our abilities. All hopes of help have now left us, so that we are most exceedingly straitened; and if the gallant king, your lord, have not pity upon us, we must perish with hunger. I therefore entreat that you would beg of him to have compassion on us, and to have the goodness to allow us to depart in the state we are in, and that he will be satisfied in having possession of the town and castle, with all that is within them, as he will find therein riches enough to content him.' To this Sir Walter Manny replied: 'John, we are not ignorant of what the king our lord's intentions are; for he has told them to us: know then, that it is not his pleasure you should get off so; for he is resolved that you surrender yourselves solely to his will, to allow those whom he pleases their ransom, or to put them to death; for the Calesians have done him so much mischief, and have, by their obstinate defense, cost him so many lives and so much money, that he is mightily enraged.' The Lord de Vienne answered: 'These conditions are too hard for us. We are but a small number of knights and squires, who have loyally served our lord and master, as you would have done, and have suffered much ill and disquiet; but we will endure more than any men ever did in a similar situation, before we consent that the smallest boy in the town should fare worse than the best. I therefore once more entreat you out of compassion to return to the king of England, and beg of him to have pity on us: he will, I trust, grant you this favor; for I have such an opinion of his gallantry as to hope, that, through God's mercy, he will alter his mind.' The two lords returned to the king, and related what had passed. The king said he had no intentions of complying with the request, but should insist that they surrendered themselves unconditionally to his will. Sir Walter replied: 'My lord, you may be to blame in this, as you will set us a very bad example; for if you order us to go to any of your castles, we shall not obey you so cheerfully, if you put these people to death; for they will retaliate upon us, in a

similar case.' Many barons who were then present supported this opinion. Upon which the king replied: 'Gentlemen, I am not so obstinate as to hold my opinion alone against you all: Sir Walter, you will inform the governor of Calais, that the only grace he must expect from me is that six of the principal citizens of Calais march out of the town, with bare heads and feet, with ropes round their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. These six persons shall be at my absolute disposal, and the remainder of the inhabitants pardoned.'

Sir Walter returned to the Lord de Vienne, who was waiting for him on the battlements, and told him all that he had been able to gain from the king. 'I beg of you,' replied the governor, 'that you would be so good as to remain here a little, while I go and relate all that has passed to the townsmen; for, as they have desired me to undertake this, it is but proper they should know the result of it.' He went to the market place, and caused the bell to be rung; upon which all the inhabitants, men and women, assembled in the town-hall. He then related to them what he had said and the answers he had received; and that he could not obtain any conditions more favorable, to which they must give a short and immediate answer. This information caused the greatest lamentations and despair, so that the hardest heart would have had compassion on them; even the Lord de Vienne wept bitterly.

After a short time, the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace de St. Pierre, rose up and said: 'Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it; and it would be highly meritorious in the eyes of our Savior, if such misery could be averted. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I name myself as first of the six.' When Eustace had done speaking, they all rose up and almost worshiped him: many cast themselves at his feet with tears and groans. Another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said he would be the second to his companion, Eustace; his name was John Daire. After him, James Wisant, who was very rich in merchandise and lands, offered himself, as companion to his two cousins; as did Peter Wisant, his brother. Two others then named themselves, which completed the number demanded by the King of England. The Lord John de Vienne then mounted a small hackney, for it was with difficulty that he could walk, and conducted them to the gate. There was the greatest sorrow and lamentation all over the town; and in such manner were they attended to the gate, which the governor ordered to be opened, and then shut upon him and the six citizens, whom he led to the barriers, and said to Sir Walter Manny, who was there waiting for him, 'I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens; and I swear to you that they were, and are at this day, the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king that they may not be put to death.' 'I cannot answer for what the king will do with them,' replied Sir Walter, 'but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them.' The barriers were opened, when these six citizens advanced toward the pavilion of the king, and the Lord de Vienne reëntered the town.

When Sir Walter Manny had presented these six citizens to the king, they fell upon their knees, and, with uplifted hands, said, 'Most gallant king, see before you six citizens of Calais who have been capital merchants, and who bring you the keys of the castle and of the town. We surrender ourselves to your absolute will and pleasure, in order to save the remainder of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, out of your nobleness of mind, to have mercy and compassion upon us.'

All the barons, knights, and squires, that were assembled there in great numbers, wept at this sight. The king eyed them with angry looks (for he hated much the people of Calais, for the great losses he had formerly suffered from them at sea), and ordered their heads to be stricken off. All present entreated the king, that he would be more merciful to them, but he would not listen to them. Then Sir Walter Manny said, 'Ah, gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger: you have the reputation of great nobleness of soul, do not therefore tarnish it by such an act as this, nor allow anyone to speak in a disgraceful manner of you. In this

instance, all the world will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such respectable persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens.' Upon this, the king gave a wink, saying, 'Be it so,' and ordered the headsmen to be sent for; for that the Calesians had done him so much damage, it was proper they should suffer for it. The Queen of England, who at that time was very big with child, fell on her knees, and with tears, said, 'Ah, gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favor: now, I most humbly ask as a gift, for the sake of the Son of the blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these six men.' The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, 'Ah, lady, I wish you had been anywhere else than here: you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you; I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them.' The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartments, and had the halters taken from round their necks, after which she new clothed them, and served them with a plentiful dinner. She then presented each with six nobles, and had them escorted out of the camp in safety.

VILLON (1431– ?)

François Villon's connection with the Revival of Learning hardly goes beyond the fact that he took his degree at the University of Paris; even as a student he was much more given to drunkenness, gluttony, thievery and violence than to the pursuit of knowledge. The date of his death is unknown, but between his excesses and the hardships by way of prison and punishment resulting from his excesses, his health must have been insecure, and it seems likely that he did not live long after his release by Louis XI in 1461, presumably on the plea that there were thousands of rogues in France no better than Villon, but no poet who was his equal. In his own manner there has been no poet equal to him since; he remains the prince of poetic vagabonds, who spares his readers no grim detail of the life he led, but succeeds in adding to the virtue of sincerity a melodious charm which has stood the test of nearly six centuries and stands today in higher appreciation than ever.

THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES

Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Tell me now in what hidden way is
  Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thaïs,
  Neither of them the fairer woman?
  Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
Only heard on river and mere,—
  She whose beauty was more than human?
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
  For whose sake Abelard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
  (From Love he won such dule and teen!)
  And where, I pray you, is the Queen
Who willed that Buridan should steer
  Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
  With a voice like any mermaiden,—
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
  And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,—
  And that good Joan whom Englishmen
At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
  Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
  Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Except with this for an overword,—
  But where are the snows of yester-year?

BALLAD OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS

Translated by Algernon Charles Swinburne

Albeit the Venice girls get praise
For their sweet speech and tender air,
And though the old women have wise ways
Of chaffering for amorous ware,
Yet at my peril dare I swear,
Search Rome, where God's grace mainly tarries,
Florence and Savoy, everywhere,
There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

The Naples women, as folk prattle,
Are sweetly spoken and subtle enough:
German girls are good at tattle,
And Prussians make their boast thereof;
Take Egypt for the next remove,
Or that waste land the Tartar harries,
Spain or Greece, for the matter of love,
There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

Breton and Swiss know nought of the matter,
Gascony girls or girls of Toulouse;
Two fishwives here with a half-hour's chatter
Would shut them up by threes and twos;
Calais, Lorraine, and all their crews,
(Names enow the mad song marries)
England and Picardy, search them and choose,
There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

Prince, give praise to our French ladies
For the sweet sound their speaking carries;
'Twixt Rome and Cadiz many a maid is,
But no good girl's lip out of Paris.

BALLAD OF THINGS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

Translated by John Payne

Flies in the milk I know full well;
I know men by the clothes they wear;
I know the walnut by the shell;
I know the foul sky from the fair;
I know the pear-tree by the pear;
I know the worker from the drone,
And eke the good wheat from the tare;
I know all save myself alone.

I know the pourpoint by the fell,
And by his gown I know the frère;
Master or varlet I can spell;
Nuns by the veils that hide their hair;
I know the sharper and his snare,
And fools that fat on cates have grown;
Wines by the cask I can compare;
I know all save myself alone.

I know how horse from mule to tell;
I know the load that each can bear;
I know both Beatrice and Bell;
I know the hazards, odd and pair;
I know of visions in the air;
I know the power of Peter's throne,
And how misled Bohemians were:
I know all save myself alone.

Prince, I know all things; fat and spare,
Ruddy and pale, to me are known:
And Death that endeth all our care:
I know all save myself alone.

THE DISPUTE OF THE HEART AND BODY OF FRANÇOIS VILLON

Translated by Algernon Charles Swinburne

Who is this I hear? Lo, this is I, thine heart,
That holds on merely now by a slender string.
Strength fails me, shape and sense are rent apart,
The blood in me is turned to a bitter thing,
Seeing thee skulk here like a dog shivering.
Yea, and for what? For that thy sense found sweet.
What irks it thee? I feel the sting of it.
Leave me at peace. Why? Nay now, leave me at peace;
I will repent when I grow ripe in wit.
I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

What art thou, trow? A man worth praise, perfay.
This is thy thirtieth year of wayfaring.
'Tis a mule's age. Art thou a boy still? Nay.
Is it hot lust that spurs thee with its sting,
Grasping thy throat? Know'st thou not anything?
Yea, black and white, when milk is specked with flies,
I can make out. No more? Nay, in no wise.
Shall I begin again the count of these?
Thou art undone. I will make shift to rise.
I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

I have the sorrow of it, and thou the smart.
Wert thou a poor mad fool or weak of wit,
Then might'st thou plead this pretext with thine heart;
But if thou know not good from evil a whit,
Either thy head is hard as stone to hit,
Or shame, not honor, gives thee most content.
What canst thou answer to this argument?
When I am dead I shall be well at ease.
God! what good hope! Thou art over eloquent.
I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

Whence is this ill? From sorrow and not from sin.
When Saturn packed my wallet up for me
I well believe he put these ills therein.
Fool, wilt thou make thy servant lord of thee?
Hear now the wise king's counsel; thus saith he:

All power upon the stars a wise man hath;
There is no planet that shall do him scathe.
Nay, as they made me I grow and I decrease.
What say'st thou? Truly this is all my faith.
I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

Wouldst thou live still? God help me that I may!
Then thou must—What? turn penitent and pray?
Read always—What? Grave words and good to say;
Leave off the ways of fools, lest they displease.
Good; I will do it. Wilt thou remember? Yea.
Abide not till there come an evil day.
I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

THE EPITAPH IN FORM OF A BALLAD

WHICH VILLON MADE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS COMRADES, EXPECTING TO BE HANGED ALONG WITH THEM

Translated by Algernon Charles Swinburne

Men, brother men, that after us yet live,
Let not your hearts too hard against us be;
For if some pity of us poor men ye give,
The sooner God shall take of you pity.
Here are we five or six strung up, you see,
And here the flesh that all too well we fed
Bit by bit eaten and rotten, rent and shred,
And we the bones grow dust and ash withal;
Let no man laugh at us discomforted,
But pray to God that He forgive us all.

If we call on you, brothers, to forgive,
Ye should not hold our prayer in scorn, though we
Were slain by law; ye know that all alive
Have not wit alway to walk righteously;
Make therefore intercession heartily
With him that of a virgin's womb was bred,
That his grace be not as a dry well-head
For us, not let hell's thunder on us fall;
We are dead, let no man harry or vex us dead,
But pray to God that He forgive us all.

The rain has washed and laundered us all five,
And the sun dried and blackened; yea, perdie,
Ravens and pies with beaks that rend and rive
Have dug our eyes out, and plucked off for fee
Our beards and eyebrows; never are we free,
Not once, to rest; but here and there still sped,
Drive at its wild will by the wind's change led,
More pecked of birds than fruits on garden-wall;
Men, for God's love, let no gibe here be said;
But pray to God that He forgive us all.

Prince Jesus, that of all art lord and head,
Keep us, that hell be not our bitter bed;
We have nought to do in such a master's hall.
Be not ye therefore of our fellowhead,
But pray to God that He forgive us all.

III

THE RENAISSANCE

THE RENAISSANCE

No definite date can be fixed for the beginning of the Renaissance, which was not a single event, but a complex process including many elements. Of these two have been already mentioned—the revival of classical studies and the rise in the Italian cities of a free and independent spirit which found its natural expression in art and literature. The movement was forwarded in its later developments by other factors—the invention of printing about 1450; the dispersal of Greek scholars owing to the advance of the Turks on Constantinople, which they took in 1453; the discovery of America, which not only stimulated the minds of men but brought in its train vast changes in trade and international relations; and the discussion as to the source of authority in religion, begun in the fourteenth century by Wiclif in England and Huss in Bohemia, carried on in the fifteenth century by Erasmus and other scholars, and brought to a head by Martin Luther, who nailed his ninety-five 'Theses against Indulgences' on the church door at Wittenberg in 1517. His German version of the New Testament was published in 1522 and his translation of the Old Testament in 1536. Meanwhile Tyndale, following the footsteps of Wiclif and his co-workers, had printed the New Testament in English, and a number of other English translations of the Bible followed, culminating in the Authorized Version of 1611.

The whole period was one of intense and often violent discussion about the issues involved in the words Protestantism and Puritanism, which overturned governments, sent men and women to the stake to suffer death for their opinions, or drove them to look for freedom in the New World. It was a long time before people saw the way to peace through toleration and liberty of opinion, especially with reference to religious belief.

The characteristic of the Middle Ages was the acceptance of authority as a principle, though they might differ on the question of who should exercise it—Pope or Emperor or King or Baron or some other divinely ordained ruler. The rights of individual freedom and responsibility, of liberty of thought and expression, of a free press, are modern ideas, at which humanity has arrived only after prolonged argument and no little sacrifice and suffering. They are still subject to question and to legal limitation in time of war or in any other crisis in which popular passions are roused and men are thrown back upon more primitive instincts and impulses.

In all this ferment of the human intelligence, the revival of classical studies may seem to be a minor element, but in the free spirit of inquiry of Greek philosophy the artists, thinkers, and writers of the Renaissance found encouragement and stimulus for their desire to treat as open questions matters which had for centuries been regarded as closed and beyond discussion. These were questions not only of faith, but of practise, of morals. Released from the restraints of constituted authorities in church and state and from the pressure of a public opinion, once practically unanimous but now divided by differences of opinion on crucial issues, some men passed eagerly from liberty to license, for which the disorder of the times gave ample opportunity. To the more conservative, who were still in the majority, it seemed as if the pagan world had come back again, as if the whole structure of society were in process of dissolution.

The organization of society was in fact undergoing a process of momentous change, which is indeed still in progress. In the early stages, discussion was not free, and men of advanced opinions either kept silence about them or expressed them guardedly, from fear of punishment by the constituted authorities. The safest way of indirect expression was by means of literature, more or less imaginative or satirical. The printing press gave men the opportunity of influencing public opinion in this way on a scale hitherto impossible, and became the main instrument for creating the change of outlook which distinguishes the modern from the medieval world.

ERASMUS (1467–1536)

The date given for the birth of Desiderius Erasmus on his statue at Rotterdam, his birthplace, is October 28, 1467, but other authorities place it in 1465 or 1466, and if the life ascribed to him in the Elzevir edition is indeed from his own hand, he was uncertain about the precise year himself. He was an illegitimate son, and though his parents were cultivated people who did their best to provide for his education, they both died in his childhood and left him to the care of incompetent guardians, who tried to get rid of their responsibilities by handing him over to the care of the Church. The boy showed a precocious talent, especially for Latin literature, being able, so it is said, at an early age to recite all Terence and Horace by heart, and at that time the natural place for studious youth seemed to be a monastery. Young Erasmus had no taste for the monastic life and after a short experience of it he obtained service as Latin secretary to the Bishop of Cambrai, whom he induced to send him as a student to the University of Paris. From France he passed to England, where he was warmly received by Sir Thomas More and other leading men in church and state, with whom he made lasting friendships. He spent some time at the University of Oxford, where he ardently pursued the study of Greek, but not gaining the preferment he expected, he left England for the Continent. He took a doctor's degree at Turin, studied for a year at the famous University of Bologna, and at Venice published an enlarged edition of his Book of Adages at the famous Aldine press. From Venice he went to Padua and from Padua to Rome, where his fame as a scholar had already preceded him. The accession of Henry VIII in 1509 gave him renewed hope of preferment in England, and he returned thither to be again disappointed, for he was given only the small living of Aldington in Kent, the reigning favorite, Cardinal Wolsey, being apparently opposed to him. Returning to Flanders, he was appointed counselor to Charles of Austria, afterwards Emperor as Charles V. For some years he lived at Basel in Switzerland, but the reforming spirit in religion in that city going farther than commended itself to the studied moderation of Erasmus, he retired from it for seven years to Fribourg in Alsace, returning to Basel on grounds of health, only to die there soon after.

Erasmus was essentially a student and a critic, and it was his misfortune to live in an age of bitter and violent controversy in which he was offended by the extravagances of the more bigoted and vehement leaders on either side. They, on the other hand, were dissatisfied by what they regarded as his half-hearted and pusillanimous attitude on issues which his own writings had done much to raise. His edition of the Greek Testament (1516) was a notable contribution to learning, and his *Adages* (1500), *Colloquies* (1522), and very numerous Latin letters had a very wide circulation. Most influential of all was his *Encomium Moriæ, The Praise of Folly* (1511), 'an oration of feigned matter, spoken by Folly in her own person,' in which his satirical vein found free vent. Over forty editions of it were published during the author's lifetime, and Holbein's illustrations are still reproduced in modern reprints. Originally written in Latin, it has since appeared in frequent translations in nearly every European language. The first translation into English was made by Sir Thomas Chaloner in 1549, and many others have followed, of which the most popular is that done in 1683 by White Kennett, then a young Oxford graduate and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. Although he has not succeeded in reproducing the conciseness of the Latin text, he has a quaint and lively style which is not inappropriate to the spirit of the original satire.

IN PRAISE OF FOLLY

Come now then as many of you as challenge the respect of being accounted wise, ingenuously confess how many insurrections of rebellious thoughts and pangs of a laboring mind ye are perpetually vexed and tortured with; reckon up all those inconveniences that you are unavoidably subject to, and then tell me whether fools, by being

exempted from all these embroilments, are not infinitely more free and happy than yourselves? Add to this, that fools do not barely laugh and sing, and play the good-fellow alone to themselves; but as it is the nature of good to be communicative, so they impart their mirth to others, by making sport for the whole company they are at any time engaged in, as if providence purposely designed them for an antidote to melancholy: whereby they make all persons so fond of their society, that they are welcomed to all places, hugged, caressed, and defended, a liberty given them of saying or doing anything; so well beloved, that none dares to offer them the least injury; nay, the most ravenous beasts of prey will pass them by untouched, as if by instinct they were warned that such innocence ought to receive no hurt. Farther, their converse is so acceptable in the court of princes, that few kings will banquet, walk, or take any other diversion, without their attendance; nay, and had much rather have their company than that of their gravest counselors, whom they maintain more for fashion-sake than good-will; nor is it so strange that these fools should be preferred before graver politicians, since these last, by their harsh, sour advice, and ill-timing the truth, are fit only to put a prince out of humor, while the others laugh and talk and joke, without any danger of disobliging.

It is another very commendable property of fools, that they always speak the truth, than which there is nothing more noble and heroical. For so, though Plato relates it as a sentence of Alcibiades, that in the sea of drunkenness truth swims uppermost, and so wine is the only teller of truth, yet this character may more justly be assumed by me, as I can make good from the authority of Euripides, who lays down this as an axiom μωρὰ μωρὸς λέγει—children and fools always speak the truth.

Whatever the fool has in his heart he betrays it in his face, or what is more evident, discovers it by his words, while the wise man, as Euripides observes, carries a double tongue: the one to speak what may be said, the other what ought to be; the one what truth, the other what the times require: whereby he can in a trice so alter his judgment as to prove that to be now white, which he had just before sworn to be black; like the satyr at his porridge, blowing hot and cold at the same breath; in his lips professing one thing, when in his heart he means another.

Furthermore, princes in their greatest splendor seem upon this account unhappy, in that they miss the advantage of being told the truth, and are shammed off by a parcel of insinuating courtiers, that acquit themselves as flatterers more than as friends. But some will perchance object that princes do not love to hear the truth, and therefore wise men must be very cautious how they behave themselves before them, lest they should take too great a liberty in speaking what is true rather than what is acceptable.

This much must be confessed, that truth indeed is seldom palatable to the ears of kings; yet fools have so great a privilege as to have free leave, not only to speak bare truths, but the most bitter ones too; so as the same reproof, which had it come from the mouth of a wise man would have cost him his head, being blurted out by a fool, is not only pardoned, but welcomed and rewarded. For truth has naturally a mixture of pleasure, if it carry with it nothing of offense to the person whom it is applied to; and the happy knack of ordering it so is bestowed only on fools.

'Tis for the same reason that this sort of men are more fondly beloved by women, who like their tumbling them about and playing with them, though never so boisterously; pretending to take that only in jest, which they would have to be meant in earnest, as that sex is very ingenious in palliating and dissembling the bent of their wanton inclinations.

But to return. An additional happiness of these fools appears farther in this, that when they have run merrily on to their last stage of life, they neither find any fear nor feel any pain to die, but march contentedly to the other world, where their company must surely be as acceptable as it was here upon earth.

Let us draw now a comparison between the condition of a fool and that of a wise man, and see how infinitely the one outweighs the other.

Give me any instance then, of a man as wise as you can fancy him possible to be, that has spent all his younger years poring over books and trudging after learning, in the pursuit whereof he squanders away the pleasantest time of his life in watching, sweating, and fasting; and in his latter days he never tastes one mouthful of de-

light, but is always stingy, poor, dejected, melancholy, burthensome to himself and unwelcome to others, pale, lean, thin-jawed, sickly, contracting by his sedentariness such hurtful distempers as bring him to an untimely death, like rose-buds plucked before they bloom. Thus have you a picture of the wise man's happiness—more the object of commiseration and pity than of jealousy and envy. . . .

The next to be placed among the regiment of fools are such as make a trade of telling or enquiring after incredible stories of miracles and prodigies: never doubting that a lie will choke them, they will muster up a thousand several strange relations of spirits, ghosts, apparitions, raising of the devil, and such like bugbears of superstition, which the farther they are from being probably true, the more greedily they are swallowed and the more devoutly believed. And these absurdities do not only bring an empty pleasure and cheap divertisement, but they procure a comfortable income to such priests and friars as by this craft get their gain. To these again are nearly related such others as attribute strange virtues to the shrines and images of saints and martyrs, and so would make their credulous proselytes believe that if they pay their devotion to St. Christopher in the morning, they shall be guarded and secured the day following from all dangers and misfortunes; if soldiers, when they first take arms, shall come and mumble over such a set prayer before the picture of St. Barbara, they shall return safe from all engagements; or if any pray to Erasmus on such particular holidays, with the ceremony of wax candles and other fopperies, he shall in a short time be rewarded with a plentiful increase of wealth and riches. The Christians have now their gigantic St. George, as well as the Pagans had their Hercules; they paint the saint on horseback, and picture the horse in splendid trappings, very gloriously accoutred; they scarce refrain in a literal sense from worshiping the very beast.

What shall I say of such as cry up and maintain the cheat of pardons and indulgences? that by these compute the time of each soul's residence in purgatory, and assign them a longer or shorter continuance, according as they purchase more or fewer of these paltry pardons and saleable exemptions? Or what can be said bad enough of others, who pretend that by the force of such magical charms, or by the fumbling over their beads in the rehearsal of such and such petitions (which some religious imposters invented, either for diversion, or what is more likely, for advantage), they shall procure riches, honor, pleasure, health, long life, a lusty old age, nay, after death a sitting at the right hand of our Savior in His kingdom; though as to this last part of their happiness, they care not how long it be deferred, having scarce any appetite toward a tasting the joys of heaven, till they are surfeited, glutted with, and can no longer relish their enjoyments on earth.

By this easy way of purchasing pardons, any notorious highwayman, any plundering soldier, or any bribe-taking judge, shall disburse some part of their unjust gains, and so think all their grossest impieties sufficiently atoned for; so many perjuries, lusts, drunkenness, quarrels, bloodsheds, cheats, treacheries, and all sorts of debaucheries, shall all be, as it were, struck a bargain for, and such a contract made, as if they had paid off all arrears, and might now begin upon a new score.

And what can be more ridiculous than for some others to be confident of going to heaven by repeating daily those seven verses out of the Psalms, which the devil taught St. Bernard, thinking thereby to have put a trick upon him, but that he was over-reached in his cunning.

Several of these fooleries, which are so gross and absurd as I myself am even ashamed to own, are practised and admired, not only by the vulgar, but by such proficients in religion as one might well expect should have more wit.

The custom of each country challenging their particular guardian-saint proceeds from the same principles of folly; nay, each saint has his distinct office allotted to him, and is accordingly addressed upon the respective occasions: as one for the toothache, a second to grant an easy delivery in childbirth, a third to recover lost goods, another to protect seamen in a long voyage, a fifth to guard the farmer's cows and sheep, and so on; for to rehearse all instances would be extremely tedious.

There are some more catholic saints petitioned to upon all occasions, as more especially the Virgin Mary, whose blind devotees think it manners now to place the mother before the son.

And of all the prayers and intercessions

that are made to these respective saints, the substance of them is no more than downright Folly.

Among all the trophies that for tokens of gratitude are hung upon the walls and ceilings of churches, you shall find no relics presented as a memorandum of any that were ever cured of Folly, or had been made one dram the wiser. One perhaps after shipwreck got safe to shore; another recovered when he had been run through by an enemy; one, when all his fellow-soldiers were killed upon the spot, as cunningly perhaps as cowardly, made his escape from the field; another, while he was a hanging, the rope broke, and so he saved his neck, and renewed his license for practising his old-trade of thieving; another broke jail, and got loose; a patient (against his physician's will) recovered of a dangerous fever; another drank poison, which putting him into a violent looseness, did his body more good than harm, to the great grief of his wife, who hoped upon this occasion to have become a joyful widow; another had his wagon overturned, and yet none of his horses lamed; another had caught a grievous fall, and yet recovered from the bruise; another had been tampering with his neighbor's wife, and escaped very narrowly from being caught by the enraged husband in the very act. After all these acknowledgments of escapes from such singular dangers, there is none (as I have before intimated) that returns thanks for being freed from Folly; Folly being so sweet and luscious that it is rather sued for as a happiness than deprecated as a punishment. But why should I launch out into so wide a sea of superstitions?

> Had I as many tongues as Argus eyes,
> Briareus hands, they all would not suffice
> Folly in all her shapes t' epitomize.

Almost all Christians are wretchedly enslaved to blindness and ignorance, which the priests are so far from preventing or removing that they blacken the darkness and promote the delusion; wisely foreseeing that the people (like cows, which never give down their milk so well as when they are gently stroked), would part with less if they knew more, their bounty proceeding only from a mistake of charity. Now if any grave, wise man should stand up, and unseasonably speak the truth, telling everyone that a pious life is the only way of securing a happy death; that the best title to a pardon of our sins is purchased by a hearty abhorrence of our guilt and sincere resolutions of amendment; that the best devotion which can be paid to any saints is to imitate them in their exemplary life; if he should proceed thus to inform them of their several mistakes, there would be quite another estimate put upon tears, watchings, masses, fastings, and other severities, which before were so much prized, as persons will now be vexed to lose that satisfaction they formerly found in them.

In the same predicament of fools are to be ranked such as while they are yet living and in good health, take so great a care how they shall be buried when they die that they solemnly appoint how many torches, how many escutcheons, how many gloves to be given, and how many mourners they will have at their funeral; as if they thought they themselves in their coffins could be sensible of what respect was paid to their corpse; or as if they doubted they should rest a whit the less quiet in the grave if they were with less state and pomp interred.

Now, though I am in so great haste as I would not willingly be stopped or detained, yet I cannot pass by without bestowing some remarks upon another sort of fools; who, though their first descent was perhaps no better than from a tapster or tinker, yet highly value themselves upon their birth and parentage. One fetches his pedigree from Æneas, another from Brutus, a third from king Arthur: they hang up their ancestors' worm-eaten pictures as records of antiquity, and keep a long list of their predecessors, with an account of all their offices and titles, while they themselves are but transcripts of their forefathers' dumb statues, and degenerate even into those very beasts which they carry in their coat of arms as ensigns of their nobility: and yet by a strong presumption of their birth and quality, they live not only the most unconcerned lives themselves, but there are not wanting others too who cry up these brutes as almost equal to the gods.

But why should I dwell upon one or two instances of Folly, when there are so many of like nature, conceitedness and self-love making many, by strength of Fancy, believe themselves happy, when otherwise

they are really wretched and despicable. Thus the most ape-faced, ugliest fellow in the whole town shall think himself a mirror of beauty: another shall be so proud of his parts, that if he can but mark out a triangle with a pair of compasses, he thinks he has mastered all the difficulties of geometry and could outdo Euclid himself. A third shall admire himself for a ravishing musician, though he have no more skill in the handling of any instrument than a pig has of playing on the organ; and another, that rattles in the throat as hoarse as a cock crows, shall be proud of his voice and think that he sings like a nightingale.

There is another very pleasant sort of madness, whereby persons assume to themselves whatever of accomplishment they discern in others. Thus the happy rich churl in Seneca, who had so short a memory, that he could not tell the least story without a servant standing by to prompt him, and was at the same time so weak that he could scarce go upright, yet he thought he might adventure to accept a challenge to a duel, because he kept at home some lusty, sturdy fellows, whose strength he relied upon instead of his own.

It is almost needless to insist upon the several professors of arts and sciences, who are all so egregiously conceited that they would sooner give up their title to an estate in lands than part with the reversion of their wits: among these, more especially stage-players, musicians, orators, and poets, each of which, the more of duncery they have, and the more of pride, the greater is their ambition: and how notoriously soever dull they be, they meet with their admirers; nay, the more silly they are, the higher they are extolled; Folly (as we have before intimated) never failing of respect and esteem. If therefore everyone, the more ignorant he is, the greater satisfaction he is to himself and the more commended by others, to what purpose is it to sweat and toil in the pursuit of true learning, which shall cost so many gripes and pangs of the brain to acquire, and when obtained, shall only make the laborious student more uneasy to himself and less acceptable to others?

As nature in her dispensation of conceitedness has dealt with private persons, so has she given a particular smatch of self-love to each country and nation. Upon this account it is that the English challenge the prerogative of having the most handsome women, of being the most accomplished in the science of music, and of keeping the best tables. The Scotch brag of their gentility, and pretend the genius of their native soil inclines them to be good disputants. The French think themselves remarkable for complaisance and good breeding; the Sorbonists of Paris pretend before any others to have made the greatest proficiency in polemic divinity. The Italians value themselves for learning and eloquence; and, like the Grecians of old, account all the world barbarians compared to themselves; to which piece of vanity the inhabitants of Rome are more especially addicted, pretending themselves to be owners of all those heroic virtues which their city so many ages since was deservedly famous for. The Venetians stand upon their birth and pedigree. The Grecians pride themselves in having been the first inventors of most arts, and in their country being famed for the product of so many eminent philosophers. The Turks and all the other refuse of Mahometanism pretend they profess the only true religion, and laugh at all Christians for superstitious, narrow-souled fools. The Jews to this day expect their Messias as devoutly as they believe in their first prophet Moses. The Spaniards challenge the repute of being accounted good soldiers. And the Germans are noted for their tall, proper stature, and for their skill in magic.

But not to mention any more, I suppose you are already convinced how great an improvement and addition to the happiness of human life is occasioned by self-love: the next step to which is flattery; for as self-love is nothing but the coaxing up of ourselves, so the same currying and humoring of others is termed flattery.

Flattery, it is true, is now looked upon as a scandalous name, but it is by such only as mind words more than things. They are prejudiced against it upon this account, because they suppose it jostles out all truth and sincerity, whereas indeed its property is quite contrary, as appears from the examples of several brute creatures. What is more fawning than a spaniel? And yet what animal is more faithful to its master? What is more fond and loving than a tame squirrel? And yet what is more sportive and inoffensive? This little frisking creature is kept up in a cage to play withal, while lions, tigers, leopards, and such other

savage emblems of rapine and cruelty are shown only for their great rarity and otherwise yield no pleasure to their respective keepers.

There is indeed a pernicious and destructive sort of flattery wherewith rookers and sharks work their several ends upon such as they can make a prey of, by decoying them into traps and snares beyond recovery. But that which is the effect of folly is of a very different nature; it proceeds from a softness of spirit and a flexibleness of good humor, and comes far nearer to virtue than that other extreme of friendship, namely, a stiff, sour, dogged moroseness: it refreshes our minds when tired, enlivens them when melancholy, reinforces them when languishing, invigorates them when heavy, recovers them when sick, and pacifies them when rebellious; it puts us in a method of procuring friends, and teaches us how to keep them; it entices children to swallow the bitter rudiments of learning; it gives a new ferment to the almost stagnated souls of old men; it both reproves and inculcates principles without offense under the mask of commendation: in short, it makes every man fond and indulgent of himself, which is indeed no small part of each man's happiness, and at the same time renders him obliging and complaisant in all company, where it is pleasant to see how the asses rub and scratch one another.

This again is a great accomplishment to an orator, a greater to a physician, and the only one to a poet: in fine, it is the best sweetener to all afflictions, and gives a true relish to the otherwise insipid enjoyments of our whole life. 'Aye,' (say you) 'to flatter is to deceive; to deceive is very wrong and hurtful.' No, rather just the reverse; nothing is more welcome and bewitching than the being deceived. They are much to be blamed for an undistinguishing head, that make a judgment of things according to what they are in themselves, when their whole nature consists barely in the opinions that are had of them.

For all sublunary matters are enveloped in such a cloud of obscurity, that the short-sightedness of human understanding cannot pry through nor arrive at any comprehensive knowledge of them: hence the sect of academic philosophers have modestly resolved, that all things being no more than probable, nothing can be known as certain; or if there could, yet it would but interrupt and abate from the pleasure of a more happy ignorance. Finally, our souls are so fashioned and molded, that they are sooner captivated by appearances than by real truths; of which, if anyone would demand an example, he may find a familiar one in churches, where, if what is delivered from the pulpit be a grave, solid, rational discourse, all the congregation grow weary and fall asleep, till their patience be released; whereas, if the preacher (pardon the impropriety of the word, the prater I should have said) be zealous in his thumps of the cushion, his antic gestures, and spends his time in the telling of pleasant stories, his beloved shall then stand up, tuck their hair behind their ears, and be very devoutly attentive.

MACHIAVELLI (1469–1527)

Niccolo Machiavelli was the son of a Florentine lawyer of good family and entered the public service of his native city in 1494, the year in which Lorenzo de'Medici fell from power. Machiavelli served the Republic until 1512, when he was driven from office by the return of the Medici and retired to San Casciano to devote himself to study and literary work. For fifteen years he had read and meditated on the subject of statecraft, and in 1513 he completed a concise treatise discussing 'what a principality is, what kinds there are, how they can be acquired, how they can be kept, why they are lost.' *The Prince* was dedicated to Lorenzo de'Medici, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent mentioned above, and at the instance of Giuliano de'Medici (who soon afterwards became Pope under the title of Clement VII) Machiavelli undertook a History of Florence, which he finished in 1525. He was the author of many other discourses, poems, comedies, a story, but it is upon *The Prince* that his permanent fame rests.

In the sixteenth century *The Prince* brought him not only fame but notoriety. Especially in Western Europe the name of Machiavelli became a synonym for duplicity, and the more indirect ways of modern diplomacy are still known as Machiavellian. But obviously Machiavelli did not invent the use of cunning in international relations, nor was the application of his maxims unknown in his own time. He recommended no art that was not already known and practised; it was merely that he was unusually frank in discussing the advantages of deceit in the relations between states. Whether international morality can be elevated to the same plane as private morality is a question that is still discussed. Machiavelli was just the opposite of a successful schemer so far as his own career was concerned: he had a talent for allying himself with the losing side. He says of himself: 'Of my loyalty none could doubt, because having always kept faith I could not now learn how to break it; for he who has been faithful and honest, as I have, cannot change his nature; and my poverty is a witness to my honesty.'

Later ages, with fuller knowledge, have done more justice to Machiavelli; and the evil associations with which legend enveloped his character have been dissipated. His patriotism was as remarkable as his ability, and in the fourth centenary of his birth United Italy placed a tablet on his house in Florence hailing him as 'the intrepid and foresighted precursor of national unity.'

HOW A PRINCE SHOULD CONDUCT HIMSELF SO AS TO GAIN RENOWN

CHAPTER XXI

Nothing makes a prince so much esteemed as great enterprises and setting a fine example. We have in our time Ferdinand of Aragon, the present King of Spain. He can almost be called a new prince, because he has risen, by fame and glory, from being an insignificant king to be the foremost king in Christendom; and if you will consider his deeds you will find them all great and some of them extraordinary. In the beginning of his reign he attacked Granada, and this enterprise was the foundation of his dominions. He did this quietly at first and without any fear of hindrance, for he held the minds of the barons of Castille occupied in thinking of the war and not anticipating any innovations; thus they did not perceive that by these means he was acquiring power and authority over them. He was able with the money of the Church and of the people to sustain his armies, and by that long war to lay the foundation for the military skill which has since distinguished him. Further, always using religion as a plea, so as to undertake greater schemes, he devoted himself with a pious cruelty to driving out and clearing his kingdom of the Moors; nor could there be a more admirable example, nor one more rare. Under this same cloak he assailed Africa, he came down on Italy, he has finally at-

tacked France; and thus his achievements and designs have always been great, and have kept the minds of his people in suspense and admiration and occupied with the issue of them. And his actions have arisen in such a way, one out of the other, that men have never been given time to work steadily against him.

Again, it much assists a prince to set unusual examples in internal affairs, similar to those which are related of Messer Bernabo da Milano, who when he had the opportunity, by anyone in civil life doing some extraordinary thing, either good or bad, would take some method of rewarding or punishing him, which would be much spoken about. And a prince ought, above all things, always to endeavor in every action to gain for himself the reputation of being a great and remarkable man.

A prince is also respected when he is either a true friend or a downright enemy, that is to say, when, without any reservation, he declares himself in favor of one party against the other; which course will always be more advantageous than standing neutral; because if two of your powerful neighbors come to blows, they are of such a character that, if one of them conquers, you have either to fear him or not. In either case it will always be more advantageous for you to declare yourself and to make war strenuously; because, in the first case, if you do not declare yourself, you will invariably fall a prey to the conqueror, to the pleasure and satisfaction of him who has been conquered, and you will have no reasons to offer, nor anything to protect or to shelter you. Because he who conquers does not want doubtful friends who will not aid him in the time of trial; and he who loses will not harbor you because you did not willingly, sword in hand, court his fate.

Antiochus went into Greece, being sent for by the Ætolians to drive out the Romans. He sent envoys to the Acheans, who were friends of the Romans, exhorting them to remain neutral; and on the other hand the Romans urged them to take up arms. This question came to be discussed in the council of the Acheans, where the legate of Antiochus urged them to stand neutral. To this the Roman legate answered: 'As for that which has been said, that it is better and more advantageous for your state not to interfere in our war, nothing can be more erroneous; because by not interfering you will be left, without favor or consideration, the guerdon of the conqueror.' Thus it will always happen that he who is not your friend will demand your neutrality, whilst he who is your friend will entreat you to declare yourself with arms. And irresolute princes, to avoid present dangers, generally follow the neutral path, and are generally ruined. But when a prince declares himself gallantly in favor of one side, if the party with whom he allies himself conquers, although the victor may be powerful and may have him at his mercy, yet he is indebted to him, and there is established a bond of amity; and men are never so shameless as to become a monument of ingratitude by oppressing you. Victories after all are never so complete that the victor must not show some regard, especially to justice. But if he with whom you ally yourself loses, you may be sheltered by him, and whilst he is able he may aid you, and you become companions in a fortune that may rise again.

In the second case, when those who fight are of such a character that you have no anxiety as to who may conquer, so much the more is it greater prudence to be allied, because you assist at the destruction of one by the aid of another who, if he had been wise, would have saved him; and conquering, as it is impossible that he should not with your assistance, he remains at your discretion. And here it is to be noted that a prince ought to take care never to make an alliance with one more powerful than himself for the purpose of attacking others, unless necessity compels him, as is said above; because if he conquers you are at his discretion, and princes ought to avoid as much as possible being at the discretion of anyone. The Venetians joined with France against the Duke of Milan, and this alliance, which caused their ruin, could have been avoided. But when it cannot be avoided, as happened to the Florentines when the Pope and Spain sent armies to attack Lombardy, then in such a case, for the above reasons, the prince ought to favor one of the parties.

Never let any Government imagine that it can choose perfectly safe courses; rather let it expect to have to take very doubtful ones, because it is found in ordinary affairs that one never seeks to avoid one trouble without running into another; but prudence consists in knowing how to distinguish the

character of troubles, and for choice to take the lesser evil.

A prince ought also to show himself a patron of ability, and to honor the proficient in every art. At the same time he should encourage his citizens to practise their callings peaceably, both in commerce and agriculture, and in every other following, so that the one should not be deterred from improving his possessions for fear lest they be taken away from him, or another from opening up trade for fear of taxes; but the prince ought to offer rewards to whoever wishes to do these things and designs in any way to honor his city or state.

Further, he ought to entertain the people with festivals and spectacles at convenient seasons of the year; and as every city is divided into guilds or into societies, he ought to hold such bodies in esteem, and associate with them sometimes, and show himself an example of courtesy and liberality; nevertheless, always maintaining the majesty of his rank, for this he must never consent to abate in anything.

CONCERNING THE SECRETARIES OF PRINCES

CHAPTER XXII

The choice of servants is of no little importance to a prince, and they are good or not according to the discrimination of the prince. And the first opinion which one forms of a prince, and of his understanding, is by observing the men he has around him; and when they are capable and faithful he may always be considered wise, because he has known how to recognize the capable and to keep them faithful. But when they are otherwise one cannot form a good opinion of him, for the prime error which he made was in choosing them.

There were none who knew Messer Antonio da Venafro as the servant of Pandolfo Petrucci, Prince of Siena, who would not consider Pandolfo to be a very clever man in having Venafro for his servant. Because there are three classes of intellects: one which comprehends by itself; another which appreciates what others comprehend; and a third which neither comprehends by itself nor by the showing of others; the first is the most excellent, the second is good, the third is useless. Therefore, it follows necessarily that, if Pandolfo was not in the first rank, he was in the second, for whenever one has judgment to know good or bad when it is said and done, although he himself may not have the initiative, yet he can recognize the good and the bad in his servant, and the one he can praise and the other correct; thus the servant cannot hope to deceive him, and is kept honest.

But to enable a prince to form an opinion of his servant there is one test which never fails: when you see the servant thinking more of his own interests than of yours, and seeking inwardly his own profit in everything, such a man will never make a good servant, nor will you ever be able to trust him, because he who has the state of another in his hands ought never to think of himself, but always of his prince, and never pay any attention to matters in which the prince is not concerned.

On the other hand, to keep his servant honest the prince ought to study him, honoring him, enriching him, doing him kindnesses, sharing with him the honors and cares; and at the same time let him see that he cannot stand alone, so that many honors may not make him desire more, many riches make him wish for more, and that many cares may make him dread changes. When, therefore, servants, and princes towards servants, are thus disposed, they can trust each other, but when it is otherwise, the end will always be disastrous for either one or the other.

HOW FLATTERERS SHOULD BE AVOIDED

CHAPTER XXIII

I do not wish to leave out an important branch of this subject, for it is a danger from which princes are with difficulty preserved, unless they are very careful and discriminating. It is that of flatterers, of whom courts are full, because men are so self-complacent in their own affairs, and in a way so deceived in them, that they are preserved with difficulty from this pest, and if they wish to defend themselves they run the danger of falling into contempt. Because there is no other way of guarding one's self from flatterers except letting men understand that to tell you the truth does

not offend you; but when everyone may tell you the truth, respect for you abates.

Therefore a wise prince ought to hold a third course by choosing the wise men in his state, and giving to them only the liberty of speaking the truth to him, and then only of those things of which he inquires, and of none others; but he ought to question them upon everything, and listen to their opinions, and afterwards form his own conclusions. With these counselors, separately and collectively, he ought to carry himself in such a way that each of them should know that, the more freely he shall speak, the more he shall be preferred; outside of these, he should listen to no one, pursue the thing resolved on, and be steadfast in his resolutions. He who does otherwise is either overthrown by flatterers, or is so often changed by varying opinions that he falls into contempt.

I wish on this subject to adduce a modern example. Fra Luca, the man of affairs to Maximilian, the present emperor, speaking of his Majesty, said: He consulted with no one, yet never got his own way in anything. This arose because of his following a practise the opposite to the above; for the emperor is a secretive man—he does not communicate his designs to anyone, nor does he receive opinions on them. But as in carrying them into effect they become revealed and known, they are at once obstructed by those men whom he has around him, and he, being pliant, is diverted from them. Hence it follows that those things he does one day he undoes the next, and no one ever understands what he wishes or intends to do, and no one can rely on his resolutions.

A prince, therefore, ought always to take counsel, but only when he wishes and not when others wish; he ought rather to discourage everyone from offering advice unless he asks it; but he ought to be a constant inquirer, and afterwards a patient listener concerning the things of which he inquired; also, on learning that anyone, on any consideration, has not told him the truth, he should let anger be felt.

And if there are some who think that a prince who conveys an impression of his wisdom is not so through his own ability, but through the good advisers that he has around him, beyond doubt they are deceived, because this is an axiom which never fails: that a prince who is not wise himself will never take good advice, unless by chance he has yielded his affairs entirely to one person who happens to be a very prudent man. In this case indeed he may be well governed, but it would not be for long, because such a governor would in a short time take away his state from him.

But if a prince who is not experienced should take counsel from more than one, he will never get united counsels, nor will he know how to unite them. Each of the counselors will think of his own interests, and the prince will not know how to control them or to see through them. And they are not to be found otherwise, because men will always prove untrue to you unless they are kept honest by constraint. Therefore it must be inferred that good counsels, whencesoever they come, are born of the wisdom of the prince, and not the wisdom of the prince from good counsels.

AN EXHORTATION TO LIBERATE ITALY FROM THE BARBARIANS

CHAPTER XXVI

Having carefully considered the subject of the above discourses, and wondering within myself whether the present times were propitious to a new prince, and whether there were the elements that would give an opportunity to a wise and virtuous one to introduce a new order of things which would do honor to him and good to the people of this country, it appears to me that so many things concur to favor a new prince that I never knew a time more fit than the present.

And if, as I said, it was necessary that the people of Israel should be captive so as to make manifest the ability of Moses; that the Persians should be oppressed by the Medes so as to discover the greatness of the soul of Cyrus; and that the Athenians should be dispersed to illustrate the capabilities of Theseus; then at the present time, in order to discover the virtue of an Italian spirit, it was necessary that Italy should be reduced to the extremity she is now in, that she should be more enslaved than the Hebrews, more oppressed than the Persians, more scattered than the Athenians; without head, without order, beaten, despoiled, torn, overrun; and to have endured every kind of desolation.

Although lately some spark may have

been shown by one, which made us think he was ordained by God for our redemption, nevertheless it was afterwards seen, in the height of his career, that fortune rejected him; so that Italy, left as without life, waits for him who shall yet heal her wounds and put an end to the ravaging and plundering of Lombardy, to the swindling and taxing of the kingdom of Tuscany, and cleanse those sores that for long have festered. It is seen how she entreats God to send someone who shall deliver her from these wrongs and barbarous insolences: It is seen also that she is ready and willing to follow a banner if only someone will raise it.

Nor is there to be seen at present one in whom she can place more hope than in your illustrious house, with its valor and fortune, favored by God and by the Church of which it is now the chief, and which could be made the head of this redemption. This will not be difficult if you will recall to yourself the actions and lives of the men I have named. And although they were great and wonderful men, yet they were men, and each one of them had no more opportunity than the present offers, for their enterprises were neither more just nor easier than this, nor was God more their friend than He is yours.

With us there is great justice, because that war is just which is necessary, and arms are hallowed when there is no other hope but in them. Here there is the greatest willingness, and where the willingness is great the difficulties cannot be great if you will only follow those men to whom I have directed your attention. Further than this, how extraordinarily the ways of God have been manifested beyond example: the sea is divided, a cloud has led the way, the rock has poured forth water, it has rained manna, everything has contributed to your greatness; you ought to do the rest. God is not willing to do everything, and thus take away our free will and that share of glory which belongs to us.

And it is not to be wondered at if none of the above-named Italians have been able to accomplish all that is expected from your illustrious house; and if in so many revolutions in Italy, and in so many campaigns, it has always appeared as if military virtue were exhausted; this has happened because the old order of things was not good, and none of us have known how to find a new one. And nothing honors a man more than to establish new laws and new ordinances when he himself has newly risen. Such things when they are well founded and dignified will make him revered and admired, and in Italy there are not wanting opportunities to bring such into use in every form.

Here there is great valor in the limbs whilst it fails in the head. Look attentively at the duels and the hand-to-hand combats, how superior the Italians are in strength, dexterity, and subtlety. But when it comes to armies they do not bear comparison, and this springs entirely from the insufficiency of the leaders, since those who are capable are not obedient, and each one seems to himself to know, there having never been anyone so distinguished above the rest, either by valor or fortune, that others would yield to him. Hence it is that for so long a time, and during so much fighting in the past twenty years, whenever there has been an army wholly Italian, it has always given a poor account of itself; the first witness to this is Il Taro, afterwards Alexandria, Capua, Genoa, Vaila, Bologna, Mestri.

If, therefore, your illustrious house wishes to follow those remarkable men who have redeemed their country, it is necessary before all things, as a true foundation for every enterprise, to be provided with your own forces, because there can be no more faithful, truer, or better soldiers. And although singly they are good, altogether they will be much better when they find themselves commanded by their prince, honored by him, and maintained at his expense. Therefore it is necessary to be prepared with such arms, so that you can be defended against foreigners by Italian valor.

And although Swiss and Spanish infantry may be considered very formidable, nevertheless there is a defect in both, by reason of which a third order would not only be able to oppose them, but might be relied upon to overthrow them. For the Spaniards cannot resist cavalry, and the Switzers are afraid of infantry whenever they encounter them in close combat. Owing to this, as has been and may again be seen, the Spaniards are unable to resist French cavalry, and the Switzers are overthrown by Spanish infantry. And although a complete proof of this latter cannot be shown, nevertheless there was some evidence of it at the battle of Ravenna, when

the Spanish infantry were confronted by German battalions, who follow the same tactics as the Swiss; when the Spaniards, by agility of body and with the aid of their shields, got in under the pikes of the Germans and stood out of danger, able to attack, while the Germans stood helpless, and, if the cavalry had not dashed up, all would have been over with them. It is possible, therefore, knowing the defects of both these infantries, to invent a new one, which will resist cavalry and not be afraid of infantry; this need not create a new order of arms, but a variation upon the old. And these are the kind of improvements which confer reputation and power upon a new prince.

This opportunity, therefore, ought not to be allowed to pass for letting Italy at last see her liberator appear. Nor can one express the love with which he would be received in all those provinces which have suffered so much from these foreign scourings, with what thirst for revenge, with what stubborn faith, with what devotion, with what tears. What door would be closed to him? Who would refuse obedience to him? What envy would hinder him? What Italian would refuse him homage? To all of us this barbarous dominion stinks. Let, therefore, your illustrious house take up this charge with that courage and hope with which all just enterprises are undertaken, so that under its standard our native country may be ennobled, and under its auspices may be verified that saying of Petrarch:—

Valor against fell wrath
Will take up arms, and be the combat quickly sped
For, sure, the ancient worth
That in Italians stirs the heart, is not yet dead.

ARIOSTO (1474–1533)

Ludovico Ariosto for practically the whole of his mature life was attached to the court of Ferrara. The principality was small, extending only about 20 miles on either side of the little city, but the d'Este family made it a brilliant center of artistic and literary activity. Serving first the Cardinal d'Este and afterwards Duke Alfonso, Ariosto took a leading part in the revival of classical comedy which was the principal achievement of the court. First translating Latin comedies and then adapting them to the conditions of modern life, Ariosto wrote and produced at Ferrara an original play, *I Suppositi,* of which a translation by one of the earlier Elizabethan poets, George Gascoigne, was a significant contribution to the beginnings of regular comedy in England.

In spite of its classical culture, the court at Ferrara had only half emerged from the Middle Ages. Ariosto's predecessor as court poet, Boiardo, had left unfinished at his death in 1494 a long rhyming romance about Roland, the hero of the Charlemagne cycle, entitled *Orlando Innamorato.* This story of Orlando in love Ariosto undertook to continue: people no longer took the old romantic tales seriously, and Ariosto dealt freely with his material, inventing new characters and episodes at will, and enlivening his narrative with fanciful accounts of necromancers, giants, flying horses and the like. The first edition of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (*Orlando in Madness*) appeared in 1516, and the fourth, much enlarged and embellished, just before the author's death. Ariosto had a quick and lively fancy, and the poem was immensely popular, not only in Italy but throughout Europe. Sir John Harrington made a translation which he dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and others followed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, of which the last, by William Stewart Rose, is here used.

Ariosto was urged in the last years of his life to leave Ferrara for Rome, where he was promised the patronage of Clement VII, the second Pope of the House of the Medici. But he preferred the quiet of his own city and the home he had built there for himself, which may still be seen with the motto he placed over the door—'Parva, sed apta mihi' (A little house, but suited to me). In his *Satires,* written in imitation of Horace, he explains his lack of ambition and his preference for the little city where as many as half a dozen people touch their hats to him in the hope that he may some day be able to do them a good turn with the reigning Duke.

The selections from the *Orlando Furioso* given below include only two episodes from Ariosto's masterpiece. The first relates the love of the heroine Angelica for a young Moor, Medoro, who ventures forth from his cantonments accompanied by his friend Cloridan to recover the body of their leader, Dardinello, who has just been defeated and slain by the Christian hosts. In the second episode the poem reaches its climax in the madness of Orlando, consequent upon his discovery of Angelica's unfaithfulness to him.

MEDORO AND ANGELICA

CANTO XIX

By whom he is beloved can no one know
Who on the top of Fortune's wheel is seated;
Since he, by true and faithless friends, with show
Of equal faith, in glad estate is greeted.
But, should felicity be changed to woe,
The flattering multitude is turned and fleeted!
While he who loves his master from his heart,
Even after death performs his faithful part.

Were the heart seen as is the outward cheer,
He who at court is held in sovereign grace,
And he that to his lord is little dear,
With parts reversed, would fill each other's place;
The humble man the greater would appear,
And he, now first, be hindmost in the race.
But be Medoro's faithful story said,
The youth who loved his lord, alive or dead.

The closest path, amid the forest gray,
To save himself, pursued the youth forlorn;

But all his schemes were marred by the delay
Of that sore weight upon his shoulders borne.
The place he knew not, and mistook the way,
And hid himself again in sheltering thorn.
Secure and distant was his mate, that through
The greenwood-shade with lighter shoulders flew.

So far was Cloridan advanced before,
He heard the boy no longer in the wind;
But when he marked the absence of Medore,
It seemed as if his heart was left behind.
'Ah! how was I so negligent,' (the Moor
Exclaimed,) 'so far beside myself, and blind,
'That I, Medoro, should without thee fare,
Nor know when I deserted thee or where?'

So saying, in the wood he disappears,
Plunging into the maze with hurried pace;
And thither, whence he lately issued, steers,
And, desperate, of death returns in trace.
Cries and the tread of steeds this while he hears,
And word and threat of foemen, as in chase;
Lastly Medoro by his voice is known,
Disarmed, on foot, 'mid many horse, alone.

A hundred horsemen who the youth surround,
Zerbino leads, and bids his followers seize
The stripling; like a top, the boy turns round
And keeps him as he can: among the trees,
Behind oak, elm, beech, ash, he takes his ground,
Nor from the cherished load his shoulders frees.
Wearied, at length, the burden he bestowed
Upon the grass, and stalked about his load.

As in her rocky cavern the she-bear,
With whom close warfare Alpine hunters wage,
Uncertain hangs about her shaggy care,
And growls in mingled sound of love and rage.
To unsheath her claws, and blood her tushes bare,
Would natural hate and wrath the beast engage;
Love softens her, and bids from strife retire,
And for her offspring watch, amid her ire.

Cloridan, who to aid him knows not how,
And with Medoro willingly would die,
But who would not for death this being forego,
Until more foes than one should lifeless lie,
Ambushed, his sharpest arrow to his bow
Fits, and directs it with so true an eye,
The feathered weapon bores a Scotchman's brain,
And lays the warrior dead upon the plain.

Together, all the others of the band
Turned thither, whence was shot the murderous reed;
Meanwhile he launched another from his stand,
That a new foe might by the weapon bleed,
Whom (while he made of this and that demand,
And loudly questioned who had done the deed)
The arrow reached transfixed the wretch's throat,
And cut his question short in middle note.

Zerbino, captain of those horse, no more
Can at the piteous sight his wrath refrain;
In furious heat, he springs upon Medore,
Exclaiming, 'Thou of this shalt bear the pain.'
One hand he in his locks of golden ore
Enwreaths, and drags him to himself amain;
But, as his eyes that beauteous face survey,
Takes pity on the boy, and does not slay.

To him the stripling turns, with suppliant cry,
And, 'By thy God, sir knight,' exclaims, 'I pray,
Be not so passing cruel, nor deny
That I in earth my honored king may lay:
No other grace I supplicate, nor I
This for the love of life, believe me, say.
So much, no longer, space of life I crave,
As may suffice to give my lord a grave.

'And if you needs must feed the beast and bird,
Like Theban Creon, let their worst be done
Upon these limbs; so that by me interred
In earth be those of good Almontes' son.'
Medoro thus his suit, with grace, preferred,
And words—to move a mountain; and so won
Upon Zerbino's mood, to kindness turned,
With love and pity he all over burned.

This while, a churlish horseman of the band,
Who little deference for his lord confessed,
His lance uplifting, wounded overhand
The unhappy suppliant in his dainty breast.

Zerbino, who the cruel action scanned,
Was deeply stirred, the rather that, oppressed
And livid with the blow the churl had sped,
Medoro fell as he was wholly dead.

So grieved Zerbino, with such wrath was stung,
'Not unavenged shalt thou remain,' he cries;
Then full of evil will in fury sprung
Upon the author of the foul emprise.
But he his vantage marks, and, from among
The warriors, in a moment slips and flies.
Cloridan, who beholds the deed, at sight
Of young Medoro's fall, springs forth to fight;

And casts away his bow, and, 'mid the band
Of foemen, whirls his faulchion, in desire
Rather of death, than hoping that his hand
May snatch a vengeance equal to his ire.
Amid so many blades, he views the sand
Tinged with his blood, and ready to expire,
And feeling he the sword no more can guide,
Lets himself drop by his Medoro's side.

The Scots pursue their chief, who pricks before,
Through the deep wood, inspired by high disdain,
When he has left the one and the other Moor,
This dead, that scarce alive, upon the plain.
There for a mighty space lay young Medore,
Spouting his life-blood from so large a vein,
He would have perished, but that thither made
A stranger, as it chanced, who lent him aid.

By chance arrived a damsel at the place,
Who was (though mean and rustic was her wear)
Of royal presence and of beauteous face,
And lofty manners, sagely debonair:
Her have I left unsung so long a space,
That you will hardly recognize the fair
Angelica; in her (if known not) scan
The lofty daughter of Catay's great khan.

Angelica, when she had won again
The ring Brunello had from her conveyed,
So waxed in stubborn pride and haught disdain,
She seemed to scorn this ample world, and strayed
Alone, and held as cheap each living swain,
Although, amid the best, by Fame arrayed:
Nor brooked she to remember a gallant
In Count Orlando or king Sacripant;

And above every other deed repented,
That good Rinaldo she had loved of yore;
And that to look so low she had consented,
(As by such choice dishonored) grieved her sore.
Love, hearing this, such arrogance resented,
And would the damsel's pride endure no more.
Where young Medoro lay he took his stand,
And waited her, with bow and shaft in hand.

When fair Angelica the stripling spies,
Nigh hurt to death in that disastrous fray,
Who for his king, that there unsheltered lies,
More sad than for his own misfortune lay,
She feels new pity in her bosom rise,
Which makes its entry in unwonted way.
Touched was her haughty heart, once hard and curst,
And more when he his piteous tale rehearsed.

And calling back to memory her art,
For she in Ind had learned chirurgery,
(Since it appears such studies in that part
Worthy of praise and fame are held to be,
And, as an heirloom, sires to sons impart,
With little aid of books, the mystery)
Disposed herself to work with simples' juice,
Till she in him should healthier life produce;

And recollects a herb had caught her sight
In passing hither, on a pleasant plain.
What (whether dittany or pansy hight)
I know not; fraught with virtue to restrain
The crimson blood forth-welling, and of might
To sheathe each perilous and piercing pain,
She found it near, and having pulled the weed,
Returned to seek Medoro on the mead.

Returning, she upon a swain did light,
Who was on horseback passing through the wood.
Strayed from the lowing herd the rustic wight
A heifer, missing for two days, pursued.
Him she with her conducted, where the might
Of the faint youth was ebbing with his blood:
Which had the ground about so deeply dyed,
Life was nigh wasted with the gushing tide.

Angelica alights upon the ground,
And he her rustic comrade, at her hest.
She hastened 'twixt two stones the herb to pound,
Then took it, and the healing juice expressed.
With this did she foment the stripling's wound,
And, even to the hips, his waist and breast;
And (with such virtue was the salve endued)
It stanched his life-blood, and his strength renewed.

And into him infused such force again,
That he could mount the horse the swain conveyed:
But good Medoro would not leave the plain
Till he in earth had seen his master laid.
He, with the monarch, buried Cloridane,
And after followed whither pleased the maid,
Who was to stay with him, by pity led,
Beneath the courteous shepherd's humble shed.

Nor would the damsel quit the lowly pile
(So she esteemed the youth) till he was sound;
Such pity first she felt, when him erewhile
She saw outstretched and bleeding on the ground.
Touched by his mien and manners next, a file
She felt corrode her heart with secret wound;
She felt corrode her heart, and with desire,
By little and by little warmed, took fire.

The shepherd dwelt, between two mountains hoar,
In goodly cabin, in the greenwood-shade,
With wife and children; in short time before,
The brent-new shed had builded in the glade.
Here of his griesly wound the youthful Moor
Was briefly healed by the Catayan maid;
But who in briefer space, a sorer smart
Than young Medoro's, suffered at her heart.

A wound far wider and which deeper lies,
Now in her heart she feels, from viewless bow;
Which from the boy's fair hair and beauteous eyes
Had the winged archer dealt: a sudden glow
She feels, and still the flames increasing rise;
Yet less she heeds her own than other's woe:
Heeds not herself, and only to content
The author of her cruel ill is bent.

Her ill but festered and increased the more,
The stripling's wounds were seen to heal and close:
The youth grew lusty, while she suffered sore,
And, with new fever parched, now burnt, now froze.
From day to day in beauty waxed Medore:
She miserably wasted; like the snow's
Unseasonable flake, which melts away
Exposed, in sunny place, to scorching ray.

She, if of vain desire she will not die,
Must help herself, nor yet delay the aid.
And she in truth her will to satisfy,
Deemed 'twas no time to wait till she was prayed.
And next of shame renouncing every tie,
With tongue as bold as eyes, petition made,
And begged him, haply an unwitting foe,
To sheathe the suffering of that cruel blow.

O Count Orlando, O king of Circassy,
Say what your valor has availed to you!
Say what your honor boots, what goodly fee
Remunerates ye both, for service true!
Sirs, show me but a single courtesy,
With which she ever graced ye,—old or new,—
As some poor recompense, desert, or guerdon,
For having born so long so sore a burden!

Oh! couldst thou yet again to life return,
How hard would this appear, O Agricane!
In that she whilom thee was wont to spurn,
With sharp repulse and insolent disdain.
O Ferraû, O ye thousand more, forlorn,
Unsung, who wrought a thousand feats in vain
For this ungrateful fair, what pain 'twould be
Could you within his arms the damsel see!

To pluck, as yet untouched, the virgin rose,
Angelica permits the young Medore,
Was none so blessed as in that garden's close
Yet to have set his venturous foot before.
They holy ceremonies interpose,
Somedeal to veil—to gild—the matter o'er.
Young Love was bridesman there the tie to bless,
And for brideswoman stood the shepherdess.

In the low shed, with all solemnities,
The couple made their wedding as they might;
And there above a month, in tranquil guise,
The happy lovers rested in delight.
Save for the youth the lady has no eyes,

Nor with his looks can satisfy her sight.
Nor yet of hanging on his neck can tire,
Or feel she can content her fond desire.

The beauteous boy is with her, night and day
Does she untent herself, or keep the shed.
Morning or eve, they to some meadow stray,
Now to this bank, and to that other led:
Haply, in cavern harbored, at mid-day,
Grateful as that to which Æneas fled
With Dido, when the tempest raged above,
The faithful witness to their secret love.

Amid such pleasures, where, with tree o'ergrown,
Ran stream, or bubbling fountain's wave did spin,
On bark or rock, if yielding were the stone,
The knife was straight at work or ready pin.
And there, without, in thousand places lone,
And in as many places graved, within,
Medoro and Angelica were traced,
In divers cyphers quaintly interlaced.

When she believed they had prolonged their stay
More than enow, the damsel made design
In India to revisit her Catay,
And with its crown Medoro's head entwine.
She had upon her wrist an armlet, gay
With costly gems, in witness and in sign
Of love to her by Count Orlando borne,
And which the damsel for long time had worn.

On Ziliantes, hid beneath the wave,
This Morgue bestowed; and from captivity
The youth (restored to Monodante's grave,
His ancient sire, through Roland's chivalry)
To Roland in return the bracelet gave:
Roland, a lover, deigned the gorgeous fee
To wear, with the intention to convey
The present to his queen, of whom I say.

No love which to the paladin she bears,
But that it costly is and wrought with care,
This to Angelica so much endears,
That never more esteemed was matter rare:
This she was suffered in the Isle of Tears,
I know not by what privilege, to wear,
When, naked, to the whale exposed for food
By that inhospitable race and rude.

She, not possessing wherewithal to pay
The kindly couple's hospitality,
Served by them in their cabin, from the day
She there was lodged, with such fidelity,
Unfastened from her arm the bracelet gay,
And bade them keep it for her memory.
Departing hence the lovers climb the side
Of hills, which fertile France from Spain divide. . . .

ORLANDO'S MADNESS

FROM CANTO XXIII

The course in pathless woods, which, without rein,
The Tartar's charger had pursued astray,
Made Roland for two days, with fruitless pain,
Follow him, without tidings of his way.
Orlando reached a rill of crystal vein,
On either bank of which a meadow lay;
Which, stained with native hues and rich, he sees,
And dotted o'er with fair and many trees.

The mid-day fervor made the shelter sweet
To hardy herd as well as naked swain;
So that Orlando, well beneath the heat
Somedeal might wince, oppressed with plate and chain.
He entered, for repose, the cool retreat,
And found it the abode of grief and pain;
And place of sojourn more accursed and fell,
On that unhappy day, than tongue can tell.

Turning him round, he there, on many a tree,
Beheld engraved, upon the woody shore,
What as the writing of his deity
He knew, as soon as he had marked the lore.
This was a place of those described by me,
Whither ofttimes, attended by Medore,
From the near shepherd's cot had wont to stray
The beauteous lady, sovereign of Catay.

In a hundred knots, amid those green abodes,
In a hundred parts, their cyphered names are dight;
Whose many letters are so many goads,
Which Love has in his bleeding heart-core pight.
He would discredit in a thousand modes
That which he credits in his own despite;
And would perforce persuade himself, that rind
Other Angelica than his had signed.

'And yet I know these characters,' he cried,
'Of which I have so many read and seen;
By her may this Medoro be belied,
And me, she, figured in the name, may mean.'
Feeding on such like fantasies, beside
The real truth, did sad Orlando lean
Upon the empty hope, though ill contented,
Which he by self-illusions had fomented.

But stirred and aye rekindled it, the more
That he to quench the ill suspicion wrought,
Like the incautious bird, by fowler's lore,
Hampered in net or lime; which, in the thought
To free its tangled pinions and to soar,
By struggling, is but more securely caught.
Orlando passes thither, where a mountain
O'erhangs in guise of arch the crystal fountain.

Splay-footed ivy, with its mantling spray,
And gadding vine the cavern's entry case:
Where often in the hottest noon of day
The pair had rested, locked in fond embrace.
Within the grotto, and without it, they
Had oftener than in any other place
With charcoal or with chalk their names portrayed,
Or flourished with the knife's indenting blade.

Here from his horse the sorrowing County lit,
And at the entrance of the grot surveyed
A cloud of words, which seemed but newly writ,
And which the young Medoro's hand had made.
On the great pleasure he had known in it,
This sentence he in verses had arrayed;
Which in his tongue, I deem, might make pretense
To polished phrase; and such in ours the sense:

'Gay plants, green herbage, rill of limpid vein,
And, grateful with cool shade, thou gloomy cave,
Where oft, by many wooed with fruitless pain,
Beauteous Angelica, the child of grave
King Galaphron, within my arms has lain;
For the convenient harborage you gave,
I, poor Medoro, can but in my lays,
As recompense, for ever sing your praise,

And any loving lord devoutly pray,
Damsel and cavalier, and everyone,
Whom choice or fortune hither shall convey,
Stranger or native,—to this crystal run,
Shade, caverned rock, and grass, and plants, to say
Benignant be to you the fostering sun
And moon, and may the choir of nymphs provide,
That never swain his flock may hither guide!'

In Arabic was writ the blessing said,
Known to Orlando like the Latin tongue,
Who, versed in many languages, best read
Was in this speech; which oftentimes from wrong,
And injury, and shame, had saved his head,
What time he roved the Saracens among.
But let him boast not of its former boot,
O'erbalanced by the present bitter fruit.

Three times, and four, and six, the lines impressed
Upon the stone that wretch perused, in vain
Seeking another sense than was expressed,
And ever saw the thing more clear and plain;
And all the while, within his troubled breast,
He felt an icy hand his heart-core strain.
With mind and eyes close fastened on the block,
At length he stood, not differing from the rock.

Then well-nigh lost all feeling; so a prey
Wholly was he to that o'ermastering woe.
This is a pang, believe the experienced say
Of him who speaks, which does all griefs outgo.
His pride had from his forehead passed away,
His chin had fallen upon his breast below;
Nor found he, so grief barred each natural vent,
Moisture for tears or utterance for lament.

Stifled within, the impetuous sorrow stays,
Which would too quickly issue; so to abide
Water is seen, imprisoned in the vase
Whose neck is narrow and whose swell is wide;
What time, when one turns up the inverted base
Toward the mouth, so hastes the hurrying tide,
And in the streight encounters such a stop,
It scarcely works a passage, drop by drop.

He somewhat to himself returned, and thought
How possibly the thing might be untrue:
That someone (so he hoped, desired, and sought
To think) his lady would with shame pursue;
Or with such weight of jealousy had wrought
To whelm his reason, as should him undo;
And that he, whosoe'er the thing had planned,
Had counterfeited passing well her hand.

With such vain hope he sought himself to cheat,
And manned somedeal his spirits and awoke;
Then pressed the faithful Brigliadoro's seat,
As on the sun's retreat his sister broke.
Nor far the warrior had pursued his beat,
Ere eddying from a roof he saw the smoke;
Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,
And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

Languid, he lit, and left his Brigliador
To a discreet attendant: one undressed
His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,
And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.
This was the homestead where the young Medore
Lay wounded, and was here supremely blessed.
Orlando here, with other food unfed,
Having supped full of sorrow, sought his bed.

The more the wretched sufferer seeks for ease,
He finds but so much more distress and pain;
Who everywhere the loathed hand-writing sees,
On wall, and door, and window: he would fain
Question his host of this but holds his peace,
Because, in sooth, he dreads too clear, too plain
To make the thing and this would rather shroud,
That it may less offend him, with a cloud.

Little availed the Count his self-deceit;
For there was one who spake of it unsought;
The shepherd-swain, who to allay the heat,
With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought:
The tale which he was wonted to repeat
—Of the two lovers—to each listener taught,
A history which many loved to hear,
He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer

How at Angelica's persuasive prayer,
He to his farm had carried young Medore,
Grievously wounded with an arrow; where,
In little space she healed the angry sore.
But while she exercised this pious care,
Love in her heart the lady wounded more,
And kindled from small spark so fierce a fire,
She burnt all over, restless with desire:

Nor thinking she of mightiest king was born,
Who ruled in the east, nor of her heritage,
Forced by too puissant love, had thought no scorn
To be the consort of a poor foot-page.
His story done, to them in proof was borne
The gem, which, in reward for harborage,
To her extended in that kind abode,
Angelica, at parting, had bestowed.

A deadly axe was this unhappy close,
Which at a single stroke, lopped off the head;
When, satiate with innumerable blows,
That cruel hangman Love his hate had fed.
Orlando studied to conceal his woes;
And yet the mischief gathered force and spread,
And would break out perforce in tears and sighs,
Would he, or would he not, from mouth and eyes.

When he can give the rein to raging woe,
Alone, by other's presence unrepressed,
From his full eyes the tears descending flow,
In a wide stream, and flood his troubled breast.
'Mid sob and groan, he tosses to and fro
About his weary bed, in search of rest;
And vainly shifting, harder than a rock
And sharper than a nettle found its flock.

Amid the pressure of such cruel pain,
It passed into the wretched sufferer's head
That oft the ungrateful lady must have lain,
Together with her leman, on that bed;
Nor less he loathed the couch in his disdain,
Nor from the down upstarted with less dread,
Than churl, who, when about to close his eyes,
Springs from the turf, if he a serpent spies.

In him, forthwith such deadly hatred breed
That bed, that house, that swain, he will not stay

Till the morn break, or till the dawn succeed
Whose twilight goes before the approaching day.
In haste, Orlando takes his arms and steed,
And to the deepest greenwood wends his way.
And, when assured that he is there alone,
Gives utterance to his grief in shriek and groan.

Never from tears, never from sorrowing,
He paused; nor found he peace by night or day:
He fled from town, in forest harboring,
And in the open air on hard earth lay.
He marveled at himself, how such a spring
Of water from his eyes could stream away,
And breath was for so many sobs supplied;
And thus ofttimes, amid his mourning, cried:

'These are no longer real tears which rise,
And which I scatter from so full a vein.
Of tears my ceaseless sorrow lacked supplies;
They stopped when to mid-height scarce rose my pain.
The vital moisture rushing to my eyes,
Driven by the fire within me, now would gain
A vent; and it is this which I expend,
And which my sorrows and my life will end.

No; these, which are the index of my woes,
These are not sighs, nor sighs are such; they fail
At times, and have their season of repose:
I feel my breast can never less exhale
Its sorrow: Love, who with his pinions blows
The fire about my heart, creates this gale.
Love, by what miracle dost thou contrive,
It wastes not in the fire thou keep'st alive?

I am not—am not what I seem to sight:
What Roland was is dead and under ground,
Slain by that most ungrateful lady's spite,
Whose faithlessness inflicted such a wound.
Divided from the flesh, I am his sprite,
Which in this hell, tormented, walks its round,
To be, but in its shadow left above,
A warning to all such as trust in love.'

All night about the forest roved the Count,
And, at the break of daily light, was brought
By his unhappy fortune to the fount,
Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.
To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount,
Inflamed his fury so, in him was nought
But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;
Nor paused he more, but bared his faulchion bright,

Cleft through the writing; and the solid block,
Into the sky, in tiny fragments sped.
Woe worth each sapling and that caverned rock,
Where Medore and Angelica were read!
So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock
Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.
And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, and shoot, and lop
Cast without cease into the beauteous source;
Till, turbid from the bottom to the top,
Never again was clear the troubled course.
At length, for lack of breath, compelled to stop,
(When he is bathed in sweat, and wasted force
Serves not his fury more) he falls, and lies
Upon the mead and, gazing upward, sighs.

Wearied and woe-begone, he fell to ground,
And turned his eyes toward heaven; nor spake he aught,
Nor ate, nor slept, till in his daily round
The golden sun had broken thrice, and sought
His rest anew; nor ever ceased his wound
To rankle, till it marred his sober thought.
At length, impelled by frenzy, the fourth day,
He from his limbs tore plate and mail away.

Here was his helmet, there his shield bestowed;
His arms far off, and farther than the rest,
His cuirass; through the greenwood wide was strowed
All his good gear, in fine; and next his vest
He rent; and, in his fury, naked showed
His shaggy paunch, and all his back and breast.
And 'gan that frenzy act, so passing dread,
Of stranger folly never shall be said.

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,
That all obscured remained the warrior's sprite;
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,
Or wondrous deeds, I trow, had wrought the knight:

But neither this, nor bill, nor axe to hew,
Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.
He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,
Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

He many others, with as little let
As fennel, wall-wort-stem, or dill, up-tore;
And ilex, knotted oak, and fir upset,
And beech, and mountain ash, and elm tree hoar.
He did what fowler, ere he spreads his net,
Does to prepare the champaigne for his lore,
By stubble, rush, and nettle-stalk; and broke,
Like these, old sturdy trees and stems of oak.

The shepherd swains, who hear the tumult nigh,
Leaving their flocks beneath the greenwood tree,
Some here, some there, across the forest hie,
And hurry thither, all, the cause to see,
—But I have reached such point, my history,
If I o'erpass this bound, may irksome be;
And I my story will delay to end,
Rather than by my tediousness offend.

RABELAIS (1483–1553)

François Rabelais was born at Chinon in Touraine, where his father kept an inn, and from 1509 to 1524 was in a Franciscan convent, taking priest's orders and acquiring a great treasure of classical and other erudition together with a violent distaste for the monastic life. About 1530 he registered in the Faculty of Medicine at Montpellier and took in due course the degrees of Bachelor, Master, and Doctor, the last in 1537. Meanwhile he had become physician to Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, and accompanied him to Rome in 1534 on a mission which vainly attempted to prevent a rupture between the Pope and Henry VIII of England in connection with the latter's divorce from Catherine of Aragon. Rabelais was again in Rome in 1536 as physician and secretary to Cardinal du Bellay and obtained from the Pope permission to practise medicine as a member of the Order of St. Benedict. The Cardinal was head of the Benedictine abbey of St. Maur, and in this refuge Rabelais found 'a Paradise of salubrity, amenity, serenity, convenience, delights and all honest pleasures of agriculture and country life.' But he continued to wander about a great deal, although for two years he settled down, not long before his death, as curé of Meudon, near Paris.

Rabelais was an avowed partisan of the new learning against medieval bigotry and ignorance, but he says himself that he had no desire to be burnt at the stake. He poured his vast learning into a burlesque romance of a popular giant, *Gargantua,* continued in a second book, *Pantagruel,* recounting the adventures of his son. Both these had been published, with the name of Rabelais hidden in an anagram, before 1535; Book III appeared in 1546 under the King's protection with the full name of the author; Book IV was published just before his death, and Book V, which is perhaps not entirely his, some years after. In these five books Rabelais attacked the hypocrisy and bigotry of his time, not only in ecclesiastical life, but in law, science, literature and education. For his own protection and to indulge the popular taste for ribaldry, he wrapped up his doctrine in a great deal of grossly indecent nonsense; but it was the doctrine and not the nonsense that provoked the antagonism of the Sorbonne on the one hand, and the Calvinists on the other. In his wide tolerance Rabelais went beyond both the two religious factions of the time and struck the modern note of liberty.

Rabelais was well known in England in the sixteenth century, as references in Shakespeare and other authors prove; the translation of his masterpiece was begun by Sir Thomas Urquhart and completed by a French exile named Motteux in the seventeenth century; this classical translation provided the basis for the more correct modern version of W. F. Smith, which is here used.

THE ABBEY OF THELEMA

BOOK I, CHAPTER 52

There remained only the monk to provide for, whom Gargantua wished to make abbot of Seuillé, but he refused it. He wished to give him the Abbey of Bourgueil or Saint-Florent, which would suit him better, or both if it pleased him; but the monk gave him a decided answer that over monks he would have no charge or government.

'For how,' said he, 'should I be able to govern others, when I cannot govern myself? If you think that I have done you acceptable service, or that in the future I can do so, give me leave to found an abbey after my own device.'

The request pleased Gargantua, and he offered him all the country of Theleme by the river Loire to within two leagues of the great forest of Port-Hunault. The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order in a manner exactly opposite to that of all others.

'In the first place then,' said Gargantua, 'you must not build walls all round it, for all other abbeys are proudly walled.'

'Exactly,' said the monk, 'not without reason; where there is *mur* before and *mur*

behind, there is plenty of *murmur,* envy and mutual conspiracy.'

Moreover, seeing that in certain convents in the world it is the practise that if any woman or women (I speak of chaste and honest women) enter in, they immediately cleanse the place over which they have passed, it was ordered that if any man or woman of any religious orders should enter into this abbey by chance or accident, all the places by which they had passed should be scrupulously cleansed.

And because in the religions of this world everything is compassed about, limited and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this abbey there should not be clock or dial of any kind whatever, but that all their business should be arranged according to occasions and opportunities; 'for,' said Gargantua, 'the most real loss of time that he knew was that of counting the hours—what good comes of it?—and the greatest dotage in the world was to regulate one's self by the sound of a bell, and not by the dictates of good sense and understanding.'

Item, because at that time they placed in religious houses no women save those who were one-eyed, lame, hunch-backed, ugly, ill-made, lunatic, senseless, bewitched or blemished, nor men save those who were sickly, ill-born, silly and a burden to their family. . . .

'Apropos,' said the monk, 'a woman who is neither fair nor good, to what purpose serves such?'

'To make a nun of,' said Gargantua.

'Yes,' said the monk, 'and to make shirts.' It was ordered that here should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured and of a good disposition, nor men that were not handsome, well-made and well-conditioned.

Item, because in the convents of women men never entered but at unawares and clandestinely, it was decreed that here there should be no women in case there were no men, nor men in case there were no women.

Item, because men and women alike, once received into religious orders, after their year of probation, were forced and bound to remain there forever, as long as their life should last, it was established that men and women alike, received into his house, might go out thence whenever it seemed good to them, without let or hindrance.

Item, because ordinarily the religious orders made three vows, to wit, of Chastity, Poverty, and Obedience, it was appointed that those who took these orders might be honorably married, that everyone might be rich, and live at liberty.

With regard to the lawful age, the women were to be received there from ten to fifteen years, and the men from twelve to eighteen.

HOW THE THELEMITES WERE GOVERNED

BOOK I, CHAPTER 57

All their life was laid out, not by laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their will and free pleasure. They rose from their bed when it seemed good to them, they drank, ate, worked, slept, when the desire came upon them. None did awake them, none did constrain them either to drink or to eat, or to do anything else whatsoever; for so had Gargantua established it.

In their rule there was but this clause:

DO WHAT THOU WILT,

because that men who are free, well-born, well-bred, conversant in honest company, have by nature an instinct and spur, which always prompteth them to virtuous actions and withdraweth them from vice; and this they style honor. These same men, when by vile subjection and constraint they are brought down and enslaved, do turn aside the noble affection by which they freely were inclined unto virtue, in order to lay aside and shake off this yoke of slavery; for we do always strive after things forbidden and covet that which is denied unto us.

By means of this liberty they entered into a laudable emulation to do all of them what they saw did please one. If anyone of the men or ladies said 'Let us drink,' they all drank. If any said 'Let us play,' they all played. If one said 'Let us go disport ourselves in the fields,' they all went thither.

If it were to go a-hawking or hunting, the ladies mounted on fine mares, with their prancing palfrey each carried on her fist, daintily begloved, either a sparrow-hawk or a lanneret or a merlin. The men carried the other kinds of hawks.

So nobly were they taught that there was

neither he nor she amongst them but could read, write, sing, play on musical instruments, speak five or six languages, and compose therein in verse as well as in prose.

Never were seen knights so worthy, so valiant, so dextrous both on foot and on horseback, more vigorous, more nimble, better at handling all kinds of weapons, as were there.

Never were seen ladies so handsome, so dainty, less froward, better taught with their hands, with their needle, in every womanly action that is honest and gentle, as were there.

For this reason, when the time was come that any man wished to go forth from the said abbey, either at the request of his parents or for some other cause, he carried with him one of the ladies, her who should have taken him for her faithful servant, and they were married together. And if they had formerly lived in Thelema in devotion and friendship, still more did they so continue in wedlock; insomuch that they loved one another to the end of their days as on the first day of their marriage.

HOW TO TREAT A CONQUERED COUNTRY

FROM BOOK III, CHAPTER I

You will note then here, good Topers, that the proper manner of preserving and retaining countries newly conquered is not (as hath been the erroneous opinion of certain tyrannical spirits, to their own hurt and dishonor) to pillage the people, distressing, racking with taxes, ruining, harassing and ruling them with rods of iron—in a word, eating and devouring them, after the fashion of the unjust king whom Homer calls Δημόβορος, that is to say, Devourer of his people.

On this subject I will not bring to your notice the ancient histories; I will only call to your recollection what your fathers have seen, and yourselves too, if you are not too young.

Like children newly-born, one should suckle, cradle and dandle them.

Like trees newly planted, one should prop, strengthen and defend them against all tempests, injuries and calamities.

Like a person lately saved from a long and dangerous sickness, who is now upon his recovery, one should indulge them, spare them, cherish them.

So that they may conceive this opinion, that there is not in the world a king or prince, whom they would less desire to have for an enemy, more wish for as a friend.

Thus Osiris, the great king of the Egyptians, subdued all the earth, not so much by force of arms, as by easing people of their burdens, teaching them to live well and healthfully by suitable laws, by graciousness and good deeds; insomuch that by mankind he was surnamed the great king Euergetés, that is to say benefactor, by the command of Jupiter made to one Pamyla.

Indeed, Hesiod in his Hierarchy places the good Dæmons—call them if you will angels or geniuses—as means and mediators between gods and men, superior to men but inferior to gods; and because from their hands come to us the riches and benefits of heaven, and they are continually doing good to us, ever preserving us from evil, therefore he declares that they perform toward us the office of kings, because ever to do good and never ill is an act singularly royal.

Thus was Alexander of Macedon Emperor of the universe.

Thus was the whole continent possessed by Hercules, by relieving men from monsters, oppressions, exactions and tyrannies; governing them with good direction, maintaining them in equity and justice, instructing them with kindly regiment and laws convenient for the situation of the various countries; supplying what was wanting, and retrenching what was superfluous; pardoning also all that was past, with a perpetual oblivion of all preceding offenses; as was the case with the Amnesty of the Athenians, when by the prowess and energy of Thrasybulus the tyrants were exterminated; an Amnesty afterwards set forth by Cicero in Rome, and renewed under the Emperor Aurelian.

These be the philters, allurements and enticements of love, by means of which a man peaceably retains what he had painfully acquired; and the conqueror cannot reign more happily, be he king, prince, or philosopher, than by making justice second his valor.

His valor has been shown in his victory and conquest; his justice will appear in that, by the goodwill and affection of the

people he will give laws, publish edicts, establish religion, and do right to everyone, as the noble poet Maro says of Octavian Augustus:

> He who was conqueror, with the goodwill
> Of those he conquered, makes his laws prevail.
> (*Georgics* IV, 561.)

Therefore it is that Homer in his Iliad styles the good princes and great kings κοσμήτορας λαῶν, that is, Orderers of the people.

Such was the consideration that weighed with Numa Pompilius, second king of the Romans, just, politic, and philosophical, when he ordained that on the day of his festival, which was called Terminalia, nothing should be offered to the god Terminus which had suffered death; thus teaching us that the boundaries, frontiers and dependencies of kingdoms should be guarded in peace, amity and gentleness, without polluting our hands with blood and rapine. Whoso doeth otherwise shall not only lose what he hath gained, but shall also undergo this scandal and reproach, that he will be esteemed to have wickedly and wrongfully acquired it, because that which he hath gained hath been lost in his hands; for things ill acquired fall away evilly; and although throughout his lifetime he have them in peaceable enjoyment, still if what he hath acquired be lost in the hands of his heirs, a like imputation will rest on the deceased, and his memory will be accursed as that of an unjust conqueror; for in common proverb you say: 'Of things evilly acquired the enjoyment cometh not to the third inheritor.'

Note also, ye gouty Feoffees, in this matter, how by this means Pantagruel of one angel made two, which is the opposite of what befell the counsel of Charlemagne, who of one devil made two when he transplanted the Saxons into Flanders and the Flemings into Saxony. For, not being able to keep in subjection the Saxons, whom he had united to the Empire, but that at all times they would break out into rebellion, if he happened to be drawn away into Spain or other distant lands, he transplanted them into a country that was his own and naturally obedient to him, namely Flanders; and the Hainaulters and Flemings, his born subjects, he transported into Saxony, without a doubt as to their loyalty, although they should be taken into a strange land. But it turned out that the Saxons continued in their rebellion and former obstinacy, and the Flemings, dwelling in Saxony, imbibed the manners and contradictory spirit of the Saxons.

BENVENUTO CELLINI (1500–1571)

Cellini, who was a sculptor of the second rank, takes a leading place in a curious kind of literature—the autobiography of a vagabond. He told the truth about himself without concealment—indeed, he is sometimes suspected of telling more than the truth and inventing or exaggerating adventures, amorous and other, not at all to his credit. A tremendous egotist, he was intensely interested in his own doings, and had the gift of conveying this interest to others in a perfectly ingenuous and extremely lively narrative of self-revelation. The original manuscript, written partly in Cellini's own hand and partly by his amanuenses, was deposited just a century ago in the Laurentian Library at Florence; until 1730 it was jealously guarded from the press, although it had considerable circulation in manuscript copies. It has long been recognized as the most valuable single document accessible to students of the Renaissance on account of its vigorous and lifelike pictures of the variegated life of the time.

Benvenuto was so called because his coming into the world was a welcome surprise: his father had been expecting a girl. His parents were citizens of Florence of good repute, and Benvenuto in all seriousness traced his ancestry back to a captain under Julius Cæsar, Fiorino of Cellino, who gave Florence its name at the time the city was founded. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed at his own request to a goldsmith, this being then esteemed the best training for a youth with artistic ambitions. At sixteen he was banished from Florence for six months on account of a dueling affair in which he was mixed up, together with his younger brother, who was fourteen. A year or two later, a street quarrel in Florence led to his flight from the city in disguise, and he made his way to Rome, where he won the patronage of Pope Clement VII and set up a shop of his own. He gives us a very lively picture of the Bohemian life of the Roman artists of the time, especially their carousings and merry-makings. The siege and ultimate capture of Rome by the imperial forces in 1526 provided him with more serious employment, first in the direction of the papal artillery and then in taking to pieces the papal regalia so that the jewels and their gold settings (which Cellini melted down) could be more safely carried away. Cellini kept some of the gold to pay himself for his trouble, and even about this he could not restrain his inclination for what he calls 'natural bragging.' The upshot was that Pope Clement's successor, Paul III, imprisoned Cellini in the Castle of St. Angelo, from which, after vain efforts to obtain a legal release, he made his escape as related in the selection from his Autobiography printed below.

Recaptured, he was subsequently released on the intercession of Francis I, who invited him to Paris and employed him in his service there. Cellini made a great many things for the King, and, as invariably happened, a great many enemies for himself, among them Madame d'Etampes, the King's mistress. Duels, quarrels, criminal prosecutions, lawsuits, attempts at assassination, of which Cellini was in turn the victim and the aggressor, were daily incidents, and it is not surprising that the artist in 1545 returned to Florence. Duke Cosimo engaged him to make a Perseus to stand on the Piazza by the side of Donatello's Judith and Michael Angelo's David. It was the casting of this masterpiece which was the triumph of Cellini's career as a sculptor, and his own account of it (reproduced below in the admirable translation of John Addington Symonds) marks the culminating point in his autobiographical story.

Cellini saw his Perseus put in place on the Loggia de'Lanzi in 1554 amid the rejoicings of the populace, but he had great difficulty in persuading the Duke to pay for it. It is an endless tale, broken off in 1562, of promises, disappointments, lawsuits, quarrels, and a serious illness in 1559-60, from the results of which Cellini never entirely recovered.

CELLINI'S ESCAPE FROM THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO

On the evening of that feast-day, then, I made my mind up to escape, come what might; and first I prayed most devoutly to God, imploring His Divine Majesty to protect and succor me in that so perilous a venture. Afterwards I set to work at all the things I needed, and labored the whole of the night. It was two hours before daybreak when at last I removed those hinges with the greatest toil; but the wooden panel itself and the bolt too offered such resistance that I could not open the door; so I had to cut into the wood; yet in the end I got it open, and shouldering the strips of linen which I had rolled up like bundles of flax upon two sticks, I went forth and directed my steps toward the latrines of the keep. Spying from within two tiles upon the roof, I was able at once to clamber up with ease. I wore a white doublet with a pair of white hose and a pair of half boots, into which I had stuck the poniard I have mentioned.

After scaling the roof, I took one end of my linen roll and attached it to a piece of antique tile which was built into the fortress wall; it happened to jut out scarcely four fingers. In order to fix the band, I gave it the form of a stirrup. When I had attached it to that piece of tile, I turned to God and said: 'Lord God, give aid to my good cause; you know that it is good; you see that I am aiding myself.' Then I let myself go gently by degrees, supporting myself with the sinews of my arms, until I touched the ground. There was no moonshine, but the light of a fair open heaven. When I stood upon my feet on solid earth, I looked up at the vast height which I had descended with such spirit, and went gladly away, thinking I was free. But this was not the case; for the castellan on that side of the fortress had built two lofty walls, the space between which he used for stable and henyard; the place was barred with thick iron bolts outside. I was terribly disgusted to find there was no exit from this trap; but while I paced up and down debating what to do, I stumbled on a long pole which was covered up with straw. Not without great trouble I succeeded in placing it against the wall, and then swarmed up it by force of my arms until I reached the top. But since the wall ended in a sharp ridge, I had not strength enough to drag the pole up after me. Accordingly I made my mind up to use a portion of the second roll of linen which I had there; the other was left hanging from the keep of the castle. So I cut a piece off, tied it to the pole, and clambered down the wall, enduring the utmost toil and fatigue. I was quite exhausted, and had, moreover, flayed the inside of my hands, which bled freely. This compelled me to rest awhile, and I bathed my hands in my own urine. When I thought that my strength was recovered, I advanced quickly toward the last rampart, which faces toward Prati. There I put my bundle of linen lines down upon the ground, meaning to fasten them round a battlement, and descend the lesser as I had the greater height. But no sooner had I placed the linen, than I became aware behind me of a sentinel, who was going the rounds. Seeing my designs interrupted and my life in peril, I resolved to face the guard. This fellow when he noticed my bold front, and that I was marching on him with weapon in hand, quickened his pace and gave me a wide berth. I had left my lines some little way behind; so I turned with hasty steps to regain them; and though I came within sight of another sentinel, he seemed as though he did not choose to take notice of me. Having found my lines and attached them to the battlement, I let myself go. On the descent, whether it was that I thought I had really come to earth and relaxed my grasp to jump, or whether my hands were so tired that they could not keep their hold, at any rate I fell, struck my head in falling, and lay stunned for more than an hour and a half, so far as I could judge.

It was just upon daybreak, when the fresh breeze which blows an hour before the sun revived me; yet I did not immediately recover my senses, for I thought my head had been cut off and fancied that I was in purgatory. With time, little by little, my faculties returned, and I perceived that I was outside the castle, and in a flash remembered all my adventures. I was aware of the wound in my head before I knew my leg was broken; for I put my hands up, and withdrew them covered with blood. Then I searched the spot well, and judged and ascertained that I had sustained no injury of consequence there; but when I wanted to stand up, I discovered that my right leg was broken three inches

above the heel. Not even this dismayed me; I drew forth my poniard with its scabbard; the latter had a metal point ending in a large ball, which had caused the fracture of my leg; for the bone, coming into violent contact with the ball, and not being able to bend, had snapped at that point. I threw the sheath away, and with the poniard cut a piece of the linen which I had left. Then I bound my leg up as well as I could, and crawled on all fours with the poniard in my hand toward the city gate. When I reached it, I found it shut; but I noticed a stone just beneath the door which did not appear to be very firmly fixed. This I attempted to dislodge; after setting my hands to it, and feeling it move, it easily gave way, and I drew it out. Through the gap thus made I crept into the town.

I had crawled more than five hundred paces from the place where I fell, to the gate by which I entered. No sooner had I got inside than some mastiff dogs set upon and bit me badly. When they returned to the attack and worried me, I drew my poniard and wounded one of them so sharply that he howled aloud, and all the dogs, according to their nature, ran after him. I meanwhile made the best way I could on all fours toward the church of the Trespontina.

On arriving at the opening of the street which leads to Sant' Agnolo, I turned off in the direction of San Piero; and now the dawn had risen over me, and I felt myself in danger. When therefore I chanced to meet a water-carrier driving his donkey laden with full buckets, I called the fellow, and begged him to carry me upon his back to the terrace by the steps of San Piero, adding, 'I am an unfortunate young man, who, while escaping from a window in a love-adventure, have fallen and broken my leg. The place from which I made my exit is one of great importance; and if I am discovered, I run risk of being cut to pieces; so for heaven's sake lift me quickly, and I will give you a crown of gold.' Saying this, I clapped my hand to my purse, where I had a good quantity. He took me up at once, hitched me on his back, and carried me to the raised terrace by the steps to San Piero. There I bade him leave me, saying he must run back to his donkey.

I resumed my march, crawling always on all fours, and making for the palace of the Duchess, wife of Duke Ottavio and daughter of the Emperor. She was his natural child, and had been married to Duke Alessandro. I chose her house for refuge, because I was quite certain that many of my friends, who had come with that great princess from Florence, were tarrying there; also because she had taken me into favor through something which the castellan had said in my behalf. Wishing to be of service to me, he told the Pope that I had saved the city more than a thousand crowns of damage, caused by heavy rain on the occasion when the Duchess made her entrance into Rome. He related how he was in despair, and how I put heart into him, and went on to describe how I had pointed several large pieces of artillery in the direction where the clouds were thickest, and whence a deluge of water was already pouring; then, when I began to fire, the rain stopped, and at the fourth discharge the sun shone out; and so I was the sole cause of the festival succeeding, to the joy of everybody. On hearing this narration the Duchess said: 'That Benvenuto is one of the artists of merit, who enjoyed the good-will of my late husband, Duke Alessandro, and I shall always hold them in mind if an opportunity comes of doing such men service.' She also talked of me to Duke Ottavio. For these reasons I meant to go straight to the house of her Excellency, which was a very fine palace situated in Borgio Vecchio.

I should have been quite safe from recapture by the Pope if I could have stayed there; but my exploits up to this point had been too marvelous for a human being, and God was unwilling to encourage my vainglory; accordingly, for my own good, He chastised me a second time worse even than the first. The cause of this was that while I was crawling on all fours up those steps, a servant of Cardinal Cornaro recognized me. His master was then lodging in the palace; so the servant ran up to his room and woke him, crying: 'Most reverend Monsignor, your friend Benvenuto is down there; he has escaped from the castle, and is crawling on all fours, streaming with blood; to all appearances he has broken a leg, and we don't know whither he is going.' The Cardinal exclaimed at once: 'Run and carry him upon your back into my room here.' When I arrived, he told me to be under no apprehension, and sent for the first physicians of Rome, to take my case in hand. Among them was Maestro

Jacomo of Perugia, a most excellent and able surgeon. He set the bone with dexterity, then bound the limb up, and bled me with his own hand. It happened that my veins were swollen far beyond their usual size, and he too wished to make a pretty wide incision; accordingly the blood sprang forth so copiously, and spurted with such force into his face, that he had to abandon the operation. He regarded this as a very bad omen, and could hardly be prevailed upon to undertake my cure. Indeed, he often expressed a wish to leave me, remembering that he ran no little risk of punishment for having treated my case, or rather for having proceeded to the end with it. The Cardinal had me placed in a secret chamber, and went off immediately to beg me from the Pope.

THE CASTING OF THE PERSEUS

Having succeeded so well with the cast of the Medusa, I had great hope of bringing my Perseus through; for I had laid the wax on, and felt confident that it would come out in bronze as perfectly as the Medusa. The waxen model produced so fine an effect that when the Duke saw it and was struck with its beauty—whether somebody had persuaded him it could not be carried out with the same finish in metal, or whether he thought so for himself—he came to visit me more frequently than usual, and on one occasion said: 'Benvenuto, this figure cannot succeed in bronze; the laws of art do not admit of it.' These words of his Excellency stung me so sharply that I answered: 'My lord, I know how very little confidence you have in me; and I believe the reason of this is that your most illustrious Excellency lends too ready an ear to my calumniators, or else indeed that you do not understand my art.' He hardly let me close the sentence when he broke in: 'I profess myself a connoisseur, and understand it very well indeed.' I replied: 'Yes, like a prince, not like an artist; for if your Excellency understood my trade as well as you imagine, you would trust me on the proofs I have already given. These are, first, the colossal bronze bust of your Excellency, which is now in Elba; secondly, the restoration of the Ganymede in marble, which offered so many difficulties and cost me so much trouble that I would rather have made the whole statue new from the beginning; thirdly, the Medusa, cast by me in bronze, here now before your Excellency's eyes, the execution of which was a greater triumph of strength and skill than any of my predecessors in this fiendish art have yet achieved. Look you, my lord! I constructed that furnace anew on principles quite different from those of other founders; in addition to many technical improvements and ingenious devices, I supplied it with two issues for the metal, because this difficult and twisted figure could not otherwise have come out perfect. It is only owing to my intelligent insight into means and appliances that the statue turned out as it did; a triumph judged impossible by all the practitioners of this art. I should like you furthermore to be aware, my lord, for certain, that the sole reason why I succeeded with all those great and arduous works in France under his most admirable Majesty King Francis was the high courage which that good monarch put into my heart by the liberal allowances he made me, and the multitude of workpeople he left at my disposal. I could have as many as I asked for, and employed at times above forty, all chosen by myself. These were the causes of my having there produced so many masterpieces in so short a space of time. Now then, my lord, put trust in me; supply me with the aid I need. I am confident of being able to complete a work which will delight your soul. But if your Excellency goes on disheartening me, and does not advance me the assistance which is absolutely required, neither I nor any man alive upon this earth can hope to achieve the slightest thing of value.'

It was as much as the Duke could do to stand by and listen to my pleadings. He kept turning first this way and then that; while I, in despair, poor wretched I, was calling up remembrance of the noble state I held in France, to the great sorrow of my soul. All at once he cried: 'Come, tell me, Benvenuto, how is it possible that yonder splendid head of Medusa, so high up there in the grasp of Perseus, should ever come out perfect?' I replied upon the instant: 'Look you now, my lord! If your Excellency possessed that knowledge of the craft which you affirm you have, you would not fear one moment for the splendid head you speak of. There is good reason, on the other hand, to feel uneasy about this right foot, so far below and at a distance from the rest.' When he heard these words, the

Duke turned, half in anger, to some gentlemen in waiting, and exclaimed: 'I verily believe that this Benvenuto prides himself on contradicting everything one says.' Then he faced round to me with a touch of mockery, upon which his attendants did the like, and began to speak as follows: 'I will listen patiently to any argument you can possibly produce in explanation of your statement, which may convince me of its probability.' I said in answer: 'I will adduce so sound an argument that your Excellency shall perceive the full force of it.' So I began: 'You must know, my lord, that the nature of fire is to ascend, and therefore I promise you that Medusa's head will come out famously; but since it is not in the nature of fire to descend, and I must force it downwards six cubits by artificial means, I assure your Excellency upon this most convincing ground of proof that the foot cannot possibly come out. It will, however, be quite easy for me to restore it.' 'Why, then,' said the Duke, 'did you not devise it so that the foot should come out as well as you affirm the head will?' I answered: 'I must have made a much larger furnace, with a conduit as thick as my leg; and so I might have forced the molten metal by its own weight to descend so far. Now, my pipe, which runs six cubits to the statue's foot, as I have said, is not thicker than two fingers. However, it was not worth the trouble and expense to make a larger; for I shall easily be able to mend what is lacking. But when my mold is more than half full, as I expect, from this middle point upwards, the fire ascending by its natural property, then the heads of Perseus and Medusa will come out admirably; you may be quite sure of it.' After I had thus expounded these convincing arguments, together with many more of the same kind, which it would be tedious to set down here, the Duke shook his head and departed without further ceremony.

Abandoned thus to my own resources, I took new courage, and banished the sad thoughts which kept recurring to my mind, making me often weep bitter tears of repentance for having left France; for though I did so only to revisit Florence, my sweet birth-place, in order that I might charitably succor my six nieces, this good action, as I well perceived, had been the beginning of my great misfortune. Nevertheless, I felt convinced that when my Perseus was accomplished, all these trials would be turned to high felicity and glorious well-being.

Accordingly I strengthened my heart, and with all the forces of my body and my purse, employing what little money still remained to me, I set to work. First I provided myself with several loads of pine-wood from the forests of Serristori, in the neighborhood of Montelupo. While these were on their way, I clothed my Perseus with the clay which I had prepared many months beforehand, in order that it might be duly seasoned. After making its clay tunic (for that is the term used in this art) and properly arming it and fencing it with iron girders, I began to draw the wax out by means of a slow fire. This melted and issued through numerous air-vents I had made; for the more there are of these, the better will the mold fill. When I had finished drawing off the wax, I constructed a funnel-shaped furnace all round the model of my Perseus. It was built of bricks, so interlaced, the one above the other, that numerous apertures were left for the fire to exhale at. Then I began to lay on wood by degrees, and kept it burning two whole days and nights. At length, when all the wax was gone, and the mold was well baked, I set to work at digging the pit in which to sink it. This I performed with scrupulous regard to all the rules of art. When I had finished that part of my work, I raised the mold by windlasses and stout ropes to a perpendicular position, and suspending it with the greatest care one cubit above the level of the furnace, so that it hung exactly above the middle of the pit, I next lowered it gently down into the very bottom of the furnace, and had it firmly placed with every possible precaution for its safety. When this delicate operation was accomplished, I began to bank it up with the earth I had excavated; and, ever as the earth grew higher, I introduced its proper air-vents, which were little tubes of earthenware, such as folk use for drains and such-like purposes.

At length, I felt sure that it was admirably fixed, and that the filling-in of the pit and the placing of the air-vents had been properly performed. I also could see that my workpeople understood my method, which differed very considerably from that of all the other masters in the trade. Feeling confident, then, that I could rely upon

them, I next turned to my furnace, which I had filled with numerous pigs of copper and other bronze stuff. The pieces were piled according to the laws of art, that is to say, so resting one upon the other that the flames could play freely through them, in order that the metal might heat and liquefy the sooner. At last I called out heartily to set the furnace going. The logs of pine were heaped in, and, what with the unctuous resin of the wood and the good draught I had given, my furnace worked so well that I was obliged to rush from side to side to keep it going. The labor was more than I could stand; yet I forced myself to strain every nerve and muscle. To increase my anxieties, the workshop took fire, and we were afraid lest the roof should fall upon our heads; while, from the garden, such a storm of wind and rain kept blowing in, that it perceptibly cooled the furnace.

Battling thus with all these untoward circumstances for several hours, and exerting myself beyond even the measure of my powerful constitution, I could at last bear up no longer, and a sudden fever, of the utmost possible intensity, attacked me. I felt absolutely obliged to go and fling myself upon my bed. Sorely against my will having to drag myself away from the spot, I turned to my assistants, about ten or more in all, what with master-founders, hand-workers, country-fellows, and my own special journeymen, among whom was Bernardino Mannellini of Mugello, my apprentice through several years. To him in particular I spoke: 'Look, my dear Bernardino, that you observe the rules which I have taught you; do your best with all despatch, for the metal will soon be fused. You cannot go wrong; these honest men will get the channels ready; you will easily be able to drive back the two plugs with this pair of iron crooks; and I am sure that my mold will fill miraculously. I feel more ill than I ever did in all my life, and verily believe that it will kill me before a few hours are over.' Thus, with despair at heart, I left them, and betook myself to bed.

No sooner had I got to bed, than I ordered my serving-maids to carry food and wine for all the men into the workshop; at the same I cried: 'I shall not be alive to-morrow.' They tried to encourage me, arguing that my illness would pass over, since it came from excessive fatigue. In this way I spent two hours battling with the fever, which steadily increased, and calling out continually: 'I feel that I am dying.' My housekeeper, who was named Mona Fiore da Castel del Rio, a very notable manager and no less warmhearted, kept chiding me for my discouragement; but, on the other hand, she paid me every kind attention which was possible. However, the sight of my physical pain and moral dejection so affected her, that, in spite of that brave heart of hers, she could not refrain from shedding tears; and yet, so far as she was able, she took good care I should not see them. While I was thus terribly afflicted, I beheld the figure of a man enter my chamber, twisted in his body into the form of a capital S. He raised a lamentable, doleful voice, like one who announces their last hour to men condemned to die upon the scaffold, and spoke these words: 'O Benvenuto! your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it.'

No sooner had I heard the shriek of that wretch than I gave a howl which might have been heard from the sphere of flame. Jumping from my bed, I seized my clothes and began to dress. The maids, and my lad, and every one who came around to help me, got kicks or blows of the fist, while I kept crying out in lamentation: 'Ah! traitors! enviers! This is an act of treason, done by malice prepense! But I swear by God that I will sift it to the bottom, and before I die will leave such witness to the world of what I can do as shall make a score of mortals marvel.'

When I had got my clothes on, I strode with soul bent on mischief toward the workshop; there I beheld the men, whom I had left erewhile in such high spirits, standing stupefied and downcast. I began at once and spoke: 'Up with you! Attend to me! Since you have not been able or willing to obey the directions I gave you, obey me now that I am with you to conduct my work in person. Let no one contradict me, for in cases like this we need the aid of hand and hearing, not of advice.' When I had uttered these words, a certain Maestro Alessandro Lastricati broke silence and said: 'Look you, Benvenuto, you are going to attempt an enterprise which the laws of art do not sanction, and which cannot succeed.' I turned upon him with such fury and so full of mischief that he and all the rest of them exclaimed

with one voice: 'On then! Give orders! We will obey your least commands, so long as life is left in us.' I believe they spoke thus feelingly because they thought I must fall shortly dead upon the ground. I went immediately to inspect the furnace, and found that the metal was all curdled; an accident which we express by 'being caked.' I told two of the hands to cross the road, and fetch from the house of the butcher Capretta a load of young oak-wood, which had lain dry for above a year; this wood had been previously offered me by Madame Ginevra, wife of the said Capretta. So soon as the first armfuls arrived, I began to fill the grate beneath the furnace. Now oak-wood of that kind heats more powerfully than any other sort of tree; and for this reason, where a slow fire is wanted, as in the case of gun-foundry, alder or pine is preferred. Accordingly, when the logs took fire, oh! how the cake began to stir beneath that awful heat, to glow and sparkle in a blaze! At the same time I kept stirring up the channels, and sent men upon the roof to stop the conflagration, which had gathered force from the increased combustion in the furnace; also I caused boards, carpets, and other hangings to be set up against the garden, in order to protect us from the violence of the rain.

When I had thus provided against these several disasters, I roared out first to one man and then to another: 'Bring this thing here! Take that thing there!' At this crisis, when the whole gang saw the cake was on the point of melting, they did my bidding, each fellow working with the strength of three. I then ordered half a pig of pewter to be brought, which weighed about sixty pounds, and flung it into the middle of the cake inside the furnace. By this means, and by piling on wood and stirring now with pokers and now with iron rods, the curdled mass rapidly began to liquefy. Then, knowing I had brought the dead to life again, against the firm opinion of these ignoramuses, I felt such vigor fill my veins, that all those pains of fever, all those fears of death, were quite forgotten.

All of a sudden an explosion took place, attended by a tremendous flash of flame, as though a thunderbolt had formed and been discharged amongst us. Unwonted and appalling terror astonied everyone, and me more even than the rest. When the din was over and the dazzling light extinguished, we began to look each other in the face. Then I discovered that the cap of the furnace had blown up, and the bronze was bubbling over from its source beneath. So I had the mouths of my mold immediately opened, and at the same time drove in the two plugs which kept back the molten metal. But I noticed that it did not flow as rapidly as usual, the reason being probably that the fierce heat of the fire we kindled had consumed its base alloy. Accordingly I sent for all my pewter platters, porringers, and dishes, to the number of some two hundred pieces, and had a portion of them cast, one by one, into the channels, the rest into the furnace. This expedient succeeded, and every one could now perceive that my bronze was in most perfect liquefaction, and my mold was filling; whereupon they all with heartiness and happy cheer assisted and obeyed my bidding, while I, now here, now there, gave orders, helped with my own hands, and cried aloud: 'O God! Thou that by Thy immeasurable power didst rise from the dead, and in Thy glory didst ascend to heaven!' . . . even thus in a moment my mold was filled; and seeing my work finished, I fell upon my knees, and with all my heart gave thanks to God.

After all was over, I turned to a plate of salad on a bench there, and ate with hearty appetite and drank together with the whole crew. Afterwards I retired to bed, healthy and happy, for it was not two hours before morning, and slept as sweetly as though I had never felt a touch of illness. My good housekeeper, without my giving any orders, had prepared a fat capon for my repast. So that, when I rose, about the hour for breaking fast, she presented herself with a smiling countenance, and said: 'Oh! is that the man who felt that he was dying? Upon my word, I think the blows and kicks you dealt us last night, when you were so enraged and had that demon in your body as it seemed, must have frightened away your mortal fever! The fever feared that it might catch it too, as we did!' All my poor household, relieved in like measure from anxiety and overwhelming labor, went at once to buy earthen vessels in order to replace the pewter I had cast away. Then we dined together joyfully; nay, I cannot remember a day in my whole life when I dined with greater gladness or a better appetite.

RONSARD (1524–1585)

The four hundredth anniversary of Pierre de Ronsard's birth was duly celebrated in September, 1924, not only in France but in England and America. Yet he is one of the most striking examples of the vicissitudes of poetic fame. His father was attached to the court of Francis I and something of a poet; he himself began life as page to the Dauphin of France, and in his maturity was favorite and friend of six successive French kings. Catherine de Medici, Marguerite of Savoy, Elizabeth of England, and Mary, Queen of Scots were among his patronesses, and the poets and scholars of the time paid him the highest honors. Yet after Malherbe had blue-penciled the poems of Ronsard until there was hardly one line left unblotted, the older French poet was for two centuries practically forgotten. It was Sainte-Beuve who in 1827-28 brought Ronsard again to the light and made him again popular. Subsequent criticism has upheld Sainte-Beuve's judgment and counts the beginning of modern French literature from the *Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française* published in 1549. This important literary document was written by Joachim du Bellay, but the acknowledged head of the School which issued it and undertook to carry out its program was Ronsard. The Pléiade—a group of half a dozen young poets—was the first of those literary coteries which, recurring from age to age, have contributed so large a part of French literary history—and of French literature.

Put briefly, the plan of the Pléiade was by diligent study of the ancient classics to make their own language and literature the equals of those of Greece and Rome. Not all of this ambitious program could be carried out; Ronsard's epic, *La Françiade,* has dropped into oblivion, but he has kept his hold on posterity by a few lyrics in which he has succeeded in combining the Greek simplicity of form, the natural spontaneity of medieval poetry, and a personal note which is his own.

ROSES

Translated by Andrew Lang

I send you here a wreath of blossoms blown,
And woven flowers at sunset gatheréd,
Another dawn had seen them ruined, and shed
Loose leaves upon the grass at random strown.
By this their sure example be it known,
That all your beauties, now in perfect flower,
Shall fade as these, and wither in an hour,
Flower-like, and brief of days, as the flower sown.

Ah, time is flying, lady—time is flying;
Nay, 'tis not time that flies but we that go,
Who in short space shall be in churchyard lying,
And of our loving parley none shall know,
Nor any man consider what we were;
Be therefore kind, my love, whiles thou art fair.

THE ROSE

Translated by Andrew Lang

See, Mignonne, hath not the Rose,
That this morning did unclose
Her purple mantle to the light,
Lost, before the day be dead,
The glory of her raiment red,
Her color, bright as yours is bright?

Ah, Mignonne, in how few hours,
The petals of her purple flowers
All have faded, fallen, died;
Sad Nature, mother ruinous,
That seest thy fair child perish thus
'Twixt matin song and eventide.

Hear me, my darling, speaking sooth,
Gather the fleet flower of your youth,
Take ye your pleasure at the best;
Be merry ere your beauty flit,
For length of days will tarnish it
Like roses that were loveliest.

TO HIS YOUNG MISTRESS

Translated by Andrew Lang

Fair flower of fifteen springs, that still
  Art scarcely blossomed from the bud,
Yet hast such store of evil will,
  A heart so full of hardihood,
    Seeking to hide in friendly wise
    The mischief of your mocking eyes.

If you have pity, child, give o'er;
  Give back the heart you stole from me,
Pirate, setting so little store
  On this your captive from Love's sea,
    Holding his misery for gain,
    And making pleasure of his pain.

Another, not so fair of face,
  But far more pitiful than you,
Would take my heart, if of his grace,
  My heart would give her of Love's due;
    And she shall have it, since I find
    That you are cruel and unkind.

Nay, I would rather that it died,
  Within your white hands prisoning,
Would rather that it still abide
  In your ungentle comforting
    Than change its faith, and seek to her
    That is more kind, but not so fair.

TO CASSANDRA

Translated by George Wyndham

O little maid more tender
  Than any bud in May
That rose-bushes engender
  To hail the break of day
    In one part green, in one
    Flushing vermilion.

Fasten, Beloved, around me
  Your twin arms intertwined;
And when those bonds have bound me
  Forever let them bind:
    In that kiss each shall give
    For ever let us live.

Nor time nor the misgiving
  That other lips may please
Shall lure my lips, while living,
  From living upon these:
    And so clasped we will lie
    Till in that kiss we die.

You, Love, and I your lover,
  Both in the self-same breath
Shall fare out to discover
  The pallid House of Death
    And fields assigned by Fate
    To lovers fortunate.

There Eros mid the flowering
  Of that Eternal Spring
Shall watch his Mother showering
  Sweets on our dallying,
    And we shall know what good
    Befalls within her wood.

Along the grassy meadows
  Below the shelving dunes
The river shores and shadows
  Re-echo many tunes.
    One plays and to him one
    Dances in unison.

The fair sky there discloses
  A face for ever kind,
No viper o'er the roses
  Leaves venom tracks behind,
    The birds there never cease
    From singing in the trees.

The winds are ever chanting
  Soft songs of fitful sound,
And laurels ever slanting
  Cool shadows on the ground,
    The flowers there never lose
    The glory of their hues.

Somewhere in the deep spaces
  That happy orchard screens,
We two shall find our places
  Where Lovers and their Queens
    Love on without a care,
    And like them we shall fare.

TO MARIE

Translated by George Wyndham

Awake, awake, Marie, how lazy you are grown,
By now the happy lark has caroled to the sky,
The nightingale by now, in dulcet agony,
Leaning against her thorn, has uttered all her moan.
Come! we'll go see the grass with seeds of crystal sown,
Your rose-tree crowned with buds that nightly multiply,

And those sweet pinks that, sure, of thirst will never die
If, as last night, the hand that tends them be your own.
Yestreen you swore to me when our good-nights were said,
To be awake today or ever I should rise;
And yet the sleep of dawn, that well becomes a maid,
Still presses the soft seal of slumber on your eyes.
I'll kiss them both and kiss the beauty of your breast
To teach you when 'tis time to be about and dressed.

TO MARIE

Translated by Henry Francis Cary

Two flowers I love, the March-flower and the rose,
The lovely rose that is to Venus dear,
The March-flower that of her the name doth bear,
Who will not leave my spirit in repose:
Three birds I love; one, moist with May-dew, goes
To dry his feathers in the sunshine clear;
One for his mate laments throughout the year,
And for his child the other wails his woes:
And Bourgueil's pine I love, where Venus hung,
For a proud trophy on the darksome bough,
Ne'er since released my youthful liberty:
And Phœbus' tree love I, the laurel tree,
Of whose fair leaves, my mistress, when I sung,
Bound with her locks a garland for my brow.

TO HELEN

Translated by Andrew Lang

When you are very old, at evening
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,
Humming my songs, 'Ah well, ah well-a-day!
When I was young, of me did Ronsard sing.'
None of your maidens that doth hear the thing,
Albeit with her weary task foredone,
But wakens at my name, and calls you one
Blessed, to be held in long remembering.
I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid
On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,
While you beside the fire, a grandame grey,
My love, your pride, remember and regret;
Ah, love me, love! we may be happy yet,
And gather roses, while 'tis called today.

THACKERAY'S PARAPHRASE OF THE SAME

Some winter night, shut snugly in
  Beside the fagot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin,
  Surrounded by your maidens all.
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
  Old days come back to memory:
You say, 'When I was fair and young,
  A poet sang of me!'

There's not a maiden in your hall,
  Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes as you my name recall,
  And longs the history to know.
And as the piteous tale is said
  Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
  And sighs and envies you!

'Our lady's old and feeble now,'
  They'll say: 'she once was fresh and fair,
And yet she spurned her lover's vow,
  And heartless left him to despair:
The lover lies in silent earth,
  No kindly mate the lady cheers;
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
  With threescore and ten years!'

Ah! dreary thoughts and dreams are those,
  But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
  While yet the dame is peerless fair!
Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time,
  Requite my passion and my truth;
And gather in their blushing prime
  The roses of your youth.

MONTAIGNE (1533–1592)

Michel de Montaigne carried a step further the enrichment and purification of the French language prescribed by the Pléiade. While he served as a soldier in his youth, and in his maturity was Mayor of Bordeaux, he was essentially a student, and his alert mind was richly stored with classical learning. Rabelais had asserted the freedom of the human will and the futility of the various forms of coercion which constituted the framework of medieval society. Montaigne, with his curious, sceptical intelligence, exercised the virtue of the open mind, and was always willing to end the discussion of a problem with the question 'Que sçais-je?' (What do I know?) He was the precursor of modern agnosticism, but his easy-going scepticism aroused no alarm. He was the first master of the discursive essay, not omitting the personal touch which has become habitual to later practitioners in this gentle art. His attitude towards life was one of acceptance, based upon a keen curiosity to know the facts and an inclination to make the best of them. 'I love life and cherish it, such as it has pleased God to give it to us.' His experience of men and things, extended by public office and frequent travel, was supplemented by the diligent study of books which he began as a boy and to which he devoted many quiet years in his comfortable circular library, situated in a high tower on his ancestral estate about thirty miles from Bordeaux.

The *Essays,* first published in 1580, and re-issued in greatly enlarged editions in 1588 and 1595, were known to Shakespeare through the translation of John Florio (1603) and have formed part of the heavier baggage of the serious student of literature ever since. Florio's translation is still highly esteemed on account of its antique flavor, but is not always correct or clear, and for students today the more modern version of Charles Cotton, as revised by W. C. Hazlitt, seems preferable.

OF CANNIBALS

FROM BOOK I, CHAPTER 30

When King Pyrrhus invaded Italy, having viewed and considered the order of the army the Romans sent out to meet him, 'I know not,' said he, 'what kind of barbarians' (for so the Greeks called all other nations) 'these may be; but the disposition of this army that I see has nothing of barbarism in it.' As much said the Greeks of that which Flaminius brought into their country; and Philip, beholding from an eminence the order and distribution of the Roman camp formed in his kingdom by Publius Sulpicius Galba, spake to the same effect. By which it appears how cautious men ought to be of taking things upon trust from vulgar opinion, and that we are to judge by the eye of reason, and not from common report.

I long had a man in my house that lived ten or twelve years in the New World, discovered in these latter days, and in that part of it where Villegaignon landed, which he called Antarctic France. This discovery of so vast a country seems to be of very great consideration. I cannot be sure that hereafter there may not be another, so many wiser men than we having been deceived in this. I am afraid our eyes are bigger than our bellies, and that we have more curiosity than capacity; for we grasp at all, but catch nothing but wind. . . .

This man that I had was a plain ignorant fellow, and therefore the more likely to tell truth; for your better bred sort of men are much more curious in their observation, 'tis true, and discover a great deal more, but then they gloss upon it, and to give the greater weight to what they deliver and allure your belief, they cannot forbear a little to alter the story; they never represent things to you simply as they are, but rather as they appeared to them, or as they would have them appear to you, and to gain the reputation of men of judgment and the better to induce your faith, are willing to help out the business with something more than is really true, of their own invention. Now in this case, we should either have a man of irreproachable veracity, or so simple that he has not where-

withal to contrive and to give a color of truth to false relations, and who can have no ends in forging an untruth. Such a one was mine; and besides, he has at divers times brought to me several seamen and merchants who at the same time went the same voyage. I shall therefore content myself with his information, without inquiring what the cosmographers say to the business.

We should have topographers to trace out to us the particular places where they have been; but for having had this advantage over us, to have seen the Holy Land, they would have the privilege, forsooth, to tell us stories of all the other parts of the world besides. I would have everyone write what he knows, and as much as he knows, but no more; and that not in this only, but in all other subjects; for such a person may have some particular knowledge and experience of the nature of such a river, or such a fountain, who, as to other things, knows no more than what everybody does, and yet to keep a clutter with this little pittance of his, will undertake to write the whole body of physics: a vice from which great inconveniences derive their original.

Now, to return to my subject, I find that there is nothing barbarous and savage in this nation, by anything that I can gather, excepting that everyone gives the title of barbarism to everything that is not in use in his own country. As, indeed, we have no other level of truth and reason than the example and idea of the opinions and customs of the place wherein we live: there is always the perfect religion, there the perfect government, there the most exact and accomplished usage of all things. They are savages at the same rate that we say fruits are wild which nature produces of herself and by her own ordinary progress; whereas in truth, we ought rather to call those wild whose natures we have changed by our artifice and diverted from the common order. In those, the genuine, most useful and natural virtues and properties are vigorous and sprightly which we have helped to degenerate in these by accommodating them to the pleasure of our own corrupted palate. And yet for all this, our taste confesses a flavor and delicacy, excellent even to emulation of the best of ours, in several fruits wherein those countries abound without art or culture. Neither is it reasonable that art should gain the pre-eminence of our great and powerful mother nature. We have so surcharged her with the additional ornaments and graces, we have added to the beauty and riches of her own works by our inventions that we have almost smothered her; yet in other places, where she shines in her own purity proper luster, she marvelously baffles and disgraces all our vain and frivolous attempts.

> Et veniunt hederæ sponte sua melius;
> Surgit et in solis formosior arbutus antris;
> Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt.
> [The ivy grows best spontaneously; the arbutus best in shady caves; and the wild notes of birds are sweeter than art can teach.]

Our utmost endeavors cannot arrive at so much as to imitate the nest of the least of birds, its contexture, beauty, and convenience: not so much as the web of a poor spider.

All things, says Plato, are produced either by nature, by fortune, or by art; the greatest and most beautiful by the one or the other of the former, the least and the most imperfect by the last.

These nations then seem to me to be so far barbarous, as having received but very little form and fashion from art and human invention, and consequently to be not much remote from their original simplicity. The laws of nature, however, govern them still, not as yet much vitiated with any mixture of ours: but 'tis in such purity that I am sometimes troubled we were not sooner acquainted with these people, and that they were not discovered in those better times, when there were men much more able to judge of them than we are. I am sorry that Lycurgus and Plato had no knowledge of them; for to my apprehension, what we now see in those nations does not only surpass all the pictures with which the poets have adorned the golden age and all their inventions in feigning a happy state of man but, moreover, the fancy and even the wish and desire of philosophy itself; so native and so pure a simplicity, as we by experience see to be in them, could never enter into their imagination, nor could they ever believe that human society could have been maintained with so little artifice and human patchwork. I should tell Plato, that it is a nation wherein there is no manner of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no science of numbers, no name of magistrate or

political superiority; no use of service, riches or poverty, no contracts, no successions, no dividends, no properties, no employments but those of leisure, no respect of kindred, but common, no clothing, no agriculture, no metal, no use of corn or wine; the very words that signify lying, treachery, dissimulation, avarice, envy, detraction, pardon, never heard of. How much would he find his imaginary Republic short of his perfection? 'Viri a diis recentes.' ['Men fresh from the gods.'] 'Hos natura modos primum dedit.' ['These were the manners first taught by nature.']

As to the rest, they live in a country very pleasant and temperate so that, as my witnesses inform me, 'tis rare to hear of a sick person, and they moreover assure me that they never saw any of the natives either paralytic, blear-eyed, toothless, or crooked with age. The situation of their country is along the sea-shore, enclosed on the other side towards the land with great and high mountains, having about a hundred leagues in breadth between. They have great store of fish and flesh that have no resemblance to those of ours, which they eat without any other cookery than plain boiling, roasting, and broiling. The first that rode a horse thither, though in several other voyages he had contracted an acquaintance and familiarity with them, put them into so terrible a fright with his centaur appearance that they killed him with their arrows before they could come to discover who he was. Their buildings are very long and of capacity to hold two or three hundred people, made of the barks of tall trees, reared with one end upon the ground and leaning to and supporting one another at the top, like some of our barns, of which the coverings hang down to the very ground and serve for the side walls. They have wood so hard that they cut with it, and make their swords of it, and their grills of it to broil their meat. Their beds are of cotton, hung swinging from the roof, like our seaman's hammocks, every man his own, for the wives lie apart from their husbands.

They rise with the sun and so soon as they are up, eat for all day, for they have no more meals but that; they do not then drink, as Suidas reports of some other people of the East that never drank at their meals; but drink very often all day after, and sometimes to a rousing pitch. Their drink is made of a certain root, and is of the color of our claret, and they never drink it but lukewarm. It will not keep above two or three days; it has a somewhat sharp, brisk taste, is nothing heady, but very comfortable to the stomach; laxative to strangers, but a very pleasant beverage to such as are accustomed to it. They make use, instead of bread, of a certain white compound, like coriander comfits; I have tasted of it; the taste is sweet and a little flat. The whole day is spent in dancing. Their young men go a-hunting after wild beasts with bows and arrows; one part of their women are employed in preparing their drink the while, which is their chief employment.

One of their old men, in the morning before they fall to eating, preaches to the whole family, walking from one end of the house to the other, and several times repeating the same sentence, till he has finished the round, for their houses are at least a hundred yards long. Valor toward their enemies and love toward their wives are the two heads of his discourse, never failing in the close, to put them in mind, that 'tis their wives who provide them their drink warm and well seasoned. The fashion of their beds, ropes, swords, and of the wooden bracelets they tie about their wrists, when they go to fight, and of the great canes, bored hollow at one end, by the sound of which they keep the cadence of their dances, are to be seen in several places, and amongst others, at my house. They shave all over, and much more neatly than we, without other razor than one of wood or stone. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and that those who have merited well of the gods are lodged in that part of heaven where the sun rises, and the accursed in the west.

They have I know not what kind of priests and prophets, who very rarely present themselves to the people, having their abode in the mountains. At their arrival, there is a great feast and solemn assembly of many villages; each house, as I have described, makes a village, and they are about a French league distant from one another. This prophet declaims to them in public, exhorting them to virtue and their duty; but all their ethics are comprised in these two articles, resolution in war, and affection to their wives. He also prophesies to them events to come and the issues they are to expect from their enter-

prises, and prompts them to or diverts them from war. But let him look to't; for if he fail in his divination, and anything happen otherwise than he has foretold, he is cut into a thousand pieces, if he be caught and condemned for a false prophet; for that reason, if any of them has been mistaken, he is no more heard of.

Divination is a gift of God, and therefore to abuse it ought to be a punishable imposture. Amongst the Scythians, where their diviners failed in the promised effect, they were laid, bound hand and foot, upon carts, loaded with furze and bavins and drawn by oxen, on which they were burned to death. Such as only meddle with things subject to the conduct of human capacity are excusable in doing the best they can; but those other fellows that come to delude us with assurances of an extraordinary faculty, beyond our understanding, ought they not to be punished, when they do not make good the effect of their promise, and for the temerity of their imposture?

They have continual war with the nations that live further within the mainland, beyond their mountains, to which they go naked, and without other arms than their bows and wooden swords, fashioned at one end like the head of our javelins. The obstinacy of their battles is wonderful, and they never end without great effusion of blood; for as to running away, they know not what it is. Everyone for a trophy brings home the head of an enemy he has killed, which he fixes over the door of his house.

After having a long time treated their prisoners very well, and given them all the regales they can think of, he to whom the prisoner belongs invites a great assembly of his friends. They being come, he ties a rope to one of the arms of the prisoner, of which, at a distance, out of his reach, he holds the one end himself, and gives to the friend he loves best the other arm to hold after the same manner; which being done, they two, in the presence of all the assembly, despatch him with their swords. After that they roast him, eat him amongst them, and send some chops to their absent friends. They do not do this, as some think, for nourishment, as the Scythians anciently did, but as a representation of an extreme revenge, as will appear by this: that having observed the Portuguese, who were in league with their enemies, to inflict another sort of death upon any of them they took prisoners, which was to set them up to the girdle in the earth, to shoot at the remaining part till it was stuck full of arrows, and then to hang them, they thought those people of the other world (as being men who had sown the knowledge of a great many vices amongst their neighbors and who were much greater masters in all sorts of mischief than they) did not exercise this sort of revenge without a meaning, and that it must needs be more painful than theirs; they began to leave their old way, and to follow this.

I am not sorry that we should here take notice of the barbarous horror of so cruel an action, but that, seeing so clearly into their faults, we should be so blind to our own. I conceive there is more barbarity in eating a man alive than when he is dead; in tearing limb from limb by racks and torments a body that is yet in perfect sense; in roasting it by degrees; in causing it to be bitten and worried by dogs and swine (as we have not only read, but lately seen, not amongst inveterate and mortal enemies, but among neighbors and fellow-citizens, and, which is worse, under color of piety and religion) than to roast and eat him after he is dead.

Chrysippus and Zeno, the two heads of the Stoic sect, were of opinion that there was no hurt in making use of our dead carcasses, in what way soever for our necessity, and in feeding upon them too; as our own ancestors, who being besieged by Cæsar in the city of Alexia, resolved to sustain the famine of the siege with the bodies of their old men, women, and other persons who were incapable of bearing arms.

> Vascones, ut fama est, alimentis talibus usi Produxere animas.
> ['Tis said the Gascons with such meats appeased their hunger.]

And the physicians make no bones of employing it to all sorts of use, either to apply it outwardly, or to give it inwardly for the health of the patient. But there never was any opinion so irregular as to excuse treachery, disloyalty, tyranny, and cruelty, which are our familiar vices. We may then call these people barbarous, in respect to the rules of reason, but not in respect to ourselves, who in all sorts of barbarity exceed them. Their wars are throughout noble and generous, and carry as much excuse and fair pretense, as that

human malady is capable of, having with them no other foundation than the sole jealousy of valor. Their disputes are not for the conquest of new lands, for these they already possess are so fruitful by nature, as to supply them, without labor or concern, with all things necessary, in such abundance that they have no need to enlarge their borders. And they are, moreover, happy in this, that they only covet so much as their natural necessities require; all beyond that is superfluous to them. Men of the same age call one another generally brothers, those who are younger, children; and the old men are fathers to all. These leave to their heirs in common the full possession of goods, without any manner of division or other title than what nature bestows upon her creatures in bringing them into the world. If their neighbors pass over the mountains to assault them, and obtain a victory, all the victors gain by it is glory only and the advantage of having proved themselves the better in valor and virtue; for they never meddle with the goods of the conquered but presently return into their own country, where they have no want of anything necessary, nor of this greatest of all goods, to know happily how to enjoy their condition and to be content. And those in turn do the same; they demand of their prisoners no other ransom than acknowledgment that they are overcome; but there is not one found in an age who will not rather choose to die than make such a confession, or, either by word or look, recede from the entire grandeur of an invincible courage. There is not a man amongst them who had not rather be killed and eaten than so much as to open his mouth to entreat he may not. They use them with all liberality and freedom to the end their lives may be so much the dearer to them; but frequently entertain them with menaces of their approaching death, of the torments they are to suffer, of the preparations making in order to it, of the mangling of their limbs, and of the feast that is to be made where their carcass is to be the only dish. All which they do to no other end but only to extort some gentle or submissive word from them, or to frighten them so as to make them run away, to obtain this advantage that they were terrified, and that their constancy was shaken; and indeed, if rightly taken, it is in this point only that a true victory consists. . . .

But to return to my story: these prisoners are so far from discovering the least weakness, for all the terrors that can be represented to them, that, on the contrary, during the two or three months they are kept they always appear with a cheerful countenance; importune their masters to make haste to bring them to the test, defy, rail at them, and reproach them with cowardice and the number of battles they have lost against those of their country. I have a song made by one of these prisoners, wherein he bids them 'come all, and dine upon him and welcome, for they shall withal eat their own fathers and grandfathers whose flesh has served to feed and nourish him. These muscles,' says he, 'this flesh and these veins, are your own: poor silly souls as you are, you little think that the substance of your ancestors' limbs is here yet; notice what you eat, and you will find in it the taste of your own flesh:' in which song there is to be observed an invention that nothing relishes of the barbarian. Those that paint these people dying after this manner represent the prisoner spitting in the faces of his executioners and making wry mouths at them. And 'tis most certain that to the very last gasp they never cease to brave and defy them both in word and gesture. In plain truth, these men are very savage in comparison of us; of necessity, they must either be absolutely so or else we are savages; for there is a vast difference betwixt their manners and ours.

The men there have several wives, and so much the greater number, by how much they have the greater reputation for valor. And it is one very remarkable feature in their marriages, that the same jealousy our wives have to hinder and divert us from the friendship and familiarity of other women, those employ to promote their husbands' desires, and to procure them many spouses; for being above all things solicitous of their husbands' honor, 'tis their chiefest care to seek out and to bring in the most companions they can, forasmuch as it is a testimony of the husband's virtue. Most of our ladies will cry out that 'tis monstrous, whereas in truth, it is not so, but a truly matrimonial virtue, and of the highest form. In the Bible, Sarah, with Leah and Rachel, the two wives of Jacob, gave the most beautiful of their handmaids to their husbands; Livia preferred the passions of Augustus to her own interest; and

the wife of King Deiotarus, Stratonice, did not only give up a fair young maid that served her to her husband's embraces, but moreover carefully brought up the children he had by her, and assisted them in the succession to their father's crown.

And that it may not be supposed that all this is done by a simple and servile obligation to their common practise, or by any authoritative impression of their ancient custom, without judgment or reasoning and from having a soul so stupid that it cannot contrive what else to do, I must here give you some touches of their sufficiency in point of understanding. Beside what I repeated to you before, which was one of their songs of war, I have another, a love-song, that began thus: 'Stay, adder, stay, that by thy pattern my sister may draw the fashion and work of a rich ribbon that I may present to my beloved, by which means thy beauty and the excellent order of thy scales shall for ever be preferred before all other serpents.' Wherein the first couplet, 'Stay, adder,' &c., makes the burden of the song. Now I have conversed enough with poetry to judge thus much that not only there is nothing of barbarous in this invention, but, moreover, that it is perfectly Anacreontic. To which may be added, that their language is soft, of a pleasing accent, and something bordering on the Greek terminations.

Three of these people, not foreseeing how dear their knowledge of the corruptions of this part of the world will one day cost their happiness and repose, and that the effect of this commerce will be their ruin, as I presuppose it is in a very fair way (miserable men to suffer themselves to be deluded with desire of novelty and to have left the serenity of their own heaven to come so far to gaze at ours!) were at Rouen at the time that the late king Charles IX. was there. The king himself talked to them a good while, and they were made to see our fashions, our pomp, and the form of a great city. After which, someone asked their opinion and would know of them what of all the things they had seen, they found most to be admired? To which they made answer, three things, of which I have forgotten the third, and am troubled at it, but two I yet remember. They said that in the first place they thought it very strange that so many tall men wearing beards, strong, and well armed, who were about the king ('tis like they meant the Swiss of his guard) should submit to obey a child, and that they did not rather choose out one amongst themselves to command. Secondly (they have a way of speaking in their language, to call men the half of one another), that they had observed that there were amongst us men full and crammed with all manner of commodities, whilst, in the meantime, their halves were begging at their doors, lean, and half-starved with hunger and poverty; and they thought it strange that these necessitous halves were able to suffer so great an inequality and injustice, and that they did not take the others by the throats, or set fire to their houses.

I talked to one of them a great while together, but I had so ill an interpreter, and one who was so perplexed by his own ignorance to apprehend my meaning, that I could get nothing out of him of any moment. Asking him, what advantage he reaped from the superiority he had amongst his own people (for he was a captain, and our mariners called him king), he told me: to march at the head of them to war. Demanding of him further, how many men he had to follow him, he showed me a space of ground to signify as many as could march in such a compass, which might be four or five thousand men; and putting the question to him, whether or no his authority expired with the war, he told me this remained: that when he went to visit the villages of his dependence, they planned him paths through the thick of their woods, by which he might pass at his ease. All this does not sound very ill, and the last was not at all amiss, for they wear no breeches.

OF REPENTANCE

FROM BOOK III, CHAPTER 2

For my own part, I may desire in general to be other than I am; I may condemn and dislike my whole form, and beg of Almighty God for an entire reformation, and that He will please to pardon my natural infirmity; but I ought not to call this repentance, methinks, no more than the being dissatisfied that I am not an angel or Cato. My actions are regular and comformable with what I am and to my condition; I can do no better; and repentance does not properly touch things that are not in our power; sorrow does. I imagine an infinite

number of natures more elevated and regular than mine; and yet I do not for all that improve my faculties, no more than my arm or will grow more strong and vigorous for conceiving those of another to be so. If to conceive and wish a nobler way of acting than that we have should produce a repentance of our own, we must then repent us of our most innocent actions, forasmuch as we may well suppose that in a more excellent nature they would have been carried on with greater dignity and perfection; and we would that ours were so. When I reflect upon the deportments of my youth, with that of my old age, I find that I have commonly behaved myself with equal order in both, according to what I understand; this is all that my resistance can do. I do not flatter myself; in the same circumstances I should do the same things. It is not a patch but rather a universal tincture with which I am stained. I know no repentance, superficial, half-way, and ceremonious; it must sting me all over before I can call it so, and must prick my bowels as deeply and universally as God sees into me.

As to business, many excellent opportunities have escaped me for want of good management; and yet my deliberations were sound enough, according to the occurrences presented to me; 'tis their way to choose always the easiest and safest course. I find that, in my former resolves, I have proceeded with discretion, according to my own rule and according to the state of the subject proposed, and should do the same a thousand years hence in like occasions; I do not consider what it is now, but what it was then, when I deliberated on it; the force of all counsel consists in the time: occasions and things eternally shift and change. I have in my life committed some important errors, not for want of good understanding, but for want of good luck. There are secret and not to be foreseen parts in matters we have in hand, especially in the nature of men; mute conditions that make no show, unknown sometimes even to the possessors themselves, that spring and start up by incidental occasions; if my prudence could not penetrate into nor foresee them, I blame it not: 'tis commissioned no further than its own limits; if the event be too hard for me, and take the side I have refused, there is no remedy; I do not blame myself, I accuse my fortune, and not my work; this cannot be called repentance.

Phocion, having given the Athenians an advice that was not followed, and the affair nevertheless succeeding contrary to his opinion, someone said to him: 'Well, Phocion, art thou content that matters go so well?' 'I am very well content,' replied he, 'that this has happened so well, but I do not repent that I counseled the other.' When any of my friends address themselves to me for advice, I give it candidly and clearly, without sticking, as almost all other men do, at the hazard of the thing's falling out contrary to my opinion, and that I may be reproached for my counsel; I am very indifferent as to that, for the fault will be theirs for having consulted me, and I could not refuse them that office.

I, for my own part, can rarely blame anyone but myself for my oversights and misfortunes, for indeed I seldom solicit the advice of another, if not by honor of ceremony, or excepting where I stand in need of information, special science, or as to matter of fact. But in things wherein I stand in need of nothing but judgment, other men's reasons may serve to fortfy my own, but have little power to dissuade me; I hear them all with civility and patience; but, to my recollection, I never made use of any but my own. With me, they are but flies and atoms, that confound and distract my will; I lay no great stress upon my opinions; but I lay as little upon those of others, and fortune rewards me accordingly; if I receive but little advice, I also give but little. I am seldom consulted, and still more seldom believed, and know no concern, either public or private, that has been mended or bettered by my advice. Even they whom fortune had in some sort tied to my direction have more willingly suffered themselves to be governed by any other counsels than mine. And as a man who am as jealous of my repose as of my authority, I am better pleased that it should be so; in leaving me there they honor what I profess, which is to settle and wholly contain myself within myself. I take a pleasure in being uninterested in other men's affairs and disengaged from being their warranty and responsible for what they do.

In all affairs that are past, be it how it will, I have very little regret; for this imagination puts me out of my pain, that they were so to fall out; they are in the great revolution of the world and in the chain of stoical causes; your fancy cannot,

by wish and imagination, move one tittle but that the great current of things will not reverse both the past and the future.

As to the rest, I abominate that incidental repentance which old age brings along with it. He who said of old that he was obliged to his age for having weaned him from pleasure, was of another opinion than I am; I can never think myself beholden to impotency, for any good it can do to me; 'Nec tam aversa unquam videbitur ab opere suo providentia, ut debilitas inter optima inventa sit.' ['Nor can Providence ever be seen so averse to her own work, that debility should be ranked amongst the best things.'] Our appetites are rare in old age; a profound satiety seizes us after the act; in this I see nothing of conscience; chagrin and weakness imprint in us a drowsy and rheumatic virtue. We must not suffer ourselves to be so wholly carried away by natural alterations as to suffer our judgments to be imposed upon by them. Youth and pleasure have not formerly so far prevailed with me that I did not well enough discern the face of vice in pleasure; neither does the distaste that years have brought me so far prevail with me now that I cannot discern pleasure in vice. Now that I am no more in my flourishing age, I judge as well of these things as if I were. I, who narrowly and strictly examine it, find my reason the very same it was in my most licentious age, except, perhaps, that 'tis weaker and more decayed by being grown older; and I find that the pleasure it refuses me upon the account of my bodily health, it would no more refuse now, in consideration of the health of my soul, than at any time heretofore. I do not repute it the more valiant for not being able to combat; my temptations are so broken and mortified that they are not worth its opposition; holding but out my hands, I repel them. Should one present the old concupiscence before it, I fear it would have less power to resist it than heretofore; I do not discern that in itself it judges anything otherwise now than it formerly did, nor that it has acquired any new light; wherefore, if there be convalescence, 'tis an enchanted one.

Miserable kind of remedy, to owe one's health to one's disease! 'Tis not that our misfortune should perform this office but the good fortune of our judgment. I am not to be made to do anything by persecutions and afflictions but to curse them; that is for people who cannot be roused but by a whip. My reason is much more free in prosperity, and much more distracted and put to it to digest pains than pleasures: I see best in a clear sky; health admonishes me more cheerfully, and to better purpose, than sickness. I did all that in me lay to reform and regulate myself from pleasures at a time when I had health and vigor to enjoy them; I should be ashamed and envious that the misery and misfortune of my old age should have credit over my good, healthful, sprightly, and vigorous years; and that men should estimate me, not by what I have been, but by what I have ceased to be.

In my opinion, 'tis the happy living, and not (as Antisthenes said) the happy dying, in which human felicity consists. I have not made it my business to make a monstrous addition of a philosopher's tail to the head and body of a libertine; nor would I have this wretched remainder give the lie to the pleasant, sound, and long part of my life: I would present myself uniformly throughout. Were I to live my life over again, I should live it just as I have lived it; I neither complain of the past, nor do I fear the future; and if I am not much deceived, I am the same within that I am without. 'Tis one main obligation I have to my fortune, that the succession of my bodily estate has been carried on according to the natural seasons; I have seen the grass, the blossom, and the fruit, and now see the withering,—happily, however, because naturally. I bear the infirmities I have the better, because they came not till I had reason to expect them, and because also they make me with greater pleasure remember that long felicity of my past life. My wisdom may have been just the same in both ages, but it was more active, and of better grace whilst young and sprightly than now it is when broken, peevish, and uneasy. I repudiate, then, these casual and painful reformations. God must touch our hearts; our consciences must amend of themselves by the aid of our reason and not by the decay of our appetites; pleasure is, in itself, neither pale nor discolored, to be discerned by dim and decayed eyes.

We ought to love temperance for itself, and because God has commanded that and chastity; but that which we are reduced to by catarrhs, and for which I am indebted to the stone, is neither chastity nor temper-

ance; a man cannot boast that he despises and resists pleasure, if he cannot see it, if he knows not what it is, and cannot discern its graces, its force, and most alluring beauties; I know both the one and the other, and may therefore the better say it. But methinks our souls, in old age, are subject to more troublesome maladies and imperfections than in youth; I said the same when young and when I was reproached with the want of a beard; and I say so now that my grey hairs give me some authority. We call the difficulty of our humors and the disrelish of present things wisdom; but, in truth, we do not forsake vices as we change them, and, in my opinion, for worse. Beside a foolish and feeble pride, an impertinent prating, froward and insociable humors, superstition, and a ridiculous desire of riches when we have lost the use of them, I find there more envy, injustice, and malice. Age imprints more wrinkles in the mind than it does on the face; and souls are never or very rarely seen that in growing old do not smell sour and musty. Man moves all together, both toward his perfection and decay. In observing the wisdom of Socrates and many circumstances of his condemnation, I should dare to believe that he in some sort himself purposely, by collusion, contributed to it, seeing that, at the age of seventy years, he might fear to suffer the lofty motions of his mind to be cramped and his wonted luster obscured. What strange metamorphoses do I see age every day make in many of my acquaintance! 'Tis a potent malady, and that naturally and imperceptibly steals into us; a vast provision of study and great precaution are required to evade the imperfections it loads us with, or at least, to weaken their progress. I find that, notwithstanding all my entrenchments, it gets foot by foot upon me; I make the best resistance I can, but I do not know to what at last it will reduce me. But fall out what will, I am content the world may know, when I am fallen, from what I fell.

OF INTERCOURSE WITH BOOKS

FROM BOOK III, CHAPTER 3

These two commerces [of friendship and love] are fortuitous, and depending upon others; the one is troublesome by its rarity, the other withers with age, so that they could never have been sufficient for the business of my life. That of books, which is the third, is much more certain, and much more our own. It yields all other advantages to the two first, but has the constancy and facility of its service for its own share. It goes side by side with me in my whole course, and everywhere is assisting me; it comforts me in my old age and solitude; it eases me of a troublesome weight of idleness, and delivers me at all hours from company that I dislike; it blunts the point of griefs, if they are not extreme, and have not got an entire possession of my soul. To divert myself from a troublesome fancy, 'tis but to run to my books; they presently fix me to them and drive the other out of my thoughts; and do not mutiny at seeing that I have only recourse to them for want of other more real, natural, and lively commodities; they always receive me with the same kindness.

He may well go afoot, they say, who leads his horse in his hand; and our James, king of Naples and Sicily, who, handsome, young and healthful, caused himself to be carried about on a barrow, extended upon a pitiful mattress in a poor robe of grey cloth and a cap of the same, but attended withal by a royal train of litters, led horses of all sorts, gentlemen and officers, did yet herein represent a tender and unsteady authority: 'The sick man is not to be pitied who has his cure in his sleeve.' In the experience and practise of this maxim, which is a very true one, consists all the benefit I reap from books; and yet I make as little use of them, almost, as those who know them not: I enjoy them as a miser doth his money, in knowing that I may enjoy them when I please; my mind is satisfied with this right of possession. I never travel without books, either in peace or war; and yet sometimes I pass over several days, and sometimes months, without looking on them; I will read by-and-by, say I to myself, or tomorrow, or when I please; and in the interim, time steals away without any inconvenience. For it is not to be imagined to what degree I please myself and rest content in this consideration, that I have them by me to divert myself with them when I am so disposed, and to call to mind what a refreshment they are to my life. 'Tis the best viaticum I have yet found out for this human journey, and I very much pity those men of understanding who are

unprovided of it. I the rather accept of any other sort of diversion, how light soever, because this can never fail me.

When at home, I a little more frequent my library, whence I overlook at once all the concerns of my family. 'Tis situated at the entrance into my house, and I thence see under me my garden, court, and base-court, and almost all parts of the building. There I turn over now one book, and then another, on various subjects, without method or design. One while I meditate, another I record and dictate, as I walk to and fro, such whimsies as these I present to you here. 'Tis in the third storey of a tower, of which the ground room is my chapel, the second storey a chamber with a withdrawing-room and closet, where I often lie, to be more retired; and above is a great wardrobe. This formerly was the most useless part of the house. I there pass away both most of the days of my life and most of the hours of those days. In the night I am never there. There is by the side of it a cabinet handsome enough, with a fireplace very commodiously contrived, and plenty of light; and were I not more afraid of the trouble than the expense—the trouble that frights me from all business—I could very easily adjoin on either side, and on the same floor, a gallery of a hundred paces long and twelve broad, having found walls already raised, for some other design, to the requisite height. Every place of retirement requires a walk: my thoughts sleep if I sit still; my fancy does not go by itself, as when my legs move it; and all those who study without a book are in the same condition.

The figure of my study is round, and there is no more open wall than what is taken up by my table and my chair, so that the remaining parts of the circle present me a view of all my books at once, ranged upon five rows of shelves round about me. It has three noble and free prospects, and is sixteen paces in diameter. I am not so continually there in the winter; for my house is built upon an eminence, as its name imports, and no part of it is so much exposed to the wind and weather as this, which pleases me the better, as being of more difficult access and a little remote, as well upon the account of exercise, as also being there more retired from the crowd. 'Tis there that I am in my kingdom, and there I endeavor to make myself an absolute monarch, and to sequester this one corner from all society, conjugal, filial, and civil; elsewhere I have but verbal authority only, and of a confused essence. That man, in my opinion, is very miserable, who has not at home where to be by himself, where to entertain himself alone, or to conceal himself from others. Ambition sufficiently plagues her proselytes, by keeping them always in show, like the statue of a public square: 'Magna servitus est magna fortuna.' ['A great fortune is a great slavery.'] They cannot so much as be private in the water-closet. I have thought nothing so severe in the austerity of life that our monks affect as what I have observed in some of their communities; namely, by rule to have a perpetual society of place and numerous persons present in every action whatever; and think it much more supportable to be always alone than never to be so.

If anyone shall tell me that it is to undervalue the Muses, to make use of them only for sport and to pass away the time, I shall tell him that he does not know, so well as I, the value of the sport, the pleasure, and the pastime; I can hardly forbear to add that all other end is ridiculous. I live from hand to mouth, and, with reverence be it spoken, I only live for myself; there all my designs terminate. I studied, when young, for ostentation; since, to make myself a little wiser; and now for my diversion, but never for any profit. A vain and prodigal humor I had after this sort of furniture, not only for the supplying my own need, but, moreover, for ornament and outward show, I have since quite cured myself of.

Books have many charming qualities to such as know how to choose them; but every good has its ill; 'tis a pleasure that is not pure and clean, no more than others; it has its inconveniences, and great ones too. The soul indeed is exercised therein; but the body, the care of which I must withal never neglect, remains in the mean-time without action, and grows heavy and somber. I know no excess more prejudicial to me, nor more to be avoided in this my declining age.

These have been my three favorite and particular occupations; I speak not of those I owe to the world by civil obligation.

TASSO (1544–1595)

Torquato Tasso's father was a poet and secretary to the Prince of Salerno. Educated first by the Jesuits at Naples and afterwards at the University of Padua, the younger Tasso showed his poetic abilities by the composition of the *Rinaldo,* an epic poem in twelve cantos, printed at Venice in 1562 and dedicated to the Cardinal d'Este, who later established Tasso at the court of his brother Alfonso II, Duke of Ferrara. In the cardinal's suite, Tasso visited Paris in 1571, and made acquaintance with Ronsard, then leading poet of the French court. His pastoral play, the *Aminta,* was produced at Ferrara, in 1573, and his great epic, the *Jerusalem Delivered,* was finished in 1575. Always of a melancholy, jealous, and suspicious disposition, he became subject to hallucinations and from 1579 to 1586 was confined in a hospital, but there seems to be no historical foundation for the story used by Goethe in his drama, *Torquato Tasso,* that the poet was imprisoned by the reigning Duke on account of a mad passion for the Duke's sister Leonora. After his release he retired to Mantua and then to Naples, whence he was called to Rome by the Pope to be crowned with laurel in the capitol as Petrarch had been, but the poet died while the preparations for the ceremony were in progress.

The twenty books or cantos of the *Jerusalem Delivered* are conceived in an entirely different spirit from the epic of Tasso's great predecessor, Ariosto. Tasso, deeply religious by temperament and training, took as his subject the recovery of the holy city of Jerusalem by the French Crusader Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, in 1099, and gathered together all his episodes in subordination to this central theme, while the lighter-hearted Ariosto allowed his wit and fancy to roam at will. As a work of art, the *Jerusalem Delivered* is better planned, but it lacks the verve and charm of the *Orlando Furioso.*

Edward Fairfax, whose translation of the *Jerusalem Delivered* is here used, was born at Leeds in the North of England, and like his contemporary, Edmund Spenser, who had also northern connections, retained in his verse some archaic and dialectical forms which suggest a certain flavor of antiquity. Fairfax published his translation in 1600 with a dedication to Queen Elizabeth, and its position as the standard English version of Tasso's famous epic has never been disputed.

ARMIDA'S WILES

CANTO IV, STANZAS 20-96

The town Damascus and the lands about
Ruled Hidraort, a wizard grave and sage,
Acquainted well with all the damnéd rout
Of Pluto's reign, even from his tender age;
Yet of this war he could not figure out
The wishéd ending, or success presage;
For neither stars above, nor powers of hell,
Nor skill, nor art, nor charm, nor devil could tell.

And yet he thought, O vain conceit of man!
Which as thou wishest judgest things to come,
That the French host to sure destruction ran,
Condemnéd quite by heaven's eternal doom;
He thinks no force withstand or vanquish can
Th' Egyptian strength, and therefore would that some,
Both of the prey and glory of the fight,
Upon his Syrian folk should haply light.

But for he held the Frenchmen's worth in prise,
And feared the doubtful gain of bloody war,
He, that was closely false and slily wise,
Cast how he might annoy them most from far:
And as he 'gan upon this point devise,
(As counselors in ill still nearest are),
At hand was Satan, ready ere men need,
If once they think to make them do the deed.

He counseled him how best to hunt his game,
What dart to cast, what net, what toil to pitch:
A niece he had, a nice and tender dame,
Peerless in wit, in nature's blessings rich,
To all deceit she could her beauty frame,
False, fair and young, a virgin and a witch;
To her he told the sum of this emprise,
And praised her thus, for she was fair and wise:

'My dear, who underneath these locks of gold,
And native brightness of thy lovely hue,
Hidest grave thoughts, ripe wit, and wisdom old,
More skill than I in all mine arts untrue,
To thee my purpose great I must enfold,
This enterprise thy cunning must pursue,
Weave thou to end this web which I begin,
I will the distaff hold, come thou and spin.

Go to the Christians' host and there assay
All subtle sleights that women use in love,
Shed brinish tears, sob, sigh, entreat and pray,
Wring thy fair hands, cast up thine eyes above,
For mourning beauty hath much power, men say,
The stubborn hearts with pity frail to move;
Look pale for dread and blush sometime for shame,
In seeming troth thy lies will soonest frame.

Take with the bait Lord Godfrey, if thou may'st
Frame snares of looks, trains of alluring speech;
For if he love, the conquest then thou hast:
Thus purposed war thou may'st with each impeach;
Else lead the other Lords to deserts waste,
And hold them slaves far from their leader's reach.'
Thus taught he her, and for conclusion saith,
'All things are lawful for our lands and faith.'

The sweet Armida took this charge on hand,
A tender piece, for beauty, sex and age.
The sun was sunken underneath the land
When she began her wanton pilgrimage;
In silken weeds she trusteth to withstand,
And conquer knights in warlike equipage.
Of their night-ambling dame the Syrians prated,
Some good, some bad, as they her loved or hated.

Within few days the Nymph arrivéd there,
Where puissant Godfrey had his tents ypight;
Upon her strange attire, and visage clear,
Gazéd each soldier, gazéd every knight:
As when a comet doth in skies appear,
The people stand amazéd at the light,
So wondered they, and each at other sought,
What mister wight she was, and whence ybrought.

Yet never eye to Cupid's service vowed
Beheld a face of such a lovely pride;
A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud,
That strove to cover what it could not hide;
The golden sun, behind a silver cloud,
So streameth out his beams on every side;
The marble goddess, set at Cnidos naked,
She seemed, were she unclothed, or that awakéd.

The gamesome wind among her tresses plays,
And curleth up those growing riches short;
Her spareful eye to spread his beams denays,
But keeps his shot where Cupid keeps his fort;
The rose and lily on her cheek assays
To paint true fairness out in bravest sort;
Her lips, where blooms nought but the single rose,
Still blush, for still they kiss while still they close.

Her breasts, two hills o'erspread with purest snow,
Sweet, smooth and supple, soft and gently swelling,
Between them lies a milken dale below,
Where love, youth, gladness, whiteness make their dwelling;
Her breasts half hid and half were laid to show;
Her envious vesture greedy sight repel'ing:
So was the wanton clad, as if thus much
Should please the eye, the rest unseen the touch.

As when the sun-beams dive through Tagus' wave,
To spy the store-house of his springing gold,

Love-piercing thought so through her mantle drave,
And in her gentle bosom wandered bold:
It viewed the wondrous beauty virgins have,
And all too fond desire with vantage told:
Alas! what hope is left to quench his fire,
That kindled is by sight, blown by desire.

Thus passed she, praiséd, wished and wondered at,
Among the troops who there encampéd lay,
She smiled for joy, but well dissembled that
Her greedy eye chose out her wishéd prey;
On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,
Toward the imperial tent she asked the way:
With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,
Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace hight.

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,
He saw her fair, and hoped to find her kind;
The throne of Cupid hath an easy stair,
His bark is fit to sail with every wind,
The breach he makes no wisdom can repair.
With reverence meet the baron low inclined,
And thus his purpose to the virgin told,
For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold:

'Lady, if thee beseem a style so low,
In whose sweet looks such sacred beauties shine,
For never yet did heaven such grace bestow
On any daughter born of Adam's line,
Thy name let us, though far unworthy, know,
Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,
Lest my audacious boldness learn too late,
What honors due become thy high estate.'

'Sir knight,' quoth she, 'your praises reach too high
Above her merit you commenden so,
A hapless maid I am, both born to die
And dead to joy, that live in care and woe,
A virgin helpless, fugitive pardie,
My native soil and kingdom thus foregoe
To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell
Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell.

Conduct me then that mighty Duke before,
If you be courteous, sir, as well you seem.'
'Content,' quoth he; 'since of one womb ybore,
We brothers are, your fortune good esteem
T' encounter me, whose word prevaileth more
In Godfrey's hearing than you haply deem,
Mine aid I grant and his I promise too,
All that his scepter, or my sword, can do.'

He led her easily forth when this was said,
Where Godfrey sat among his lords and peers;
She reverence did, then blushed as one dismayed
To speak, for secret wants and inward fears;
It seemed a bashful shame her speeches stayed.
At last the courteous Duke her gently cheers;
Silence was made, and she began her tale,
They sit to hear, thus sung the nightingale:

'Victorious Prince, whose honorable name
Is held so great among our pagan kings,
That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame,
That thou hast won them some content it brings;
Well known to all is thy immortal fame,
The earth thy worth, thy foe thy praises sings,
And Painims wrongéd come to seek thine aid,
So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade.

And I, though bred in Macon's heathenish lore,
Which thou oppressest with thy puissant might,
Yet trust thou wilt an helpless maid restore,
And repossess her in her father's right:
Others in their distress do aid implore
Of kin and friends; but I in this sad plight
Invoke thy help my kingdom to invade,
So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade.

In thee I hope, thy succors I invoke,
To win the crown whence I am dispossessed;
For like renown awaiteth on the stroke
To cast the haughty down, or raise the oppressed;
Nor greater glory brings a scepter broke,
Than doth deliverance of a maid distressed:
And since thou canst at will perform the thing,
More is thy praise to make, than kill a king.

But if thou would'st thy succors due excuse,
Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,
Ah! yet for virtue's sake thy virtue use;
Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust?
Be witness, heaven, if thou to grant refuse,
Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,
And for thou shalt at large my fortunes know,
I will my wrongs, and their great treasons show.

Prince Arbilan, that reignéd in his life
On fair Damascus, was my noble sire,
Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife
The Queen Chariclia, such was the fire
Of her hot love, but soon the fatal knife
Had cut the thread that kept their joys entire,
For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,
My birth, her death, my first day was her last.

And ere five years were fully come and gone
Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield,
My father also died, consumed with moan,
And sought his love amid the Elysian field,
His crown and me, poor orphan, left alone.
Mine uncle governed in my tender eild;
For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,
In brother's breast true love his mansion hath.

He took the charge of me, and of the crown,
And with kind shows of love so brought to pass,
That through Damascus great report was blown
How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was;
Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown,
And hid the serpent in the flowering grass,
Or that true faith did in his bosom won,
Because he meant to match me with his son.

Which son, within short while, did undertake
Degree of knighthood, as beseemed him well,
Yet never durst he for his lady's sake
Break sword or lance, advanced in lofty cell:
As fair he was as Citherea's make,
As proud as he that signoriseth hell,
In fashions wayward, and in love unkind,
For Cupid deigns not wound a currish mind.

This paragon should Queen Armida wed,
A goodly swain to be a Princess' pheer,
A lovely partner of a lady's bed,
A noble head a golden crown to wear!
His glosing sire his errand daily said,
And sugared speeches whispered in mine ear,
To make me take this darling in mine arms,
But still the adder stopped her ears from charms.

At last he left me with a troubled grace,
Through which transparent was his inward spite;
Methought I read the story in his face
Of these mishaps that on me since have light.
Since that, foul spirits haunt my resting place,
And ghastly visions break my sleep by night;
Grief, horror, fear, my fainting soul did kill,
For so my mind foreshowed my coming ill.

Three times the shape of my dear mother came,
Pale, sad, dismayed, to warn me in my dream:
Alas! how far transforméd from the same,
Whose eyes shone erst like Titan's glorious beam.
"Daughter," she says, "fly, fly, behold thy dame
Foreshows the treasons of thy wretched eame,
Who poison 'gainst thy harmless life provides."
This said, to shapeless air unseen she glides.

But what avails high walls or bulwarks strong,
Where fainting cowards have the peece to guard?
My sex too weak, mine age was all too young,
To undertake alone a work so hard;
To wander wild the desert woods among,
A banished maid, of wonted ease debarred,
So grievous seemed, that leifer were my death,
And there to expire where first I drew my breath.

I fearéd deadly evil if long I stayed,
And yet to fly had neither will nor power;
Nor durst my heart declare it waxed afraid,
Lest so I hasten might my dying hour:

Thus restless waited I, unhappy maid!
What hand should first pluck up my springing flower;
Even as the wretch, condemned to lose his life,
Awaits the falling of the murdering knife.

In these extremes (for so my fortune would
Perchance preserve me to my further ill),
One of my noble father's servants old,
That for his goodness bore his child good will,
With store of tears this treason 'gan unfold,
And said, my guardian would his pupil kill;
And that himself, if promise made he kept,
Should give me poison dire ere next I slept.

And further told me, if I wished to live,
I must convey myself by secret flight;
And offered then all succors he could give
To aid his mistress, banished from her right.
His words of comfort fear to exile drive,
The dread of death made lesser dangers light:
So we concluded, when the shadows dim
Obscured the earth, I should depart with him.

Of close escapes the aged patroness,
Blacker than erst, her sable mantle spread,
When with two trusty maids in great distress,
Both from mine uncle and my realm I fled.
Oft looked I back, but hardly could suppress
Those streams of tears mine eyes incessant shed;
For when I lookéd on my kingdom lost,
It was a grief, a death, an hell almost.

My steeds drew on the burden of my limbs,
But still my looks, my thoughts, drew back as fast;
So fare the men that, from the haven's brims,
Far out to sea by sudden storm are cast.
Swift o'er the grass the rolling chariot swims,
Through ways unknown, all night, all day, we haste;
At last, nigh tired, a castle strong we fand,
The utmost border of my native land;

The fort Arontes was, for so the knight
Was called that my deliverance thus had wrought.
But when the tyrant saw, by mature flight
I had escaped the treasons of his thought,
The rage increaséd in the cursed wight,
'Gainst me, and him that me to safety brought;
And us accused, we would have poisonéd
Him; but descried, to save our lives we fled:

And that, in lieu of his approved truth,
To poison him I hiréd had my guide;
That he dispatchéd, mine unbridled youth
Might range at will, in no subjection tied,
And that each night I slept (O foul untruth!)
Mine honor lost, by this Arontes' side;—
But heaven I pray send down revenging fire,
When so base love shall change my chaste desire!

Not that he sitteth on my regal throne,
Nor that he thirst to drink my lukewarm blood,
So grieveth me as this despite alone,
That my renown, which ever blameless stood,
Hath lost the light wherewith it always shone.
With forgéd lies he makes his tale so good,
And holds my subjects' hearts in such suspense,
That none take armor for their Queen's defense.

And though he doth my regal throne possess,
Clothéd in purple, crowned with burnished gold;
Yet in his hate, his rancor, ne'er the less,
Since nought assuageth malice when 'tis old:
He threats to burn Arontes' forteress,
And murder him unless he yield the hold;
And me and mine threats not with war, but death;
Thus causeless hatred endless is uneath.

And so he trusts to wash away the stain,
And hide his shameful fact with mine offence;
And saith he will restore the throne again,
To its late honor and due excellence;
And therefore would I should be algates slain,
For while I live his right is in suspense.
This is the cause my guiltless life is sought,
For on my ruin is his safety wrought.

And let the tyrant have his heart's desire,
Let him perform the cruelty he meant,

My guiltless blood must quench the ceaseless fire,
On which my endless tears were bootless spent,
Unless thou help. To thee, renownéd sire,
I fly, a virgin, orphan, innocent;
And let these tears that on thy feet distill,
Redeem the drops of blood he thirsts to spill.

By these thy glorious feet that tread secure
On necks of tyrants, by thy conquests brave,
By that right hand, and by those temples pure
Thou seekest to free from Macon's lore, I crave
Help for this sickness, none but thou can'st cure;
My life and kingdom let thy mercy save
From death and ruin: but in vain I prove thee,
If right, if truth, if justice cannot move thee.

Thou, who dost all thou wishest at thy will,
And never willest ought but what is right,
Preserve this guiltless blood they seek to spill;
Thine be my kingdom, save it with thy might.
Among these captains, lords, and knights of skill,
Appoint me ten approvéd most in fight,
Who, with assistance of my friends and kin,
May serve my kingdom lost again to win.

For lo, a knight that hath a gate to ward,
A man of chiefest trust about his king,
Hath promised so to beguile the guard,
That me and mine he undertakes to bring
Safe where the tyrant haply sleepeth hard.
He counseled me to undertake this thing,
Of thee some little succor to entreat,
Whose name alone accomplish can the feat.'

This said, his answer did the nymph attend;
Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him;
But Godfrey wisely did his grant suspend,
He doubts the worst, and that a while did stay him;
He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,
He fears the heathen false would thus betray him:
But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,
That, 'gainst his wisdom, pity made him kind.

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought,
Ready to comfort each distresséd wight,
The maiden's offer profit with it brought;
For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,
That won, the way were easy which he sought,
To bring all Asia subject to his might;
There might he raise munition, arms, and treasure,
To work th' Egyptian king and his displeasure.

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt
Fear and remorse, not granting nor denying.
Upon his eyes the dame her lookings fixed,
As if her life and death lay on his saying;
Some tears she shed, with sighs and sobbings mixed,
As if her hope were dead through his delaying.
At last her earnest suit the Duke denayed,
But with sweet words thus would content the maid:—

'If not in service of our God we fought,
In meaner quarrel if this sword were shaken,
Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought,
So fair a Princess should not be forsaken;
But since these armies, from the world's end brought,
To free this sacred town have undertaken,
It were unfit we turned our strength away,
And victory, even in her coming, stay.

I promise thee, and on my princely word
The burden of thy wish and hope repose,
That when this chosen temple of the Lord
Her holy doors shall to his saints unclose
In rest and peace, then this victorious sword
Shall execute due vengeance on thy foes:
But if, for pity of a worldly dame,
I left this work, such pity were my shame.'

At this the Princess bent her eyes to ground,
And stood unmoved, though not unmarked, a space;
The secret bleeding of her inward wound
Shed heavenly dew upon her angel's face.
'Poor wretch,' quoth she, in tears and sorrows drowned,
'Death be thy peace, the grave thy resting place,
Since such thy hap, that, lest thou mercy find,
The gentlest heart on earth is proved unkind.

Where none attends what boots it to complain?
Men's froward hearts are moved with women's tears
As marble stones are pierced with drops of rain;
No plaints find passage through unwilling ears.
The tyrant haply would his wrath restrain,
Heard he these prayers ruthless Godfrey hears;
Yet not thy fault is this, my chance, I see,
Hath made even pity pitiless in thee.

So both thy goodness and good hap denayed me,
Grief, sorrow, mischief, care, hath overthrown me,
The star that ruled my birthday hath betrayed me,
My genius sees his charge, but dares not own me;
Of Queen-like state my flight hath disarrayed me;
My father died ere he five years had known me;
My kingdom lost, and lastly resteth now;
Down with the tree sith broke is every bough.

And, for the modest lore of maidenhood
Bids me not sojourn with these armed men,
Oh! whither shall I flee? What secret wood
Shall hide me from the tyrant? Or what den,
What rock, what vault, what cave can do me good?
No, no, where death is sure, it resteth then
To scorn his power, and be it therefore seen,
Armida lived, and died, both like a Queen.'

With that she looked as if a proud disdain
Kindled displeasure in her noble mind;
The way she came she turned her steps again,
With gestures sad, but in disdainful kind;
A tempest railéd down her cheeks amain,
With tears of woe, and sighs of anger's wind;
The drops her footsteps wash whereon she treads,
And seems to step on pearls or crystal beads.

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell,
'Stilled through the limbeck of her diamond eyes,
The roses white and red resembled well,
Whereon the rory May-dew sprinkled lies,
When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,
And breatheth balm from opened paradise:
Thus sighed, thus mourned, thus wept this lovely Queen,
And in each drop bathéd a Grace unseen.

Thrice twenty Cupids unperceivéd flew
To gather up this liquor, ere it fall,
And of each drop an arrow forgéd new;
Else, as it came, snatched up the crystal ball,
And at rebellious hearts for wild-fire threw.
O wondrous love; thou makest gain of all;
For if she weeping sit, or smiling stand,
She bends thy bow, or kindleth else thy brand.

This forgéd plaint drew forth unfeignéd tears
From many eyes, and pierced each worthy's heart;
Each one condoleth with her that her hears,
And of her grief would help her bear the smart:
If Godfrey aid her not, not one but swears
Some tigress gave him suck, on roughest part,
'Midst the rude crags, on Alpine cliffs aloft:
Hard is that heart which beauty makes not soft.

But jolly Eustace, in whose breast the brand
Of love and pity kindled had the flame,
While others softly whispered under hand,
Before the Duke, with comely boldness, came:—
'Brother and Lord,' quoth he, 'too long you stand
In your first purpose, yet vouchsafe to frame
Your thoughts to ours, and lend this virgin aid
Thanks are half lost when good turns are delayed.

And think not that Eustace's talk assays
To turn these forces from this present war,
Or that I wish you should your armies raise
From Sion's walls; my speech tends not so far;
But we that venture all for fame and praise,
That to no charge nor service bounden are,
Forth of our troop may ten well sparéd be
To succor her, which nought can weaken thee.

And know they shall in God's high service fight,
That virgins innocent save and defend;
Dear will the spoils be in the heaven's sight
That from a tyrant's hateful head we rend:
Nor seem I forward in this lady's right,
With hope of gain or profit in the end;
But, for I know he arms unworthy bears,
To help a maiden's cause that shuns or fears.

Ah! be it not pardie declared in France
Or elsewhere told where courtesy is in prize,
That we forsook so fair a chevisance,
For doubt or fear that might from fight arise:
Else, here surrender I both sword and lance,
And swear no more to use this martial guise;
For ill deserves he to be termed a knight,
That bears a blunt sword in a lady's right.'

Thus parléd he, and with confuséd sound
The rest approvéd what the gallant said.
Their General the knights encompassed round;
With humble grace and earnest suit they prayed.
'I yield,' quoth he, 'and be it happy found
What I have granted; let her have your aid;
Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is
If aught succeed, as much I fear, amiss.

But, if with you my words may credit find,
Oh! temper then this heat misguides you so.'
Thus much he said: but they with fancy blind,
Accept his grant and let his counsel go.
What works not beauty! man's relenting mind
Is eath to move with plaints and shows of woe:
Her lips cast forth a chain of sugared words,
That captive led most of the Christian Lords.

Eustace recalled her, and bespake her thus:
'Beauty's chief darling, let these sorrows be,
For such assistance shall you find in us,
As with your need or will may best agree.'
With that she cheered her forehead dolorous,
And smiled for joy, that Phœbus blushed to see;
And had she deigned her veil for to remove,
The god himself once more had fallen in love.

With that she broke the silence once again,
And gave the knight great thanks in little speech;
She said she would his handmaid poor remain,
So far as honor's laws received no breach.
Her humble gestures made the residue plain,
Dumb eloquence persuading more than speech.
This women know, and thus they use the guise
T' enchant the valiant, and beguile the wise.

And when she saw her enterprise had got
Some wishéd mean of quick and good proceeding,
She thought to strike the iron that was hot;
For every action hath its hour of speeding.
Medea or false Circe changéd not
So far the shapes of men, as her eyes spreeding
Altered their hearts, and with her Siren's sound,
In lust their minds, their hearts in love, she drowned.

All wily sleights, that subtle women know,
Hourly she used to catch some lover new.
None kenned the bent of her unsteadfast bow,
For with the time her thoughts her looks renew:
From some she cast her modest eyes below,
At some her gazing glances roving flew;
And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,
She spurred the slow, and reined the forward short.

If some, as hopeless that she would be won,
Forbore to love, because they durst not move her,
On them her gentle looks to smile begun,
As who say, she is kind, if you dare prove her.
On every heart thus shone this lustful sun,
All strove to serve, to please, to woo, to love her;
And in their hearts that chaste and bashful were,
Her eye's hot glance dissolved the frost of fear.

On them, who durst with fingering bold assay
To touch the softness of her tender skin,
She looked as coy as if she list not play,
And made as things of worth were hard to win;

Yet tempered so her dainful looks alway
That outward scorn showed store of grace within:
Thus with false hope their longing hearts she fired,
For hardest gotten things are most desired.

Alone sometimes she walked in secret, where
To ruminate upon her discontent;
Within her eyelids sat the swelling tear,
Not pouréd forth, though sprung from sad lament;
And with this craft a thousand souls well near
In snares of foolish ruth and love she bent,
And kept as slaves; by which we fitly prove,
That witless pity breedeth fruitless love.

Sometimes, as if her hope unlooséd had
The chains of grief wherein her thoughts lay fettered,
Upon her minions looked she blithe and glad;
In that deceitful lore so was she lettered.
Not glorious Titan, in his brightness clad,
The sunshine of her face in luster bettered;
For when she list to cheer her beauties so,
She smiled away the clouds of grief and woe.

Her double charm of smiles and sugared words
Lulléd on sleep the virtue of their senses;
Reason small aid 'gainst those assaults affords,
Wisdom no warrant from those sweet offenses;
Cupid's deep rivers have their shallow fords,
His griefs bring joys, his losses recompenses;
He breeds the sore, and cures us of the pain;
Achilles' lance, that wounds and heals again.

While thus she them torments 'twixt frost and fire,
'Twixt joy and grief, 'twixt hope and restless fear,
The sly enchantress felt her gain the nigher;
These were her flocks that golden fleeces bear:
But if some one durst utter his desire,
And by complaining make his griefs appear;
He laboréd hard rocks with plaints to move,
She had not learned the gamut then of love.

For down she bent her bashful eyes to ground,
And donned the weed of women's modest grace;
Down from her eyes welléd the pearlés round
Upon the bright enamel of her face:
Such honey drops on springing flowers are found,
When Phœbus holds the crimson morn in chase:
Full seemed her looks of anger and of shame,
Yet pity shone transparent through the same.

If she perceivéd by his outward cheer,
That any would his love by talk bewray,
Sometimes she heard him, sometimes stopped her ear,
And playéd fast and loose the livelong day:
Thus all her lovers kind deluded were,
Their earnest suit got neither yea nor nay;
But like the sort of weary huntsmen fare,
That hunt all day and lose at night the hare.

These were the arts by which she captivéd
A thousand souls of young and lusty knights;
These were the arms wherewith love conqueréd
Their feeble hearts subdued in wanton fights.
What wonder if Achilles were misled,
Or great Alcides, at their ladies' sights,
Since these true champions of the Lord above
Were thralls to beauty, yielden slaves to love.

CERVANTES (1547–1616)

Miguel de Cervantes was born at Alcala in Spain and fought as a soldier in the naval battle of Lepanto, in which the combined Christian forces defeated the Turks in 1571. Although severely wounded in the left hand, he continued in the Spanish service, and on his way home three years later had the misfortune to be captured by Algerian pirates; it was not until 1580 that his family succeeded in raising the modest sum required for his ransom. He entered the civil service and had a share in the outfitting of the Spanish Armada. His attempts to gain fame and fortune on the stage had no success, and a pastoral romance he wrote was as great a failure as his plays. He was at the lowest ebb of his fortunes—in fact, in prison—when he conceived the idea of 'Don Quixote.'

Medieval romance had been as popular in Spain as in the rest of Europe, and in spite of the predominance of the new learning, the old stories of knightly adventure took a long time in dying. Cervantes conducted them to an honorable grave and at the same time laid the foundations of the modern novel, in which the element of satire is seldom altogether absent. The first part of *Don Quixote* (1605), with its genial spirit and rich, kindly humor, commanded immediate success; Cervantes appreciated the spirit of medieval chivalry, as it had been idealized in the later romances, but he saw that its achievements had been exaggerated, and that its forms were not suited to the modern world of commerce and industry. With the high-minded and good-hearted, long and lean hero, whose head is filled with the outworn ideals and absurd exploits of romance, Cervantes contrasted the matter-of-fact, stocky figure of Sancho Panza, whose guide in life is the practical wisdom of popular proverbs and the teaching of experience.

Before his death Cervantes succeeded in completing his greatest work and published also a collection of shorter tales, the *Novelas Exemplares,* which were exceedingly popular in Spain, though they have not won the worldwide reputation of *Don Quixote.* The latter, translated into every European language, took a firm hold on the popular imagination and has not lost its charm, presenting, as it does, the eternal contrast between the claims of the ideal and the necessity of adjusting these to the practical necessities of every-day life.

A few years before the death of Cervantes, *Don Quixote* suggested to Beaumont and Fletcher the subject of their play *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* in which the place of the chivalrous hero is taken by a London apprentice. Shelton's translation of the First Part appeared in 1612, and there followed eighteenth century versions by Motteux, Jervas, Smollett and others. There are more modern and exact translations by Duffield, and by Ormsby, of which the last is generally accounted the best and is here used.

DON QUIXOTE RELATES HIS ACHIEVEMENTS

FROM PART II, CHAPTER 16

As they were engaged in this conversation they were overtaken by a man who was following the same road behind them, mounted on a very handsome flea-bitten mare, and dressed in a gaban of fine green cloth, with tawny velvet facings, and a montera of the same velvet. The trappings of the mare were of the field and jineta fashion, and of mulberry color and green. He carried a Moorish cutlass hanging from a broad green and gold baldric; the buskins were of the same make as the baldric; the spurs were not gilt, but lacquered green, and so brightly polished that, matching as they did the rest of his apparel, they looked better than if they had been of pure gold.

When the traveler came up with them he saluted them courteously, and spurring his mare was passing them without stopping, but Don Quixote called out to him, 'Gallant sir, if so be your worship is going our road, and has no occasion for speed, it would be a pleasure to me if we were to join company.'

'In truth,' replied he on the mare, 'I

would not pass you so hastily but for fear that your horse might turn restive in the company of my mare.'

'You may safely hold in your mare, señor,' said Sancho in reply to this, 'for our horse is the most virtuous and well-behaved horse in the world; he never does anything wrong on such occasions, and the only time he misbehaved, my master and I suffered for it sevenfold; I say again your worship may pull up if you like; for if she was offered to him between two plates the horse would not hanker after her.'

The traveler drew rein, amazed at the trim and features of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried like a valise in front of Dapple's pack-saddle; and if the man in green examined Don Quixote closely, still more closely did Don Quixote examine the man in green, who struck him as being a man of intelligence. In appearance he was about fifty years of age, with but few gray hairs, an aquiline cast of features, and an expression between grave and gay; and his dress and accoutrements showed him to be a man of good condition. What he in green thought of Don Quixote of La Mancha was that a man of that sort and shape he had never yet seen; he marveled at the length of his hair, his lofty stature, the lankness and sallowness of his countenance, his armor, his bearing and his gravity—a figure and picture such as had not been seen in those regions for many a long day.

Don Quixote saw very plainly the attention with which the traveler was regarding him, and read his curiosity in his astonishment; and courteous as he was and ready to please everybody, before the other could ask him any question he anticipated him by saying, 'The appearance I present to your worship being so strange and so out of the common, I should not be surprised if it filled you with wonder; but you will cease to wonder when I tell you, as I do, that I am one of those knights who, as people say, go seeking adventures. I have left my home, I have mortgaged my estate, I have given up my comforts, and committed myself to the arms of Fortune, to bear me whithersoever she may please. My desire was to bring to life again knight-errantry, now dead, and for some time past, stumbling here, falling there, now coming down headlong, now raising myself up again, I have carried out a great portion of my design, succoring widows, protecting maidens, and giving aid to wives, orphans, and minors, the proper and natural duty of knights-errant; and, therefore, because of my many valiant and Christian achievements, I have been already found worthy to make my way in print to well-nigh all, or most, of the nations of the earth. Thirty thousand volumes of my history have been printed, and it is on the high-road to be printed thirty thousand thousands of times, if heaven does not put a stop to it. In short, to sum up all in a few words, or in a single one, I may tell you I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called "The Knight of the Rueful Countenance;" for though self-praise is degrading, I must perforce sound my own sometimes, that is to say, when there is no one at hand to do it for me. So that, gentle sir, neither this horse, nor this lance, nor this shield, nor this squire, nor all these arms put together, nor the sallowness of my countenance, nor my gaunt leanness, will henceforth astonish you, now that you know who I am and what profession I follow.'

With these words Don Quixote held his peace, and, from the time he took to answer, the man in green seemed to be at a loss for a reply; after a long pause, however, he said to him, 'You were right when you saw curiosity in my amazement, sir knight; but you have not succeeded in removing the astonishment I feel at seeing you; for although you say, señor, that knowing who you are ought to remove it, it has not done so; on the contrary, now that I know, I am left more amazed and astonished than before. What! is it possible that there are knights-errant in the world in these days, and histories of real chivalry printed? I cannot realize the fact that there can be anyone on earth now-a-days who aids widows, or protects maidens, or defends wives, or succors orphans; nor should I believe it had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be heaven! for by means of this history of your noble and genuine chivalrous deeds, which you say has been printed, the countless stories of fictitious knights-errant with which the world is filled, so much to the injury of morality and the prejudice and discredit of good histories will have been driven into oblivion.'

'There is a good deal to be said on that

point,' said Don Quixote, 'as to whether the histories of the knights-errant are fiction or not.'

'Why, is there anyone who doubts that those histories are false?' said the man in green.

'I doubt it,' said Don Quixote, 'but never mind that now; if our journey lasts long enough, I trust in God I shall show your worship that you do wrong in going with the stream of those who regard it as a matter of certainty that they are not true.'

From this last observation of Don Quixote's, the traveler began to have a suspicion that he was some crazy being, and was waiting for him to confirm it by something further; but before they could turn to any new subject Don Quixote begged him to tell him who he was, since he himself had rendered account of his station and life. To this, he in the green gaban replied, 'I, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, am a gentleman by birth, native of the village where, please God, we are going to dine today; I am more than fairly well off, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my life with my wife, children, and friends; my pursuits are hunting and fishing, but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, nothing but a tame partridge or a bold ferret or two; I have six dozen or so of books, some in our mother tongue, some Latin, some of them history, others devotional; those of chivalry have not as yet crossed the threshold of my door; I am more given to turning over the profane than the devotional, so long as they are books of honest entertainment that charm by their style and attract and interest by the invention they display, though of these there are very few in Spain. Sometimes I dine with my neighbors and friends, and often invite them; my entertainments are neat and well served without stint of anything. I have no taste for tattle, nor do I allow tattling in my presence; I pry not into my neighbors' lives, nor have I lynx-eyes for what others do. I hear mass every day; I share my substance with the poor, making no display of good works, lest I let hypocrisy and vainglory, those enemies that subtly take possession of the most watchful heart, find an entrance into mine. I strive to make peace between those whom I know to be at variance; I am the devoted servant of Our Lady, and my trust is ever in the infinite mercy of God our Lord.'

Sancho listened with the greatest attention to the account of the gentleman's life and occupations; and thinking it a good and a holy life, and that he who led it ought to work miracles, he threw himself off Dapple, and running in haste seized his right stirrup and kissed his foot again and again with a devout heart and almost with tears.

Seeing this the gentleman asked him, 'What are you about, brother? What are these kisses for?'

'Let me kiss,' said Sancho, 'for I think your worship is the first saint in the saddle I ever saw in all the days of my life.'

'I am no saint,' replied the gentleman, 'but a great sinner; but you are, brother, for you must be a good fellow, as your simplicity shows.'

Sancho went back and regained his packsaddle, having extracted a laugh from his master's profound melancholy, and excited fresh amazement in Don Diego. Don Quixote then asked him how many children he had, and observed that one of the things wherein the ancient philosophers, who were without the true knowledge of God, placed the *summum bonum* [the highest good], was in the gifts of nature, in those of fortune, in having many friends, and many and good children.

'I, Señor Don Quixote,' answered the gentleman, 'have one son, without whom, perhaps, I should count myself happier than I am, not because he is a bad son, but because he is not so good as I could wish. He is eighteen years of age; he has been for six at Salamanca studying Latin and Greek, and when I wished him to turn to the study of other sciences I found him so wrapped up in that of poetry (if that can be called a science) that there is no getting him to take kindly to the law, which I wished him to study, or to theology, the queen of them all. I would like him to be an honor to his family, as we live in days when our kings liberally reward learning that is virtuous and worthy; for learning without virtue is a pearl on a dunghill. He spends the whole day in settling whether Homer expressed himself correctly or not in such and such a line of the Iliad, whether Martial was indecent or not in such an such an epigram, whether such and such lines of Virgil are to be understood in this way or that; in short, all his talk is of the works of these poets, and those of Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and

Tibullus; for of the moderns in our own language he makes no great account; but with all his seeming indifference to Spanish poetry, just now his thoughts are absorbed in making a gloss on four lines that have been sent him from Salamanca, which I suspect are for some poetical tournament.'

To all this Don Quixote said in reply, 'Children, señor, are portions of their parents' bowels, and therefore, be they good or bad, are to be loved as we love the souls that give us life; it is for the parents to guide them from infancy in the ways of virtue, propriety, and worthy Christian conduct, so that when grown up they may be the staff of their parents' old age, and the glory of their posterity; and to force them to study this or that science I do not think wise, though it may be no harm to persuade them; and when there is no need to study for the sake of *pane lucrando* [daily bread], and it is the student's good fortune that heaven has given him parents who provide him with it, it would be my advice to them to let him pursue whatever science they may see him most inclined to; and though that of poetry is less useful than pleasurable, it is not one of those that bring discredit upon the possessor. Poetry, gentle sir, is, as I take it, like a tender young maiden of supreme beauty, to array, bedeck, and adorn whom is the task of several other maidens, who are all the rest of the sciences; and she must avail herself of the help of all, and all derive their luster from her. But this maiden will not bear to be handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed either at the corners of the market-places, or in the closets of palaces. She is the product of an Alchemy of such virtue that he who is able to practise it will turn her into pure gold of inestimable worth. He that possesses her must keep her within bounds, not permitting her to break out in ribald satires or soulless sonnets. She must on no account be offered for sale, unless, indeed, it be in heroic poems, moving tragedies, or sprightly and ingenious comedies. She must not be touched by the buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of comprehending or appreciating her hidden treasures. And do not suppose, señor, that I apply the term vulgar here merely to plebeians and the lower orders; for everyone who is ignorant, be he lord or prince, may and should be included among the vulgar. He, then, who shall embrace and cultivate poetry under the conditions I have named shall become famous, and his name honored throughout all the civilized nations of the earth. And with regard to what you say, señor, of your son having no great opinion of Spanish poetry, I am inclined to think that he is not quite right there, and for this reason: the great poet Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek, nor did Virgil write in Greek, because he was a Latin; in short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they imbibed with their mother's milk, and never went in quest of foreign ones to express their sublime conceptions; and that being so, the usage should in justice extend to all nations, and the German poet should not be undervalued because he writes in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his. But your son, señor, I suspect, is not prejudiced against Spanish poetry, but against those poets who are mere Spanish versewriters, without any knowledge of other languages or sciences to adorn and give life and vigor to their natural inspiration; and yet even in this he may be wrong; for, according to a true belief, a poet is born one; that is to say, the poet by nature comes forth a poet from his mother's womb; and following the bent that heaven has bestowed upon him, without the aid of study or art, he produces things that show how truly he spoke who said, *'Est Deus in nobis,'* &c. At the same time, I say that the poet by nature who calls in art to his aid will be a far better poet and will surpass him who tries to be one relying upon his knowledge of art alone. The reason is that art does not surpass nature, but only brings it to perfection; and thus, nature combined with art, and art with nature, will produce a perfect poet. To bring my argument to a close, I would say then, gentle sir, let your son go on as his star leads him, for being so studious as he seems to be, and having already successfully surmounted the first step of the sciences, which is that of the languages, with their help he will by his own exertions reach the summit of polite literature, which so well becomes an independent gentleman, and adorns, honors, and distinguishes him, as much as the miter does the bishop, or the gown the learned counselor. If your son write satires reflecting on the honor of others, chide and correct him, and tear them up; but if he compose discourses in which he rebukes vice in general, in the style of Horace, and

with elegance like his, commend him; for it is legitimate for a poet to write against envy and lash the envious in his verse, and the other vices too, provided he does not single out individuals; there are, however, poets who, for the sake of saying something spiteful, would run the risk of being banished to the coast of Pontus. If the poet be pure in his morals, he will be pure in his verses too; the pen is the tongue of the mind, and as the thought engendered there, so will be the things that it writes down. And when kings and princes observe this marvelous science of poetry in wise, virtuous, and thoughtful subjects, they honor, value, exalt them, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree which the thunderbolt strikes not, as if to show that they whose brows are honored and adorned with such a crown are not to be assailed by anyone.'

He of the green gaban was filled with astonishment at Don Quixote's argument, so much so that he began to abandon the notion he had taken up about his being crazy. But in the middle of the discourse, it being not very much to his taste, Sancho had turned aside out of the road to beg a little milk from some shepherds, who were milking their ewes hard by; and just as the gentleman, highly pleased with Don Quixote's sound sense and intelligence, was about to renew the conversation, Don Quixote, raising his head, perceived a cart covered with royal flags coming along the road they were traveling; and persuaded that this must be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to come and bring him his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called, quitted the shepherds, and, prodding Dapple vigorously, came up to his master, to whom there fell

A TERRIFIC AND DESPERATE ADVENTURE

PART II, CHAPTER 17

When the author of this great history comes to relate what is set down in this chapter he says he would have preferred to pass it over in silence, fearing it would not be believed, because here Don Quixote's madness reaches the confines of the greatest that can be conceived, and even goes a couple of bowshots beyond the greatest. But after all, though still under the same fear and apprehension, he has recorded it without adding to the story or leaving out a particle of the truth, and entirely disregarding the charges of falsehood that might be brought against him; and he was right, for the truth may run fine but will not break, and always rises above falsehood as oil above water; and so, going on with his story, he says that when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, Sancho was buying some curds the shepherds agreed to sell him, and flurried by the great haste his master was in, did not know what to do with them or what to carry them in; so, not to lose them, for he had already paid for them, he thought it best to throw them into his master's helmet, and acting on this bright idea he went to see what his master wanted with him. He, as he approached, exclaimed to him, 'Give me that helmet, my friend, for either I know little of adventures, or what I observe yonder is one that will, and does, call upon me to arm myself.' He of the green gaban on hearing this looked in all directions, but could perceive nothing, except a cart coming toward them with two or three small flags, which led him to conclude it must be carrying treasure of the King's, and he said so to Don Quixote. He, however, would not believe him, being always persuaded and convinced that all that happened to him must be adventures and still more adventures; so he replied to the gentleman, 'He who is prepared has his battle half fought; nothing is lost by my preparing myself, for I know by experience that I have enemies, visible and invisible, and I know not when, or where, or at what moment, or in what shapes they will attack me;' and turning to Sancho he called for his helmet; and Sancho, as he had no time to take out the curds, had to give it just as it was. Don Quixote took it, and without perceiving what was in it thrust it down in hot haste upon his head; but as the curds were pressed and squeezed, the whey began to run all over his face and beard, whereat he was so startled that he cried out to Sancho, 'Sancho, what's this? I think my head is softening, or my brains are melting, or I am sweating from head to foot! If I am sweating, it is not indeed from fear. I am convinced beyond a doubt that the adventure which is about to befall me is a terrible one. Give me something to wipe myself with, if thou hast it, for this profuse sweat is blinding me.'

Sancho held his tongue, and gave him a cloth, and gave thanks to God at the same time that his master had not found out what was the matter. Don Quixote then wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was that made his head feel so cool, and seeing all that white mash inside his helmet he put it to his nose, and as soon as he had smelt it he exclaimed, 'By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, but it is curds thou hast put here, thou treacherous, impudent, ill-mannered squire!'

To which, with great composure and pretended innocence, Sancho replied, 'If they are curds let me have them, your worship, and I'll eat them; but let the devil eat them, for it must have been he who put them there. I dare to dirty your worship's helmet! You have guessed the offender finely! Faith, sir, by the light God gives me, it seems I must have enchanters too, that persecute me as a creature and limb of your worship, and they must have put that nastiness there in order to provoke your patience to anger, and make you baste my ribs as you are wont to do. Well, this time, indeed, they have missed their aim, for I trust to my master's good sense to see that I have got no curds or milk, or anything of the sort; and that if I had it is in my stomach I would put it and not in the helmet.'

'May be so,' said Don Quixote. All this the gentleman was observing, and with astonishment, more especially when, after having wiped himself clean, his head, face, beard, and helmet, Don Quixote put it on and settling himself firmly in his stirrups, easing his sword in the scabbard, and grasping his lance, he cried, 'Now, come who will, here am I, ready to try conclusions with Satan himself in person!'

By this time the cart with the flags had come up, unattended by anyone except the carter on a mule, and a man sitting in front. Don Quixote planted himself before it and said, 'Whither are you going, brothers? What cart is this? What have you got in it? What flags are those?'

To this the carter replied, 'The cart is mine; what is in it is a pair of fine caged lions, which the governor of Oran is sending to court as a present to his Majesty; and the flags are our lord the King's, to show that what is here is his property.'

'And are the lions large?' asked Don Quixote.

'So large,' replied the man who sat at the door of the cart, 'that larger, or as large, have never crossed from Africa to Spain; I am the keeper, and I have brought over others, but never any like these. They are male and female; the male is in that first cage and the female in the one behind, and they are hungry now, for they have eaten nothing today, so let your worship stand aside, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them.'

Hereupon, smiling slightly, Don Quixote exclaimed, 'Lion-whelps to me! to me whelps of lions, and at such a time! Then, by God! these gentlemen who send them here shall see if I am a man to be frightened by lions. Get down, my good fellow, and as you are the keeper open the cages, and turn me out those beasts, and in the midst of this plain I will let them know who Don Quixote of La Mancha is, in spite and in the teeth of the enchanters who send them to me.'

'So, so,' said the gentleman to himself at this; 'our worthy knight has shown of what sort he is; the curds, no doubt, have softened his skull and brought his brains to a head.'

At this instant Sancho came up to him, saying, 'Señor, for God's sake do something to keep my master, Don Quixote, from tackling these lions; for if he does they'll tear us all to pieces here.'

'Is your master then so mad,' asked the gentleman, 'that you believe and are afraid he will engage such fierce animals?'

'He is not mad,' said Sancho, 'but he is venturesome.'

'I will prevent it,' said the gentleman; and going over to Don Quixote, who was insisting upon the keeper's opening the cages, he said to him, 'Sir knight, knights-errant should attempt adventures which encourage the hope of a successful issue, not those which entirely withhold it; for valor that trenches upon temerity savors rather of madness than of courage; moreover, these lions do not come to oppose you, nor do they dream of such a thing; they are going as presents to his Majesty, and it will not be right to stop them or delay their journey.'

'Gentle sir,' replied Don Quixote, 'you go and mind your tame partridge and your bold ferret, and leave everyone to manage his own business; this is mine, and I know whether these gentlemen the lions come to me or not;' and then turning to the keeper he exclaimed, 'By all that's good, sir scoun-

drel, if you don't open the cages this very instant, I'll pin you to the cart with this lance.'

The carter, seeing the determination of this apparition in armor, said to him, 'Please your worship, for charity's sake, señor, let me unyoke the mules and place myself in safety along with them on me before the lions are turned out; for if they kill them on me I am ruined for life, for all I possess is this cart and mules.'

'O man of little faith,' replied Don Quixote, 'get down and unyoke; you will soon see that you are exerting yourself for nothing, and that you might have spared yourself the trouble.'

The carter got down and with all speed unyoked the mules, and the keeper called out at the top of his voice, 'I call all here to witness that against my will and under compulsion I open the cages and let the lions loose, and that I warn this gentleman that he will be accountable for all the harm and mischief which these beasts may do, and for my salary and dues as well. You, gentlemen, place yourselves in safety before I open, for I know they will do me no harm.'

Once more the gentleman strove to persuade Don Quixote not to do such a mad thing, as it was tempting God to engage in such a piece of folly. To this Don Quixote replied that he knew what he was about. The gentleman in return entreated him to reflect, for he knew he was under a delusion.

'Well, señor,' answered Don Quixote, 'if you do not like to be a spectator of this tragedy, as in your opinion it will be, spur your flea-bitten mare, and place yourself in safety.'

Hearing this, Sancho with tears in his eyes entreated him to give up an enterprise compared with which the one of the windmills, and the awful one of the fulling mills, and, in fact, all the feats he had attempted in the whole course of his life, were cakes and fancy bread. 'Look ye, señor,' said Sancho, 'there's no enchantment here, nor anything of the sort, for between the bars and chinks of the cage I have seen the paw of a real lion, and judging by that I reckon the lion such a paw could belong to must be bigger than a mountain.'

'Fear, at any rate,' replied Don Quixote, 'will make him look bigger to thee than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die here thou knowest our old compact; thou wilt repair to Dulcinea—I say no more.' To these he added some further words that banished all hope of his giving up his insane project. He of the green gaban would have offered resistance, but he found himself ill-matched as to arms, and did not think it prudent to come to blows with a madman, for such Don Quixote now showed himself to be in every respect; and the latter, renewing his commands to the keeper and repeating his threats, gave warning to the gentleman to spur his mare, Sancho his Dapple, and the carter his mules, all striving to get away from the cart as far as they could before the lions broke loose. Sancho was weeping over his master's death, for this time he firmly believed it was in store for him from the claws of the lions; and he cursed his fate and called it an unlucky hour when he thought of taking service with him again; but with all his tears and lamentations he did not forget to thrash Dapple so as to put a good space between himself and the cart. The keeper, seeing that the fugitives were now some distance off, once more entreated and warned Don Quixote as he had entreated and warned him before; but he replied that he heard him, and that he need not trouble himself with any further warnings or entreaties, as they would be fruitless, and bade him make haste.

During the delay that occurred while the keeper was opening the first cage, Don Quixote was considering whether it would not be well to do battle on foot, instead of on horseback, and finally resolved to fight on foot, fearing that Rozinante might take fright at the sight of the lions; he therefore sprang off his horse, flung his lance aside, braced his buckler on his arm, and drawing his sword, advanced slowly with marvelous intrepidity and resolute courage, to plant himself in front of the cart, commending himself with all his heart, first to God, and then to his lady Dulcinea.

It is to be observed, that on coming to this passage, the author of this veracious history breaks out into exclamations. 'O doughty Don Quixote! high mettled past extolling! Mirror, wherein all the heroes of the world may see themselves! Second and modern Don Manuel de Leon, once the glory and honor of Spanish knighthood! In what words shall I describe this dread exploit, by what language shall I make it credible to ages to come, what eulogies are there unmeet for thee, though they be

hyperboles piled on hyperboles! On foot, alone, undaunted, high-souled, but with a simple sword, and that no trenchant blade of the Perrillo brand, a shield, but no bright polished steel one, there stoodst thou, biding and awaiting the two fiercest lions that Afric's forests ever bred! Thy own deeds be thy praise, O valiant Manchegan, and here I leave them as they stand, wanting the words wherewith to glorify them!'

Here the author's outburst came to an end, and he proceeded to take up the thread of his story, saying that the keeper, seeing that Don Quixote had taken up his position, and that it was impossible for him to avoid letting out the male without incurring the enmity of the fiery and daring knight, flung open the doors of the first cage, containing, as has been said, the lion, which was now seen to be of enormous size, and grim and hideous mien. The first thing he did was to turn round in the cage in which he lay, and protrude his claws, and stretch himself thoroughly; he next opened his mouth, and yawned very leisurely, and with near two palms'-length of tongue that he had thrust forth, he licked the dust out of his eyes and washed his face; having done this, he put his head out of the cage and looked all round with eyes like glowing coals, a spectacle and demeanor to strike terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote merely observed him steadily, longing for him to leap from the cart and come to close quarters with him, when he hoped to hew him to pieces.

So far did his unparalleled madness go; but the noble lion, more courteous than arrogant, not troubling himself about silly bravado, after having looked all round, as has been said, turned about and presented his hind-quarters to Don Quixote, and very coolly and tranquilly lay down again in the cage. Seeing this, Don Quixote ordered the keeper to take a stick to him and provoke him to make him come out.

'That I won't,' said the keeper; 'for if I anger him, the first he'll tear in pieces will be myself. Be satisfied, sir knight, with what you have done, which leaves nothing more to be said on the score of courage, and do not seek to tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open; he is free to come out or not to come out; but as he has not come out so far, he will not come out today. The greatness of your worship's courage has been fully manifested already; no brave champion, so it strikes me, is bound to do more than challenge his enemy and wait for him on the field; if his adversary does not come, on him lies the disgrace, and he who waits for him carries off the crown of victory.'

'That is true,' said Don Quixote; 'close the door, my friend, and let me have, in the best form thou canst, what thou has seen me do, by way of certificate; to wit, that thou didst open for the lion, that I waited for him, that he did not come out, that I still waited for him and that still he did not come out, and lay down again. I am not bound to do more; enchantments avaunt, and God uphold the right, the truth, and true chivalry! Close the door as I bade thee, while I make signals to the fugitives that have left us, that they may learn this exploit from thy lips.'

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote, fixing on the point of his lance the cloth he had wiped his face with after the deluge of curds, proceeded to recall the others, who still continued to fly, looking back at every step, all in a body, the gentleman bringing up the rear. Sancho, however, happening to observe the signal of the white cloth, exclaimed, 'May I die, if my master has not overcome the wild beasts, for he is calling to us.'

They all stopped, and perceived that it was Don Quixote who was making signals, and shaking off their fears to some extent, they approached slowly until they were near enough to hear distinctly Don Quixote's voice calling to them. They returned at length to the cart, and as they came up, Don Quixote said to the carter, 'Put your mules to once more, brother, and continue your journey; and do thou, Sancho, give him two gold crowns for himself and the keeper, to compensate for the delay they have incurred through me.'

'That will I give with all my heart,' said Sancho; 'but what has become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?'

The keeper, then, in full detail, and bit by bit, described the end of the contest, exalting to the best of his power and ability the valor of Don Quixote, at the sight of whom the lion quailed, and would not and dared not come out of the cage, although he had held the door open ever so

long; and showing how, in consequence of his having represented to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion in order to force him out, which he wished to have done, he very reluctantly, and altogether against his will, had allowed the door to be closed.

'What dost thou think of this, Sancho?' said Don Quixote. 'Are there any enchantments that can prevail against true valor? The enchanters may be able to rob me of good fortune, but of fortitude and courage they cannot.'

Sancho paid the crowns, the carter put to, the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the bounty bestowed upon him, and promised to give an account of the valiant exploit to the king himself, as soon as he saw him at court.

'Then,' said Don Quixote, 'if his Majesty should happen to ask who performed it, you must say THE KNIGHT OF THE LIONS; for it is my desire that into this the name I have hitherto borne of Knight of the Rueful Countenance be from this time forward changed, altered, transformed and turned; and in this I follow the ancient usage of knights-errant, who changed their names when they pleased, or when it suited their purpose.'

The cart went its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he of the green gaban went theirs. All this time, Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, being entirely taken up with observing and noting all that Don Quixote did and said, and the opinion he formed was that he was a man of brains gone mad, and a madman on the verge of rationality. The first part of his history had not yet reached him, for, had he read it, the amazement with which his words and deeds filled him would have vanished, as he would then have understood the nature of his madness; but knowing nothing of it, he took him to be rational one moment, and crazy the next, for what he said was sensible, elegant, and well expressed, and what he did, absurd, rash, and foolish; and said he to himself, 'What could be madder than putting on a helmet full of curds, and then persuading one's self that enchanters are softening one's skull; or what could be greater rashness and folly than wanting to fight lions tooth and nail?'

Don Quixote roused him from these reflections and this soliloquy by saying, 'No doubt, Señor Don Diego de Miranda, you set me down in your mind as a fool and a madman, and it would be no wonder if you did, for my deeds do not argue anything else. But for all that, I would have you take notice that I am neither so mad nor so foolish as I must have seemed to you. A gallant knight shows to advantage bringing his lance to bear adroitly upon a fierce bull under the eyes of his sovereign, in the midst of a spacious plaza; a knight shows to advantage arrayed in glittering armor, pacing the lists before the ladies in some joyous tournament, and all those knights show to advantage that entertain, divert, and, if we may say so, honor the courts of their princes by warlike exercises, or what resemble them; but to greater advantage than all these does a knight-errant show when he traverses deserts, solitudes, cross-roads, forests, and mountains, in quest of perilous adventures, bent on bringing them to a happy and successful issue, all to win a glorious and lasting renown. To greater advantage, I maintain, does the knight-errant show bringing aid to some widow in some lonely waste than the court knight dallying with some city damsel. All knights have their own special parts to play; let the courtier devote himself to the ladies, let him add luster to his sovereign's court by his liveries, let him entertain poor gentlemen with the sumptuous fare of his table, let him arrange joustings, marshal tournaments, and prove himself noble, generous, and magnificent, and above all a good Christian, and so doing he will fulfil the duties that are especially his; but let the knight-errant explore the corners of the earth and penetrate the most intricate labyrinths, at each step let him attempt impossibilities, on desolate heaths let him endure the burning rays of the midsummer sun, and the bitter inclemency of the winter winds and frosts; let no lions daunt him, no monsters terrify him, no dragons make him quail; for to seek these, to attack those, and to vanquish all, are in truth his main duties. I, then, as it has fallen to my lot to be a member of knight-errantry, cannot avoid attempting all that to me seems to come within the sphere of my duties; thus it was my bounden duty to attack those lions that I just now attacked, although I knew it to be the height of rashness; for I know well what valor is, that it is a virtue that occupies a place between two vicious extremes, cowardice

and temerity; but it will be a lesser evil for him who is valiant to rise till he reaches the point of rashness than to sink until he reaches the point of cowardice; for, as it is easier for the prodigal than for the miser to become generous, so it is easier for a rash man to prove truly valiant than for a coward to rise to true valor; and believe me, Señor Don Diego, in attempting adventures it is better to lose by a card too many than by a card too few; for to hear it said, "such a knight is rash and daring," sounds better than "such a knight is timid and cowardly."'

'I protest, Señor Don Quixote,' said Don Diego, 'everything you have said and done is proved correct by the test of reason itself; and I believe, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your worship's breast as in their own proper depository and muniment-house; but let us make haste, for it grows late, and reach my village and house, where you shall take rest after your late exertions; for if they have not been of the body, they have been of the spirit, and these sometimes tend to produce bodily fatigue.'

'I take the invitation as a great favor and honor, Señor Don Diego,' replied Don Quixote; and pressing forward at a better pace than before, at about two in the afternoon they reached the village and house of Don Diego, or, as Don Quixote called him, "The Knight of the Green Gaban."

DON QUIXOTE'S GOOD COUNSEL TO GOVERNOR SANCHO

PART II, CHAPTER 42 AND CHAPTER 43

'First of all, my son, thou must fear God, for in the fear of him is wisdom, and being wise thou canst not err in aught.

'Secondly, thou must keep in view what thou art, striving to know thyself, the most difficult thing to know that the mind can imagine. If thou knowest thyself, it will follow thou wilt not puff thyself up like the frog that strove to make himself as large as the ox; if thou dost, the recollection of having kept pigs in thine own country will serve as the ugly feet for the wheel of thy folly.'

'That's the truth,' said Sancho; 'but that was when I was a boy; afterwards when I was something more of a man it was geese I kept, not pigs. But to my thinking that has nothing to do with it; for all who are governors don't come of a kingly stock.'

'True,' said Don Quixote, 'and for that reason those who are not of noble origin should take care that the dignity of the office they hold be accompanied by a gentle suavity, which wisely managed will save them from the sneers of malice that no station escapes.

'Glory in thy humble birth, Sancho, and be not ashamed of saying thou art peasant-born; for when it is seen thou art not ashamed, no one will set himself to put thee to the blush; and pride thyself rather upon being one of lowly virtue than a lofty sinner. Countless are they who, born of mean parentage, have risen to the highest dignities, pontifical and imperial, and of the truth of this I could give thee instances enough to weary thee.

'Remember, Sancho, if thou make virtue thy aim, and take a pride in doing virtuous actions, thou wilt have no cause to envy those who are born princes and lords, for blood is an inheritance, but virtue an acquisition, and virtue has in itself alone a worth that blood does not possess.

'This being so, if perchance anyone of thy kinsfolk should come to see thee when thou art in thine island, thou art not to repel or slight him, but on the contrary to welcome him, entertain him, and make much of him; for in so doing thou wilt be approved of Heaven (which is not pleased that any should despise what it hath made), and wilt comply with the laws of well-ordered nature.

'If thou carriest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those that administer governments to be long without their wives), teach and instruct her, and strive to smooth down her natural roughness; for all that may be gained by a wise governor may be lost and wasted by a boorish stupid wife.

'If perchance thou art left a widower—a thing that may happen—and in virtue of thy office seekest a consort of higher degree, choose not one to serve thee for a hook or for a fishing-rod, or for the hood of thy "won't have it"; for verily, I tell thee, for all the judge's wife receives, the husband will be held accountable at the general calling to account; where he will

have to repay in death fourfold items that in life he regarded as naught.

'Never go by arbitrary law, which is so much favored by ignorant men who plume themselves on cleverness.

'Let the tears of the poor man find with thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the pleadings of the rich.

'Strive to lay bare the truth, as well amid the promises and presents of the rich man, as amid the sobs and entreaties of the poor.

'When equity may and should be brought into play, press not the utmost rigor of the law against the guilty; for the reputation of the stern judge stands not higher than that of the compassionate.

'If perchance thou permittest the staff of justice to swerve, let it be not by the weight of a gift, but by that of mercy.

'If it should happen thee to give judgment in the cause of one who is thine enemy, turn thy thoughts away from thy injury and fix them on the justice of the case.

'Let not thine own passion blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors thou wilt thus commit will be most frequently irremediable; or if not, only to be remedied at the expense of thy good name and fortune.

'If any handsome woman come to seek justice of thee, turn away thine eyes from her tears and thine ears from her lamentations, and consider deliberately the merits of her demand, if thou wouldst not have thy reason swept away by her weeping, and thy rectitude by her sighs.

'Abuse not by word him whom thou hast to punish in deed, for the pain of punishment is enough for the unfortunate without the addition of thine objurgations.

'Bear in mind that the culprit who comes under thy jurisdiction is but a miserable man subject to all the propensities of our depraved nature, and so far as may be in thy power show thyself lenient and forbearing; for though the attributes of God are all equal, to our eyes that of mercy is brighter and loftier than that of justice.

'If thou followest these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days will be long, and thy fame eternal, thy reward abundant, thy felicity unutterable; thou wilt marry thy children as thou wouldst; they and thy grandchildren will bear titles; thou wilt live in peace and concord with all men; and, when life draws to a close, death will come to thee in calm and ripe old age, and the light and loving hands of thy great grandchildren will close thine eyes.

'What I have thus far addressed to thee are instructions for the adornment of thy mind; listen now to those which tend to that of the body.'

Who, hearing the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote, would not have set him down for a person of great good sense and greater rectitude of purpose? But, as has been frequently observed in the course of this great history, he only talked nonsense when he touched on chivalry, and in discussing all other subjects showed that he had a clear and unbiased understanding; so that at every turn his acts gave the lie to his intellect, and his intellect to his acts; but in the case of these second counsels that he gave Sancho he showed himself to have a lively turn of humor, and displayed conspicuously his wisdom and also his folly.

Sancho listened to him with the deepest attention, and endeavored to fix his counsels in his memory, like one who meant to follow them and by their means bring the full promise of his government to a happy issue. Don Quixote, then, went on to say:

'With regard to the mode in which thou shouldst govern thy person and thy house, Sancho, the first charge I have to give thee is to be clean, and to cut thy nails, not letting them grow as some do, whose ignorance makes them fancy that long nails are an ornament to their hands, as if those excrescences they neglect to cut were nails, and not the talons of a lizard-catching kestrel—a filthy and unnatural abuse.

'Go not ungirt and loose, Sancho; for disordered attire is a sign of an unstable mind, unless indeed the slovenliness and slackness is to be set down to craft, as was the common opinion in the case of Julius Cæsar.

'Ascertain cautiously what thy office may be worth; and if it will allow thee to give liveries to thy servants, give them respectable and serviceable, rather than showy and gay ones, and divide them between thy servants and the poor; that is to say, if thou canst clothe six pages, clothe three and three poor men, and thus thou wilt have pages for heaven and pages for earth; the vain-glorious never

think of this new mode of giving liveries.

'Eat not garlic nor onions, lest they find out thy boorish origin by the smell; walk slowly and speak deliberately, but not in such a way as to make it seem thou art listening to thyself; for all affectation is bad.

'Dine sparingly and sup more sparingly still; for the health of the whole body is forged in the workshop of the stomach.

'Be temperate in drinking, bearing in mind that wine in excess keeps neither secrets nor promises.

'Take care, Sancho, not to chew on both sides, and not to eruct in anybody's presence.'

'Eruct!' said Sancho; 'I don't know what that means.'

'To eruct, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'means to belch, and that is one of the filthiest words in the Spanish language though a very expressive one; and therefore nice folk have had recourse to the Latin, and instead of belch say eruct, and instead of belches say eructations; and if some do not understand these terms it matters little, for custom will bring them into use in the course of time, so that they will be readily understood; this is the way a language is enriched; custom and the public are all-powerful there.'

'In truth, señor,' said Sancho, 'one of the counsels and cautions I mean to bear in mind shall be this, not to belch, for I'm constantly doing it.'

'Eruct, Sancho, not belch,' said Don Quixote.

'Eruct, I shall say henceforth, and I swear not to forget it,' said Sancho.

'Likewise, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'thou must not mingle such a quantity of proverbs in thy discourse as thou dost; for though proverbs are short maxims, thou dost drag them in so often by the head and shoulders that they savor more of nonsense than of maxims.'

'God alone can cure that,' said Sancho; 'for I have more proverbs in me than a book, and when I speak they come so thick together into my mouth that they fall to fighting among themselves to get out; that's why my tongue lets fly the first that come, though they may not be pat to the purpose. But I'll take care henceforward to use such as befit the dignity of my office; for "in a house where there's plenty, supper is soon cooked," and "he who binds does not wrangle," and "the bellringer's in a safe berth," and "giving and keeping require brains."'

'That's it, Sancho!' said Don Quixote; 'pack, tack, string proverbs together; nobody is hindering thee! "My mother beats me, and I go on with my tricks." I am bidding thee avoid proverbs, and here in a second thou hast shot out a whole litany of them, which have as much to do with what we are talking about as "over the hills of Ubeda." Mind, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb aptly brought in is objectionable; but to pile up and string together proverbs at random makes conversation dull and vulgar.

'When thou ridest on horseback, do not go lolling with thy body on the back of the saddle, nor carry thy legs stiff or sticking out from the horse's belly, nor yet sit so loosely that one would suppose thou wert on Dapple; for the seat on a horse makes gentlemen of some and grooms of others.

'Be moderate in thy sleep; for he who does not rise early does not get the benefit of the day; and remember, Sancho, diligence is the mother of good fortune, and indolence, its opposite, never yet attained the object of an honest ambition.

'The last counsel I will give thee now, though it does not tend to bodily improvement, I would have thee carry carefully in thy memory, for I believe it will be no less useful to thee than those I have given thee already, and it is this—never engage in a dispute about families, at least in the way of comparing them one with another; for necessarily one of those compared will be better than the other, and thou wilt be hated by the one thou hast disparaged, and get nothing in any shape from the one thou hast exalted.

'Thy attire shall be hose of full length, a long jerkin, and a cloak a trifle longer; loose breeches by no means, for they are becoming neither for gentlemen nor for governors.

'For the present, Sancho, this is all that has occurred to me to advise thee; as time goes by and occasions arise my instructions shall follow, if thou take care to let me know how thou are circumstanced.'

'Señor,' said Sancho, 'I see well enough that all these things your worship has said to me are good, holy, and profitable; but what use will they be to me if I don't remember one of them? To be sure that about not letting my nails grow, and marrying again if I have the chance, will

not slip out of my head; but all that other hash, muddle, and jumble—I don't and can't recollect any more of it than of last year's clouds; so it must be given me in writing; for though I can't either read or write, I'll give it to my confessor, to drive it into me and remind me of it whenever it is necessary.'

'Ah, sinner that I am!' said Don Quixote, 'how bad it looks in governors not to know how to read or write; for let me tell thee, Sancho, when a man knows not how to read, or is left-handed, it argues one of two things; either that he was the son of exceedingly mean and lowly parents, or that he himself was so incorrigible and ill-conditioned that neither good company nor good teaching could make any impression on him. It is a great defect that thou laborest under, and therefore I would have thee learn at any rate to sign thy name.'

'I can sign my name well enough,' said Sancho, 'for when I was steward of the brotherhood in my village I learned to make certain letters, like the marks on bales of goods, which they told me made out my name. Besides, I can pretend my right hand is disabled and make some one else sign for me, for "there's a remedy for everything except death;" and as I shall be in command and hold the staff, I can do as I like; moreover, "he who has the alcalde for his father—," and I'll be governor, and that's higher than alcalde. Only come and see! Let them make light of me and abuse me; "they'll come for wool and go back shorn"; "whom God loves, his house is sweet to him"; "the silly sayings of the rich pass for saws in the world"; and as I'll be rich, being a governor, and at the same time generous, as I mean to be, no fault will be seen in me. "Only make yourself honey and the flies will suck you"; "as much as thou hast, so much art thou worth," as my grandmother used to say; and "thou canst have no revenge of a man of substance."'

'Oh, God's curse upon thee, Sancho!' here exclaimed Don Quixote; 'sixty thousand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! For the last hour thou hast been stringing them together and inflicting the pangs of torture on me with every one of them. Those proverbs will bring thee to the gallows one day, I promise thee; thy subjects will take the government from thee, or there will be revolts among them, all because of them. Tell me, where dost thou pick them up, thou booby? How dost thou apply them, thou blockhead? For with me, to utter one of them and make it apply properly, I have to sweat and labor as if I were digging.'

'By God, master mine,' said Sancho, 'your worship is making a fuss about very little. Why the devil should you be vexed if I make use of what is my own? And I have got nothing else, nor any other stock in trade except proverbs and more proverbs; and here are three just this instant come into my head, pat to the purpose and like pears in a basket; but I won't repeat them, for "Sage silence is called Sancho."'

'That, Sancho, thou art not,' said Don Quixote; 'for not only art thou not sage silence, but thou art pestilent prate and perversity; still I would like to know what three proverbs have just now come into thy memory, for I have been turning over mine own—and it is a good one—and none occur to me.'

'What can be better,' said Sancho, 'than "never put thy thumbs between two back teeth"; and "to 'get out of my house' and 'what do you want with my wife?' there is no answer"; and "whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone the pitcher, it's a bad business for the pitcher"; all which fit to a hair? For no one should quarrel with his governor, or him in authority over him, because he will come off the worst, as he does who puts his finger between two back teeth, and if they are not back teeth it makes no difference, so long as they are teeth; and to whatever the governor may say there's no answer, any more than to "get out of my house" and "what do you want with my wife?" and then, as for that about the stone and the pitcher, a blind man could see that. So that he who sees the mote in another's eye had need to see the beam in his own, that it be not said of himself, "the dead woman was frightened at the one with her throat cut"; and your worship knows well that the fool knows more in his own house than the wise man in another's.'

'Nay, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'the fool knows nothing, either in his own house or in anybody else's, for no wise structure of any sort can stand on a foundation of folly; but let us say no more about it, Sancho, for if thou governest badly, thine will be the fault and mine the

shame; but I comfort myself with having done my duty in advising thee as earnestly and as wisely as I could; and thus I am released from my obligations and my promise. God guide thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the misgiving I have that thou wilt turn the whole island upside down, a thing I might prevent by explaining to the duke what thou art and telling him that all that fat little person of thine is nothing else but a sack full of proverbs and sauciness.'

'Señor,' said Sancho, 'if your worship thinks I'm not fit for this government, I give it up on the spot; for the mere black of the nail of my soul is dearer to me than my whole body; and I can live just as well, simple Sancho, on bread and onions, as governor, on partridges and capons; and what's more, while we're asleep we're all equal, great and small, rich and poor. But if your worship looks into it, you will see it was your worship alone that put me on to this business of governing; for I know no more about the government of islands than a buzzard; and if there's any reason to think that because of my being a governor the devil will get hold of me, I'd rather go Sancho to heaven than governor to hell.'

'By God, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'for those last words thou hast uttered alone, I consider thou deservest to be governor of a thousand islands. Thou hast good natural instincts, without which no knowledge is worth anything; commend thyself to God, and try not to swerve in the pursuit of thy main object. I mean, always make it thy aim and fixed purpose to do right in all matters that come before thee, for heaven always helps good intentions; and now let us go to dinner, for I think my lord and lady are waiting for us.'

THE DEATH OF DON QUIXOTE

The confession over, the curate came out saying, 'Alonso Quixano the Good is indeed dying, and is indeed in his right mind; we may now go in to him while he makes his will.'

This news gave a tremendous impulse to the brimming eyes of the housekeeper, niece, and Sancho Panza his good squire, making the tears burst from their eyes and a host of sighs from their hearts; for of a truth, as has been said more than once, whether as plain Alonso Quixano the Good, or as Don Quixote of La Mancha, Don Quixote was always of a gentle disposition and kindly in all his ways, and hence he was beloved, not only by those of his own house but by all who knew him.

The notary came in with the rest, and as soon as the preamble of the will had been set out and Don Quixote had commended his soul to God with all the devout formalities that are usual, coming to the bequests he said, 'Item, it is my will that, touching certain moneys in the hands of Sancho Panza (whom in my madness I made my squire), inasmuch as between him and me there have been certain accounts and debits and credits, no claim be made against him, nor any account demanded of him in respect of them; but that if anything remain over and above, after he has paid himself what I owe him, the balance, which will be but little, shall be his, and much good may it do him; and if, as when I was mad I had a share in giving him the government of an island, so, now that I am in my senses, I could give him that of a kingdom, it should be his, for the simplicity of his character and the fidelity of his conduct deserve it.' And then, turning to Sancho, he said, 'Forgive me, my friend, that I led thee to seem as mad as myself, making thee fall into the same error I myself fell into, that there were and still are knights-errant in the world.'

'Ah!' said Sancho weeping, 'don't die, master, but take my advice and live many years; for the foolishest thing a man can do in this life is to let himself die without rime or reason, without anybody killing him, or any hands but melancholy's making an end of him. Come, don't be lazy, but get up from your bed and let us take to the fields in shepherd's trim as we agreed. Perhaps behind some bush we shall find the lady Dulcinea disenchanted, as fine as fine can be. If it be that you are dying of vexation at having been vanquished, lay the blame on me, and say you were overthrown because I had girthed Rocinante badly; besides you must have seen in your books of chivalry that it is a common thing for knights to upset one another, and for him who is conquered today to be conqueror tomorrow.'

'Very true,' said Samson, 'and good Sancho Panza's view of these cases is quite right.'

'Sirs, not so fast,' said Don Quixote; "In last year's nests there are no birds this year." I was mad, now I am in my senses; I was Don Quixote of La Mancha; I am now, as I said, Alonso Quixano the Good; and may my repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you used to have for me; and now let Master Notary proceed. . . .'

At last Don Quixote's end came, after he had received all the sacraments, and had in full and forcible terms expressed his detestation of books of chivalry. The notary was there at the time, and he said that in no book of chivalry had he ever read of any knight-errant dying in his bed so calmly and so like a Christian as Don Quixote, who amid the tears and lamentations of all present yielded up his spirit, that is to say died.

IV

THE FRENCH CLASSICAL PERIOD

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Under the severe critical authority of Malherbe and Boileau in the seventeenth century, French poetry passed under the control of rules of order and restraint from which it was not freed until well on into the nineteenth century. The great name in all theory was Aristotle, and as his literary criticism in the Poetics was confined almost exclusively to tragedy, it was natural that discussion should center about the rules for this form of art. The Three Unities—of Action, Time and Place—which Italian and French critics extracted, partly from Aristotle, partly from their own perceptions of what was reasonable, became accepted principles of classic perfection in tragedy. Corneille, with his masculine vigor, accommodated himself to these restrictions with some difficulty; but the more supple genius of Racine found within their limitations an opportunity for the development of an exquisite art which appealed to the French sense of logic, order, lucidity and sobriety, although outside of France its appeal has been less universal than that of Molière's more robust work in comedy.

In prose the achievements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were remarkable, carrying on the Renaissance spirit of free inquiry to new fields; but in poetry the weight of classical authority seemed to hamper any great flight of the imagination. Louis XIV liked to be flattered as 'le grand monarque' and the age was quite inclined to regard itself as 'the great age' in French history; but posterity has taken a more sober view of both the monarch and the achievements of the time. The phrase 'a despotism tempered by epigrams' seems a juster description of the age, and some of the epigrams have proved worthy of remembrance.

ROCHEFOUCAULD (1615–1680)

François, second Duc de la Rochefoucauld, Prince of Marsillac, belonged to the ancient nobility of France, and spent much of his youth in fighting on their behalf against the growing power of the Crown. He plotted against Richelieu and found himself in the Bastille; his services to Anne of Austria found no recompense when, on Richelieu's death, she was in a position to reward him; as a lover he was hardly more successful than as a soldier and a politician; and when he retired from all these activities to nurse the results of his wounds (and the gout) he could not be expected to take a rosy view of life. Dean Swift, who no doubt found in his own mind much in common with Rochefoucauld's way of thinking, remarked that as Rochefoucauld drew his maxims from his observation of human nature, the fault was not in him but in mankind; but it would argue no lack of generosity to attribute part of the fault to the observer.

Epigrams were the favorite intellectual exercise of the time, and among the French epigrammatists Rochefoucauld easily holds the first place, both for malicious insight into human frailty and for the polish of his phrase. First published in 1665, the *Maxims* appeared in five editions during the author's lifetime, variously corrected and enlarged, and in a still fuller edition soon after his death; the longer *Reflections* were not given to the public till half a century after that event. The *Maxims* have been frequently translated into English, as into other languages; the translation here used is that of Bund and Friswell.

MAXIMS

What we term virtue is often but a mass of various actions and divers interests, which fortune, or our own industry, manages to arrange; and it is not always from valor or from chastity that men are brave and women chaste.

Whatever discoveries have been made in the region of self-love, there remain many unexplored territories there.

Passion often renders the most clever man a fool, and even sometimes renders the most foolish man clever.

This clemency of which they make a merit arises oftentimes from vanity, sometimes from idleness, oftentimes from fear, and almost always from all three combined.

We have all sufficient strength to support the misfortunes of others.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and future evils; but present evils triumph over it.

We need greater virtues to sustain good than evil fortune.

Jealousy is in a manner just and reasonable, as it tends to preserve a good which belongs, or which we believe belongs to us; on the other hand, envy is a fury which cannot endure the happiness of others.

Pride has a larger part than goodness in our remonstrances with those who commit faults, and we reprove them not so much to correct as to persuade them that we ourselves are free from faults.

We promise according to our hopes; we perform according to our fears.

Strength and weakness of mind are misnamed; they are really only the good or unhappy arrangement of our bodily organs.

Happiness is in the taste, and not in the things themselves; we are happy from possessing what we like, not from possessing what others like.

The happiness or unhappiness of men depends no less upon their dispositions than their fortunes.

Sincerity is an openness of heart; we find it in very few people; what we usually see is only an artful dissimulation to win the confidence of others.

There is no praise we have not lavished upon Prudence; and yet she cannot assure to us the most trifling event.

What grace is to the body good sense is to the mind.

There are few people who would not be ashamed of being beloved when they love no longer.

If we judge of love by the majority of its results, it rather resembles hatred than friendship.

The love of justice is simply in the majority of men the fear of suffering injustice.

Men would not live long in society were they not the dupes of each other.

Everyone blames his memory, no one blames his judgment.

Old men delight in giving good advice as a consolation for the fact that they can no longer set bad examples.

The test of extraordinary merit is to see those who envy it the most, yet obliged to praise it.

The heart is ever the dupe of the heart.

Those who know their minds do not necessarily know their hearts.

The blemishes of the mind, like those of the face, increase by age.

There may be good but there are no pleasant marriages.

If we conquer our passions it is more from their weakness than from our strength.

Cunning and treachery are the offspring of incapacity.

The true way to be deceived is to think one's self more knowing than others.

We are never so ridiculous from the habits we have as from those that we affect to have.

A man would rather say evil of himself than say nothing.

The refusal of praise is only the wish to be praised twice.

Idleness and fear keep us in the path

of duty, but our virtue often gets the praise.

What makes us like new studies is not so much the weariness we have of the old or the wish for change as the desire to be admired by those who know more than ourselves, and the hope of advantage over those who know less.

Our repentance is not so much sorrow for the ill we have done as fear of the ill that may happen to us.

The health of the mind is not less uncertain than that of the body, and when passions seem furthest removed we are no less in danger of infection than of falling ill when we are well.

The reason which often prevents us abandoning a single vice is having so many.

The desire to appear clever often prevents our being so.

Virtue would not go far did not vanity escort her.

Virtue in woman is often the love of reputation and repose.

Most people judge men only by success or by fortune.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

Flirtation is at the bottom of woman's nature, although all do not practise it, some being restrained by fear, others by sense.

There are people whose faults become them, others whose very virtues disgrace them.

The pleasure of love is in loving; we are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.

What we call liberality is often but the vanity of giving, which we like more than that we give away.

Absence extinguishes small passions and increases great ones, as the wind will blow out a candle, and blow in a fire.

We always like those who admire us; we do not always like those whom we admire.

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.

Almost all the world takes pleasure in paying small debts; many people show gratitude for trifling, but there is hardly one who does not show ingratitude for great favors.

We may forgive those who bore us; we cannot forgive those whom we bore.

Lovers are never tired of each other,—they always speak of themselves.

The extreme delight we take in talking of ourselves should warn us that it is not shared by those who listen.

Weak persons cannot be sincere.

There is more self-love than love in jealousy.

We well know that it is bad taste to talk of our wives; but we do not so well know that it is the same to speak of ourselves.

There are few virtuous women who are not tired of their part.

The greater number of good women are like concealed treasures, safe—as no one has searched for them.

It is generally the fault of the loved one not to perceive when love ceases.

Most young people think they are natural when they are only boorish and rude.

Rank is to merit what dress is to a pretty woman.

The most dangerous folly of old persons who have been lovable is to forget that they are no longer so.

Old fools are more foolish than young fools.

No one believes that in every respect he is behind the man he considers the ablest in the world.

Of all the violent passions the one that becomes a woman best is love.

In their first passion women love their lovers; in all others they love love.

However rare true love is, true friendship is rarer.

Timidity is a fault which it is dangerous to blame in those we desire to cure of it.

Those who have had great passions often find all their lives made miserable by being cured of them.

When we do not find peace of mind in ourselves, it is useless to seek it elsewhere.

In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not wholly displeasing to us.

There are crimes which become innocent and even glorious by their brilliance, their number, or their excess; thus it happens that public robbery is called financial skill, and the unjust capture of provinces is called a conquest.

The pomp of funerals concerns rather the vanity of the living than the honor of the dead.

There is a general revolution which changes the tastes of the mind as well as the fortunes of the world.

Women for the most part surrender themselves more from weakness than from passion. Whence it is that bold and pushing men succeed better than others, although they are not so lovable.

Not to love is, in love, an infallible means of being beloved.

The power which women whom we love have over us is greater than that which we have over ourselves.

REFLECTIONS ON CONVERSATION

The reason why so few persons are agreeable in conversation is that each thinks more of what he desires to say, than of what the others say, and that we make bad listeners when we want to speak.

Yet it is necessary to listen to those who talk, we should give them the time they want, and let them say even senseless things; never contradict or interrupt them; on the contrary, we should enter into their mind and taste, illustrate their meaning, praise anything they say that deserves praise, and let them see we praise more from our choice than from agreement with them.

To please others we should talk on subjects they like and that interest them, avoid disputes upon indifferent matters, seldom ask questions, and never let them see that we pretend to be better informed than they are.

We should talk in a more or less serious manner, and upon more or less abstruse subjects, according to the temper and understanding of the persons we talk with, and readily give them the advantage of deciding without obliging them to answer when they are not anxious to talk.

After having in this way fulfilled the duties of politeness, we can speak our opinions to our listeners when we find an opportunity without a sign of presumption or opinionatedness. Above all things we should avoid often talking of ourselves and giving ourselves as an example; nothing is more tiresome than a man who quotes himself for everything.

We cannot give too great study to find out the manner and the capacity of those with whom we talk, so as to join in the conversation of those who have more than ourselves without hurting by this preference the wishes or interests of others.

Then we should modestly use all the modes above-mentioned to show our thoughts to them, and make them, if possible, believe that we take our ideas from them.

We should never say anything with an air of authority, nor show any superiority of mind. We should avoid far-fetched expressions, expressions hard or forced, and never let the words be grander than the matter.

It is not wrong to retain our opinions if they are reasonable, but we should yield to reason; wherever she appears and from whatever side she comes, she alone should govern our opinions; we should follow her without opposing the opinions of others, and without seeming to ignore what they say.

It is dangerous to seek to be always the leader of the conversation, and to push a good argument too hard, when we have found one. Civility often hides half its understanding, and when it meets with an opinionated man who defends the bad side, spares him the disgrace of giving way.

We are sure to displease when we speak too long and too often on one subject, and when we try to turn the conversation upon subjects that we think more instructive than others; we should enter indifferently upon every subject that is agreeable to others, stopping where they wish, and avoiding all they do not agree with.

Every kind of conversation, however witty it may be, is not equally fitted for all clever persons; we should select what is to their taste and suitable to their condition, their sex, their talents, and also choose the time to say it.

We should observe the place, the occasion, the temper in which we find the person who listens to us, for if there is much art in speaking to the purpose, there is no less in knowing when to be silent. There is an eloquent silence which serves to approve or to condemn, there is a silence of discretion and of respect. In a word, there is a tone, an air, a manner, which renders everything in conversation agreeable or disagreeable, refined or vulgar.

But it is given to few persons to keep this secret well. Those who lay down rules too often break them, and the safest we are able to give is to listen much, to speak little, and to say nothing that will ever give ground for regret.

PASCAL (1623–1662)

Blaise Pascal, though he was always a faithful Catholic, had much in common with the higher types of English and American Puritanism. He cast longing glances back to the purity and simplicity of primitive Christianity, and interested himself profoundly in the attempt to make the Convent of Port Royal, of which his sister was a member, into a center of learning and piety. Unfortunately the Port Royalists became entangled in a theological controversy about the orthodoxy of the writings of Cornelius Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, and though they had not only the able pen of Pascal, but the sympathy of Racine and La Fontaine on their side, the influence of the Jesuits, backed by Richelieu and Mazarin for political reasons, proved sufficient to win from the ecclesiastical authorities the condemnation of the Jansenist doctrines. This once famous dispute was the occasion of the most notable of the works of Pascal (except on mathematical subjects), published during his lifetime, the *Provincial Letters.* His *Thoughts,* scattered reflections he wrote down on scraps of paper during his last illness or dictated to an amanuensis, were published after his death by the members of Port Royal.

Pascal was a precocious genius and as a child addicted himself to the study of geometry, from which he was only diverted by his father's advice that he should first learn Latin and Greek. Before he was twelve he had worked out by himself the principles of plane geometry, and at sixteen he wrote a treatise on conic sections; his later treatise on the cycloid is a mathematical classic. Excessive study, added to a natural melancholy of disposition, undermined Pascal's health, and though for a time he gave himself to the pleasures of society, he was driven back on himself by a bad carriage accident which ruined his nerves. The last few years of his life were passed in extreme suffering and the closest confinement; he died before he was forty, having accomplished only a part of what his exceptional mind would, under happier conditions, have achieved.

The translation used is that of Isaac Taylor.

ANCIENT AND MODERN CHRISTIANS

At the first formation of the Christian Church, all Christians were perfectly instructed in the points necessary to salvation. Instead of this, at the present day, the general ignorance is so great as must deeply grieve all who have the welfare of the church at heart. Persons were formerly admitted into the church only after laborious preparation and long-cherished desires; now they find themselves in it without trouble, care, or labor. Formerly they were admitted after a very strict examination; now they are received before they are capable of being examined. Formerly they were not received till after they had abjured their past life, and had renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil; now they enter while they are incapable of any such acts. In former times, it was necessary to come out of the world in order to be received into the church; now men enter into the church at the same time as they enter into the world. Formerly, by assuming the Christian profession, an essential distinction was recognized between the church and the world; they were considered as two opposites, as two irreconcilable antagonists, one of which would assail the other without intermission, but of which the feeblest in appearance was destined to triumph one day over the strongest. Such being the state of the two contending parties, men renounced the one, to join the other; they abandoned the maxims of the one, to adopt those of the other; they divested themselves of the sentiments peculiar to the one, to assume those of the other; in fine, they quitted, they renounced, they abjured the world, the scene of their first birth, to devote themselves wholly to the church, in which their second birth had taken place, and thus the mighty difference between them was most clearly discerned. Nowadays, men find themselves in the one al-

most at the same time as they come into the other; the very moment of our birth into the world is that of our second birth in the church; so that as reason expands, it makes no distinction between these opposite worlds; it is educated and formed in both at the same time. People take the sacrament, and indulge in the gaieties of life; the essential distinction, formerly so palpable, is done away; the church and the world are so confounded and mingled as to render it impossible to distinguish them.

Hence it was, that formerly, among Christians, none were seen but well-instructed persons; whereas now they are in a state of frightful ignorance. Hence those who in former times became Christians by baptism, and who quitted the vices of the world to practise the devotions of the church, very rarely apostatized; now nothing is more common than to see the vices of the world in the midst of Christians. The church of the saints is defiled by the admixture of the wicked; and her children, whom she has conceived and carried from infancy are the same who bring into her very heart, that is to say, to the participation of her most awful mysteries, her greatest enemies, the spirit of the world, the spirit of ambition, the spirit of revenge, the spirit of impurity, the spirit of concupiscence; and the love she has for her children obliges her to introduce into her vitals her most cruel foes. But it is not to the church that we must impute the calamities that have followed so disastrous a change; for as she saw that the delay of baptism would leave a great number of children under Adam's curse, she wished to deliver them from perdition, by hastening the succor she gave them; and this kind mother beheld, with extreme regret, that what she procured for the salvation of her infants became an occasion of the destruction of the adults.

THE SOLITARY STUDENT

I used to spend much of my time in the study of the abstract sciences, but I lost my relish for them when I found so few with whom I could exchange thoughts respecting them. As soon as I began the study of Man, I saw that these subjects were not suited to his nature, and that I had mistaken the best method of employing my faculties, in attempting to investigate them, much more than others in remaining ignorant of them. I felt persuaded, however, that I should have plenty of companions in the study of Man, which is our proper study. But here again I have been mistaken. There are fewer students of human nature than of Geometry.

THE POWER OF CUSTOM

We must not forget our own nature; we are body as well as spirit, and hence pure demonstration is not the instrument of persuasion. How very few things are there demonstrable! Arguments act only on the mind. Custom adds strength to argument; it enlists the senses on its side, which imperceptibly carry the understanding along with them. Who can demonstrate that the sun will rise tomorrow, or that we shall die? Yet what is more universally believed? Custom persuades men of it; this it is which makes so many Turks and Pagans, this makes soldiers and artizans. It is true we must not appeal to custom when we are in quest of truth, but we must have recourse to it as soon as the understanding sees where the truth lies, that our minds may be thoroughly imbued with belief, of itself so volatile a thing; for to keep the arguments constantly before us would be endless trouble. We must acquire a more easy belief, and such is that of custom, which, without violence, without art, without argument, produces belief, and so inclines all our faculties, that it costs us no effort to retain it. The two parts of our frame must act in unison: the mind convinced by those arguments which it suffices to have understood once in our lives, and the senses persuaded by habit, and not allowed to allure us in a contrary direction.

THOUGHTS

It is a strange thing that men long to comprehend the first principles of all things, and to know everything! It would be impossible, doubtless, to form such a project, without a presumption or a capacity unlimited as nature itself.

Nature has its perfections, to show that it is the image of God; and its defects, to show that it is only his image.

Men are so necessarily foolish that it

would only be a new freak of folly to pretend to be free from folly.

All men naturally hate themselves. We take advantage, as we can, of concupiscence, to promote the public good. But it is only a pretense and a false image of charity: in reality, it is nothing but hatred. The wickedness of man's heart is only covered; it is not taken away.

Scientific inventions advance from age to age. The virtue and the vice in the world generally remain the same.

A wise man will have some thoughts on the background by which to judge of everything; but in society, he will use the current mode of talking.

Thoughts come by chance, and are lost by chance; there is no art either of preserving or acquiring them.

A multitude not reduced to unity is confusion. A unity not dependent on the multitude is despotism.

Force is the queen of the world, and not opinion; but opinion is that which makes use of force.

Why are the majority followed? Is it because they have more reason? No: but because they have more force. Why are ancient laws, and ancient customs, observed? Is it because they are most agreeable to truth and justice? No; but because they are uniform, and destroy the germ of discord.

Dominion founded on opinion and imagination lasts for a time, and submission to it is agreeable and voluntary; but the dominion of force is perpetual. Thus opinion is the queen of the world, but force is its tyrant.

What an excellent regulation it is to distinguish men by their exterior rather than by their mental qualities! As I am traveling, I meet another man, and the point to be decided is which shall pass? Which of us shall yield the precedency? The least clever, do you say? Why, I am as clever as he is. We must come to blows to settle the matter. But he has four lackeys, and I have only one. This difference is seen at a glance; we have only to count. It is my part to yield; and I should be a fool to pick a quarrel. Thus we go on peaceably, which is the greatest thing in life.

How is it that a lame man does not offend us, but that a lame reasoner does offend us? Why, because the former allows that we have the right use of our legs, but the latter maintains that we are the lame reasoners. Were it not for this, his blunders would excite pity rather than anger.

To be well dressed is not without its advantages: it shows that a number of persons have been at work for us; by our head-dress it will be seen that we have a valet, a perfumer, etc. But there is something more than mere show or decoration in having so many hands at one's service.

Few men possess the power of invention: those who cannot invent form the majority, and consequently are the most powerful; and we may observe, that in general, inventors are denied the glory they merit and claim for their discoveries. If they persist in wishing for it, and treat with contempt those who do not invent, all they gain is to be nicknamed and treated as visionaries. Let them take care, then, not to be ostentatious of their superiority, great as it unquestionably is, and learn to be content with the esteem of the few who can appreciate its value.

The commands of reason are far more imperious than those of a master, for, in disobeying the one a man is unhappy; in disobeying the other he is a fool.

Justice is that which is established; and therefore, all our established laws are considered just without examination, simply because they are established.

No doubt an equality of goods is just; but as it is impossible to make men follow the dictates of justice by suasion, we must make them submit to force. Since it is impossible for justice alone to regulate men's minds without external force, physical power is legalized; so that justice and force being combined, peace, the greatest of all blessings, is the result. *Summum jus, summa injuria.* [The greatest justice is the greatest injury.]

It is just to obey what is just; it is necessary to obey what is strongest. Justice without force is powerless; power without justice is tyrannical. Justice without force will be thwarted, as long as wicked men exist; force without justice will be reprobated by all the good. Therefore, justice and force must be joined, in order that what is just may be powerful, and that what is powerful may be just.

It is dangerous to tell the people that the laws are not just; for their obedience depends on the contrary belief. For this reason, they must be told, at the same time, that they must obey, because they are the laws; as our superiors must be obeyed, not because they are just but because they are our superiors. If they fall in with these views, all sedition is prevented. This is all that properly belongs to the definition of Justice.

It is well that the laws and customs of a state should be obeyed, simply because they are established, and that the people should understand that this makes them just. In this case, they will never disown their authority; but if it is attempted to assert their justice on any other grounds, it will easily be rendered questionable; and nothing more is wanted to dispose the people to revolt.

When the question to be decided is whether a war should be made, in which thousands will perish and numbers of Spaniards be condemned to die, all depends on the will of one man, and he, too, an interested individual; the right of decision ought to be vested in a third unbiased party.

It is the contest, and not the victory, which gives us pleasure. We like to see the combats of animals, but not the victor tearing the vanquished in pieces. We may ask, what object can there be excepting the victory? Yet when that is gained, our interest in the whole affair is lost. It is the same in games of hazard; it is the same in the investigation of truth. We are pleased to witness the collision of opinions, but not to contemplate truth when discovered; we behold it with pleasure only in a militant state. We are not interested by the things themselves, but by the search for them. And so there is pleasure in observing the conflict of two opposite passions; but when one gains the mastery, it becomes brute violence. In dramatic representations, we turn away from scenes which are placid without uncertainty, wretched without hope, and full of passion without refinement.

How silly the attempt of Montaigne to delineate his own character! And that not in an accidental manner, and contrary to his own fixed principles, a mistake to which every one is liable, but in accordance with his principles, and as his main and principal design! For to talk nonsense by accident, and without reflection, is common enough; but to take pains to gossip, as he has done, is intolerable.

Time puts an end to our sorrows and our quarrels, because our characters alter, and we become as it were different beings. Neither the offender nor the offended is the same person. It is like a nation with which all intercourse has been broken off, but renewed after a generation or two have passed away. They are still Frenchmen, but not the same individuals.

What are the features of our condition? Inconstancy, weariness, disquietude. If any one wishes to be thoroughly acquainted with the vanity of man, he has only to consider the causes and effects of love. The cause is *un je ne sais quoi,* and the effects are terrible. This *je ne sais quoi,* such a little thing that we can scarcely discern its existence, shakes the earth, agitates princes, and armies, and the whole human race. If Cleopatra's nose had been a few lines shorter, the state of the world would have been changed.

It seems to me that Cæsar was too old to set about amusing himself with the conquest of the world. This sort of amusement was suited to Alexander; he was a young man whose impetuosity it was almost impossible to restrain, but Cæsar should have been too sedate for such an enterprise.

Fickleness in our pleasures arises from a sense of the emptiness of those we have tried and ignorance of the vanity of the rest.

Kings and princes sometimes divert themselves. If they were always on their

thrones they would soon be tired of them. Grandeur must be laid aside in order to be felt.

'This dog is *mine*,' says the child of a poor man: 'this is *my* place in the sunshine;' in such expressions we may detect the germ and image of the tyranny that would extend itself over the whole earth.

Let not men ridicule those who are honored on account of their official situation; but ask themselves whether they love any one excepting for adventitious qualities. All men naturally hate one another. I venture to assert, that if everything were known which men say of each other, there would not be four friends in the whole world. To be convinced to this, only consider the quarrels produced by talebearing.

The ties which secure the regard of one class of men to another are, generally speaking, ties of necessity; for a distinction of ranks is unavoidable. All men are ambitious of dominion, but only some possess the power. But the ties which secure the respect of individuals to one another are ties of the imagination.

Some men speak well, who are very indifferent writers. The reason is that the place, the audience, and other circumstances kindle their minds, and excite them to greater efforts than they could make without such a stimulus.

Man is neither an angel nor a brute, but the misfortune is that a being who aspires to be an angel sinks into a brute.

LA FONTAINE (1621–1695)

Almost all races of men who have told stories at all have told them about animals, and it was an easy step for these early story-tellers, after ascribing to the beasts the motives and thoughts of men, to endow them with speech. In Sanskrit we have two very ancient collections of fables, one in prose, called the *Pantcha Tantra,* or Five Books (in Greek, Pentateuch), and the other in verse, *Hitopadesa,* or Friendly Instruction. Part of the latter was translated early in the Christian era into Persian, and from Persian into Arabic under the title *The Fables of Pilpai.* From Arabic, translations were made into Greek, Latin, and, directly or indirectly, into the languages of modern Europe.

In classical literature the fable is first associated with the name of Æsop, who lived about 600 B.C., and transmitted his pithy apologues to posterity by word of mouth; they were known to Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, but Æsop himself became a fabulous person, and the large collection of fables to which his name is attached was made in Greek prose in 1447 by Planudes, a monk of Constantinople. The Romans had a collection of fables in Greek verse by Babrias, of which only half a dozen have survived, and they had their own fabulist in Phædrus, a freedman of Augustus, to whom La Fontaine is perhaps most directly indebted. But by La Fontaine's time, the material at his disposal was immense. The Middle Ages, drawing partly from classical, partly from Oriental sources, and adding inventions of their own poets, had made Reynard the Fox the hero of a cycle of romance in which he passed through innumerable adventures.

La Fontaine made little claim to originality, either in matter or form, but he raised the fable to a height of concise and significant elegance which has never been surpassed. His life was modest, and though he was elected a member of the Academy and courted by rich patrons and great ladies, he would probably have been greatly astonished if he could have known that his work would become familiar to many to whom his friends Boileau, Racine, Molière, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, Madame La Fayette, and Madame de Sevigné are merely names. A gentle careless soul, much more like the grasshopper than the ant of his first fable, he was by no means a model of the domestic virtues, though in his old age he turned to piety and versified the Psalms of David for the Convent of Port Royal. The first six books of his *Fables Choisies mises en Vers* were published in 1668, the next five some ten years later, and the twelfth book, completing the collection, not long before his death. Almost everyone who begins to learn French makes a start with La Fontaine in the original, on account of the simplicity and ease of his diction as well as of his matter, but he is a great artist, and it is extremely difficult for the translator to carry over into another language the elusive charm of the French text, which is still held significant enough to try the powers of talented French actresses. For all these reasons English translators are few, in consideration of the author's merits. A complete translation of the Fables seems to have waited for the hand of Elizur Wright, a Yale graduate, who picked up an old copy of the French text in Broadway, New York, at the beginning of the Victorian era, and translated it, partly for the amusement of his little boy. The most recent versions, those of Edward Marsh, sometimes go beyond the text in their allusions to great personages and popular weaknesses of our own time, but will not on that account be less welcome to the modern reader. Of the following ten fables, the first six are translated by Wright, the last four by Marsh; for permission to reprint the latter we are indebted to Harper & Brothers, the American publishers.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

I. 10

That innocence is not a shield,
A story teaches, not the longest.
The strongest reasons always yield
To reasons of the strongest.

A lamb her thirst was slaking,
Once, at a mountain rill.
A hungry wolf was taking

His hunt for sheep to kill,
When, spying on the streamlet's brink
This sheep of tender age,
He howled in tones of rage,
'How dare you roil my drink?
Your impudence I shall chastise!'
'Let not your majesty,' the lamb replies,
'Decide in haste or passion!
For sure 'tis difficult to think
In what respect or fashion
My drinking here could roil your drink
Since on the stream your majesty now faces
I'm lower down, full twenty paces.'
'You roil it,' said the wolf; 'and, more I know,
You cursed and slandered me a year ago.'
'O no! how could I such a thing have done!
A lamb that has not seen a year,
A suckling of its mother dear?'
'Your brother then.' 'But brother I have none.'
'Well, well, what's all the same,
'Twas some one of your name.
Sheep, men, and dogs of every nation,
Are wont to stab my reputation,
As I have truly heard.'

Without another word,
He made his vengeance good,—
Bore off the lambkin to the wood,
And there, without a jury,
Judged, slew, and ate her in his fury.

THE OAK AND THE REED

I. 22

The oak one day addressed the reed:—
'To you ungenerous indeed
Has nature been, my humble friend,
With weakness aye obliged to bend.
The smallest bird that flits in air
Is quite too much for you to bear;
The slightest wind that wreathes the lake
Your ever-trembling head doth shake.
The while, my towering form
Dares with the mountain top
The solar blaze to stop,
And wrestle with the storm.
What seems to you the blast of death,
To me is but a zephyr's breath.
Beneath my branches had you grown,
That spread far round their friendly bower,
Less suffering would your life have known,
Defended from the tempest's power.
Unhappily you oftenest show
In open air your slender form,
Along the marshes wet and low,
That fringe the kingdom of the storm.
To you, declare I must,
Dame Nature seems unjust.'

Then modestly replied the reed:
'Your pity, sir, is kind indeed,
But wholly needless for my sake.
The wildest wind that ever blew
Is safe to me compared with you.
I bend, indeed, but never break.
Thus far, I own the hurricane
Has beat your sturdy back in vain;
But wait the end.' Just at the word,
The tempest's hollow voice was heard.
The North sent forth her fiercest child,
Dark, jagged, pitiless, and wild.
The oak, erect, endured the blow;
The reed bowed gracefully and low.
But, gathering up its strength once more,
In greater fury than before,
The savage blast
O'erthrew, at last,
That proud, old, sky-encircled head,
Whose feet entwined the empire of the dead!

THE LION GOING TO WAR

V. 19

The lion had an enterprise in hand;
Held a war-council, sent his provost-marshal,
And gave the animals a call impartial—
Each, in his way, to serve his high command.
The elephant should carry on his back
The tools of war, the mighty public pack,
And fight in elephantine way and form;
The bear should hold himself prepared to storm;
The fox all secret stratagems should fix;
The monkey should deceive the foe by tricks.
'Dismiss,' said one, 'the blockhead asses,
And hares, too cowardly and fleet.'
'No,' said the king; 'I use all classes;
Without their aid my force were incomplete.
The ass shall be our trumpeter, to scare
Our enemy. And then, the nimble hare
Our royal bulletins shall homeward bear.'

A monarch provident and wise
Will hold his subjects all of consequence,
And know in each what talent lies.
There's nothing useless to a man of sense.

THE ANIMALS SICK OF THE PLAGUE

VII. 1

The sorest ill that Heaven hath
Sent on this lower world in wrath,—
The plague (to call it by its name),
  One single day of which
  Would Pluto's ferryman enrich,—
Waged war on beasts, both wild and tame.
They died not all, but all were sick:
No hunting now, by force or trick,
To save what might so soon expire.
No food excited their desire;
Nor wolf nor fox now watched to slay
The innocent and tender prey.
  The turtles fled;
So love and therefore joy were dead.
The lion council held, and said:
'My friends, I do believe
This awful scourge, for which we grieve,
Is for our sins a punishment
Most righteously by Heaven sent.
Let us our guiltiest beast resign,
A sacrifice to wrath divine.
Perhaps this offering, truly small,
May gain the life and health of all.
By history we find it noted
That lives have been just so devoted.
Then let us all turn eyes within,
And ferret out the hidden sin.
  Himself let no one spare nor flatter,
  But make clean conscience in the matter.
For me, my appetite has played the glutton
  Too much and often upon mutton.
  What harm had e'er my victims done?
    I answer, truly, None.
  Perhaps, sometimes, by hunger pressed,
  I've slain the shepherd with the rest.
  I yield myself, if need there be;
  And yet I think in equity,
Each should confess his sins with me;
  For laws of right and justice cry,
  The guiltiest alone should die.'
    'Sire,' said the fox, 'your majesty
  Is humbler than a king should be,
  And over-squeamish in the case.
  What! eating stupid sheep a crime?
    No, never, sire, at any time.
  It rather was an act of grace,
  A mark of honor to their race.
  And as to shepherds, one may swear,
    The fate your majesty describes,
  Is recompense less full than fair
    For such usurpers o'er our tribes.'

  Thus Renard glibly spoke,
And loud applause from flatterers broke.
Of neither tiger, boar, nor bear,
Did any keen inquirer dare
To ask for crimes of high degree;
  The fighters, biters, scratchers, all
From every mortal sin were free;
  The very dogs, both great and small,
Were saints, as far as dogs could be.

  The ass, confessing in his turn,
Thus spoke in tones of deep concern:—
'I happened through a mead to pass;
The monks, its owners, were at mass;
Keen hunger, leisure, tender grass,
  And add to these the devil too,
  All tempted me the deed to do.
I browsed the bigness of my tongue;
Since truth must out, I own it wrong.'

On this, a hue and cry arose,
As if the beasts were all his foes;
A wolf, haranguing lawyer-wise,
Denounced the ass for sacrifice—
The bald-pate, scabby, ragged lout,
By whom the plague had come, no doubt.
His fault was judged a hanging crime.
  'What? eat another's grass? O shame!
The noose of rope and death sublime,
  For that offense, were all too tame!'
  And soon poor Grizzle felt the same.

Thus human courts acquit the strong,
And doom the weak, as therefore wrong.

THE TWO DOVES

IX. 2

Two doves once cherished for each other
The love that brother hath for brother.
But one, of scenes domestic tiring,
To see the foreign world aspiring,
  Was fool enough to undertake
A journey long, o'er land and lake.
'What plan is this?' the other cried;
'Wouldst quit so soon thy brother's side?
This absence is the worst of ills;
Thy heart may bear, but me it kills.
Pray, let the dangers, toil, and care,
  Of which all travelers tell,
  Your courage somewhat quell.
Still if the season later were—
O wait the zephyrs!—hasten not—'
  Just now the raven, on his oak,
  In hoarser tones than usual spoke:
'My heart forebodes the saddest lot,—
The falcons, nets—Alas, it rains!
My brother, are thy wants supplied?—

Provisions, shelter, pocket-guide,
And all that unto health pertains?'
These words occasioned some demur
In our imprudent traveler.
But restless curiosity
Prevailed at last; and so said he,—
'The matter is not worth a sigh;
Three days, at most, will satisfy,
And then returning, I shall tell
You all the wonders that befell,—
With scenes enchanting and sublime
Shall sweeten all our coming time.
Who seeth nought, hath nought to say.
My travel's course, from day to day,
Will be the source of great delight.
A store of tales I shall relate,—
Say there I lodged at such a date,
And saw there such and such a sight.
You'll think it all occurred to you.
On this, both, weeping, bade adieu.
Away the lonely wanderer flew.
A thunder-cloud began to lower;
He sought, as shelter from the shower,
The only tree that graced the plain,
Whose leaves ill turned the pelting rain.
The sky once more serene above,
On flew our drenched and dripping dove,
And dried his plumage as he could.
Next, on the borders of a wood,
He spied some scattered grains of wheat,
Which one, he thought, might safely eat;
For there another dove he saw.
He felt the snare around him draw!
This wheat was but a treacherous bait
To lure poor pigeons to their fate.
The snare had been so long in use,
With beak and wings he struggled loose:
Some feathers perished while it stuck;
But, what was worst in point of luck,
A hawk, the cruellest of foes,
Perceived him clearly as he rose,
Off dragging, like a runaway,
A piece of string. The bird of prey
Had bound him, in a moment more,
Much faster than he was before,
But from the clouds an eagle came,
And made the hawk himself his game.
By war of robbers profiting,
The dove for safety plied the wing,
And, lighting on a ruined wall,
Believed his dangers ended all.
A roguish boy had there a sling,
(Age pitiless!
We must confess)
And, by a most unlucky fling,
Half killed our hapless dove;
Who now, no more in love
With foreign traveling,
And lame in leg and wing,
Straight homeward urged his crippled flight,
Fatigued, but glad, arrived at night,
In truly sad and piteous plight.
The doves rejoined, I leave you all to say
What pleasure might their pains repay.
Ah, happy lovers, would you roam?
Pray, let it not be far from home.
To each the other ought to be
A world of beauty ever new;
In each the other ought to see
The whole of what is good and true.

Myself have loved; nor would I then,
For all the wealth of crownéd men,
Or arch celestial, paved with gold,
The presence of those woods have sold,
And fields, and banks, and hillocks, which
Were by the joyful steps made rich,
And smiled beneath the charming eyes
Of her who made my heart a prize—
To whom I pledged it nothing loath,
And sealed the pledge with virgin oath.
Ah, when will time such moments bring again?
To me are sweet and charming objects vain—
My soul forsaking to its restless mood?
O, did my withered heart but dare
To kindle for the bright and good,
Should not I find the charm still there?
Is love, to me, with things that were?

THE MONKEY AND THE CAT

IX. 17

Sly Bertrand and Ratto in company sat,
(The one was a monkey, the other a cat),
Co-servants and lodgers:
More mischievous codgers
Ne'er messed from a platter, since platters were flat.
Was anything wrong in the house or about it,
The neighbors were blameless,—no mortal could doubt it;
For Bertrand was thievish and Ratto so nice,
More attentive to cheese than he was to the mice.
One day the two plunderers sat by the fire,
Where chestnuts were roasting, with looks of desire.
To steal them would be a right noble affair.
A double inducement our heroes drew there—
'Twould benefit them, could they swallow their fill,
And then 'twould occasion to somebody ill.

Said Bertrand to Ratto, 'My brother, today
Exhibit your powers in a masterly way,
And take me these chestnuts, I pray,
Which were I but otherwise fitted
(As I am ingeniously witted)
For pulling things out of the flame,
Would stand but a pitiful game.'
''Tis done,' replied Ratto, all prompt to obey;
And thrust out his paw in a delicate way.
First giving the ashes a scratch,
He opened the coveted batch;
Then lightly and quickly impinging,
He drew out, in spite of the singeing,
One after another, the chestnuts at last,—
While Bertrand contrived to devour them as fast.
A servant girl enters. Adieu to the fun.
Our Ratto was hardly contented, says one.

No more are the princes by flattery paid
For furnishing help in a different trade,
And burning their fingers to bring
More power to some mightier king.

THE WOLF AND THE MASTIFF

I. 5

A wolf was down to skin and bone,
(Those watchdogs did their work so well).
He met a mastiff, a tremendous swell,
Sleek, plump, and portly, on the road alone.
Here was a chance, to tear him limb from limb!
But no, he looked a nasty one to fight;
'Twere better, on the whole, to be polite;
So with a smirk the wolf goes up to him,
And compliments him on his corporation,
And on the smoothness of his fur.
'You could be just as fat, good sir,'
Said Towser, 'if you left those plaguy woods
Where you poor devils pig it in starvation.
Just fancy, no fixed meals, no fire, no bed,
A constant fight for daily bread!
Come on, I'll help you find a situation,
Where you can have your share of this world's goods.'
'Well,' said the wolf, 'that sounds all right,
But pray what would my duties be?'
'Oh,' said the mastiff, 'very light—
Just bark at any beggars you may see,
Or folk with crutches; suit the master's moods,
Be civil to his servants and his wife,
Play with the children—it's a scrumptious life:
Chicken-bones, pigeon-bones, no lack,
And lots of scratching on the back.'
At such a prospect for his future years
The wolf's eyes filled with wistful tears.
But as they ran, he spied a curious ring
Of bald white patch behind his comrade's ears.
'What's that?' he asked with dawning fears.
'Nothing.' 'How so?' 'Well, hardly anything;
The collar of my chain, maybe,
Has been the cause of what you see.'
'Your chain!' exclaimed the wolf, 'then you're not free
To run at will?' 'Not quite—but it don't matter.'
'Don't it, indeed? It wouldn't do for me,'
Replied the starveling. 'You may be the fatter,
But I prefer my liberty
To all the riches of your platter.'
He didn't pause to say good-night,
But ran till he was out of sight.

THE DONKEY AND THE LAP DOG

IV. 5

To ape a gift we don't possess
Can only end in clumsiness.
A boor may strive as best he can,
He'll never be a gentleman.
Each here and there, and every now and then,
Some being is born into the world of men
To whom, spoilt darling of high Heaven,
The magic grace of charm is given.
'Tis well to leave it to them—those who try
To invade their exquisite monopoly
Will put the cap on when they grasp my moral,
Drawn from a too ambitious donkey,
Who pitched his singing in a wrong key.

An ass was musing on a quarrel
He had with life. 'That little dog,' thought he,
'Because, forsooth, his ways are so bewitching,
Is treated like the family,
And lives in ease and luxury,
While I get nothing but a switching.
I never, personally, saw
Much in him: he just gives his paw,
And then lets out a little yap,
And everybody starts to clap
And pass him round from lap to lap.

I can't see why I shouldn't do
The like, and get some spoiling too.'

The plan was well worth putting to the proof.
Seeing his master sweetly slumbering,
Up to his chair the ass goes lumbering,
Raises a hard and shabby hoof,
And archly pats him on the chin,
Enhancing the audacious action
With bursts of his own tuneful din.
'Oh!' cried his lord in stupefaction,
'Such a caress and such a song
I never knew my whole life long!
Martin, here's someone wants a whacking.'
Martin ran up, and started thwacking.
From that day forth our hero was
A sadder and a wiser ass.

THE PIG, THE GOAT, AND THE SHEEP

VIII. 12

A goat, a sheep, and a prize pig,
Packed close together in their gig—
Or cart—were driving to the fair.
'Twas not amusement led them there;
It wasn't the idea at all
To take them to the music-hall;
They were for sale, to tell you true.
And master pig, he squawls and squeals
As if he had ten butchers at his heels.
'Twas simply deafening. The other two,
Good easy folk, who saw no cause for dread,
Or what the rout was all about,
Wondered that he should shriek and shout
And raise a din to rouse the dead.
'Be quiet, sir,' the carter said,
'And let us hear each other speak.
What ails you, pray, to squawk and squeak?
These friends of yours, so calm and meek,
Are infinitely better bred.
'Tis they should teach you manners, or at least
To hold your tongue. See how this gentle beast,
Sir sheep, sits mumchance. That's what I call sense.'
'Then it's what I call dense,'
Replied the porker. 'If he knew what's what,
He'd baa his head off; and your other sample
Of breeding, if she realized her lot,
Would quickly follow my example,
And bleat her gullet sore; but she's a fool,
And so is he: they both suppose
Their only danger is to lose,
The goat her milk, the sheep his wool.
For aught I know, they may be right;
But I, who only furnish bacon,
Can be quite sure I'm not mistaken
In thinking I shall die tonight.
Farewell my wife, farewell my sty,
My old ancestral home, good-bye!'

It was a subtle ratiocination,
But profitless. We have our destinies,
Not to be changed by fear or lamentation,
And he's the wisest who the least foresees.

THE FISHES AND THE FLUTE-PLAYER

X. 11

The shepherd Thyrsis wooed Annette
With music of his flute and voice
So beautiful that hearing it
The souls in Hades might rejoice.
One day he sang upon the bank
Of a fair stream which ran through meadows
Where Zephyr o'er the flowers chased the shadows:
And while the singing rose and sank,
Annette sat fishing by his side—
But past the bait the victims glide,
And still no capture crowns her wishes.
Thyrsis, who by his tuneful art
Had melted many a ruthless heart,
Thought, but thought wrongly, 'twould attract the fishes.
'O citizens of this pure wave,' sang he,
'Come, leave your Naiad in her watery chamber,
And swimming up through green and amber
Behold a goddess lovelier far than she.
Fear not to enter her captivity;
Toward men alone her heart is hard;
You will be nourished tenderly,
And not one silver scale be marred.
Against your life she harbors no design;
A globe awaits you, clear as crystal fine;
And even though two or three should die,
In Anne's white arms one moment they would lie,
And I should wish their lot were mine.'

The speech was eloquent in form and matter,
But nothing could have fallen flatter.
The audience was no less deaf than dumb,
The stream undimpled lay, untwitched the line,

And not a single fish would come.
When his last lovely note had died unheeded,
It struck him that a net was what he needed.
He fetched a large one. In a minute
Every single fish was in it;
The next, laid out in order neat
At the fair shepherdess' feet.

Oh, shepherds, ye whose flocks are men, not sheep!
Kings, who by reason hope to win and keep
Th' allegiance of an alien population!
That never was the way to set
About your task—so try a net.
Force is your tool, not self-determination.

MOLIÈRE (1622–1673)

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who adopted for stage and literary purposes the name of Molière, was the son of Louis XIV's court upholsterer and received an excellent education at Paris, where he seems to have begun the study of law, but when he was barely twenty, he became a strolling player and, not long after, a professional playwright, taking as his models the Italian, Spanish and older French plays then in vogue. Gifted by nature with keen common sense and a rich fund of humor, he developed his knowledge of the stage and of French life by years of touring in the provinces before he obtained a permanent foothold in Paris. Even there his satirical wit made him many enemies, and Louis XIV, with whom he was a favorite, had on more than one occasion to interfere to prevent one or other of his plays from being banished from the stage. His dramatic work is extensive and various, and even in comedy, in which he excelled, his scope extended from ballets and farces to social and literary satire of the highest order. To the latter class belong *Les Précieuses* (The Affected Ladies), *Les Femmes Savantes* (The Learned Ladies), *Tartuffe* (The Hypocrite), and *Le Misanthrope;* richer in humor are the lighter comedies such as *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Le Médecin Malgré Lui* (given below from the translation of A. R. Waller), and *Le Malade Imaginaire* (The Imaginary Invalid). Molière burst a blood vessel while acting the last play at the Théâtre Français and died within an hour. The royal influence had again to be exercised to secure the actor and playwright Christian burial. His position as the leading French dramatic author and one of the greatest names in French literature has been fully established by time, and among the world's dramatic masters he occupies a very high place. Although thoroughly French, his genius has a universal appeal, for his humor and satire are directed against failings which are characteristic of the human race in all countries and times.

THE PHYSICIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

(*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SGANARELLE, *Martine's husband.*
MARTINE, *Sganarelle's wife.*
M. ROBERT, *Sganarelle's neighbor.*
VALÈRE, *Géronte's attendant.*
LUCAS, *Jacqueline's husband.*
GÉRONTE, *Lucinde's father.*
JACQUELINE, *Lucas's wife and nurse at Géronte's.*
LUCINDE, *Géronte's daughter.*
LÉANDRE, *Lucinde's lover.*

ACT I

SCENE I

SGANARELLE, MARTINE [*appearing on the stage quarreling*]

Sg. No; I tell you, I will not do anything of the kind, it is for me to speak, and to be master.

Ma. And I tell you you shall live as I choose. I didn't marry you to put up with your freaks.

Sg. Oh! what a plaguy nuisance it is to have a wife! Aristotle was quite right when he said a woman is worse than a devil.

Ma. Look at the clever man with his blockhead of an Aristotle!

Sg. Yes, clever indeed. Find me a faggot-binder who can argue on things as I can, who has served a famous doctor for six years, and who, in his boyish years, had his rudiments by heart.

Ma. Plague on the arrant dolt!

Sg. Plague on the slut!

Ma. Cursed be the hour and the day when I took it into my head to say yes.

Sg. Cursed be the notary who made me sign my own ruination.

Ma. Truly it well becomes you to complain on that score. Ought you not rather to thank heaven every moment that you have me for a wife? Did you deserve to marry a woman like me?

Sg. It is true you did me too much honor, and I had good reason to thank my stars

for my wedding night. Good Heavens! do not make me say too much: I might tell you certain things.

Ma. Well! what could you say?

Sg. Enough; let us drop the subject. It is sufficient that I know what I know, and you were very lucky to light on me.

Ma. What do you mean by very lucky to light on you? A fellow who will drive me to beggary, a drunken rascal who gobbles up all I have!

Sg. That is a lie: I drink part of it.

Ma. Who sells piecemeal everything there is in the house!

Sg. That is living on one's means.

Ma. Who has taken away even the bed from under me!

Sg. You will get up all the earlier.

Ma. In short, who does not leave me a stick in the whole house.

Sg. There will be less trouble when we move.

Ma. And who from morning to night does nothing but gamble and guzzle!

Sg. That is done to keep one's self out of the dumps.

Ma. And what do you intend me to do all the while with my family?

Sg. Whatever you like.

Ma. I have four poor little children on my hands.

Sg. Put them on the ground.

Ma. Who ask me every hour for bread.

Sg. Give them a birch rod. When I have had enough to eat and drink, everyone else ought to be glutted.

Ma. And you mean to tell me, you drunkard, that things can always go on like this.

Sg. Gently, wife, if you please.

Ma. That I am forever to put up with your insolence and debauchery?

Sg. Do not let us get into a passion, wife.

Ma. And that I do not know the way to bring you to a sense of your duty?

Sg. Wife, you know I have not a very patient nature, and that my arm is none of the lightest.

Ma. I laugh at your threats.

Sg. My sweet wife, my honey, your hide itches as usual.

Ma. I will soon let you see I am not afraid of you.

Sg. My better half, you have made up your mind to have a larruping.

Ma. Do you think I am frightened by your talk?

Sg. Sweet object of my love, I shall box your ears for you.

Ma. Drunkard!

Sg. I shall bang you.

Ma. Wine-cask!

Sg. I shall leather you.

Ma. Scoundrel!

Sg. I shall dress your hide.

Ma. Rascal! villain! knave! cur! scoundrel! hangdog! blackguard! wretch! scamp! rogue! thief! . . .

Sg. [*He takes a stick and beats her*] You will have it, then?

Ma. Oh! oh! oh! oh!

Sg. That is the smartest way to make you hold your tongue.

Scene II

M. Robert, Sganarelle, Martine

M. R. Hulloa, Hulloa, Hulloa! Fie! What is this? What a disgraceful thing! Plague take the coward to beat his wife like that.

Ma. [*her hands on her hips: she speaks to him, and makes him draw back: at last she smacks his face*] I like him to beat me.

M. R. Nay, then I agree with all my heart.

Ma. What have you to do with it?

M. R. I am wrong.

Ma. Is it your business?

M. R. You are right.

Ma. The impertinent fellow, to wish to hinder husbands from beating their wives.

M. R. I am sorry.

Ma. What have you to say to it?

M. R. Nothing.

Ma. Is it for you to poke your nose into it?

M. R. No.

Ma. Mind your own business.

M. R. I shall not utter another word.

Ma. I like being beaten.

M. R. Very well.

Ma. It does not sting you.

M. R. Quite true.

Ma. And you are a fool to interfere with what does not concern you.

M. R. [*He goes up to the husband, who addresses him in the same fashion, making him go back, hitting him with the same stick and putting him to flight. He says at length:*] Neighbor, I ask your pardon with all my heart. Go on, whack and bash your wife about as much as you please; I will help you, if you like.

Sg. I do not like.

M. R. Ah! that is another thing.

Sg. I will beat her if I like: and if I do not like, I will not beat her.

M. R. Very well.

Sg. She is my wife, and not yours.

M. R. Certainly.

Sg. It is not for you to order me about.

M. R. I grant that.

Sg. I do not want your help.

M. R. All right.

Sg. And it is like your impudence to meddle with other people's concerns. Remember what Cicero says; that between the tree and the finger you must not thrust in the bark. [*Then he comes back to his wife, and says to her, taking hold of her hand*] Come now, let us make it up. Shake hands.

Ma. Yes, after you have beaten me like this.

Sg. Never mind that. Shake hands.

Ma. I will not.

Sg. Eh!

Ma. No.

Sg. My little wife!

Ma. No.

Sg. Come, I tell you.

Ma. I will not do anything of the kind.

Sg. Come, come, come.

Ma. No; I will be angry.

Sg. Come! it is a trifle. Come, come.

Ma. Leave me alone.

Sg. Shake hands, I tell you.

Ma. You have ill-used me too much.

Sg. Come now, I ask your pardon; give me your hand.

Ma. I forgive you; [*she says the rest in a low voice*] but you will have to pay for it.

Sg. You are silly to take notice of it; these are little things that are necessary now and then for friendship's sake: five or six strokes of a switch between folks who love each other only whet the affections. There, I am going to the wood, and I promise you more than a hundred faggots today.

Scene III

Ma. [*alone*] Go, whatever pretense I make I shall not forget I have a score to settle with you. I am dying to find out something that will punish you for the blows you gave me. I know well enough that a wife has always at hand the means of being avenged on her husband; but that is too delicate a punishment for my hangdog. I want a revenge that shall make him smart a bit more, or it will not pay me for the insult I have received.

Scene IV

Valère, Lucas, Martine

Luc. I'll be blowed if we haven't got a deuce of an errand; I don't know, neither, what I shall collar by it.

Val. What would you have us do, my poor foster-father? We must do as our master bids us: and, besides, we have both of us an interest in the health of his daughter, our mistress; for her wedding, which is put off through her sickness, will no doubt bring something in our way. Among her suitors, Horace, who is liberal, is the most likely to succeed, and, although she has shown some inclination for a certain Léandre, you know well that her father will never be willing to receive him for his son-in-law.

Ma. [*musing, aside*] Can I not think of some way of avenging myself?

Luc. What fancy has he taken into his head, since the doctors have all forgot their Latin?

Val. You may often find by searching carefully what cannot be found at first; and frequently in the most unlikely places.

Ma. Yes; I must pay him out, no matter what it costs me. Those whacking blows stick in my gizzard; I cannot digest them, and . . . [*She says all this musingly, so that, not noticing the two men, she knocks against them in turning round, and says to them:*] Ah, gentlemen, I ask your pardon, I did not see you, I was puzzling my brains about something that bothers me.

Val. Everyone has his troubles in this world; we also are looking out for something that we should like to find.

Ma. Is it something in which I can help you?

Val. It may be so. We are trying to find some skilful man, some specialist, who might bring some relief to our master's daughter: she is seized with an illness which has suddenly deprived her of her power of speech. Several doctors have already exhausted all their art in her behalf; but sometimes one may find persons with wonderful secrets and certain special remedies, who very often succeed where others have failed; that is the sort of man we are looking for.

Ma. [*She says the first lines to herself*] Ah! This is an inspiration from Heaven to avenge myself on my hangdog. [*Aloud*] You could never have fallen in with anyone better able to get you what you want. We

have a man here, the most marvelous fellow in the world for desperate illnesses.

Val. Ah! for mercy's sake, where can we find him?

Ma. You will find him now in that little place there, where he is amusing himself in chopping wood.

Luc. A doctor chopping wood!

Val. You mean who is amusing himself in gathering herbs?

Ma. No; he is an odd fellow who pleases himself in that way; a fantastic, eccentric, fanciful man, whom you would never take to be what he is. He goes about dressed in an absurd way, pretends sometimes to appear ignorant, keeps his learning to himself, and dislikes nothing so much every day as using the wonderful talents which Heaven has given him in the art of medicine.

Val. It is a strange thing that all these great men have always some caprice, some slight alloy of madness mixed with their learning.

Ma. The madness of this man is greater than you can imagine, for sometimes he has even to be thrashed before he will own his skill. I warn you that you will not succeed, that he will never own he is a doctor if the whim is on him, unless you each take a stick and thrash him until you make him confess at last what he will hide at first. We use him like that when we need him.

Val. What a strange whim!

Ma. It is true; but, when that is over, you will see him work wonders.

Val. What is he called?

Ma. He is called Sganarelle But it is easy to recognize him. He is a man with a large black beard, and wears a ruff, and a yellow and green coat.

Luc. A yellow and green coat! He must be fit to be a parrot-doctor.

Val. But is it really true he is as skilful as you say?

Ma. Ah! He works miracles. About six months ago, a woman was given up by all the other doctors; for six hours they thought her dead, and they were going to bury her, when they dragged the man we are speaking of to her by force. Having seen her, he poured a small drop of something in her mouth; at that very moment she rose from her bed, and began to walk about her room at once as if nothing had happened.

Luc. Ah!

Val. It must have been a golden drug.

Ma. Possibly it was. Not more than three weeks ago a young lad of twelve years old fell from the top of the belfry, and smashed his skull, arms and legs on the pavement. They had no sooner brought our man on the scene than he rubbed the whole body with a certain ointment, which he is clever at; and the lad got up at once on his legs, and ran away to play at chuck-farthing.

Luc. Ah!

Val. This man must have the universal elixir.

Ma. No one doubts it.

Luc. By jingo! yon's the very man we want. Let's look sharp and fetch him.

Val. We are much obliged to you for the service you have done us.

Ma. But do not fail to remember the warning I gave you.

Luc. Goodness me, leave it to us. If he only wants a tannin', we've got the hide.

Val. We are very lucky to have had this meeting. I am very hopeful about the result.

Scene V

Sganarelle, Valère, Lucas

Sg. [*enters on the stage singing, and holding a bottle*] La, la, la.

Val. I hear someone singing and chopping wood.

Sg. La, la, la, . . . Really I have done enough for one spell. Let us take a little breath. [*He drinks and, after this, he says:*] This wood is devilish salt. [*Sings:*]

What pleasure's so sweet as the bottle can give,
What music's so good as thy little gull-gull!
My fate might be envied by all on the earth
Were my dear jolly flask but constantly full.
Say why, my sweet bottle, I pray thee, say why,
Since, full you're delightful, you ever are dry?

Come on! we must not have the blues.

Val. That is he himself.

Luc. I think you're right; we've hit on him straight.

Val. Let us look nearer.

Sg. [*seeing them, he looks at them, turning toward one and then toward the other, lowers his voice, and says:*] Ah! my little rogue! how I love you, my pretty darling. My fate . . . might be envied . . . by all . . . on the earth.—What the deuce do these people want?

Val. It is surely he.

Luc. That's him, the very spit of him, as he was made out to us.

Sg. [*puts his bottle on the ground, and Valère stooping down to salute him he thinks it is in order to rob him of it, so he puts it on the other side; then, as Lucas does the same thing, he takes it up again, and hugs it against his stomach with various gestures, and so makes plenty of 'business.'*] [*Aside*] They are consulting each other while looking at me. What can they mean?

Val. Monsieur, is not your name Sganarelle?

Sg. Eh! What?

Val. I ask you if your name is not Sganarelle.

Sg. [*turning first to Valère, then to Lucas*] Yes, and no. It depends on what you want with him.

Val. We do not want anything with him except to offer him our cordial greetings.

Sg. In that case, my name is Sganarelle.

Val. We are delighted to have met you, Monsieur. We have been recommended to you for what we are in need of: we have come to beg your help, of which we are in want.

Sg. If it is anything, gentlemen, that concerns my little trade, I am very ready to serve you.

Val. You are too kind to us, Monsieur. But, pray, put on your hat, Monsieur, the sun might hurt you.

Luc. Clap it on, Master.

Sg. [*aside*] How very ceremonious these people are.

Val. You must not think it strange that we have come to you, Monsieur. Skilful people are always much sought after, and we have been told of your ability.

Sg. It is true, gentlemen, that I am the best man in the world at making faggots.

Val. Ah! Monsieur.

Sg. I do not spare any pains. I make them in such a manner that leaves nothing to be desired.

Val. That is not the question we have come about, Monsieur.

Sg. But I sell them at ten sous the hundred.

Val. Let us not talk about that, if you please.

Sg. I promise you I cannot sell them for less.

Val. We know what is what, Monsieur.

Sg. If you know what is what, you know I sell them thus.

Val. You are jesting, Monsieur, and . . .

Sg. I am not jesting: I cannot take any less.

Val. Pray, now, let us talk differently.

Sg. You may find someone else who will let you have them for less; there are faggots and faggots; but for those I make . . .

Val. Ah! Monsieur, let us cease talking like this.

Sg. I swear you shall not have them for a farthing less.

Val. Oh! Fie!

Sg. No, on my word, you will have to pay that. I am talking to you frankly. I am not the man to overcharge.

Val. Ought a gentleman like you, Monsieur, to amuse himself with these absurd pretenses, and demean himself to talk thus? Ought so learned a man, such a skilful doctor as you are, wish to disguise himself from the eyes of the world, and keep buried the great talents he possesses?

Sg. [*aside*] He is mad.

Val. Pray, Monsieur, do not dissemble with us.

Sg. What do you mean?

Luc. All this flimflam's neither here nor there. I know what I know.

Sg. What is it, then? What do you want to say to me? For whom do you take me?

Val. For what you are, a great doctor.

Sg. Doctor yourself; I am not one; I have never been one.

Val. [*aside*] Now his fit is on him. [*Aloud*] Do not hide matters longer, Monsieur, and do not, we beseech you, cause us to take extreme measures.

Sg. What do you mean?

Val. Certain things we should be sorry to do.

Sg. Goodness me! Come on and do what you like. I am not a doctor. I do not understand what you are talking about.

Val. [*aside*] Well, I see we shall have to apply the remedy. [*Aloud*] Once more, Monsieur, I beg you will admit what you are.

Luc. Now then, don't let's have no more shamming; say outright you're a doctor.

Sg. This makes me wild.

Val. What is the good of denying what everybody knows?

Luc. Why all these lies? What's the good of 'em?

Sg. One word is as good as two thousand, gentlemen. I tell you I am not a doctor.

Val. You are not a doctor?

Sg. No.

Luc. You ain't a doctor?

Sg. No, I tell you.

Val. Since you will have it so, we must make up our minds to it. [*They take sticks and thrash him.*]

Sg. Ah! ah! ah! gentlemen! I will be everything you like.

Val. Why do you force us to use this violence, Monsieur?

Luc. What's the good of bothering us to wallop you?

Val. I assure you I regret it with all my heart.

Luc. I'll take my davy I'm sorry for it, I tell you straight.

Sg. What the devil is this, gentlemen? For pity's sake, is it a joke, or are you both gone out of your wits, that you wish to make out I am a doctor?

Val. What! you do not give in yet, you deny that you are a doctor?

Sg. The devil take me if I am one!

Luc. It ain't true you're a doctor?

Sg. No, plague choke me! [*Upon this they begin again to beat him*] Ah! ah! Oh well! gentlemen, yes, since you will have it so, I am a doctor, I am a doctor, an apothecary too, if you think well. I had rather agree to everything than be bashed about.

Val. Ah! that is all right, Monsieur; I am delighted to see you so reasonable.

Luc. It does my heart good to hear you talk like that.

Val. I ask your pardon with all my heart.

Luc. I hope you'll overlook the liberty I took.

Sg. [*aside*] Bless my soul! Am I really deceived, and have I become a doctor without knowing it?

Val. You shall not have cause to regret, Monsieur, having told us what you are; you shall certainly be satisfied.

Sg. But tell me, gentlemen, may you not yourselves be mistaken? Is it quite certain I am a doctor?

Luc. Yes, by gum!

Sg. Really and truly?

Val. Undoubtedly.

Sg. The devil take me if I knew it!

Val. Why, you are the most skilful doctor in the world.

Sg. Ah! ah!

Luc. A doctor who's mended I don't know how many complaints.

Sg. The deuce I did!

Val. A woman was thought dead for six hours; they were going to bury her, when you, with a drop of something, brought her to again, and at once made her walk about the room.

Sg. The plague I did!

Luc. A little lad of twelve years fell from the top of the belfry, and got his head, legs and arms smashed; and you, with some ointment or other, made him jump on his feet, and off he went to play chuck-farthing.

Sg. The devil I did!

Val. In short, Monsieur, you will be satisfied with us, and we will pay you any fee you like, if you will allow us to take you where we want to take you.

Sg. I shall have what fees I choose?

Val. Yes.

Sg. In that case I am a doctor, without dispute. I had forgotten it; but I remember it now. What is the matter? Where am I to go?

Val. We will conduct you. We want you to see a girl who has lost her speech.

Sg. Indeed! I have not found it.

Val. He loves to joke! Come, Monsieur.

Sg. Without a doctor's gown?

Val. We will get one.

Sg. [*giving his bottle to Valère*] You carry this: it is where I put my juleps. [*Then, turning towards Lucas, and spitting*] And you can step on that by order of the doctor.

Luc. By jingo! I like this doctor. I think he'll get on, for he's fond of a lark.

ACT II

Scene I

Géronte, Valère, Lucas, Jacqueline

Val. Yes, Monsieur, I think you will be satisfied; we have brought you the greatest doctor in the world.

Luc. Oh! my eyes! you can let the others go hang after this one: the rest aren't fit to lick his boots.

Val. He is a man who has performed some marvelous cures.

Luc. He's mended folks after they were dead.

Val. He is rather whimsical, as I have told you; sometimes his mind wanders, and he does not seem to be what he really is.

Luc. Yes, he loves a joke; you'll excuse me, but, as a body may say, he's got a tile loose somewhere.

Val. But, in reality, this is all learning;

he very often says things quite beyond one's understanding.

Luc. When he sets about it, he talks as fine as if he were reading a book.

Val. He has already a great reputation here, everyone comes to him.

Gér. I should much like to see him; send him to me quickly.

Val. I will go and fetch him.

Jac. You may take my word for it, Master, this one'll do just the same as all the rest. I think it's six of one and half a dozen of the others; I think the best medicine to give your daughter would be a fine strapping husband, whom she could fancy.

Gér. Lord bless my soul, good Nurse, you are over meddlesome.

Luc. Hold your tongue, Mother Jacqueline; it isn't for you to poke your nose in there.

Jac. I say and I sez that all these doctors 'll do her no more good than a swig o' water; your daughter wants summat else than rhubarb and senna; a husband's a plaster what cures all lasses' complaints.

Gér. Would anyone have her as she is now, with her affliction? When I intended her to marry, did she not oppose my wishes?

Jac. No wonder. You wanted to give her a man she didn't like. Why not give her to Monsieur Léandre, who takes her fancy? She'd be good enough, and I bet he'd take her as she is, if you were to give her to him.

Gér. Léandre is not the man we want; he has not a fortune like the other.

Jac. He's got an uncle who's rich, and he'll come into the money.

Gér. All these expectations seem to me to be moonshine. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush: we run a great risk in waiting for dead men's shoes. Death is not eager to listen to the desires and prayers of young heirs; teeth go on growing all the same, while one's waiting for somebody's death.

Jac. However, I've always heard say that in marriage, as in everything else, better be happy than rich. Fathers and mothers all have this cursed habit of asking, 'How much has he got?' and 'How much has she got?' Gaffer Peter married his Simonette to that lout of a Thomas 'cos he'd got a paltry scrap of a vineyard more'n young Robin had, whom the lass had a mind to: and now the poor critter's as yaller's a guinea, and is no better for marrying. That's a good example for you, Master. What's the good of anything if you can't be happy? I'd sooner give my daughter a lusty fellow that she likes, than all the riches in the countryside.

Gér. Bless me, Nurse, how you prate! Hold your tongue, for goodness' sake: you bother yourself too much: you will spoil your milk.

Luc. [*While he says this, he slaps Géronte's chest*] Come, no more of yer chatter, you sauce-box. Master doesn't want your jaw: he knows what he's about. All you've got to do is to suckle your baby, without argifying so much. Master's the lass's father, and he's good enough and 'cute enough to know what's good for her.

Gér. Gently, I say, gently!

Luc. I want to take her down a peg, Master, and teach her how she ought to behave to you.

Gér. Very well. But it does not need all this gesticulation.

Scene II

Valère, Sganarelle, Géronte, Lucas, Jacqueline

Val. Look out, Monsieur, here is our doctor coming.

Gér. I am delighted to see you here, Monsieur: we have very great need of you.

Sg. [*in a doctor's gown, with a very pointed cap*] Hippocrates says . . . that we should both put on our hats.

Gér. Hippocrates says that?

Sg. Yes.

Gér. In which chapter, if you please!

Sg. In his chapter on hats.

Gér. Since Hippocrates says so, it must be so.

Sg. Having heard, Doctor, of the marvelous things . . .

Gér. To whom are you speaking, pray?

Sg. To you.

Gér. I am not a doctor.

Sg. You are not a doctor?

Gér. Indeed I am not.

Sg. [*Sganarelle now takes a stick and thrashes him in the same way that he was thrashed*] Really?

Gér. Really. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Sg. Now you are a doctor: I have never taken any other degree.

Gér. What a devil of a fellow you have brought here!

Val. Did I not tell you he was an eccentric doctor?

Gér. Yes; but I would like to send him about his business with his eccentricities.

Luc. Don't take no notice of it, Master. It's only his joking.

Gér. That kind of joke does not suit me.

Sg. I beg your pardon, Monsieur, for the liberty I have taken.

Gér. I am your servant, Monsieur.

Sg. I am sorry . . .

Gér. It is nothing.

Sg. For the thrashing . . .

Gér. There is no harm done.

Sg. Which I have had the honor to give you.

Gér. Do not say any more about that. I have a daughter, Monsieur, who has fallen ill of a strange complaint.

Sg. I am delighted, Monsieur, that your daughter has need of me. I wish with all my heart, that you had need of me also, you and all your family, so that I might make evident my wish to serve you.

Gér. I am obliged to you for these desires.

Sg. I assure you I speak from my very heart.

Gér. You do me too much honor.

Sg. What is your daughter's name?

Gér. Lucinde.

Sg. Lucinde! Ah! a pretty name to physic! Lucinde!

Gér. I will just see what she is doing.

Sg. Who is that tall woman?

Gér. She is my baby's nurse.

Sg. My eyes! what a fine piece of household furniture. Ah! Nurse! Charming Nurse! my doctorship is the very humble slave of your nurseship, and I wish I were the happy bantling who sucks the milk of your good graces. All my science, all my skill, all my cleverness, is at your service; and . . .

Luc. Here, Mr. Doctor, you just leave my wife alone, I say.

Sg. What! is she your wife?

Luc. Yes.

Sg. [*He pretends to embrace Lucas, and turning to the Nurse, embraces her*] Oh, indeed! I did not know that, but I am very glad of it for both your sakes.

Luc. [*pulling Sganarelle away*] Stop that, I say.

Sg. I assure you I am delighted you are mated together. I congratulate her upon having [*he again pretends to embrace Lucas, and, slipping under his arms, throws himself on the neck of his wife*] such a husband as you; and I congratulate you upon having so handsome, so sober, and so buxom a wife as she is.

Luc. [*pulling him away again*] Now then, don't be so free with compliments, d'ye hear?

Sg. I rejoice with you over such a pleasant union.

Luc. As much as you like with me, but you can cut your palaver short with my wife.

Sg. I have the happiness of both of you equally at heart; and [*he continues the same by-play*] if I embrace you to show my delight in yours, I embrace her in the same way to show my delight in hers.

Luc. [*pulling him away once more*] Upon my word, Mr. Doctor, you're a nice fellow!

Scene IV

Lucinde, Valère, Géronte, Lucas, Sganarelle, Jacqueline

Sg. Is this the patient?

Gér. Yes. I have but one daughter; I should never get over it, were she to die.

Sg. Do not let her do anything of the sort. She must not die without a doctor's prescription.

Gér. Bring a chair here.

Sg. This is not at all a disagreeable patient. I don't think she would be at all amiss for a sound healthy fellow.

Gér. You have made her laugh, Monsieur.

Sg. So much the better. It is the best symptom imaginable when a doctor makes his patient laugh. Well, what is the matter? What ails you? Where are your pains?

Lucin. [*replies by signs, putting her hand to her mouth, to her head, and under her chin*] Ha, hi, ha, ha, hi, ho.

Sg. Eh! what is that?

Lucin. [*continues the same gestures*] Ha, hi, ho, ha, ha, hi, ho.

Sg. What?

Lucin. Ha, hi, ho.

Sg. [*imitating her*] Ha, hi, ho, ha, ha: I do not understand you. What the deuce of a language is that?

Gér. That is just what her complaint is, Monsieur. She became dumb, without our knowing the cause. It is this accident that has compelled us to put off the marriage.

Sg. Why is that?

Gér. The man she is going to marry wishes to wait for her to get better before concluding the marriage.

Sg. Who is the fool that does not want his wife to be dumb? Would to heaven that mine had that disease! I should take very good care not to have her cured.

Gér. Well, Monsieur, I beg of you to use all your skill to cure her of this malady.

Sg. Do not be anxious. Tell me, does this affliction trouble her much?

Gér. Yes, Monsieur.

Sg. So much the better. Is the pain very acute?

Gér. Very acute.

Sg. That is quite right. Does she go to . . . you know where?

Gér. Yes.

Sg. Freely?

Gér. I do not know anything about that.

Sg. Is the matter all that could be desired?

Gér. I do not understand these things.

Sg. [*turning to the patient*] Let me feel your pulse. This tells me your daughter is dumb.

Gér. Yes, Monsieur, that is just what is the matter with her; you have found it out at once.

Sg. Ah, ah!

Jac. See how he's fathomed what's the matter wi' her.

Sg. We great doctors, we know things instantly. An ignoramus would have been puzzled, and would have said to you: it is this, it is that, but I hit the nail on the head with the first stroke: I tell you your daughter is dumb.

Gér. Yes. But I would very much like you to tell me how this happened.

Sg. There is nothing easier: it is because she has lost her speech.

Gér. Very good: but what was the cause of this loss of speech?

Sg. All our best authorities will tell you that it arises from an impediment in the action of her tongue.

Gér. But, nevertheless, let us have your opinion on this impediment in the action of her tongue.

Sg. Aristotle on this subject says . . . many clever things.

Gér. I can quite believe it.

Sg. Ah! he was a great man!

Gér. No doubt.

Sg. [*holding out his arm from the elbow*] A very great man. A man who was greater than I am by this much. But to return to our argument: I am of opinion that this impediment in the action of her tongue is caused by certain humors, which we learned men call peccant humors; peccant—that is to say . . . peccant humors; for, as the vapors formed by the exhalations of the influences which arise in the very region of diseases, coming . . . as we may say . . . to . . . Do you understand Latin?

Gér. Not in the least.

Sg. [*rising astonished*] You do not understand Latin?

Gér. No.

Sg. [*assuming various comic attitudes*] *Cabricias arci thuram, catalamus, singulariter, nominativo, haec Musa,* 'the Muse,' *bonus, bona, bonum, Deus sanctus, estne oratio latinas? Etiam,* 'Yes.' *Quare?* 'Why?' *Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi, numerum, et casus.*

Gér. Ah! why did I not study!

Jac. What a clever 'un he is.

Luc. Yes, it's so fine that I don't understand a word of it.

Sg. Thus these vapors, of which I speak, passing from the left side, where the liver is, to the right side, where the heart is, it so happens that the lungs, which in Latin we speak of as *armyan,* communicating with the brain, which in Greek we style *nasmus,* by means of the *venæ cavæ,* which in Hebrew we call *cubile,* in their course meet the said vapors, which fill the ventricles of the *omoplata;* and as the said vapors . . . please follow this argument, closely; and as these said vapors are gifted with a certain malignity . . . listen well to this, I beseech you.

Gér. Yes.

Sg. Are gifted with a certain malignity which is caused . . . please pay attention to this.

Gér. I am doing so.

Sg. Which is caused by the acridity of these humors engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm, it so happens that these vapors . . . *Ossabandus, nequeys, nequer potarinum, quipsa milus.* That is precisely the reason your daughter is dumb.

Jac. Ah! How well the gentleman explains it all!

Luc. Why doesn't my tongue wag as well as his?

Gér. No one could possibly argue better. There is but one thing that baffles me; that is the whereabouts of the liver and the heart. It seems to me that you place them differently from where they are; the heart is on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Sg. Yes; this was so formerly; but we have changed all that, and nowadays we practise medicine in an entirely different way.

Gér. I did not know that. I hope you will pardon my ignorance.

Sg. There is no harm done, you have no need to be so clever as we are.

Gér. Certainly not. But what do you

think, Monsieur, ought to be done for this affliction?

Sg. What do I think ought to be done?

Gér. Yes.

Sg. My advice is that she be put to bed again, and, for a remedy, you must make her take plenty of bread soaked in wine.

Gér. Why so, Monsieur?

Sg. Because in bread and wine when mixed together there is a sympathetic virtue which produces speech. Do you not remember that they give nothing else to parrots, and that it teaches them to speak?

Gér. That is true. Oh! what a great man you are! Quick, bring plenty of bread and wine.

Sg. I shall come back tonight to see how she is getting on. [*To the Nurse*] You stop a little. I must give some medicine to your nurse, Monsieur.

Jac. To whom? Me? I'm as well as can be.

Sg. So much the worse, Nurse, so much the worse. Too much health is a dangerous thing: it would not be amiss to bleed you a little, gently, and to administer a slight soothing injection.

Gér. But, Monsieur, I do not understand this method. Why bleed people who are not ill?

Sg. It does not signify: the method is salutary; even as we drink in advance to quench thirst, so must we bleed for the coming disease.

Jac. [*going*] Get along with you. I don't care a fig for all this. I won't have my carcase made a chemist's shop.

Sg. So you object to my remedies. Well, we shall know how to bring you to reason. [*Speaking to Géronte*] I wish you good day.

Gér. Just wait a moment, please.

Sg. What do you want?

Gér. To give you your fee, Monsieur.

Sg. [*holding his hand from under his gown, while Géronte opens his purse*] I shall not take it, Monsieur.

Gér. Monsieur . . .

Sg. Not at all.

Gér. One moment.

Sg. Under no circumstances.

Gér. I beseech you.

Sg. You are jesting.

Gér. That is settled.

Sg. I will not.

Gér. What!

Sg. I do not practise for money.

Gér. I am sure of that.

Sg. [*after having taken the money*] Is it good weight?

Gér. Yes, Monsieur.

Sg. I am not a mercenary doctor.

Gér. That I readily believe.

Sg. I am not inspired by interested considerations.

Gér. I do not for a moment think it.

Scene V

Sganarelle, Léandre

Sg. [*alone, looking at his money*] Upon my word, this does not turn out badly; and provided that . . .

Lé. I have been waiting for you some time, Monsieur. I have come to beg your help.

Sg. [*feeling his pulse*] Your pulse is very bad.

Lé. I am not ill, Monsieur: it is not for that I came to see you.

Sg. If you are not ill, why the deuce do you not say so?

Lé. No. To tell you the matter in a few words, my name is Léandre. I am in love with Lucinde, whom you have just seen; and, as all access to her is denied me, through the ill-will of her father, I venture to beseech you to help me in my love affair, and to assist me in carrying out a plan I have devised to enable me to say a few words to her: my life and happiness entirely depend on my doing this.

Sg. [*feigning anger*] For whom do you take me? How dare you address yourself to me to help you in your love affair, and seek to lower the dignity of a doctor by such an employment?

Lé. Do not make a noise, Monsieur.

Sg. [*driving him back*] I will make a noise. You are an impudent rogue.

Lé. Ah! gently, Monsieur.

Sg. An ill-mannered puppy.

Lé. I beseech you.

Sg. I will teach you I am not the sort of man you take me for: it is the most audacious insolence . . .

Lé. [*taking out a purse which he gives him*] Monsieur . . .

Sg. [*taking the purse*] To wish to employ me. . . . I am not speaking of you, for you are a gentleman, and I shall be delighted to be of service to you. But there are some impudent fellows in this world who take people for what they are not; and I tell you frankly they make my passions rise.

Lé. I beg your pardon, Monsieur, for the liberty I have . . .

Sg. Don't mention it. What is the business in question?

Lé. I must tell you, Monsieur, that this illness which you want to cure is a sham illness. The doctors have argued about it, to the extent of their powers, and they have not failed to say—this one, that in his opinion, it arises from the brain; that one, from the intestines; another, from the spleen; another, from the liver; the truth is, love is the sole cause; Lucinde has only feigned this illness in order to free herself from a marriage which is hateful to her. But lest we should be seen together, let us go away from here; I will tell you as we walk along what I wish from you.

Sg. Very well, Monsieur. You have inspired me with an inconceivable interest in your love; and if all my physic does not fail me, the patient shall either die or be yours.

ACT III

Scene I

Sganarelle, Léandre

Lé. I do not think I make a bad apothecary; and, as her father has hardly ever seen me, this change of dress and wig is probably sufficient, I imagine, to disguise me in his eyes.

Sg. There is no doubt of it.

Lé. Only I wish I knew five or six long medical words to mix in my conversation, and to give me the air of a clever man.

Sg. Nonsense, nonsense; it is not at all necessary. The dress is sufficient; I don't know any more about it than you do.

Lé. What?

Sg. The deuce take me if I understand anything about physic! You are a gentleman, and I am perfectly willing to confide in you, as you have confided in me.

Lé. What! Then you are not really . . .

Sg. No, I tell you. They have made me a doctor in spite of my teeth. I never tried to be so learned as that; all my studies came to an end in the sixth and lowest class. I do not know what put the whim in their heads, but when I saw that in spite of everything they would have it that I was a doctor, I made up my mind to be one at other people's expense. You would not believe, however, how this error has spread, and how everyone is full of it, and believes me to be a great man. They come to fetch me on all sides; and, if things go on always in this way, I have made up my mind to stick to physic all my life. I find that it is the best trade of all; for, whether we do right or wrong, we are paid just the same. Blunders never do us a bad turn; we cut away the material we have to work with as we choose. A shoemaker, in making a pair of shoes, cannot spoil a scrap of leather without having to pay for it; but in our trade we can spoil a man without its costing us a farthing. The blunders are never put down to our charge: it is always the fault of the fellow who dies. In short, the best of this profession is, that there is the greatest excellence and discretion current among the dead; for they have never yet been known to complain of the doctor who killed them.

Lé. It is true the dead are very honorable fellows in this respect.

Sg. [*seeing some people come toward him*] Here are some people who seem as though they wished to consult me. Go and wait for me near the house of your lady-love.

Scene VI

Jacqueline, Lucinde, Géronte, Léandre, Sganarelle

Jac. Here's your daughter, Master: she wishes to walk a bit.

Sg. It will do her good. Go to her, Mr. Apothecary, and feel her pulse, and I will consult with you presently about her malady. [*At this point he draws Géronte to one side of the stage, puts one arm on his shoulder, places his hand under his chin, and makes him turn toward him, each time that Géronte wants to look at what is going on between his daughter and the apothecary, while he holds the following discourse with him to keep him occupied*]

Monsieur, it is a great and subtle question among doctors whether women or men are most easy to cure. Pray listen to this. Some say 'no, some say 'yes'; I say both 'yes' and 'no'; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humors, which are found in the natural temperament of women, causes the animal part to struggle ever for mastery over the spiritual, we find that the inequality of their opinions depends on the oblique motion of the circle of the moon; and as the sun,

which darts its rays on the concavity of the earth, meets . . .

Lucin. No; I can never change my feelings.

Gér. Hark! my daughter speaks! O the great virtue of physic! O excellent Doctor! How deeply am I indebted to you, Monsieur, for this marvelous cure! How can I repay you for such a service?

Sg. [*strutting about the stage, wiping his forehead*] This case has given me much trouble.

Lucin. Yes, father, I have recovered my speech; but I have recovered it only to tell you I will never have any other husband than Léandre, and that it is useless for you to try to give me to Horace.

Gér. But . . .

Lucin. Nothing will shake the resolution I have taken.

Gér. What . . .?

Lucin. All your fine arguments will be in vain.

Gér. If . . .

Lucin. Nothing you say will have any effect.

Gér. I . . .

Lucin. I have made up my mind on the subject.

Gér. But . . .

Lucin. No paternal authority can force me to marry against my will.

Gér. I have . . .

Lucin. You may try as much as you like.

Gér. It . . .

Lucin. My heart cannot submit to such a tyranny.

Gér. There . . .

Lucin. And I will sooner go into a convent than marry a man I do not love.

Gér. But . . .

Lucin. [*speaking in a piercing tone of voice*] No. Not by any means. It is of no use. You waste your breath. I will not do anything of the kind. I am determined.

Gér. Ah! what a torrent of words! One cannot stand against it. I beseech you, Monsieur, to make her dumb again.

Sg. That is impossible. All that I can do for you is to make you deaf, if you like.

Gér. Many thanks. Do you think then . . .

Lucin. No; all your arguments will not have the least effect on me.

Sg. Stop, for Heaven's sake! Let me take this affair in hand: it is a disease that has got hold of her, and I know the remedy for it.

Gér. Is it really possible, Monsieur, that you can cure this affliction of the mind also?

Sg. Yes; let me arrange it. I have remedies for everything; and our apothecary is the man for this cure. [*He calls the apothecary and speaks to him*] One word. You see that the passion she has for this Léandre is altogether against the wishes of her father; that there is no time to lose; that the humors are very acrimonious; and that it is important to find a remedy for this complaint without loss of time, since it may become worse by delay. For my part, I see but one remedy, which is a dose of purgative flight, mixed, as it ought to be, with two drachms of matrimonium, in pills. Perhaps she may object to this remedy; but as you are a clever man in your calling, you must persuade her to agree to it, and make her swallow the thing as best you can. Go and take a little turn in the garden with her to prepare the humors, while I talk here with her father; but, above all, do not lose a moment. Apply the remedy at once, apply the specific remedy.

Scene VII

Géronte, Sganarelle

Gér. What drugs are those you have just mentioned, Monsieur? I do not remember ever to have heard of them before.

Sg. They are drugs which are only used in urgent cases.

Gér. Did you ever see such insolence as hers?

Sg. Daughters are somewhat obstinate at times.

Gér. You would hardly believe how infatuated she is over this Léandre.

Sg. The heat of the blood causes these things in young people.

Gér. Well, the moment I found out the violence of this passion, I took care to keep my daughter always under lock and key.

Sg. You acted wisely.

Gér. And I prevented the slightest communication passing between them.

Sg. Quite right.

Gér. They would have committed some folly or other, if they had been allowed to see each other.

Sg. Undoubtedly.

Gér. I think she is just the girl who would have eloped with him.

Sg. You have acted prudently.

Gér. I was warned that he tried every means to see her.

Sg. The villain!

Gér. But he will waste his time.

Sg. Ah! ah!

Gér. I will take good care he does not see her.

Sg. He has no fool to deal with; you know some tricks he doesn't guess. A cleverer than you is no fool.

Scene VIII

Lucas, Géronte, Sganarelle

Luc. Oh Lord! Master, here's a fine to do. Your daughter's run away with her Léandre. It was him as played the 'pothecary, and this is t' doctor what's performed t' operation.

Gér. What! to use me in this manner! Quick, fetch the police, and see he does not go away. Ah, villain! I will have you punished by the law.

Luc. I give you my word, Mister Doctor, you'll swing for this. Don't budge a step.

Scene IX

Martine, Sganarelle, Lucas

Ma. Good gracious! what a bother I have had to find this place! Just tell me what has become of the doctor I recommended to you?

Luc. Here he is; just going to be hanged.

Ma. What! my husband hanged! Alas, what has he done to deserve that?

Luc. He's helped someone to bolt with our Master's daughter.

Ma. Alas, my dear husband, is it true you are going to be hanged?

Sg. You see. Ah!

Ma. Will they put you to death before so many people?

Sg. What can I do?

Ma. If you had only finished chopping our wood, I should be somewhat comforted.

Sg. Go away, you break my heart.

Ma. No, I will stay and encourage you to die; I will not leave you until I have seen you hanged.

Sg. Ah!

Scene X

Géronte, Sganarelle, Martine, Lucas

Gér. The official will be here soon, and we shall put you in a place of safety where they will answer for you.

Sg. [*hat in hand*] Alas! will not a few blows with a stick do instead?

Gér. No, no; the law shall decide. But what do I see?

Scene XI

Léandre, Lucinde, Jacqueline, Lucas, Géronte, Sganarelle, Martine

Lé. Monsieur, I appear before you as Léandre, and I am come to restore Lucinde to your authority. We intended to run away and be married; but this intention has yielded to a more honorable proceeding. I will not venture to steal your daughter from you: it is from your hands alone that I will receive her. I have at the same time to acquaint you, Monsieur, that I have just now received letters which tell me of the death of my uncle, and that he has left me heir to all his fortune.

Gér. Monsieur, your virtue is worthy of the greatest consideration: I give you my daughter with the utmost pleasure in the world.

Sg. Physic has had a narrow escape.

Ma. Since you are not going to be hanged, you may thank me for making you a doctor: it was I who gained you that honor.

Sg. Yes, it was you gained me I do not know how many thwacks with a stick.

Lé. The result has proved too fortunate for you to harbor any grudge.

Sg. Be it so. I forgive you the beating because of the dignity to which you have raised me; but be prepared henceforth to show greater respect toward a man of my consequence; and remember that the anger of a doctor is more to be feared than people imagine.

LESAGE (1668–1747)

Gil Blas has been generally appreciated as the classical example of the autobiography of a *picaro* or rogue, for the expedient of making the villain of the piece into the hero occurred early in the history of fiction; but Alain René Lesage, who combined native common sense with the skill of a professional writer, was wise enough to make his hero not too villainous and to have his story tell on the side of good morals. His chief aim, however, was, as he himself puts it, 'to represent life as it is,' and he may justly be regarded as one of the founders of modern realism. Smollett, who translated *Gil Blas* into English, shows obvious indebtedness to Lesage in his own novels, and so does Fielding. Indeed, most modern novelists, including Gogol in Russian, Maupassant in French, and Thackeray and many others in English, have seen the advantages offered by the device of an adventurous and not too scrupulous hero, whose wandering life takes him into various scenes and brings him into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. Lesage, from motives of prudence, shifted his general scene from France to Spain, but he wrote from his own experience of the world as he knew it in the eighteenth century in Paris. The twelve books of *Gil Blas* were published in three parts, the first when Lesage was 47, the second when he was 56, and the third when he was 67. The advancing years of the author correspond with the maturity of his hero and account, not only for the latter's growth in prudence and worldly-wisdom, but for the greater restraint of the author's invention, though he keeps to the last an amused and lively sympathy with human nature as he found it, and as it still is, in spite of the changes of time and place. Gil Blas, proceeding by his own cleverness from footman to confidential secretary, and from a secretaryship to a place of political influence and a patent of nobility, retires to the country to pass a quiet old age amid the joys of family life.

THE WATER CURE

FROM BOOK II, CH. 3 AND 4

I determined to throw myself in the way of Signor Arias de Londona, and to look out for a new berth in his register; but as I was on my way to No Thoroughfare, who should come across me but Doctor Sangrado, whom I had not seen since the day of my master's death. I took the liberty of touching my hat. He kenned me in a twinkling, though I had changed my dress; and with as much warmth as his temperament would allow him: 'Hey day!' said he, 'the very lad I wanted to see; you have never been out of my thought. I have occasion for a clever fellow about me, and pitched upon you as the very thing, if you can read and write.' 'Sir,' replied I, 'if that is all you require, I am your man.' 'In that case,' rejoined he, 'we need look no further. Come home with me; it will be all comfort: I shall behave to you like a brother. You will have no wages, but everything will be found you. You shall eat and drink according to the true faith, and be taught to cure all diseases. In a word, you shall rather be my young Sangrado than my footman.'

I closed in with the doctor's proposal, in the hope of becoming an Esculapius under so inspired a master. He carried me home on the spur of the occasion, to instal me in my honorable employment; which honorable employment consisted in writing down the name and residence of the patients who sent for him in his absence. There had indeed been a register for this purpose, kept by an old domestic; but she had not the gift of spelling accurately, and wrote a most perplexing hand. This account I was to keep. It might truly be called a bill of mortality; for my members all went from bad to worse during the short time they continued in this system. I was a sort of bookkeeper for the other world, to take places in the stage, and to see that the first come were the first served. My pen was always in my hand, for Doctor Sangrado had more practise than any physician of his time in Valladolid. He got

into reputation with the public by a certain professional slang, humored by a medical face, and some extraordinary cases, more honored by implicit faith than scrupulous investigation.

He was in no want of patients, nor consequently of property. He did not keep the best house in the world: we lived with some little attention to economy. The usual bill of fare consisted of peas, beans, boiled apples or cheese. He considered this food as best suited to the human stomach, that is to say, as most amenable to the grinders, whence it was to encounter the process of digestion. Nevertheless, easy as was their passage, he was not for stopping the way with too much of them; and, to be sure, he was in the right. But though he cautioned the maid and me against repletion in respect of solids, it was made up by free permission to drink as much water as we liked. Far from prescribing us any limits there, he would tell us sometimes: 'Drink, my children; health consists in the pliability and moisture of the parts. Drink water by pails full, it is a universal dissolvent; water liquefies all the salts. Is the course of the blood a little sluggish? this grand principle sets it forward: too rapid? its career is checked.' Our doctor was so orthodox on this head, that he drank nothing himself but water, though advanced in years. He defined old age to be a natural consumption which dries us up and wastes us away: on this principle, he deplored the ignorance of those who call wine old men's milk. He maintained that wine wears them out and corrodes them, and pleaded with all the force of eloquence against that liquor, fatal in common both to young and old, that friend with a serpent in its bosom, that pleasure with a dagger under its girdle.

In spite of these fine arguments, at the end of a week a looseness ensued with some twinges, which I was blasphemous enough to saddle on the universal dissolvent and the new-fashioned diet. I stated my symptoms to my master, in the hope that he would relax the rigor of his regimen, and qualify my meals with a little wine, but his hostility to that liquor was inflexible. 'If you have not philosophy enough,' said he, 'for pure water, there are innocent infusions to strengthen the stomach against the nausea of aqueous quaffings. Sage, for example, has a very pretty flavor; and if you wish to heighten it into a debauch, it is only mixing rosemary, wild poppy, and other simples, but no compounds.'

In vain did he crack off his water, and teach me the secret of composing delicious messes. I was so abstemious, that, remarking my moderation, he said: 'In good sooth, Gil Blas, I marvel not that you are no better than you are; you do not drink enough, my friend. Water taken in a small quantity serves only to separate the particles of bile and set them in action; but our practise is to drown them in a copious drench. Fear not, my good lad, lest a superabundance of liquid should either weaken or chill your stomach; far from thy better judgment be that silly fear of unadulterated drink. I will ensure you against all consequences; and if my authority will not serve your turn, read Celsus. That oracle of the ancients makes an admirable panegyric on water; in short, he says in plain terms that those who plead an inconstant stomach in favor of wine, publish a libel on their own bowels, and make their organization a pretense for their sensuality.'

As it would have been ungenteel in me to have run riot on my entrance into the career of practise, I affected thorough conviction; indeed, I thought there was something in it. I therefore went on drinking water on the authority of Celsus, or, to speak in scientific terms, I began to drown the bile in copious drenches of that unadulterated liquor; and though I felt myself more out of order from day to day, prejudice won the cause against experience. It is evident, therefore, that I was in the right road to the practise of physic. Yet I could not always be insensible to the qualms which increased in my frame, to that degree as to determine me on quitting Doctor Sangrado. But he invested me with a new office which changed my tone. 'Hark you, my child,' said he to me one day, 'I am not one of those hard and ungrateful masters who leave their household to grow gray in service without suitable reward. I am well pleased with you, I have a regard for you, and without waiting till you have served your time, I will make your fortune. Without more ado, I will initiate you in the healing art, of which I have for so many years been at the head. Other physicians make the science to consist of various unintelligible branches; but I will shorten the road for

you, and dispense with the drudgery of studying natural philosophy, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Remember, my friend, that bleeding and drinking warm water are the two grand principles, the true secret of curing all the distempers incident to humanity. Yes, this marvelous secret which I reveal to you, and which nature, beyond the reach of my colleagues, has failed in rescuing from my pen, is comprehended in these two articles—namely, bleeding and drenching. Here you have the sum total of my philosophy; you are thoroughly bottomed in medicine, and may raise yourself to the summit of fame on the shoulders of my long experience. You may enter into partnership at once, by keeping the books in the morning, and going out to visit patients in the afternoon. While I dose the nobility and clergy, you shall labor in your vocation among the lower orders; and when you have felt your ground a little, I will get you admitted into our body. You are a philosopher, Gil Blas, though you have never graduated; the common herd of them, though they have graduated in due form and order, are likely to run out the length of their tether without knowing their right hand from their left.'

I thanked the doctor for having so speedily enabled me to serve as his deputy; and, by way of acknowledging his goodness, promised to follow his system to the end of my career, with a magnanimous indifference about the aphorisms of Hippocrates. But that engagement was not to be taken to the letter. This tender attachment to water went against the grain, and I had a scheme for drinking wine every day snugly among the patients. I left off wearing my own suit a second time, to take up one of my master's, and look like an inveterate practitioner. After which I brought my medical theories into play, leaving them to look to the event whom it might concern. I began on an alguazil in a pleurisy; he was condemned to be bled with the utmost rigor of the law, at the same time that the system was to be replenished copiously with water. Next I made a lodgment in the veins of a gouty pastry-cook, who roared like a lion by reason of gouty spasms. I stood on no more ceremony with his blood than with that of the alguazil, and laid no restriction on his taste for simple liquids. My prescriptions brought me in twelve rials; an incident so auspicious in my professional career that I only wished for the plagues of Egypt on all the hale subjects of Valladolid.

As I was coming out of the pastry-cook's whom should I meet but Fabricio, a total stranger since the death of the licentiate Sédillo! He looked at me with astonishment for some seconds; then set up a laugh with all his might and held his sides. He had no reason to be grave, for I had a cloak trailing on the ground, with a doublet and breeches of four times my natural dimensions. I was certainly a complete original. I suffered him to make merry as long as he liked, and could scarcely help joining in the ridicule, but I kept a guard on my muscles to preserve a becoming dignity in public and the better to enact the physician, whose part in society is not that of a buffoon. If the absurdity of my appearance excited Fabricio's merriment, my affected gravity added zest to it; and when he had nearly exhausted his lungs, 'By all the powers, Gil Blas,' quoth he, 'thou art in complete masquerade. Who the devil has dressed you up in this manner?' 'Fair and softly, my friend,' replied I, 'fair and softly; be a little on your good behavior with a modern Hippocrates. Understand me to be the substitute of Doctor Sangrado, the most eminent physician in Valladolid. I have lived with him these three weeks. He has bottomed me thoroughly in medicine; and as he cannot perform the obsequies of all the patients who send for him, I visit a part of them to take the burden off his conscience. He does execution in great families, I among the vulgar.' 'Vastly well,' replied Fabricio; 'that is to say, he grants you a lease on the blood of the commonality, but keeps to himself the fee-simple of the fashionable world. I wish you joy of your lot; it is a pleasanter line of practise among the populace than among great folk. Long live a snug connection in the suburbs! a man's mistakes are easily buried, and his murders elude all but God's revenge. Yes, my brave boy, your destiny is truly enviable; in the language of Alexander, were I not Fabricio, I would wish to be Gil Blas.'

To show the son of Nunez the barber that he was not much out of his reckoning on my present happiness, I chinked the fees of the alguazil and the pastry-cook; and this was followed by an adjournment to a tavern to drink to their perfect recovery.

The wine was very fair, and my impatience for the well-known smack made me think it better than it was. I took some good long draughts, and without gainsaying my Latin oracle, in proportion as I poured it into its natural reservoir, I felt my accommodating entrails to owe me no grudge for the hard service into which I pressed them. As for Fabricio and myself, we sat some time in the tavern, making merry at the expense of our masters, as servants are too much accustomed to do. At last, seeing the night approach, we parted, after engaging to meet at the same place on the following day after dinner.

I was no sooner at home than Doctor Sangrado came in. I talked to him about the patients I had seen, and paid into his hands eight remaining rials of the twelve I had received for my prescriptions. 'Eight rials!' said he, as he counted them, 'mighty little for two visits! But we must take things as we find them.' In the spirit of taking things as he found them, he laid violent hands on six, giving me the other two—'Here, Gil Blas,' continued he, 'see what a foundation to build upon. I make over to you the fourth of all you may bring me. You will soon feather your nest, my friend, for, by the blessing of Providence, there will be a great deal of ill health this year.'

I had reason to be content with my dividend; since, having determined to keep back the third part of what I received in my rounds, and afterwards touching another fourth of the remainder, half the whole, if arithmetic is anything more than a deception, would become my perquisite. This inspired me with new zeal for my profession. The next day, as soon as I had dined, I resumed my medical paraphernalia, and took the field once more. I visited several patients on the list, and treated their several complaints in one invariable routine. Hitherto things went on under the rose, and no individual, thank heaven, had risen up in rebellion against my prescriptions. But let a physician's cures be as extraordinary as they will, some quack or other is always ready to rip up his reputation. I was called in to a grocer's son in a dropsy. Whom should I find there before me but a little black-looking physician, by name Doctor Cuchillo, introduced by a relation of the family. I bowed round most profoundly, but dipped lowest to the personage whom I took to have been invited to a consultation with me. He returned my compliment with a distant air; then, having stared me in the face for a few seconds, 'Signor Doctor,' said he, 'I beg pardon for being inquisitive; I thought I had been acquainted with all my brethren in Valladolid, but I confess your physiognomy is altogether new. You must have been settled but a short time in town.' I avowed myself a young practitioner, acting as yet under the direction of Doctor Sangrado. 'I wish you joy,' replied he politely, 'you are studying with a great man. You must doubtless have seen a vast deal of sound practise, young as you appear to be.' He spoke with so easy an assurance that I was at a loss whether he meant it seriously or was laughing at me. While I was conning over my reply, the grocer, seizing on the opportunity, said, 'Gentlemen, I am persuaded of your both being perfectly competent in your art; have the goodness without ado to take the case in hand and devise some effectual means for the restoration of my son's health.'

Thereupon the little pulse-counter set himself about reviewing the patient's situation; and after having dilated to me on all the symptoms, asked me what I thought the fittest method of treatment. 'I am of the opinion,' replied I, 'that he should be bled once a day, and drink as much warm water as he can swallow.' At these words, our diminutive doctor said to me with a malicious simper, 'And so you think such a course will save the patient?' 'Never doubt it,' exclaimed I in a confident tone; 'it must produce that effect, because it is a certain method of cure for all distempers. Ask Signor Sangrado.' 'At that rate,' retorted he, 'Celsus is altogether in the wrong; for he contends that the readiest way to cure a dropsical subject is to let him almost die of hunger and thirst.' 'Oh! as for Celsus,' interrupted I, 'he is no oracle of mine, as fallible as the meanest of us; I often have occasion to bless myself for going contrary to his dogmas.' 'I discover by your language,' said Cuchillo, 'the safe and sure method of practise Doctor Sangrado instils into his pupils. Bleeding and drenching are the extent of his resources. No wonder so many worthy people are cut off under his direction.' 'No defamation!' interrupted I with some acrimony; 'a member of the faculty had better not begin throwing stones. Come, come, my learned doctor, patients can get

to the other world without bleeding and warm water; and I question whether the most deadly of us has ever signed more passports than yourself. If you have any crow to pick with Signor Sangrado, write against him, and he will answer you, and we shall soon see who will have the best of the battle.' 'By all the saints in the calendar!' swore he, in a transport of passion, 'you little know whom you are talking to. I have a tongue and a fist, my friend, and am not afraid of Sangrado, who, with all his arrogance and affectation is but a ninny.' The size of the little death-dealer made me hold his anger cheap. I gave him a sharp retort; he sent back as good as I brought, till at last we came to cuffs. We had pulled a few handfuls of hair from each other's heads before the grocer and his kinsman could part us. When they had brought this about, they feed me for my attendance, and retained my antagonist, whom they thought the more skilful of the two.

Another adventure succeeded close on the heels of this. I went to see a huge chanter in a fever. As soon as he heard me talk of warm water, he showed himself so averse to the specific as to fall into a fit of swearing; he abused me in all possible shapes and threatened to throw me out at window. I was in a greater hurry to get out of the house than to get in. I did not choose to see any more patients that day, and repaired to the inn where I had agreed to meet Fabricio. He was there first. As we found ourselves in a tippling humor, we drank hard, and returned to our employers in a pretty pickle, that is to say, so-so in the upper storey. Signor Sangrado was not aware of my being drunk, because he took the lively gestures which accompanied the relation of my quarrel with the little doctor for an effect of the agitation not yet subsided after the battle. Besides, he came in for his share in my report; and feeling himself nettled by Cuchillo, 'You have done well, Gil Blas,' said he, 'to defend the character of our practise against this little abortion of the faculty. So he takes upon himself to set his face against watery drenches in dropsical cases? An ignorant fellow! I maintain, I do, in my own person, that the use of them may be reconciled to the best theories. Yes, water is a cure for all sorts of dropsies, just as it is good for rheumatisms and the green sickness. It is excellent, too, in those fevers where the effect is at once to parch and to chill, and even miraculous in those disorders ascribed to cold, thin, phlegmatic, and pituitous humors. This opinion may seem strange to young practitioners like Cuchillo; but it is right orthodox in the best and soundest systems; so that if persons of that description were capable of taking a philosophical view, instead of crying me down, they would become my most zealous advocates.'

In his rage, he never suspected me of drinking; for, to exasperate him still more against the little doctor, I had thrown into my recital some circumstances of my own addition. Yet, engrossed as he was by what I had told him, he could not help taking notice that I drank more water than usual that evening.

In fact the wine had made me very thirsty. Anyone but Sangrado would have distrusted my being so very dry as to swallow down glass after glass; but as for him, he took it for granted, in the simplicity of his heart, that I began to acquire a relish for aqueous potations. 'Apparently, Gil Blas,' said he with a gracious smile, 'you have no longer such a dislike to water. As heaven is my judge! you quaff it off like nectar. It is no wonder, my friend; I was certain you would take a liking to that liquor.' 'Sir,' replied I, 'there is a tide in the affairs of men: with my present lights, I would give all the wine in Valladolid for a pint of water.' This answer delighted the doctor, who would not lose so fine an opportunity of expatiating on the excellence of water. He undertook to ring the changes once more in its praise, not like a hireling pleader, but as an enthusiast in the cause. 'A thousand times,' exclaimed he, 'a thousand and a thousand times of greater value, as being more innocent than our modern taverns, were those baths of ages past, whither the people went not shamefully to squander their fortunes and expose their lives, by swilling themselves with wine, but assembled there for the decent and economical amusement of drinking warm water. It is difficult enough to admire the patriotic forecast of those ancient politicians who established places of public resort, where water was dealt out gratis to all comers, and who confined wine to the shops of the apothecaries, that its use might be prohibited but under the direction of physi-

cians. What a stroke of wisdom! It is doubtless to preserve the seeds of that antique frugality, emblematic of the golden age, that persons are found to this day, like you and me, who drink nothing but water, and are persuaded they possess a prevention or a cure for every ailment, provided our warm water has never boiled; for I have observed that water, when it has boiled, is heavier and sits less easily on the stomach.'

While he was holding forth thus eloquently, I was in danger more than once of splitting my sides with laughing. But I contrived to keep my countenance: nay, more, to chime in with the doctor's theory. I found fault with the use of wine, and pitied mankind for having contracted an untoward relish to so pernicious a beverage. Then, finding my thirst not sufficiently allayed, I filled a large goblet with water, and after having swilled it like a horse; 'Come, sir,' said I to my master, 'let us drink plentifully of this beneficial liquor. Let us make those early establishments of dilution you so much regret, to live again in your house.' He clapped his hands in ecstasy at these words and preached to me for a whole hour about suffering no liquid but water to pass my lips. To confirm the habit, I promised to drink a large quantity every evening; and to keep my word with less violence to my private inclinations, I went to bed with a determined purpose of going to the tavern every day.

GIL BLAS AS THE ARCHBISHOP'S SECRETARY

FROM BOOK VII, CH. 3 AND 4

I had been after dinner to get together my baggage and take home my horse from the inn where I had put up, and afterwards returned to supper at the archbishop's palace, where a neatly furnished room was got ready for me, and such a bed as was more likely to pamper than to mortify the flesh. The day following, his grace sent for me quite as soon as I was ready to go to him. It was to give me a homily to transcribe. He made a point of having it copied with all possible accuracy. It was done to please him; for I omitted neither accent, nor comma, nor the minutest tittle of all he had marked down. His satisfaction at observing this was heightened by its being unexpected. 'Eternal Father!' exclaimed he in a holy rapture, when he had glanced his eyes over the folios of my copy, 'was ever anything seen so correct? You are too good a transcriber not to have some little smattering of the grammarian. Now tell me with the freedom of a friend: in writing it over, have you been struck with nothing that grated upon your feelings? Some little careless idiom, or some word used in an improper sense?' 'Oh! may it please your grace,' answered I with a modest air, 'it is not for me, with my confined education and coarse taste, to aim at making critical remarks. And though ever so well qualified, I am satisfied that your grace's work would come out pure from the assay.' The successor of the apostles smiled at my answer. He made no observation on it; but it was easy to see, through all his piety, that he was an arrant author at the bottom: there is something in that dye that not heaven itself can wash out.

I seemed to have purchased the fee-simple of his good graces by my flattery. Day after day did I get a step further in his esteem; and Don Ferdinand, who came to see him very often, told me my footing was so firm that there could be not a doubt but my fortune was made. Of this my master himself gave me a proof some little time afterwards: and the occasion was as follows:—One evening in his closet he rehearsed before me, with appropriate emphasis and action, a homily which he was to deliver the next day in the cathedral. He did not content himself with asking me what I thought of it in the gross, but insisted on my telling him what passages struck me most. I had the good fortune to pick out those which were nearest to his own taste, his favorite common-places. Thus, as luck would have it, I passed in his estimation for a man who had a quick and natural relish of the real and less obvious beauties in a work. 'This, indeed,' exclaimed he, 'is what you may call having discernment and feeling in perfection! Well, well, my friend! it cannot be said of you, *"Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum."* [That you were born in the thick air of Bœotia.]' In a word, he was so highly pleased with me, as to add in a tone of extraordinary emotion, 'Never mind, Gil Blas! henceforward take no care

about hereafter. I shall make it my business to place you among the favored children of my bounty. You have my best wishes; and to prove to you that you have them, I shall take you into my inmost confidence.'

These words were no sooner out of his mouth, than I fell at his grace's feet, quite overwhelmed with gratitude. I embraced his elliptical legs with almost pagan idolatry, and considered myself as a man on the high road to a very handsome fortune. 'Yes, my child,' resumed the archbishop, whose speech had been cut short by the rapidity of my prostration, 'I mean to make you the receiver-general of all my inmost ruminations. Harken attentively to what I am going to say. I have a great pleasure in preaching. The Lord sheds a blessing on my homilies; they sink deeply into the hearts of sinners, set up a glass in which vice sees its own image, and bring back many from the paths of error into the highroad of repentance. What a heavenly sight when a miser, scared at the hideous picture drawn by my eloquence of his avarice, opens his coffers to the poor and needy, and dispenses the accumulated store with a liberal hand! The voluptuary, too, is snatched from the pleasures of the table; ambition flies at my command to the wholesome discipline of the monastic cell; while female frailty, tottering on the brink of ruin, with one ear open to the siren voice of the seducer, and the other to my saintly correctives, is restored to domestic happiness and the approving smile of heaven, by the timely warnings of the pulpit. These miraculous conversions, which happen almost every Sunday, ought of themselves to goad me on in the career of saving souls. Nevertheless, to conceal no part of my weakness from my monitor, there is another reward on which my heart is intent, a reward which the seraphic scrupulousness of my virtue to little purpose condemns as too carnal: a literary reputation for a sublime and elegant style. The honor of being handed down to posterity as a perfect pulpit orator has its irresistible attractions. My compositions are generally thought to be equally powerful and persuasive; but I could wish of all things to steer clear of the rock on which good authors split, who are too long before the public, and to retire from professional life with my reputation in undimished luster.

'To this end, my dear Gil Blas,' continued the prelate, 'there is one thing requisite from your zeal and friendship. Whenever it shall strike you that my pen begins to contract, as it were, the ossification of old age, whenever you see my genius in its climacteric, do not fail to give me a hint. There is no trusting to one's self in such a case; pride and conceit were the original sin of man. The probe of criticism must be entrusted to an impartial stander-by, of fine talents and unshaken probity. Both these requisites center in you: you are my choice, and I give myself up to your direction.' 'Heaven be praised, my lord,' said I, 'there is no need for to trouble yourself with any such thoughts yet. Besides, an understanding of your grace's mold and caliber will last out double the time of a common genius; or to speak with more certainty and truth, it will never be the worse for the wear, if you live to the age of Methusalem. I consider you as a second Cardinal Ximenes, whose powers, superior to decay, instead of flagging with years, seemed to derive new vigor from their approximation with the heavenly regions.' 'No flattery, my friend!' interrupted he. 'I know myself to be in danger of failing all at once. At my age one begins to be sensible of infirmities, and those of the body communicate with the mind. I repeat it to you, Gil Blas, as soon as you shall be of opinion that my head is not so clear as usual, give me warning of it instantly. Do not be afraid of offending by frankness and sincerity; to put me in mind of my own frailty will be the strongest proof of your affection for me. Besides, your very interest is concerned in it, for if it should, by any spite of chance toward you, come to my ears that the people say in town, "His grace's sermons produce no longer their accustomed impression; it is time for him to abandon his pulpit to younger candidates," I do assure you most seriously and solemnly, you will not only lose my friendship, but the provision for life I have promised you. Such will be the result of your silly tampering with truth.'

Here my patron left off to wait for my answer, which was an echo of his speech and a promise to obey him in all things. From that moment there were no secrets from me; I became the prime favorite. All the household, except Melchior de la Ronda, looked at me with an eye of envy.

It was curious to observe the manner in which the whole establishment, from the highest to the lowest, thought it necessary to demean themselves toward his grace's confidential secretary; there was no meanness to which they would not stoop to curry favor with me; I could scarcely believe they were Spaniards. I left no stone unturned to be of service to them, without being taken in by their interested assiduities. My lord archbishop, at my entreaty, took them by the hand. He got a company for one, and fitted him out so as to make a handsome figure in the army. Another he sent to Mexico, with a considerable appointment which he procured him; and I obtained a good slice of his bounty for my friend Melchior. It was evident from these facts that if the prelate was not particularly active in good works, at least he rarely gave a churlish refusal when anyone had the courage to importune him for his benevolence. . . .

Two months after this worthy gentleman had left us, in the luxuriant harvest of my highest favor, a lowering storm came suddenly over the episcopal palace; the archbishop had a stroke of apoplexy. By dint of immediate applications and good nursing, in a few days there was no bodily appearance of disease remaining. But his reverend intellects did not so easily recover from their lethargy. I could not help observing it to myself in the very first discourse that he composed. Yet there was no such a wide gap between the merits of the present and the former ones as to warrant the inference that the sun of oratory was many degrees advanced in its postmeridian course. A second homily was worth waiting for; because that would clearly determine the line of my conduct. Alas, and well-a-day! when that second homily came, it was a knock-down argument. Sometimes the good prelate moved forward, and sometimes he moved backwards; sometimes he mounted up in the garret; and sometimes dipped down into the cellar. It was a composition of more sound than meaning, something like a superannuated schoolmaster's theme, when he attempts to give his boys more sense than he possesses of his own, or like a capuchin's sermon, which only scatters a few artificial flowers of paltry rhetoric over a barren desert of doctrine.

I was not the only person whom the alteration struck. The audience at large, when he delivered it, as if they too had been pledged to watch the advances of dotage, said one to another in a whisper all around the church, 'Here is a sermon, with symptoms of apoplexy in every paragraph.' 'Come, my good Coryphæus of the public taste in homilies,' said I then to myself, 'prepare to do your office. You see that my lord archbishop is going very fast; you ought to warn him of it, not only as his bosom friend, on whose sincerity he relies, but lest some blunt fellow should anticipate you, and bolt out the truth in an offensive manner. In that case you know the consequences; you would be struck out of his will, where no doubt you have a more convertible bequest than the licentiate Sédillo's library.'

But as reason, like Janus, looks at things with two faces, I began to consider the other side of the question; the hint seemed difficult to wrap up so as to make it palatable. Authors in general are stark mad on the subject of their own works, and such an author might be more testy than the common herd of the irritable race; but that suspicion seemed illiberal on my part, for it was impossible that my freedom should be taken amiss, when it had been forced upon me by so positive an injunction. Add to this, that I reckoned upon handling the subject skilfully, and cramming discretion down his throat like a high-seasoned epicurean dish. After all my pro and con, finding that I risked more by keeping silence than by breaking it, I determined to venture on the delicate duty of speaking my mind.

Now there was but one difficulty—a difficulty indeed!—how to open the business. Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that embarrassment, by asking what they said of him in the world at large, and whether people were tolerably well pleased with his last discourse. I answered that there could be but one opinion about his homilies; but that it should seem as if the last had not quite struck home to the hearts of the audience, like those which had gone before. 'Do you really mean what you say, my friend?' replied he, with a sort of wriggling surprise. 'Then my congregation are more in the temper of Aristarchus than of Longinus!' 'No, may it please your grace,' rejoined I, 'quite the contrary. Performances of that order are above the reach of vulgar criticism: there is not a soul but expects to be saved by

their influence. Nevertheless, since you have made it my duty to be sincere and unreserved, I shall take the liberty of just stating that your last discourse is not written with quite the overpowering eloquence and conclusive argument of your former ones. Does not your grace feel just as I do on the subject?'

This ignorant and stupid frankness of mine completely blanched my master's cheek; but he forced a fretful smile, and said, 'Then, good master Gil Blas, that piece does not exactly hit your fancy?' 'I did not mean to say that, your grace,' interrupted I, looking very foolish. 'It is very far superior to what anyone else could produce, though a little below par with respect to your own works in general.' 'I know what you mean,' replied he. 'You think I am going down hill, do not you? Out with it at once. It is your opinion that it is time for me to think of retiring?' 'I should never have had the presumption to deliver myself with so little reserve, if it had not been your grace's express command. I act in entire obedience to your grace's orders; and I most obsequiously implore your grace not to take offense at my boldness.' 'I were unfit to live in a Christian land!' interrupted he, with stammering impatience; 'I were unfit to live in a Christian land if I liked you less for such a Christian virtue as sincerity. A man who does not love sincerity sets his face against the distinguishing mark between a friend and a flatterer. I should have given you infinite credit for speaking what you thought, if you had thought anything that deserved to be spoken. I have been finely taken in by your outside show of cleverness, without any solid foundation of sober judgment!'

Though completely unhorsed and at the enemy's mercy, I wanted to make terms of decent capitulation and to go unmolested into winter quarters: but let those who think to appease an exasperated author, and especially an author whose ear has long been attuned to the music of his own praises, take warning by my fate. 'Let us talk no more on the subject, my very young friend,' said he. 'You are as yet scarcely in the rudiments of good taste and utterly incompetent to distinguish between gold and tinsel. You are yet to learn that I never in all my life composed a finer homily than that unfortunate one which had not the honor of your approbation. The immortal part of me, by the blessing of heaven on me and my congregation, is less weighed down by human infirmity than when the flesh was stronger. We all grow wiser as we grow older, and I shall in future select the people about me with more caution; nor submit the castigation of my works but to a much abler critic than yourself.' 'Get about your business!' pursued he, giving me an angry shove by the shoulders out of his closet. 'Go and tell my treasurer to pay you a hundred ducats, and take my priestly blessing in addition to that sum. God speed you, good Master Gil Blas! I heartily pray that you may do well in the world! There is nothing to stand in your way, but the want of a little better taste.'

THE REWARD OF LITERARY MERIT

FROM BOOK XI, CH. 7 AND 10

One day, returning from one of these little conversational parties, my road lay in front of a hospital. It occurred to me to go in. I walked through two or three of the wards, filled with diseased patients, and examined their beds to see that they were properly taken care of. Among these unhappy wretches, whom I could not look at without the most painful feelings, I observed one whose features struck me: it surely could be no other than Fabricio, my countryman and chum! To look at him more closely, I drew near his bedside, and finding beyond a possibility of doubt that it was the poet Nunez, I stopped to look at him for a few seconds without saying a word. He also fixed his regards on me. At length breaking silence, 'Do not my eyes deceive me?' said I. 'Is it indeed Fabricio, and here?' 'It is indeed,' answered he coldly, 'and you need not wonder at it. Since we parted, I have been working indefatigably at the trade of an author: I have written novels, plays, and works of genius in every department. My brain is fairly spun out, and here I am.'

I could not help laughing at such a sketch of literary biography, and still more at the serious air of the accompanying action. 'What!' cried I, 'has your Muse brought you to this pass? Has she played you such a jade's trick as this?' 'Even as you witness,' answered he; 'this establish-

ment is a sort of half-pay receptacle for invalids on the muster-roll of disabled wit. You have acted discreetly, my friend, to lay yourself out for promotion in a different line. But they tell me you are no longer a courtier, and that your prospects in political life were all blasted; nay, they went so far as to affirm, that you were committed to close custody by the king's order.' 'They told you no more than the truth,' replied I. 'The delightful vision of political eminence wherein you left me last soon shifted the scene of my incoherent dreams to a prison and complete destitution. But for all that, my friend, here you behold me again in a better plight than ever.' 'That is quite out of the question,' said Nunez; 'your deportment is discreet and decent, you have not that supercilious and devil-take-the-hindmost sort of aspect which good keep communicates to the human face.' 'The reverses of this checquered life,' replied I, 'have brought me down to the level of the more modest virtues; I have taken a lesson in the school of adversity, to enjoy the possession of a good stud without riding the great horse.'

'Tell me then candidly,' cried Fabricio, raising his head upon his hand with his elbow upon the pillow, 'what your present occupation can possibly be. A steward perhaps to some nobleman out at elbows or man of business to some rich widow?' 'Something better than either the one or the other,' rejoined I, 'but excuse me from saying more at present: another time your curiosity shall be satisfied. It is enough at present to assure you that my means are equal to my inclination, and that you may command independence through me; but then you must submit to an embargo on your wit and a non-intercourse act between you and the faculty of writing, whether in verse or prose. Can you make this sacrifice to my friendship?' 'I have already made it to the powers above,' said he, 'in my last critical sickness. A Dominican made me forswear poetry, as an amusement bordering on criminality, but at all events beside the turnpike-road of good sense.' 'I wish you joy, my dear Nunez,' replied I; 'beware of a revoke.' 'There is not the least danger on that head,' rejoined he; 'the Muses and I have agreed on terms of separation: just as you came in at that door, I was conning over a farewell ode.' 'Good Master Fabricio,' said I, with a wise swagging to and fro of my head, 'it is a doubtful question whether your vow of abjuration ought to pass current with the Dominican and myself; you seem head over heels in love with those virgins incarnate.' 'No, no,' contended he, peevishly, 'I have cut the connection asunder. Nay, more, I have quarreled with their keepers, the public. The readers of these days do not deserve an author of more genius than themselves: I should be sorry to write down to their comprehension. You are not to suppose that this is the language of disgust; it is my sincere and well-weighed opinion. Applause and hisses are just the same to me. It is a toss-up who fails and who succeeds: the wit of today is the blockhead of tomorrow. What cursed fools our dramatists must be, to care for anything but their poundage when their plays happen to be received! It is all very well for a few nights! But only fancy a revival at the end of twenty years, and what a figure they will cut then! The audiences of the present day turn up their noses at the stock pieces of the last age, and it is a question whether their taste will fare better with their more critical descendants. If that conjecture be probable, the inventors of clap-traps now will be the butt of cat-calls hereafter. It is just the same with novel-writers and all other manufacturers of unnecessary literature: they strut and fret for an hour, and then are no more seen or heard of. The glories of successful authorship are the mere vapors of a murky atmosphere, meteors of a marsh, foul coruscations of a dunghill, cathedral tapers to put out the galaxy, blue flames of coarse paper held over a candle.'

Though these caricatures of rival renown were the mere creations of jealousy in the poet of the Asturias, it was not my business to correct his ill temper. 'I am delighted,' said I, 'that wit and you have had so serious a quarrel; and that the diarrhœa of your inventive faculties has been cured by an astringent. You may depend on it, I will put you in the way of a good livelihood, without drawing deep upon your intellectual credit.' 'So much the better,' cried he; 'wit smells like carrion in my nostrils, or rather like a pungent and deleterious perfume: fragrant to the sense, but corrosive to the vitals.' 'I heartily wish, my dear Fabricio,' resumed I, 'that you may always keep in that mind. Only wash your hands completely of poetry, and

you may depend on it, I will enable you to keep your head above water without picking or stealing.' 'In the meanwhile,' added I, slipping a purse of sixty pistoles into his hand, 'accept this as a slight instance of my regard.'

'Oh friend like the friends in days of yore,' cried the son of barber Nunez, out of his wits with joy and gratitude, 'it was heaven itself which sent you into this hospital, whence your goodness is now discharging me!' Before we parted, I gave him my address, and invited him to come and see me as soon as his health would permit. He opened his eyes as an oyster does its shell, when I told him that I lodged under the minister's roof. 'O illustrious Gil Blas!' said he, 'great as Pompey and fortunate as Sylla, whose lot it is to be hand in glove with the dictators of modern times! I rejoice most disinterestedly in your good fortune, because it is so very evident what a noble use you make of it.' . . .

The minister began to pick up his crumbs and myself consequently to get into feather again, when one evening I went out alone in the carriage to take an airing. On the road I met the poet of the Asturias, who had been lost to my knowledge ever since his discharge from the hospital. He was very decently dressed. I called him up, gave him a seat in my carriage, and we drove together to Saint Jerome's meadow.

'Master Nunez,' said I, 'it is lucky for me to have met you accidentally; for otherwise I should not have had the pleasure.' 'No severe speeches, Santillane,' interrupted he with considerable eagerness; 'I must own frankly that I did not mean to keep up your acquaintance, and I will tell you the reason. You promised me a good situation provided I abjured poetry, but I have found a very excellent one on condition of keeping my talents in constant play. I accepted the latter alternative, as squaring best with my own humor. A friend of mine got me an employment under Don Bertrand Gomez del Ribero, treasurer of the king's galleys. This Don Bertrand, wanting to have a wit in his pay and finding my turn for poetical composition very much in unison with his own sense of what is excellent, has chosen me in preference to five or six authors who offered themselves as candidates for the place of his private secretary.'

'I am delighted at the news, my dear Fabricio,' said I, 'for this Don Bertrand must be very rich.' 'Rich indeed!' answered he; 'they say he does not know himself how much he is worth. However that may be, my business under him is as follows. He prides himself on his turn for gallantry, at the same time wishing to pass for a man of genius; he therefore keeps up an epistolary intercourse of wit with several ladies who have an infinite deal, and borrows my brain to indite such letters as may amplify the opinion of his sprightliness and elegance. I write to one for him in verse, to another in prose, and sometimes carry the letters myself, to prove the agility of my heels as well as the ingenuity of my head.'

'But you do not tell me,' said I, 'what I most want to know. Are you well paid for your epigrammatic cards of compliment?' 'Yes, most plentifully,' answered he. 'Rich men are not always openhanded; and I know some who are downright curmudgeons; but Don Bertrand has behaved in the most handsome manner. Beside a salary of two hundred pistoles, I receive some little occasional perquisites from him, sufficient to set me above the world and to enable me to live on an equal footing with some choice spirits of the literary circles, who are willing, like myself, to set care at defiance.' 'But then,' resumed I, 'has your treasurer critical skill enough to distinguish the beauties of a performance from its blemishes?' 'The least likely man in the world,' answered Nunez; 'a flippant-mouthed smatterer, with a miserable assortment of materials for judging. Yet he gives himself out for chief justice and lord president of Apollo's tribunal. His decisions are adventurous, if not always lucky; while his opinions are maintained in so high a tone and with so bullying a challenge of infallibility, that nine times out of ten the issue of an argument is silence, though not conviction, on the part of the opponent, as a measure of precaution against the gathering storm of foul language and contemptuous sneers.'

'You may readily suppose,' continued he, 'that I take especial care never to contradict him, though it almost exceeds human patience to forbear; for, to say nothing of the unpalatable phrases that might be hailed down on my defenseless head, I should stand a very good chance of being shoved by the shoulders out of doors. I

therefore am discreet enough to approve what he praises, and to condemn without mitigation or appeal whatever he is pleased to find fault with. By this easy compliance, for poets are compelled to acquire a knack of knocking under to those by whom they live, not even excepting their booksellers, I have gained the esteem and friendship of my patron. He has employed me to write a tragedy on a plot of his own. I have executed it under his inspection: and if the piece succeeds, a percentage on the laud and honor must accrue to him.'

I asked our poet what was the title of his tragedy. He informed me that it was *The Count of Saldagna,* and that it would come out in two or three days. I told him that I wished it all possible success, and thought so favorably of his genius as to entertain considerable hopes. 'So do I,' said he, 'but hope never tells a more flattering tale than in the ear of a dramatic author. You might as well attempt to fix the wind by nailing the weathercock as speculate on the reception of a new piece with an audience.'

At length the day of performance arrived. I could not go to the play, being prevented by official business. The only thing to be done was to send Scipio that he might bring me back word how it went off; for I was sincerely interested in the event. After waiting impatiently for his return, in he came with a long face which boded no good. 'Well,' said I, 'how was *The Count of Saldagna* welcomed by the critics?' 'Very roughly,' answered he; 'never was there a play more brutally handled; I left the house in high anger at the injustice and insolence of the pit.' 'It serves him right,' rejoined I. 'Nunez is no better than a madman, to be always running his head against the stone walls of a theater. If he was in his senses, could he have preferred the hisses and catcalls of an unfeeling mob to the ease and dignity he might have commanded under my patronage?' Thus did I inveigh with friendly vehemence against the poet of the Asturias, and disturb the even tenor of my mind for an event which the sufferer hailed with joy and inserted among the well-omened particulars of his journal.

He came to see me within two days, and appeared in high spirits. 'Santillane,' cried he, 'I am come to receive your congratulations. My fortune is made, my friend, though my play is marred. You know what a mistake they made on the first and last night of *The Count of Saldagna;* hissed instead of applauding! You would have thought all the wild beasts of the forest had been let loose, with their ears fortified against the softening power of poetry: but the more they bellowed, the better I fared, and they have roared me into a provision for life.'

There was no knowing what to make of this incident in the drama of our poet's adventures. 'What is all this, Fabricio?' said I; 'how can theatrical damnation have conjured up such Elysian ecstasy?' 'It is exactly so,' answered he. 'I told you before that Don Bertrand had thrown in some of the circumstances; and he was fully convinced that there was no defect but in the taste of the spectators. They might be very good judges; but, if they were, he was no judge at all! "Nunez!" said he this morning: *"Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."* [The victorious cause was approved by the Gods, but the vanquished by Cato.] Your piece has been ill-received by the public; but against that you may place my entire approbation; and thus you ought to set your heart at rest. By way of something to balance the bad taste of the age, I shall settle an annuity of two thousand crowns on you; go to my solicitor, and let him draw the deed." We have been about it: the treasurer has signed and sealed; my first quarter was to be paid in advance.'

I wished Fabricio joy on the unhappy fate of *The Count of Saldagna,* and probably most authors would have envied his failure more than all the success that ever succeeded. 'You are in the right,' continued he, 'to prefer my fortune to my fame. What a lucky peal of disapprobation in double choir! If the public had chosen to ring the changes on my merits rather than my misdeeds, what would they have done for my pocket? A mere paltry nothing. The common pay of the theater might have kept me from starving; but the wind of popular malice has blown me a comfortable pension, engrossed on safe and legal parchment.'

MONTESQUIEU (1689–1755)

Charles Louis de Secondat, Baron de la Brède et de Montesquieu, was born at the Château de la Brède near Bordeaux, and after studying law became a counselor and then president of the parliament of Bordeaux. He gave up the latter post in 1726 and traveled extensively, passing eighteen months in England, for whose political institutions he conceived a warm admiration. Returning to his ancestral château, he devoted his retirement to the study of political principles and customs, of which the most important outcome was the *Esprit des Lois* (Principles of Legislation), published in 1748. On account of its sympathetic attitude toward constitutional government, the book was widely read in England and in the American colonies. It was quoted by Blackstone in his famous *Commentaries* on English law, and by John Dickinson in his 'Address of Congress to the Inhabitants of the Province of Quebec.' Washington 'made himself familiar with the reasonings of Montesquieu' before attending the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, Jefferson showed acquaintance with his ideas in the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, and Hamilton quoted him in his articles in the *Federalist*. The division of the functions of government into legislative, executive, and judicial, and the system of 'checks and balances' which characterizes the Constitution of the United States had their origin in Montesquieu.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT

FROM BOOK II

There are three species of government: republican, monarchical, and despotic. In order to discover their nature, it is sufficient to recollect the common notion, which supposes three definitions, or rather three facts: (1) that a republican government is that in which the body, or only a part of the people, is possessed of the supreme power; (2) monarchy, that in which a single person governs by fixed and established laws; (3) a despotic government, that in which a single person directs everything by his own will and caprice.

This is what I call the nature of each government; we must now inquire into those laws which directly conform to this nature, and consequently are the fundamental institutions.

OF REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT

When the body of the people is possessed of the supreme power, it is called a democracy. When the supreme power is lodged in the hands of a part of the people, it is then an aristocracy.

In a democracy the people are in some respects the sovereign, and in others the subject.

There can be no exercise of sovereignty but by their suffrages, which are their own will; now the sovereign's will is the sovereign himself. The laws therefore which establish the right of suffrage are fundamental to this government. And indeed it is as important to regulate in a republic, in what manner, by whom, to whom, and concerning what suffrages are to be given, as it is in a monarchy to know who is the prince, and after what manner he ought to govern.

Libanius says that at Athens a stranger who intermeddled in the assemblies of the people was punished with death. This is because such a man usurped the rights of sovereignty.

It is an essential point to fix the number of citizens who are to form the public assemblies; otherwise it would be uncertain whether the whole, or only a part of the people had given their votes. At Sparta, the number was fixed at ten thousand. But Rome, designed by Providence to rise from the weakest beginnings to the highest pitch of grandeur; Rome, doomed to experience all the vicissitudes of fortune; Rome, who had sometimes all her inhabitants without her walls, and sometimes all Italy and a considerable part of the world within them; Rome, I say, never

fixed the number; and this was one of the principal causes of her ruin.

The people in whom the supreme power resides ought to have the management of everything within their reach: that which exceeds their abilities must be conducted by their ministers.

But they cannot properly be said to have their ministers, without the power of nominating them: it is, therefore, a fundamental maxim in this government, that the people should choose their ministers—that is, their magistrates.

They have occasion, as well as monarchs, and even more so, to be directed by a council or senate. But to have a proper confidence in these, they should have the choosing of the members, whether the election be made by themselves, as at Athens, or by some magistrate deputed for that purpose, as on certain occasions was customary at Rome.

The people are extremely well qualified for choosing those whom they are to entrust with part of their authority. They have only to be determined by things to which they cannot be strangers, and by facts that are obvious to sense. They can tell when a person has fought many battles, and been crowned with success; they are, therefore, capable of electing a general. They can tell when a judge is assiduous in his office, gives general satisfaction, and has never been charged with bribery: this is sufficient for choosing a prætor. They are struck with the magnificence of riches of a fellow citizen; no more is requisite for electing an edile. These are facts of which they can have better information in a public forum than a monarch in his palace. But are they capable of conducting an intricate affair, of seizing and improving the opportunity and critical moment of action? No; this surpasses their abilities.

Should we doubt the people's natural capacity, in respect to the discernment of merit, we need only cast an eye on the series of surprising elections made by the Athenians and Romans, which no one surely will attribute to hazard.

We know that though the people of Rome assumed the right of raising plebeians to public offices, yet they never would exert this power; and though at Athens, the magistrates were allowed by the law of Aristides, to be elected from all the different classes of inhabitants, there never was a case, says Xenophon, when the common people petitioned for employments which could endanger either their security or their glory.

As most citizens have sufficient ability to choose, though unqualified to be chosen, so the people, though capable of calling others to an account for their administration, are incapable of conducting the administration themselves.

The public business must be carried on with a certain motion, neither too quick nor too slow. But the motion of the people is always either too remiss or too violent. Sometimes with a hundred thousand arms they overturn all before them; and sometimes with a hundred thousand feet they creep like insects.

In a popular state the inhabitants are divided into certain classes. It is in the manner of making this division that great legislators have signalized themselves; and it is on this the duration and prosperity of democracy have ever depended.

Servius Tullius followed the spirit of aristocracy in the distribution of his classes. We find, in Livy and in Dionysius Halicarnassus, in what manner he lodged the right of suffrage in the hands of the principal citizens. He had divided the people of Rome into 193 centuries, which formed six classes; and ranking the rich, who were in smaller numbers, in the first centuries, and those in middling circumstances, who were more numerous, in the next, he flung the indigent multitude into the last; and as each century had but one vote, it was property rather than numbers that decided the election.

Solon divided the people of Athens into four classes. In this he was directed by the spirit of democracy, his intention not being to fix those who were to choose, but such as were eligible. Therefore, leaving to every citizen the right of election, he made the judges eligible from each of those four classes; but the magistrates he ordered to be chosen only out of the first three, consisting of persons of easy fortunes.

As the division of those who have a right of suffrage is a fundamental law in republics, so the manner of giving this suffrage is another fundamental.

The suffrage by lot is natural to democracy, as that by choice is to aristocracy.

The suffrage by lot is a method of electing that offends no one, but animates each

citizen with the pleasing hope of serving his country.

Yet as this method is in itself defective, it has been the endeavor of the most eminent legislators to regulate and amend it.

Solon made a law at Athens that military employments should be conferred by choice, but that senators and judges should be elected by lot.

The same legislator ordained that civil magistracies, attended with great expense, should be given by choice, and the others by lot.

In order, however, to amend the suffrage by lot, he made a rule that none but those who presented themselves should be elected; that the person elected should be examined by judges, and that everyone should have a right to accuse him if he were unworthy of the office; this participated at the same time of the suffrage by lot and of that by choice. When the time of their magistracy had expired, they were obliged to submit to another judgment in regard to their conduct. Persons utterly unqualified must have been extremely backward in giving in their names to be drawn by lot.

The law which determines the manner of giving suffrage is likewise fundamental in a democracy. It is a question of some importance whether the suffrages ought to be public or secret. Cicero observes that the laws which rendered them secret towards the close of the republic were the cause of its decline. But as this is differently practised in different republics, I shall offer here my thoughts concerning this subject.

The people's suffrages ought doubtless to be public, and this should be considered as a fundamental law of democracy. The lower classes ought to be directed by those of higher rank, and restrained within bounds by the gravity of eminent personages. Hence, by rendering the suffrages secret in the Roman republic, all was lost; it was no longer possible to direct a populace that sought its own destruction. But when the body of the nobles are to vote in an aristocracy, or in a democracy the senate, as the business is then only to prevent intrigues, the suffrages cannot be too secret.

Intriguing in a senate is dangerous; it is dangerous also in a body of nobles; but not so among the people, whose nature is to act through passion. In countries where they have no share in the government, we often see them as much inflamed on account of an actor as ever they could be for the welfare of the state. The misfortune of a republic is when intrigues are at an end—which happens when the people are gained by bribery and corruption; in this case they grow indifferent to public affairs, and avarice becomes their predominant passion. Unconcerned about the government and everything belonging to it, they quietly wait for their hire.

It is likewise a fundamental law in democracies that the people should have the sole power to enact laws. And yet there are a thousand occasions when it is necessary the senate should have the power of decreeing; nay, it is frequently proper to make some trial of a law before it is established. The constitutions of Rome and Athens were excellent. The decrees of the senate had the force of laws for the space of a year, but did not become perpetual till they were ratified by the consent of the people.

OF THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY

FROM BOOK III

There is no great share of probity necessary to support a monarchical or despotic government. The force of laws in one, and the prince's arm in the other, are sufficient to direct and maintain the whole. But in a popular state, one spring more is necessary, namely, virtue.

What I have here advanced is confirmed by the unanimous testimony of historians, and is extremely agreeable to the nature of things. For it is clear that in a monarchy, where he who commands the execution of the laws generally thinks himself above them, there is less need of virtue than in a popular government, where the person entrusted with the execution of the laws is sensible of his being subject to their direction.

Clear is it also that a monarch who, through bad advice or indolence, ceases to enforce the execution of the laws, may easily repair the evil; he has only to follow other advice, or to shake off his indolence. But when, in a popular government, there is a suspension of the laws, as this can

proceed only from the corruption of the republic, the state is certainly undone.

A very droll spectacle it was in the last century to behold the impotent efforts of the English toward the establishment of democracy. As they who had a share in the direction of public affairs were void of virtue; as their ambition was inflamed by the success of the most daring of their members; as the prevailing parties were successively animated by the spirit of faction, the government was continually changing: the people, amazed at so many revolutions, in vain attempted to erect a commonwealth. At length, when the country had undergone the most violent shocks, they were obliged to have recourse to the very government which they had so wantonly proscribed.

When Sylla thought of restoring to Rome her liberty, this unhappy city was incapable of receiving that blessing. She had only the feeble remains of virtue, which were constantly diminishing. Instead of being roused from her lethargy by Cæsar, Tiberius, Caius Claudius, Nero and Domitian, she riveted every day her chains; if she struck some blows, her aim was at the tyrant, not at the tyranny.

The politic Greeks, who lived under a popular government, knew no other support than virtue. The modern inhabitants of that country are entirely taken up with manufacture, commerce, finances, opulence, and luxury.

When virtue is banished, ambition invades the minds of those who are disposed to receive it, and avarice possesses the whole community. The objects of their desires are changed; what they were fond of before becomes indifferent; they were free while under the restraint of the laws, but they would fain now be free to act against the law; and as each citizen is like a slave who has run away from his master, that which was a maxim of equity he calls rigor; that which was a rule of action he styles constraint; and to precaution he gives the name of fear. Frugality, and not the thirst of gain, now passes for avarice. Formerly the wealth of individuals constituted the public treasure; but now this has become the patrimony of private persons. The members of the commonwealth riot on the public spoils, and its strength is only the power of a few and the license of many.

Athens was possessed of the same number of forces when she triumphed so gloriously as when with such infamy she was enslaved. She had twenty thousand citizens when she defended the Greeks against the Persians, when she contended for empire with Sparta and invaded Sicily. She had twenty thousand when Demetrius Phalereus numbered them, as slaves are told by the head in the market-place. When Philip attempted to lord it over Greece, and appeared at the gates of Athens, she had even then lost nothing but time. We may see in Demosthenes how difficult it was to awaken her; she dreaded Philip, not as the enemy of her liberty, but of her pleasures. This famous city, which had withstood so many defeats, and having been so often destroyed had as often risen out of her ashes, was overthrown at Chæronea, and at one blow deprived of all her hopes of resource. What does it avail her that Philip sends back her prisoners, if he does not return her men? It was ever after as easy to triumph over the forces of Athens as it had been difficult to subdue her virtue.

How was it possible for Carthage to maintain her ground? When Hannibal, upon his being made Prætor, endeavored to hinder the magistrates from plundering the republic, did not they complain of him to the Romans? Wretches, who would fain be citizens without a city, and be beholden for their riches to their very destroyers! Rome soon insisted upon having three hundred of their principal citizens as hostages; she obliged them next to surrender their arms and ships; and then she declared war. From the desperate efforts of this defenseless city, one may judge of what she might have performed in her full vigor and assisted by virtue.

DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION

FROM BOOK IV

It is in a republican government that the whole power of education is required. The fear of despotic governments naturally arises of itself amidst threats and punishments; the honor of monarchies is favored by the passions, and favors them in its turn; but virtue is a self-renunciation, which is ever arduous and painful.

This virtue may be defined as the love of the laws and of our country. As such love requires a constant preference of

public to private interest, it is the source of all private virtues; for they are nothing more than this very preference itself.

This love is peculiar to democracies. In these alone the government is entrusted to private citizens. Now a government is like everything else; to preserve it, we must love it.

Has it ever been known that kings were not fond of monarchy, or that despotic princes hated arbitrary power?

Everything therefore depends on establishing this love in a republic, and to inspire it ought to be the principal business of education; but the surest way of instilling it into the children is for parents to set them an example.

People have it generally in their power to communicate their ideas to their children; but they are still better able to transfuse their passions.

If it happens otherwise, it is because the impressions made at home are effaced by those they have received abroad.

It is not the young people that degenerate; they are not spoiled till those of maturer age are already sunk into corruption.

THE LOVE OF EQUALITY

FROM BOOK V

Virtue in a republic is a most simple thing; it is a love of the republic; it is a sensation, and not a consequence of acquired knowledge—a sensation that may be felt by the meanest as well as by the highest person in the state. When the common people adopt good maxims, they adhere to them more steadily than those whom we call gentlemen. It is very rarely that corruption commences with the former; nay, they frequently derive from their imperfect light a stronger attachment to the established laws and customs.

The love of our country is conducive to a purity of morals, and the latter is again conducive to the former. The less we are able to satisfy our private passions, the more we abandon ourselves to those of a general nature. How comes it that monks are so fond of their order? It is owing to the very cause that renders the order insupportable. Their rule debars them from all those things by which the ordinary passions are fed; there remains therefore only this passion for the very rule that torments them. The more austere it is, that is, the more it curbs their inclinations, the more force it gives to the only passion left them.

A love of the republic in a democracy is a love of the democracy, as the latter is that of equality.

A love of the democracy is likewise that of frugality. Since every individual ought here to enjoy the same happiness and the same advantages, they should consequently taste the same pleasures and form the same hopes, which cannot be expected but from a general frugality.

The love of equality in a democracy limits ambition to the sole desire, to the sole happiness, of doing greater services to our country than the rest of our fellow citizens. They cannot all render her equal services, but they all ought to serve her with equal alacrity. At our coming into the world, we contract an immense debt to our country, which we can never discharge.

Hence distinctions here arise from the principle of equality, even where it seems to be removed by signal services or superior abilities.

The love of frugality limits the desire of having to the study of procuring necessaries for our family, and superfluities for our country. Riches give a power which a citizen cannot use for himself, for then he would be no longer equal. They likewise procure pleasures which he ought not to enjoy, because these would be also repugnant to the equality.

Thus well-regulated democracies, by establishing domestic frugality, made way at the same time for public expenses, as was the case at Rome and Athens, when magnificence and profusion arose from the very fund of frugality. And as religion commands us to have pure and unspotted hands when we make our offerings to the gods, the law required a frugality of life to enable them to be liberal to our country.

The good sense and happiness of individuals depend greatly upon the mediocrity of their abilities and fortunes. Therefore, as a republic, where the laws have placed many in a middling station, is composed of wise men, it will be wisely governed; as it is composed of happy men, it will be extremely happy.

The love of equality and of a frugal economy is greatly excited by equality and frugality themselves, in societies where both these virtues are established by law.

In monarchies and despotic governments, nobody aims at equality; this does not so much as enter their thoughts; they all aspire to superiority. People of the very lowest condition desire to emerge from their obscurity, only to lord it over their fellow-subjects.

It is the same with respect to frugality. To love it, we must practise and enjoy it. It is not those who are enervated by pleasure that are fond of a frugal life; were this natural and common, Alcibiades would never have been the admiration of the universe. Neither is it those who envy or admire the luxury of the great; people that have present to their view none but rich men or men miserable like themselves, detest their wretched condition, without loving or knowing the real term or point of misery [i.e., frugality].

A true maxim it is, therefore, that in order to love equality and frugality in a republic, these virtues must have been previously established by law.

Some ancient legislators, as Lycurgus and Romulus, made an equal division of lands. A settlement of this kind can never take place except upon a foundation of a new republic; or when the old one is so corrupt, and the minds of the people are so disposed that the poor think themselves obliged to demand, and the rich obliged to consent to a remedy of this nature.

If the legislator, in making a division of this kind, does not enact laws at the same time to support it, he forms only a temporary constitution; inequality will break in where the laws have not precluded it, and the republic will be utterly undone.

Hence for the preservation of this equality it is absolutely necessary there should be some regulation in respect to women's dowries, donations, successions, testamentary settlements, and all other forms of contracting. For were we once allowed to dispose of our property to whom and how we pleased, the will of each individual would disturb the order of the fundamental law.

Solon, by permitting the Athenians, upon failure of issue, to leave their estates to whom they pleased, acted contrary to the ancient laws, by which the estates were ordered to continue in the family of the testator; and even contrary to his own laws, for by abolishing debts he had aimed at equality.

The law which prohibited people having two inheritances was extremely well adapted for a democracy. It derived its origin from the equal distribution of lands and portions made to each citizen. The law would not permit a single man to possess more than a single portion.

From the same source arose those laws by which the next relative was ordered to marry the heiress. This law was given to the Jews for the like distribution. Plato, who grounds his laws on this division, made the same regulation which had been received as a law by the Athenians.

It is not sufficient in a well-regulated democracy that the divisions of land be equal; they ought also to be small, as was customary among the Romans. 'God forbid,' said Curius to his soldiers, 'that a citizen should look upon that as a small piece of land which is sufficient to maintain him.'

As equality of fortunes supports frugality, so the latter maintains the former. These things, though in themselves different, are of such a nature as to be unable to subsist separately; they reciprocally act upon each other; if one withdraws itself from a democracy, the other surely follows it.

OF COMMERCIAL DEMOCRACIES

True is it that when a democracy is founded on commerce, private people may acquire vast riches without a corruption of morals. This is because the spirit of commerce is naturally attended with that of frugality, economy, moderation, labor, prudence, tranquillity, order and rule. So long as this spirit subsists, the riches it produces have no bad effect. The mischief is, when excessive wealth destroys the spirit of commerce; then it is that the inconveniences of inequality begin to be felt.

In order to support this spirit, commerce should be carried on by the principal citizens; this should be their sole aim and study; this the chief object of the laws: and these very laws, by dividing the estates of individuals in proportion to the increase of commerce, should set every poor citizen so far at his ease as to be able to work like the rest, and every wealthy citizen in such a mediocrity as to be obliged to take some pains either in preserving or acquiring a fortune.

It is an excellent law in a trading repub-

lic to make an equal division of the paternal estate among the children. The consequence of this is, that how great soever a fortune the father has made, his children, being not so rich as he, are induced to avoid luxury, and to work as he has done. I speak here only of trading republics; as to those that have no commerce, the legislator must pursue quite different measures.

In Greece, there were two sorts of republics: the one military, like Sparta; the other commercial, as Athens. In the former, the citizens were obliged to be idle; in the latter, endeavors were used to inspire them with the love of industry and labor. Solon made idleness a crime, and insisted that each citizen should give an account of his manner of getting a livelihood. And, indeed, in a well-regulated democracy, where people's expenses should extend only to what is necessary, everyone ought to have it; for how should their wants be otherwise supplied?

An equal division of lands cannot be established in all democracies. There are some circumstances in which a regulation of this nature would be impracticable, dangerous, and even subversive of the constitution. We are not always obliged to proceed to extremes. If it appears that this division of lands, which was designed to preserve the people's morals, does not suit the democracy, recourse must be had to other methods.

TRADITION AND AUTHORITY

If a permanent body be established to serve as a rule and pattern of manners—a senate, to which years, virtue, gravity, and eminent services procure admittance—the senators, by being exposed to public view like the statues of the gods, must naturally inspire every family with sentiments of virtue.

Above all, this senate must steadily adhere to the ancient institutions, and mind that the people and the magistrates never swerve from them.

The preservation of ancient customs is a very considerable point in respect to manners, since a corrupt people seldom perform any memorable actions, seldom establish societies, build cities, or enact laws; since most institutions, on the contrary, are derived from people whose manners are plain and simple, to keep up the ancient customs is the way to preserve the original purity of morals.

Besides, if by some revolution, the state has happened to assume a new form, this seldom can be effected without infinite pains and labor, and hardly ever by idle and debauched persons. Even those who had been the instruments of the revolution were desirous it should be relished, which is difficult to compass without good laws. Hence it is that ancient institutions generally tend to reform the people's manners, and those of modern date to corrupt them. In the course of a long administration, the descent to vice is insensible; but there is no re-ascending to virtue without making the most generous efforts.

It has been questioned whether the members of the senate we are speaking of ought to be for life or only chosen for a time. Doubtless they ought to be for life, as was the custom at Rome, at Sparta, and even at Athens. For we must not confound the senate at Athens, which was a body that changed every three months, with the Areopagus, whose members, as standing patterns, were established for life. Let this be therefore a general maxim; that in a senate designed to be the rule and the depository, as it were, of manners, the members ought to be for life: in a senate intended for the administration of affairs, the members may be changed.

'The spirit,' says Aristotle, 'waxes old as well as the body.' This reflection holds good only in regard to a single magistrate, but cannot be applied to a senatorial assembly.

At Athens, beside the Areopagus, there were guardians of the public morals, as well as of the laws. At Sparta, all the old men were censors. At Rome, the censorship was committed to two particular magistrates. As the senate watched over the people, the censors were to have an eye over the people and the senate. Their office was to reform the corruptions of the republic, to stigmatize indolence, to censure neglects, and to correct mistakes; as to flagrant crimes, these were left to the punishment of the laws.

That Roman law which required the accusations in cases of adultery to be public was admirably well calculated for preserving the purity of morals; it intimidated married women, as well as those who were to watch over their conduct.

Nothing contributes more to the preser-

vation of morals than an extreme subordination of the young to the old. Thus they are both restrained, the former by their respect for those of advanced age, and the latter by their regard for themselves.

Nothing gives a greater force to the laws than a perfect subordination between the citizens and the magistrate. 'The great difference which Lycurgus established between Sparta and the other cities,' says Xenophon, 'consists chiefly in the obedience the citizens show to their laws; they run when the magistrate calls them. But at Athens a rich man would be highly displeased to be thought dependent on the magistrate.'

Paternal authority is likewise of great use toward the preservation of morals. We have already observed that in a republic there is not so coercive a force as in other governments. The laws must therefore endeavor to supply this defect by some means or other; and this is done by paternal authority.

Fathers at Rome had the power of life and death over their children. At Sparta, every father had a right to correct another man's child.

Paternal authority ended at Rome together with the republic. In monarchies, where such a purity of morals is not required, they are controlled by no other authority than that of the magistrates.

The Roman laws, which accustomed young people to dependence, established a long minority. Perhaps we are mistaken in conforming to this custom; there is no necessity for so much constraint in monarchies.

This very subordination in a republic might make it necessary for the father to continue in the possession of his children's fortune during life, as was the custom at Rome. But this is not agreeable to the spirit of monarchy.

POVERTY AND RICHES

FROM BOOK XXIII

A man is not poor because he has nothing, but because he does not work. The man who without any degree of wealth has an employment is as much at his ease as he who without labor has an income of a hundred crowns a year. He who has no substance, and yet has a trade, is not poorer than he who, possessing ten acres of land, is obliged to cultivate it for his subsistence. The mechanic who gives his art as an inheritance to his children has left them a fortune, which is multiplied in proportion to their number. It is not so with him who, having ten acres of land, divides it among his children.

In trading countries, where many men have no other subsistence but from the arts, the state is frequently obliged to supply the necessities of the aged, the sick, and the orphan. A well-regulated government draws this support from the arts themselves. It gives to some such employment as they are capable of performing; others are taught to work, and this teaching of itself becomes an employment.

The alms given to a naked man in the street do not fulfil the obligations of the state, which owes to every citizen a certain subsistence, a proper nourishment, convenient clothing, and a kind of life not incompatible with health.

Aurengzebe, being asked why he did not build hospitals, said, 'I will make my empire so rich that there shall be no need of hospitals.' He ought to have said, 'I will begin by rendering my empire rich, and then I will build hospitals.'

The riches of the state suppose great industry. Amidst the numerous branches of trade it is impossible but that some must suffer, and consequently the mechanics must be in a momentary necessity.

Whenever this happens, the state is obliged to lend them a ready assistance, whether it be to prevent the sufferings of the people, or to avoid a rebellion. In this case hospitals, or some equivalent regulations, are necessary to prevent this misery.

But when the nation is poor, private poverty springs from the general calamity, and is, if I may so express myself, the general calamity itself. All the hospitals in the world cannot cure this private poverty; on the contrary, the spirit of indolence, which it constantly inspires, increases the general and consequently the private misery.

Henry VIII, resolving to reform the Church of England, ruined the monks, of themselves a lazy set of people that encouraged laziness in others, because, as they practised hospitality, an infinite number of idle persons, gentlemen and citizens, spent their lives in running from convent to convent. He demolished even the hos-

pitals, in which the lower people found subsistence, as the gentlemen did theirs in the monasteries. Since these changes, the spirit of trade and industry has been established in England.

At Rome, the hospitals place everyone at his ease, except those who labor, except those who are industrious, except those who have land, except those who are engaged in trade.

I have observed that wealthy nations have need of hospitals, because fortune subjects them to a thousand accidents; but it is plain that transient assistances are much better than perpetual foundations.

The evil is momentary; it is necessary, therefore, that the succor should be of the same nature, and that it be applied to particular accidents.

VOLTAIRE (1694–1778)

François Marie Arouet, who adopted for literary purposes the name of Voltaire, covered a large part of the eighteenth century in his intellectual activities, and his influence extended to the limits of the Europe of his time. He wrote a great deal and his reputation was exceedingly high, but he marks the end of a dying age rather than the beginning of the modern period. He had intelligence as well as wit, and when at the end of his life he surveyed the hundred printed volumes of his work, he remarked that this was too much literary baggage to attempt to carry down to posterity. The upshot has proved that he was right, for while the hundred volumes are to be found in all of our great libraries, they are now little used. It requires more courage than is possessed by most students of French literature to tackle his long epic the *Henriade,* recounting the achievements of Henri IV; and his burlesque of the life of Joan of Arc (*La Pucelle*), although it has won readers by its scurrilous wit, is quite out of touch with any modern view of the Maid. His classical tragedies now disgust by their pompous artificialities the few readers who attempt to become acquainted with them. His discussion of Shakespeare, whom, after visiting England, he introduced to France as a barbarian of genius, is equally out of date. And yet, in his own time and in his own way, Voltaire was a great man, and exercised a mighty influence. The apostle of the open mind and the life of reason, he was twice imprisoned in the Bastille, and the battles he fought in defense of free thought, free speech, and free publication are as creditable to his courage as to his intelligence. His remark to a friend, 'I detest your ideas but will defend with my life your right to give expression to them,' is one of the watchwords of modern liberty, and his defense of the humble family of Calas, victims of religious bigotry, showed that he meant what he said. The violence of his attack on ecclesiasticism made him bitter enemies, but it seems unnecessary to perpetuate these by-gone quarrels. Voltaire's courage and quick intelligence were great qualities, and in *Candide,* a 'philosophic tale' he wrote toward the end of his stormy career, we have his cynical wit at its best.

CANDIDE: OR ALL FOR THE BEST

CHAPTER I

There lived in the fine castle of the Baron Thunder-ten-Tronckh, situated in Westphalia, a young man of the sweetest disposition in the world. His face was the very picture of his mind. With a good understanding, he possessed the most engaging simplicity of manners; and, in short, was of so easy a temper, that he had got the name of Candide amongst all who knew him.

The old domestics of the household had a strong suspicion that he was the son of the Baron's sister, by a very worthy gentleman in the neighborhood, whom the lady would not however condescend to marry, because he could reckon no more than seventy-one armorial quarterings in his escutcheon, the others having been lost by the injury of time.

Monsieur, the Baron, was one of the most powerful and consequential lords in all Westphalia, for his castle had a gate to it, and even windows, and his grand saloon was hung with tapestry. Mastiffs and dogs of every degree formed a pack upon occasion to hunt with. His grooms and stable boys served for huntsmen and whippers-in; the parson of the parish was his grand almoner. Everyone called him my Lord, and everyone laughed when he told his stories.

Madam, the Baroness, who weighed about three hundredweight and a half, was therefore considered as a lady of no small consequence, and gained much respect, and when she did the honors of her house, she performed the task with so much dignity that she acquired still more reverence. Mistress Cunégonde, her ladyship's daughter, was a fine rosy plump desirable girl of seventeen; as for her brother, the Baron's son and heir, he was in every respect

worthy of the stock he sprang from. Pangloss was the preceptor and the oracle of the whole family, and little Candide listened to his instructions with all the simplicity natural to his age and disposition, and believed everything he said.

Master Pangloss taught the metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology. He could prove, to admiration, that there is no effect without a cause; and, that in this best of all possible worlds, the baron's castle was the most magnificent of all castles, and my lady the best of all possible baronesses.

'It is demonstrable,' said he, 'that things cannot be otherwise than they are; for as all things have been created for some end, they must necessarily be created for the best end. Observe, for instance, the nose is formed to bear spectacles, therefore we wear spectacles. The legs are visibly designed for stockings, accordingly we wear stockings. Stones were made to be hewn, and to construct castles, therefore my Lord has a magnificent castle; for the greatest baron in the province ought to be the best lodged. Swine were created to be eaten, therefore we eat pork all the year round. It is not enough therefore to say that everything is right, we should say everything is in the best state it possibly could be.'

Candide listened attentively, and believed implicitly; for he thought Mistress Cunégonde excessively handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded, that next to the happiness of being Baron of Thunder-ten-Tronckh, the next was that of being Mistress Cunégonde, the next that of seeing her every day, and the last that of hearing the doctrine of Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the whole province, and consequently of the whole world.

CANDIDE AND HIS VALET IN EL DORADO

CHAPTERS XVII AND XVIII

'Well,' said Cacambo to his master, when they got to the frontiers of the Oreillons, 'you see, this half of the world is no better than the other: even take my advice, and let us return to Europe the shortest way.' 'But how can we get back?' said Candide, 'or to what new place shall we go? Certainly, not to my own country? The Bulgarians and the Abares are laying that waste with fire and sword. If we go to Portugal, there I shall be burnt; and if we abide here, we are every moment in danger of being spitted. But how can I bring myself to quit that part of the world which my dear Mistress Cunégonde inhabits?'

'Let us turn towards Cayenne,' said Cacambo. 'There we shall meet with some Frenchmen; for you know those gentry ramble all over the world; perhaps, they will be of some service to us, and God will pity our distress, and send us some relief.'

It was not so easy to get to Cayenne. They knew pretty well which way to travel; but the mountains, rivers, precipices, robbers, savages, were dreadful obstacles in the road. Their horses died with fatigue, and their provisions were all consumed. They subsisted a whole month upon wild fruit, till at length they came to a little river bordered with cocoa-trees; the sight of which at once rallied their hopes, and supported their enfeebled carcasses.

Cacambo, who was always giving as good advice as the old woman herself, said to Candide, 'You see we are almost exhausted; we have traveled enough on foot. I spy an empty canoe near the river side; let us fill it with cocoa-nuts, get into it, and go down with the stream; a river always leads to some inhabited place. If we do not meet with agreeable things, we shall at least meet with something new.' 'Agreed,' replied Candide; 'let us recommend ourselves to Providence.'

They rowed a few leagues down the river, the banks of which were in some places covered with flowers; in others barren; in some parts smooth and level, and in others steep and rugged. The stream widened as they went farther on, till at length it passed under one of the frightful rocks, whose summits seemed to reach the clouds. Here our two travelers had the courage to commit themselves to the stream, which, contracting in this part, hurried them along with a dreadful noise and rapidity. At the end of four-and-twenty hours, they saw daylight again; but their canoe was dashed to pieces against the rocks. They were obliged to creep along, from rock to rock, for the space of a league, till at last they discovered an immense horizon, bounded by a chain of inaccessible mountains. The country appeared cultivated equally for pleasure, and

to produce the necessaries of life. The useful and agreeable were here equally blended. The roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages, formed of elegant and glittering materials, in which were men and women of a surprising beauty, drawn with great rapidity by red sheep of a very large size; which far surpassed the finest coursers of Andalusia, Tetuan, or Mequinez.

'Here is a country,' said Candide, 'which exceeds even Westphalia.' He and Cacambo landed near the first village they saw, at the entrance of which they perceived some children covered with tattered garments of the richest brocade, playing at quoits. Our two inhabitants of the European world amused themselves greatly with looking at them. The quoits were large, round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which cast a most glorious luster. Our travelers picked some of them up, and they proved to be gold, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds; the least of which would have been the greatest ornament to the superb throne of the great Mogul. 'Without doubt,' said Cacambo, 'those children must be the king's sons, who are playing at quoits.' As he was uttering these words, the schoolmaster of the village appeared, who came to call them to school. 'There,' said Candide, 'is the preceptor of the royal family.'

The little rogues immediately quitted their diversion, leaving the quoits on the ground, with all their other playthings. Candide gathers them up, runs to the schoolmaster, and, with a most respectful bow, presents them to him, giving him to understand by signs, that their royal highnesses had forgot their gold and precious stones. The schoolmaster, with a smile, flung them upon the ground, then examining Candide from head to foot, with an air of wonder, he turned his back, and went on his way.

Our travelers took care, however, to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds. 'Where are we? for heaven's sake,' cried Candide. 'The king's children in this country must be very properly educated, since they are taught to show such a contempt for gold and precious stones.' Cacambo was as much surprised as his master. They then drew near the first house in the village, which was built after the manner of the palaces in Europe. There was a crowd of people about the door, and a still greater number in the house. The sound of the most delightful instruments of music was heard, and a most savory smell came from the kitchen. Cacambo went up to the door, and heard those within talking in the Peruvian language, which was his mother tongue; for everyone knows that Cacambo was born in a village of Tucuman, where no other language is spoken. 'I will be your interpreter here,' said he to Candide, 'let us go in; this is an eating-house.'

Immediately two waiters, and two servant girls, dressed in cloth of gold, and their hair braided with ribbands of tissue, accost the strangers, and invite them to sit down to the ordinary. Their dinner consisted of four dishes of different soups, each garnished with two young paroquets, a large dish of bouille, that weighed two hundredweight, two roasted monkeys of a delicious flavor, three hundred humming birds in one dish, and six hundred flybirds in another; some excellent ragouts, delicate tarts, and the whole served up in dishes of rock-crystal. Several sorts of liquors, extracted from the sugar cane, were handed about by the servants who attended.

Most of the company were pedlars and wagoners, all extremely polite. They asked Cacambo a few questions, with the utmost discretion and politeness; and replied to his in a most obliging and satisfactory manner.

As soon as dinner was over, both Candide and Cacambo thought they should pay very handsomely for their entertainment, by laying down two of those large gold pieces, which they had picked off the ground; but the landlord and landlady burst into a fit of laughing, and held their sides for some time. At last recovering themselves, 'Gentlemen,' said the landlord, 'I plainly perceive you are strangers, and such we are not accustomed to see; pardon us, therefore, for laughing, when you offered us the common pebbles of our highways for payment of your reckoning. To be sure, you have none of the coin of this kingdom; but there is no necessity of having any money at all to dine in this house. All the inns, which are established for the convenience of those who carry on the trade of this nation, are maintained by the government. You have found but very indifferent entertainment here; because this is only a poor village; but in almost every

other of these public houses, you will meet with a reception worthy of persons of your merit.'

Cacambo explained the whole of this speech of the landlord to Candide, who listened to it with the same astonishment with which his friend communicated it. 'What sort of a country is this,' said the one to the other, 'that is unknown to all the world, and in which Nature has everywhere so different an appearance to what she has in ours? Possibly this is that part of the globe where everything is right, for there must certainly be some such place; and, notwithstanding all that Dr. Pangloss could say, I often perceived that things went very ill in Westphalia.'

Cacambo, having the advantage of understanding the language of El Dorado, tried to satisfy his curiosity with his landlord by a thousand different questions: the honest man answered him plainly: 'I am very ignorant, sir, but I am content; however, we have in this neighborhood an old man retired from court, who is the best informed and most communicative person in the whole kingdom.' He then carried Cacambo to the old man; Candide acted now only an under part and attended his valet. They entered a very plain house, for the door was nothing but silver, and the ceiling was only of beaten gold, but wrought in so elegant a taste as to vie with the richest. The antechamber, indeed, was only incrusted with rubies and emeralds; but the order in which everything was disposed made amends for this great simplicity.

The old man received the strangers on his sofa, which was stuffed with humming birds' feathers; and ordered his servants to present them with liquors in golden goblets, after which he satisfied their curiosity in the following terms: 'I am now one hundred and seventy-two years old; and I learnt of my late father, who was equerry to the king, the amazing revolutions of Peru, to which he had been an eye-witness. This kingdom is the ancient patrimony of the Incas, who very imprudently quitted it to conquer another part of the world, and were at length conquered and destroyed themselves by the Spaniards. Those princes of their family, who remained in their native country, acted more wisely. They made a law, with the consent of their whole nation, that none of the inhabitants of our little kingdom should ever quit it; and to this wise ordinance we owe the preservation of our innocence and happiness. The Spaniards had some confused notion of this country, to which they gave the name of El Dorado; and Sir Walter Raleigh, an Englishman, actually came very near it, about three hundred years ago: but the inaccessible rocks and precipices, with which our country is surrounded on all sides, have hitherto secured us from the rapacious fury of the people of Europe, who have an unaccountable fondness for the pebbles and dirt of our land, for the sake of which they would murder us all to the very last man.'

The conversation lasted a considerable length of time, and turned chiefly on the form of government, their manners, their women, their public diversions, and the arts. At length, Candide, who had always had a turn for metaphysics, asked whether the people of that country had any established religion?

The old man reddened a little at this question: 'Can you doubt it?' said he; 'do you take us for wretches lost to all sense of gratitude?' Cacambo asked in a respectful manner what was the established religion of El Dorado. The old man blushed again, and said, 'Can there be two religions, then? Ours, I apprehend, is the religion of the whole world; we worship God from morning till night.' 'Do you worship but one God?' said Cacambo, who still acted as the interpreter of Candide's doubts. 'Certainly,' said the old man; 'there are not two, nor three, nor four Gods. I must confess the people of your world ask extraordinary questions.' However, Candide could not refrain from making many more enquiries of the old man; he wanted to know in what manner they prayed to God in El Dorado. 'We do not pray to him at all,' said the reverend sage; 'we have nothing to ask of him, he has given us all we want, and we give him thanks incessantly.' Candide had a curiosity to see some of their priests, and desired Cacambo to ask the old man where they were? At which he, smiling, said, 'My friends, we are all of us priests, the King and all the heads of families sing solemn hymns of thanksgiving every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians.' 'What!' says Cacambo, 'have you no monks among you, to dispute, to govern, to intrigue, and to burn people who are

not of the same opinion with themselves?' 'Do you take us for fools?' said the old man; 'here we are all of one opinion, and know not what you mean by your monks.' During the whole of this discourse, Candide was in raptures, and he said to himself, 'There's a prodigious difference between this place and Westphalia, and this house and the baron's castle! If our friend Pangloss had ever seen El Dorado, never would he have maintained that the castle of Thunder-ten-Tronckh was the finest of all possible edifices: there is nothing like seeing the world, that's certain.'

This long conversation being ended, the old man ordered six sheep to be harnessed, and put to the coach, and sent twelve of his servants to escort the travelers to court. 'Excuse me,' said he, 'for not waiting on you in person; my age deprives me of that honor. The king will receive you in such a manner that you will have no reason to complain; and doubtless you will make a proper allowance for the customs of the country, if they should not happen altogether to please you.'

Candide and Cacambo got into the coach, the six sheep flew, and, in less than four hours, they arrived at the king's palace, which was situated at the farther end of the capital. At the entrance was a portal two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred wide; but it is impossible for words to describe the materials of which it was built. The reader, however, will readily conceive, they must have a prodigious superiority over the pebbles and sand, which we call gold and precious stones.

Candide and Cacambo were received by twenty beautiful young virgins in-waiting, when they got out of the coach, who conducted them to the bath, and clad them in robes woven of the down of humming birds; after which they were introduced by the great officers of the crown of both sexes to the king's apartment, between two files of musicians, each file consisting of a thousand, agreeable to the custom of the country. When they drew near to the presence chamber, Cacambo asked one of the officers in what manner they were to pay their obeisance to his majesty: whether it was the custom to fall upon their knees, or to prostrate themselves upon the ground? whether they were to put their hands upon their heads, or behind their backs? whether they were to lick the dust of the floor? In short, what was the ceremony usual on such occasions? 'The custom,' said the great officer, 'is to embrace the king, and kiss him on each cheek.' Candide and Cacambo accordingly threw their arms round his majesty's neck, who received them in the most gracious manner imaginable, and very politely asked them to sup with him.

In the meantime, while supper was preparing, orders were given to show them the city, where they saw public buildings, whose roofs almost touched the clouds; the market places decorated with a thousand columns; fountains of spring water, besides others of rose water, and of liquors drawn from the sugar cane, incessantly flowing in the great squares; which were paved with a kind of precious stones, that emitted an odor like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candide asked to see the high court of justice, the parliament; but was answered, that they have none in that country, being utter strangers to law-suits. He then enquired, if they had any prisons; they replied, 'None.' But what gave him at once the greatest surprise and pleasure was the palace of sciences, where he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, filled with the various apparatus in mathematics and natural philosophy.

After having spent the whole afternoon in seeing only about the thousandth part of the city they were brought back to the king's palace. Candide sat down at the table with his majesty, his valet Cacambo, and several ladies of the court. Never was entertainment more excellent and complete in its kind, nor could anyone possibly show more wit than his majesty displayed while they were at supper. Cacambo explained all the king's jests and witticisms to Candide, and what was wonderful, although they were translated, they still appeared to be excellent things. Nothing surprised Candide more than this last circumstance. They spent a whole month in this hospitable place, during which time Candide was continually saying to Cacambo, 'I own, my friend, once more, that the castle where I was born is a mere nothing, in comparison of the place where we now are; but still Mistress Cunégonde is not here, and you yourself have doubtless some mistress for whom you sigh in Europe. If we remain here, we shall only be on a level with others; whereas, if we return to our own world with only a dozen of El Dorado sheep, loaded with the pebbles of this coun-

try, we shall be richer than all the kings in Europe; we shall no longer need to fear the inquisitors; and we may easily recover Mistress Cunégonde.'

This speech was perfectly agreeable to Cacambo. A fondness for roving, for making a figure in their own country, and for boasting of what they had seen in their travels was so prevalent in our two wanderers, that these two happy men resolved to be no longer happy; and demanded permission of the king to quit the country.

'You are going to do a rash and silly action,' said the king. 'I am sensible my kingdom is nothing very great; but when people are tolerably at ease in any place, I should think it would be their interest to remain there. Most assuredly I have no right to detain you or any strangers against their wills; this is an act of tyranny to which our manners and our laws are equally repugnant: all men are by nature free; you have therefore an undoubted liberty to depart whenever you please, but you will have many and great difficulties to encounter in passing the frontiers. It is impossible to ascend that rapid river which runs under high and vaulted rocks, and by which you were conveyed hither by a kind of miracle. The mountains by which my kingdom is hemmed in on all sides are ten thousand feet high, and perfectly perpendicular; they are above ten leagues over each, and the descent from them is one continued precipice. However, since you are determined to leave us, I will immediately give orders to the superintendent of my machines to cause one to be made that will convey you very safe. When they have conducted you to the back of the mountains, nobody can attend you farther; for my subjects have made a vow never to quit the kingdom, and they are too prudent to break it: Ask me whatever else you please.' 'All we shall ask of your Majesty,' said Cacambo, 'is only a few sheep laden with provisions, pebbles, and the clay of your country.' The king smiled at the request, and said, 'I cannot imagine what pleasure you Europeans find in our yellow clay; but take away as much of it as you will, and much good may it do you.'

He immediately gave orders to his engineers to make a machine to hoist these two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand good mechanics went to work, and finished it in about fifteen days; and it did not cost more than twenty millions sterling of that country's money. Candide and Cacambo were placed on this machine, and they took with them two large red sheep, bridled and saddled, to ride upon, when they got on the other side of the mountains: twenty others to serve as sumpters for carrying provisions; thirty laden with presents of whatever was most curious in the country; and fifty with gold, diamonds, and other precious stones. The king, at parting with our two adventurers, embraced them with the greatest cordiality.

It was really a fine sight to behold the manner of their setting off, and the ingenious method by which they and their sheep were hoisted to the top of the mountains. The engineers took leave of them as soon as they had conveyed them to a place of safety, and Candide was wholly occupied with the thoughts of presenting his sheep to Mistress Cunégonde.

THE VOYAGE TO FRANCE

CHAPTER XXI

At length they came within sight of the coast of France, when Candide said to Martin, 'Pray, Mr. Martin, were you ever in France?' 'Yes, sir,' said Martin, 'I have passed through several provinces of that kingdom. In some, one-half of the people are fools; in some, they are too artful; in others again, they are, in general, very simple, and very stupid; while in others, they affect to be witty, and in all, their ruling passion is love, the next is slander, and the last is to talk nonsense.' 'But pray, Mr. Martin, were you ever in Paris?' 'Yes, sir, I have been in that city, and there you find all the several species just described; it is a chaos, a crowd, where everyone seeks for pleasure, without being able to find it; at least, as far as I have observed of their conduct; I stayed there but a short time. I scarce had set my foot in the place, before I was robbed of all I had in the world by pickpockets and sharpers, at the fair of St. Germain. I was taken up myself for a robber, and confined in prison a whole week; after which, I hired myself as corrector to a press, in order to get a little money towards defray-

ing my expenses back to Holland on foot. I knew the whole mob of scribblers, malcontents, and fanatics. It is said, the people of that city are very polite; perhaps they are so.'

'I cannot say,' said Candide, 'that I have any great curiosity to see France; you may easily conceive, my friend, that, after spending a month in El Dorado, I can desire to behold nothing upon earth but Mistress Cunégonde; I am going to wait for her at Venice; I intend to pass through France, on my way to Italy; will you not go with me?' 'With all my heart,' said Martin; 'they say, that none but noble Venetians pass their time agreeably at Venice; but that, nevertheless, strangers are well received there, when they have plenty of money; now I have none, but you have, therefore I will attend you whither you please.' 'Now we are upon this subject,' said Candide, 'do you think that the earth was originally sea, as we read in that great book which belongs to the captain of the ship?' 'I believe nothing of it,' replied Martin, 'any more than I do of the many other strange things which have been handed down to us for some time past.' 'But then, to what end,' said Candide, 'was the world formed?' 'To turn our brains,' said Martin. 'Are you not surprised,' continued Candide, 'at the love which the two girls in the country of the Oreillons had for those two monkeys?—You know I have told you the story.' 'Surprised!' replied Martin, 'not in the least; I see nothing strange in this passion. I have seen so many extraordinary things that there is nothing extraordinary to me now.'

'Do you think,' said Candide, 'that mankind always massacred each other as they do now? Were they always guilty of lies, fraud, treachery, ingratitude, inconstancy, envy, ambition, and cruelty? Were they always thieves, fools, cowards, gluttons, drunkards, misers, calumniators, debauchees, fanatics, and hypocrites?' 'Do you believe,' said Martin, 'that hawks have always been accustomed to eat pigeons when they came in their way?' 'Doubtless,' said Candide. 'Well then,' replied Martin, 'if hawks have always had the same nature, why should you pretend that mankind change theirs?' 'Oh!' said Candide, 'there is a great deal of difference, for free will—' but in the midst of the argument they arrived at Bordeaux.

CANDIDE AND MARTIN IN ENGLAND

CHAPTER XXIII

As soon as they were safe on board the Dutch vessel, Candide could not help exclaiming, 'Ah Pangloss! Pangloss! ah Martin! Martin! ah my dear Mistress Cunégonde! what sort of a world is this?' 'Why, something very foolish, and very abominable,' said Martin. 'You know something of England,' said Candide; 'are they as great fools in that country as in France?' 'Yes, but their folly is of a different cast,' answered Martin. 'You know that these two nations are at war, about a few acres of snow in the neighborhood of Canada, and that they have spent more money already in the contest than the other exceeds the limits of my whether there are a greater number of people fit for Bedlam in the one country than the other, exceeds the limits of my imperfect capacity; I know, in general, that the people we are going to visit are of a very serious and gloomy disposition.'

As they were chatting thus together, they arrived at Portsmouth. The shore, on each side the harbor, was lined with a multitude of people, whose eyes were steadfastly fixed on a corpulent man, who was kneeling down on the deck of one of the men-of-war, with something tied before his eyes. Opposite to this personage stood four soldiers, each of whom discharged three bullets into his head, with all the composure imaginable; and when it was done, the whole company went away perfectly well satisfied. 'What is all this for?' said Candide; 'and what cursed devil is it which thus infests and spreads his influence over the world?' He then asked, who that fat man was who had been sent out of the world with so much ceremony? He received for answer, that it was an Admiral. 'And, pray, why do you put your Admiral to death?' 'Because he did not kill men enough himself. You must know he had an engagement with a French Admiral, and it has been proved against him that he was not near enough to his antagonist.' 'But surely then,' replied Candide, 'the French Admiral must have been as far from him.' 'There is no doubt of that,' said the other; 'but in this country it is found requisite, now and then, to put one Admiral to death, in order to encourage the others to fight.'

Candide was so shocked at what he saw and heard, that he would not set foot on shore, but agreed with the Dutch skipper to carry him directly to Venice.

In two days the Dutchman was ready. They sailed along the coast of France, and passed within sight of Lisbon, at which Candide trembled. From thence they entered the straits, and the Mediterranean, and at length arrived at Venice. 'God be praised,' said Candide, embracing Martin, 'this is the place where I am to behold my beloved Cunégonde once again. I can depend upon Cacambo, like another self. All is well, very well; everything goes on as well as possible.'

CANDIDE'S VOYAGE TO CONSTANTINOPLE

CHAPTER XXVII

The faithful Cacambo had already prevailed upon the captain of the Turkish ship, that was to carry Sultan Achmet back to Constantinople, to take Candide and Martin on board. Accordingly they both embarked, after paying their obeisance to his unfortunate Highness. As they were going on board, Candide said to Martin, 'You see how the world goes, we supped in company with six dethroned kings, and one of them was so poor that I gave him charity. Perhaps there may be a great many other princes still more unfortunate. For my part, I have lost only a hundred sheep, and am now going to fly to the arms of my charming Mistress Cunégonde. My dear Martin, I must still insist on it, that Pangloss was in the right. All is for the best.' 'I wish it may,' said Martin. 'But this was certainly a very improbable adventure, which we met with at Venice,' said Candide. 'I do not think that anyone ever saw or heard of six dethroned monarchs supping together at a public inn.' 'This is not more extraordinary,' said Martin, 'than most of the things that have happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be dethroned; and as for our having the honor to sup with six of them, it is a mere trifle, not worth remarking.'

As soon as Candide set his foot on board the vessel, he flew to his old friend and valet Cacambo; and, throwing his arms about his neck, embraced him with transports of joy. 'Well,' said he, 'what news of Mistress Cunégonde? Does she still continue the paragon of beauty? Does she love me still? How does she do? You have, doubtless, purchased a palace for her at Constantinople.'

'My dear master,' replied Cacambo, 'Mistress Cunégonde washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the house of a prince who has very few to wash. She is at present a slave in the family of an ancient sovereign, named Ragotsky, whom the Grand Turk allows three crowns a day to maintain him in his exile; but the worst part of the story is, that she is grown horribly ugly.' 'Ugly or handsome,' said Candide, 'I am a man of honor; and, as such, am obliged to love her still. But how could she possibly have been reduced to so abject a condition, when I sent five or six millions to her by you?' 'Very true,' said Cacambo, 'but was not I obliged to give two millions to Seignior Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, for liberty to take Mistress Cunégonde away with me? And then did not a brave fellow of a pirate very gallantly strip us of all the rest? And then did not this same pirate carry us with him to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Mistress Cunégonde and the old woman are now servants to the Prince I have told you of; and I myself am slave to the dethroned Sultan.' 'What a chain of shocking accidents!' exclaimed Candide. 'But, after all, I have still some diamonds left, with which I can easily procure Mistress Cunégonde's liberty. It is a pity she is grown so very ugly.'

Then, turning his discourse to Martin, 'What think you, friend,' said he, 'whose condition is most to be pitied, the Emperor Achmet's, the Emperor Ivan's, King Charles Edward's, or mine?' 'Faith, I cannot resolve your question,' said Martin, 'unless I had been in all your hearts, and knew all your feelings.' 'Ah!' cried Candide, 'were Pangloss here now, he would have known, and satisfied me at once.' 'I know not,' said Martin, 'in what balance your Pangloss could have weighed the misfortunes of mankind, and have set a just estimation on their sufferings. All that I know is, that there are millions of men on the earth, whose conditions are a hundred times more pitiable than those of

King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan, or Sultan Achmet.' 'Why, that may be,' answered Candide.

In a few days they reached the Black Sea; and Candide began by paying an extravagant ransom for Cacambo: then, without losing time, he and his companions went on board a galley, in order to search for his Cunégonde, on the banks of the Propontis, notwithstanding she was grown so ugly.

There were two slaves among the crew of the galley, who rowed very awkwardly, and to whose bare backs the master of the vessel frequently applied a bull's pizzle. Candide, from natural sympathy, looked at these two slaves more attentively than at any of the rest, and drew near them with an eye of pity. Their features, though greatly disfigured, appeared to him to have some resemblance with those of Pangloss and the unhappy Baron Jesuit, Mistress Cunégonde's brother. This idea affected him with grief and compassion: he examined them more attentively than before. 'In troth,' said he, turning to Cacambo, 'if I had not seen my master Pangloss fairly hanged, and had not myself been unlucky enough to run the Baron through the body, I should absolutely think those two rowers were the men.'

The names of the Baron and Pangloss were no sooner heard than the two slaves gave a great cry, ceased rowing, and let fall their oars out of their hands. The master of the vessel, seeing this, ran up to them, and redoubled the discipline of the bull's pizzle. 'Hold, hold,' cried Candide, 'I will give you what money you shall ask for these two persons.' 'Good heavens! it is Candide,' said one of the men. 'Candide!' cried the other. 'Do I dream,' said Candide, 'or am I awake? Am I actually on board this galley? Is this my Lord Baron, whom I killed? And that my master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged before my face?'

'The same, the same!' cried they both together. 'What? is this your great philosopher?' said Martin. 'My dear sir,' said Candide to the master of the galley, 'how much do you ask for the ransom of the Baron of Thunder-ten-Tronckh, who is one of the first Barons of the Empire, and of Dr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany?' 'Why then, Christian cur,' replied the Turkish captain, 'since these two dogs of Christian slaves are Barons and metaphysicians, who no doubt are of high rank in their own country, thou shalt give me fifty thousand sequins.' 'You shall have them, sir: carry me back as quick as thought to Constantinople, and you shall receive the money immediately. No! carry me first to Mistress Cunégonde.' The captain, upon Candide's first proposal, had already tacked about, and he made the crew apply their oars so effectually, that the vessel flew through the water quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candide embraced the Baron and Pangloss again and again. 'And how was it, my dear Baron, I did not kill you? And you, my dear Pangloss, how are you come to life again, after your hanging? And, how came you slaves on board a Turkish galley?' 'And is it true that my dear sister is in this country?' said the Baron. 'Yes,' said Cacambo. 'And do I once again behold my dear Candide?' said Pangloss. Candide presented Martin and Cacambo to them; they embraced each other over and over again, and all spoke together. The galley flew like lightning, and now they were got back to the port. Candide instantly sent for a Jew, to whom he sold for fifty thousand sequins a diamond richly worth one hundred thousand, though the fellow swore to him all the time, by father Abraham, that he gave him the most he could possibly afford. He paid it down instantly, for the ransom of the Baron and Pangloss. The latter flung himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed them with his tears. The former thanked him like a Baron of the Empire, with a gracious nod, and promised to return him the money the first opportunity. 'But is it possible,' said he, 'that my sister should be in Turkey?' 'Nothing is more possible,' answered Cacambo; 'for she scours the dishes in the house of a Transylvanian Prince.' Candide sent directly for two other Jews, and sold more diamonds to them; and then he set out with his companions in another galley, to deliver Mistress Cunégonde from slavery.

HOW PANGLOSS HAD ESCAPED DEATH

CHAPTER XXVIII

'Pardon once more,' said Candide to the Baron; 'once more let me entreat you to

forgive me, Reverend Father, for running you through the body.' 'Let's forget it, and say no more about it,' replied the Baron; 'I was a little too hasty I must own; but as you seem to be desirous to know by what accident I came to be a slave on board the galley where you saw me, I will inform you. After I had been cured of the wound you gave me, by the college apothecary, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spanish troops, who clapped me up in prison in Buenos Ayres, at the very time my sister was leaving the place. I asked leave to return to Rome, to the General of my order, who appointed me chaplain to the French Ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been a week in my new office, when I happened to meet one evening with a young Icoglan, extremely handsome and well made. The weather was very hot; the young man had an inclination to bathe. I took the opportunity to bathe likewise. I did not know it was a capital crime for a Christian to be found naked in company with a young Mussulman. A Cadi ordered me to receive a hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the gallies. I do not believe that there was ever an act of more flagrant injustice. But I would fain know how my sister came to be a scullion to a Transylvanian Prince, who has taken refuge among the Turks?'

'But by what miracle do I behold you again, my dear Pangloss?' said Candide. 'It is true,' answered Pangloss, 'you saw me hanged, though I ought properly to have been burnt; but you may remember that it rained extremely hard when they were going to roast me. The storm was so violent, that they found it impossible to light the fire; so they even hanged me, because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried it home, and prepared to dissect me. He began by making a crucial incision from my navel to the clavicle. It is impossible for anyone to have been more clumsily hanged than I had been. The executioner of the holy inquisition was a sub-deacon, and was an excellent hand at burning people, but as for hanging, he was not used to it; the cord being wet, and not slipping properly, the noose was not tight. In short, I still continued to breathe; the crucial incision made me roar out so loud, that my surgeon fell flat upon his back; and imagining it was the devil he was dissecting, ran away, half dead with fear, and in his fright tumbled down on the staircase.

His wife hearing the noise, flew from the next room, and seeing me stretched upon the table with my crucial incision, was still more terrified than her husband, ran away, and fell over him. When they had a little recovered themselves, I heard her say to her husband, "My dear, how could you think of dissecting an heretic? Don't you know that the devil is always in their bodies? I'll run directly to a priest to come and exorcise him." I trembled from head to foot at hearing her talk in this manner, and exerted what little strength I had left to cry out, "For God's sake take pity of me!" At length the Portuguese barber took courage, sewed up my wound, and his wife nursed me; and I was upon my legs in a fortnight's time. The barber got me a place to be a lacquey to a knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but finding my master had no money to pay me my wages, I entered into the service of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople.

'One day I happened to enter a mosque, where I saw no one but an old Iman and a very pretty young female devotee, who was saying her Paternoster; her neck was quite bare, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas. She let fall her nosegay. I ran immediately to take it up, with a most respectful assiduity. But I was so long in putting it in its place, that the Iman began to be angry; and, perceiving I was a Christian, he cried out for help; they carried me before the Cadi, who ordered me to receive one hundred bastinadoes, and sent me to the gallies. I was chained in the very galley, and to the very same bench with the Baron. On board this galley there were four young men belonging to Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two Monks of Corfu, who told us that the like adventures happened every day. The Baron pretended that he had been much more unjustly punished than myself; but I insisted that there was far less harm in taking up a nosegay, and putting it into a woman's bosom, than to be found stark naked with a young Icoglan. We were continually disputing this point, and received twenty lashes a day with a bull's pizzle, when the concatenation of sublunary events brought

you on board our galley to ransom us from slavery.'

'Well, my dear Pangloss,' said Candide to them, 'when you were hanged, dissected, whipped, and tugging at the oar in the galley, did you continue to think, that everything in the world happens for the best?' 'I have always retained my first opinion,' answered Pangloss; 'besides, I am a philosopher; and it would not become me to retract my sentiments; especially as Leibnitz could not be in the wrong, and the doctrine of pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, as well as a *plenum*, and the *materia subtilis*.'

CANDIDE FINDS CUNÉGONDE

CHAPTER XXIX

While Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo passed away the time in relating their several adventures, and reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of this world; while they disputed on the cause and effects, on moral and physical evil; on free will and necessity; and on the many consolations that may be felt by a person when a slave, and chained to an oar in a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian Prince, on the coast of Propontis. The first objects they beheld there were Mistress Cunégonde and the old woman, who were hanging some tablecloths on a line to dry.

The Baron turned pale at the sight. Even Candide, that tender and affectionate lover, upon seeing his fair Cunégonde all sun-burnt, with blear eyes, a withered neck, and her arms all covered with a red scurf, started back with horror; but, recovering himself, he advanced towards her out of good manners; she embraced Candide and her brother; they embraced the old woman, and Candide ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighborhood, which the old woman proposed to Candide to rent for the present, till the company should meet with a more agreeable situation. Cunégonde knew nothing of her being grown ugly, as no one had informed her of it, and therefore reminded Candide of his promise, in so peremptory a manner, that the simple lad did not dare to refuse her; he then acquainted the Baron that he was going to marry his sister. 'I will never suffer,' said the Baron, 'my sister to be guilty of such meanness on her part; nor will I bear this insolence on yours: no, I never will be reproached with such a disgrace. My sister's children could not enjoy the ecclesiastical dignities in Germany; nor shall a sister of mine ever be the wife of any person below the rank of a Baron of the Empire.' Cunégonde flung herself at her brother's feet, and bedewed them with her tears, but he still remained inflexible. 'Silly fellow,' said Candide, 'have I not delivered thee from the gallies, paid thy ransom, and thy sister's, too, who was a dish washer, and is very ugly? and yet I condescend to marry her; and shalt thou pretend to oppose the match? If I were to follow the dictates of a just resentment I should kill thee again.' 'Thou mayest kill me again,' said the Baron, 'but thou shalt not marry my sister while I am living.'

CONCLUSION

CHAPTER XXX

Candide, in the bottom of his heart, had no great stomach to the match with Mistress Cunégonde; but the extreme impertinence of the Baron determined him to have her; and Cunégonde pressed him so warmly, that he could not recant. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss drew up a fine memorial, by which he proved that the Baron had no right over his sister; and that she might, even according to all the laws of the empire, marry Candide with the left hand. Martin thought it best to throw the Baron into the sea: Cacambo decided that he must be delivered to the Turkish Captain, and sent to the gallies, after which he should be conveyed by the first ship to the Father-general at Rome. This advice was found to be very good; the old woman approved of it, but not a word of it was told to his sister; the business was executed for a little money, and they had the double pleasure of tricking a Jesuit and punishing the pride of a German Baron.

It is natural enough for the reader to imagine, that, after undergoing so many disasters, Candide, married to his mistress, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having besides

brought home so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, would lead the most agreeable life in the world. But he had been so much cheated by the Jews, that he had nothing else left but his little farm; his wife, every day growing more and more ugly, became soured in her temper and insupportable; the old woman was infirm, and still more ill-natured than Cunégonde. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and carried the produce of it to sell at Constantinople, was past his labor, and cursed his fate. Pangloss was mortified that he made no figure in any of the German universities. And as to Martin, he was firmly persuaded, that a person is equally ill-situated everywhere. He bore all with patience. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss disputed sometimes about metaphysics and morality. Boats were often seen passing under the windows of the farm, fraught with effendis, bashaws, and cadies, that were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mitilene, and Erzerum. And other cadies, bashaws, and effendis were seen coming back to succeed the place of those who had been banished, and were banished in their turns. They saw several heads very neatly fixed upon poles, and carrying as presents to the Sublime Porte. Such sights gave occasion to frequent dissertations; and when they had nothing to dispute about, the irksomeness was so excessive that the old woman ventured one day to tell them, 'I would be glad to know, which is worst, to be ravished a hundred times by negro pirates, to have one buttock cut off, to run the gantlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and hanged at an Auto-da-fé, to be dissected, to be chained to an oar in a galley, and in short, to experience all the miseries through which everyone of us hath passed,—or to remain here doing nothing?' 'This,' said Candide, 'is a very deep question.'

This enquiry gave birth to new reflections, and Martin at last decided that man was not born to live in the convulsions of disquiet or in the lethargy of idleness. Though Candide was not entirely of this opinion; yet he did not determine anything on the head. Pangloss confessed that he had undergone dreadful sufferings; but having once maintained that everything was perfectly right, he still maintained it, but at the same time he believed nothing of it.

There was one thing which, more than ever, confirmed Martin in his detestable principle, made Candide hesitate, and embarrassed Pangloss—which was, the arrival of Pacquette and brother Giroflée one day at their farm, in the utmost distress; they had very speedily made away with their three thousand piastres; they had parted, been reconciled; had quarreled again, and been thrown into prison; had made their escape, and, at last, brother Giroflée turned Turk. Pacquette still continued to follow her trade wherever she came; but she got little or nothing by it. 'I foresaw very plainly,' says Martin to Candide, 'that your presents to this couple would soon be squandered, and only make them more miserable. You and Cacambo have spent millions of piastres, and yet you are not more happy than brother Giroflée and Pacquette.' 'So!' says Pangloss to Pacquette, 'Heaven has brought you here among us again, my poor child! Do you know that you have cost me the tip of my nose, one eye, and one ear? What a miserable state are you now in! and what is this world!' This new adventure engaged them more deeply than ever in philosophical disputations.

There lived in their neighborhood a very famous dervish, who passed for the best philosopher in Turkey; they wished to know his opinions; Pangloss, who was their spokesman, addressed him thus, 'Master, we come to entreat you to tell us why so strange an animal as man has been formed?'

'Why do you meddle with the subject?' said the dervish; 'is it any business of yours?' 'But, my Reverend Father,' says Candide, 'there is a horrible deal of evil on the earth.' 'What signifies it,' says the dervish, 'whether there is evil or good? When his Highness sends a ship to Egypt does he trouble his head, whether the rats in the vessel are at their ease or not?' 'What must then be done?' says Pangloss. 'Be silent'; answers the dervish. 'I flattered myself,' replied Pangloss, 'to have reasoned a little with you on the causes and effects, on the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and a pre-established harmony.' At these words the dervish shut the door in their faces.

During this conversation, news was spread abroad, that two Viziers of the Bench and the Musti had been just strangled at Constantinople, and several

of their friends empaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, as they were returning to their little farm, met with a good-looking old man, who was taking the air at his door, under an arbor formed of the boughs of orange-trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was disputative, asked him what was the name of the Musti who was lately strangled. 'I cannot tell,' answered the good old man; 'I never knew the name of any Musti or Vizier in my life, nor do I know anything of the event you speak of; I presume that, in general, such as meddle with politics sometimes come to a miserable end; and that they deserve it: but I never enquire what is doing at Constantinople; I am contented with sending thither the fruits of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands.' After saying these words, he invited the strangers to come into his house. His two daughters and two sons presented them with divers sorts of sherbet of their own making; besides caymac, heightened with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, pineapples, pistachio-nuts, and Mocha coffee, unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia, or the American islands. After which the two daughters of this good Mussulman perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss, and Martin.

'You must certainly have a vast estate,' said Candide to the Turk. 'I have no more than twenty acres of ground,' said he, 'the whole of which I cultivate myself with the help of my children; and by our labor we avoid three great evils, idleness, vice, and want.'

Candide, as he was returning home, made profound reflections on the Turk's discourse. 'This good old man,' said Pangloss to Martin, 'appears to me to have chosen for himself a lot much preferable to that of the six kings, with whom we had the honor to sup. Elevated stations are very dangerous, according to the testimonies of almost all philosophers; for we find Eglon, King of Moab, was assassinated by Aod; Absalom was hanged by the hair of his head, and run through with three darts; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was slain by Baaza; King Ela by Zimri; Okosias by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the Kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah were led into captivity. I need not tell you what was the fate of Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II of England, Edward II, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart, Charles I, the three Henries of France, and the Emperor Henry IV; you know also——' 'I know,' said Candide, 'that we must cultivate our garden.' 'You are in the right,' said Pangloss; 'for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dress it: and this proves that man was not born to be idle.' 'Let us work then without caviling,' said Martin; 'it is the only way to render life supportable.'

The little society, one and all, entered into this laudable design; and set themselves to exert their different talents. The piece of ground, though small, yielded them a plentiful crop. Cunégonde, indeed, was very ugly, but she became an excellent pastry-cook; Pacquette embroidered; the old woman had the care of the linen. There was not one, down to brother Giroflée, but was of some use; he was a very good carpenter, and became an honest man. Pangloss used now and then to say to Candide, 'There is certainly a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of that fine castle for the love of Mistress Cunégonde; had you not been put into the Inquisition; had you not traveled over America on foot; had you not run the Baron through the body; and had you not lost all your sheep, which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio nuts.'

'All this is excellently observed,' answered Candide; 'but let us cultivate our garden.'

V

THE ROMANTIC REVIVAL

THE ROMANTIC REVIVAL

The Romantic Revival, like the Renaissance, was a literary movement extending over considerably more than a century and varying greatly in different countries both in the phases and in the periods of its development. Its predominant characteristics were a love of Nature, especially in her wilder moods, in preference to the ordered and sophisticated life of city and court, an appeal to the simple emotions instead of the intelligence, the justification of passion against the dictates of reason, the delight in marvelous adventures rather than in the familiar details of every-day life, and the substitution of a generous though sometimes sentimental humanitarianism for abstract principles and systems of philosophy; it tended to exalt the humble rather than to court the favor of the great, and in this way it stimulated the popular impulses which found political expression in modern democracy. Obviously all these tendencies could not be revealed at the same time or in the same place.

In some ways the new spirit, which was in the main a revolt and escape from the life and literature of the present, seemed to be a return to the past—a revival of the romantic age. Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* had a wide circulation on the Continent as well as in the British Isles, and led to a new appreciation of the popular ballads still to be found in every country in Europe. Macpherson's *Ossian,* though it had more in it of its eighteenth century author than of the Celtic folk tales he professed to be resuscitating, gave an impulse to a more enlightened study of the past. Even the 'Gothic' romances, which seem to us so absurdly artificial and insincere, stimulated the appeal to the 'instinct of wonder', characteristic of all nations in the infancy of their literature and apparently capable of making some response at a time when people might be thought to have outgrown their childhood. To nations, as to individuals, primitive impulses seem to return with renewed force after a period of repression.

This renewal of interest in a marvelous past has been defined by a modern critic as a social 'paramnesia', a revival of sub-conscious personality by the memory. When the spirit of nationalism was aroused by the military conflicts following the French Revolution, it was natural that appeal should be made to the national history and the older national literature, especially in Germany, where a long period of national depression offered peculiar opportunity for response to patrictic impulse. Moreover, as the poet's use of his imaginative and emotional faculties was more intensely personal than the earlier application of the intelligence to subjects of general, rather than of particular interest, the Romantic Revival tended to emphasize the poet's individuality and to encourage him to express it, either directly, or indirectly through the personal independence of the characters he portrayed. This phase of romanticism found its fullest expression in France, where the assertion of the ego, the *moi,* became a pronounced romantic characteristic.

All this analysis of romanticism came, of course, after the event. To the leaders and earlier interpreters of the movement, it appeared a much simpler matter. Madame de Staël, writing in 1810, says: 'The name *romantic* has been recently used in Germany to designate the poetry originating from the songs of the troubadors and Christian chivalry. . . . The distinction between classic and romantic refers also to two eras—that which preceded and that which followed the introduction of Christianity. Classical literature is for us moderns a transplanted literature; romantic literature is indigenous to us, having been produced by our own religion and our own institutions. It is the only literature capable of continuous development, of new life and increase, because it has its roots in our own soil; it sets forth our religion; it recalls our history; its origin is ancient, but for us it does not belong to antiquity.'

ROUSSEAU (1712–1770)

Jean Jacques Rousseau marks the beginning of a new epoch as distinctly as Voltaire marks the end of the previous age. Although they died in the same year, Rousseau was eighteen years younger, and he not only expresses the spirit of the newer time, he did much to create it. He may fairly be called, as G. H. D. Cole puts it, 'the parent of the romantic movement in arts, letters and life,' and 'his political influence, so far from being dead, is constantly increasing.'

Voltaire's influence, whether it is approved or condemned, is clearly defined, and the issues he dealt with belong entirely to the past, but Rousseau's name is still 'a controversial watchword and a party cry.' In Europe he is 'still revered or hated as the author who, above all others, inspired the French Revolution.' About his personality and the events of his life, as well as about his doctrines, there continues to be lively and even bitter controversy, for the interpretation of the known facts depends to a great extent upon the interpreter's sympathetic or hostile view of Rousseau's character and the effect of his teaching, which is still a living force in modern society.

How far this personal element enters into one's estimate of Rousseau's work may be illustrated from the admirable review of his philosophy in the last volume of *Political Theories* published by the late Professor W. A. Dunning. Rousseau's views are carefully analyzed and his relations to his predecessors accurately stated, but this critical review of his teaching is prefaced by the following characterization of Rousseau as a man:—'He was of a sensitive, emotional, self-conscious temperament, impatient of control, even of self-control, and resentful toward every institution or convention that suggested restriction or regularity. Of agreeable social relations with rational and cultivated men he was wholly incapable. Efforts of many such men, admirers of his genius and his theories, to establish and maintain cordial relations with Rousseau ended uniformly in failure, with a great access of bitterness and rancor on his part toward things in general. Only one human being seems to have possessed the power to induce more than a feeble flicker of the rudimentary social instinct in Rousseau, and this was the coarse and unlovely woman with whom for a third of a century in lived in squalid and irregular domestic relations. Practically destitute of the qualities that make human society possible, his instinct was to disparage the conspicuous features of social life. His own incapacity for orderly and useful commerce with his kind he generalized into a characteristic of the race; and the protest of his vain and sensitive spirit against the restraints of law and custom became in his writings the universal truth of human freedom. He was himself the free and noble savage whom he pictured so pleasingly in his works.'

Rousseau certainly made the task of the critical biographer more difficult by the writing of his *Confessions*. This is perhaps the most extraordinary book of its kind. St. Augustine, Cellini, and Pepys all tell things to their own disadvantage which men ordinarily conceal, but the impression all three make is one of remarkable sincerity; the *Confessions* of Rousseau arouse in many minds not only repulsion, but distrust. He confesses to the youthful vices of 'falsehood, idleness and theft,' but he makes such excuses for himself—'good sentiments, ill directed, frequently lead children into vice,' 'had I ever possessed a moderate independence, etc.,' 'this was not stealing the money, it was only stealing the use of it'—that the average reader has an uncomfortable suspicion about the writer's standards of honesty and veracity before he has come to the end of Book I, which conducts the story only to Rousseau's sixteenth year.

Born at Geneva of respectable Swiss parents and apprenticed to a watchmaker's engraver, he ran away in 1728 and fell into the hands of a Madame de Warens, an attractive grass widow of 28, who interested herself in converting him from Protestantism to Catholicism and later (in 1732) took him into her personal service and made him her lover; they lived together for some years, passing their time in the study of literature, philosophy and music and the cultivation of a small estate at Charmettes near Chambery in Piedmont; on a journey to Montpellier for the sake of his health Rousseau fell in love with a charming traveling companion, but he was none the less shocked and mortified to find on his return to Charmettes that his place in the heart and home of Madame de Warens had been taken by another. Rousseau's filial affection for her continued (he always called her 'Mamma' and

looked back to the years spent with her as the happiest and most innocent of his life) but he found the situation intolerable and in 1741 left for Paris, where, 'instead of sinking into despair, he gave himself quietly up to indolence and the care of Providence.' When his money was gone, he found employment as secretary to the French ambassador at Venice, but this engagement soon ended in a quarrel. Returning to Paris, he formed the connection with Theresa, whom long years afterwards he married, and to maintain her and her mother, having had no great success as a musical composer, he earned money as a copyist of music. He had five illegitimate children, whom he placed, unacknowledged, in the foundling hospital—this arrangement appearing to him 'so good, reasonable and lawful' that he made no secret of it to friends he could trust. At this time his chief friend was Diderot, the editor of the famous *Encyclopédie* which did so much in the popularization of revolutionary doctrines, and Rousseau's mind was filled with the enthusiasm for 'truth, liberty, and virtue.'

One day Rousseau read in the *Mercure de France* the announcement by the Academy of Dijon of the subject of a prize essay, 'Has the progress of science and art contributed to corrupt or purify morals?' Rousseau, taking the former view, wrote an essay which not only won the prize but on its publication in 1749 created a great sensation. In his own opinion he had not yet learned how to write, and did much better in the next competition (in which he was unsuccessful) with his *Discourse on the Origin and Basis of Inequality among Men* (1755). This contains, at any rate in germ, the ideas arising out of the principle of a 'return to nature,' which Rousseau afterwards developed as applied to human relations in general in *The New Héloise,* published in 1761 under the title *Letters of two Lovers, living in an Alpine Village;* to education in *Emile,* and to politics in *The Social Contract,* both published in 1762. *The Confessions,* begun during his exile in England, were not printed until after his death. Always intensely emotional, sensitive, egotistic, suspicious, Rousseau suffered during his last years from a persecution mania which clouded his mind and made his statements exceedingly difficult to harmonize with the facts. Perhaps Professor Dowden came very near the truth when he said 'Rousseau writes with all the sincerity of one who is capable of boundless self-deception.'

Of the immense influence of his works during and since his lifetime there can be no question. The idea of a 'state of nature' was not new, as we have seen from Montaigne's essay printed earlier in this volume, but it was Rousseau who gave it significance and made it part of the common consciousness of the time. The fathers of the American Revolution were sustained by it (perhaps mainly by derivation from the English philosophers who had preceded Rousseau) in their assertion of natural rights in the Declaration of Independence. In the nineteenth century it inspired English poetry from Wordsworth to Meredith; in art it was the foundation of the teaching of Ruskin. In modern times, in spite of scientific proof that the state of nature was very different from what Rousseau and other philosophers imagined it, it lies at the basis of much thinking that is loosely termed socialistic. However one may judge Rousseau as a man, one cannot deny or escape his influence on literature, thought and life.

Rousseau's *Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar,* at first included in *Emile,* has an independent interest of its own, on account of the charm of its style, as well as of its influence as a popular exposition of the Deism or 'natural religion' which counted for so much in revolutionary thought both in Europe and America. We therefore reprint a few passages from it as well as from the *Discourse on Inequality.*

The autobiographical passage immediately following this introduction refers to an episode in the early years of Rousseau's youth and his conversion to Catholicism. After a short residence in a Catholic institute at Confignon in Savoy, he was put under the care of Madame de Warens, herself a convert, who was at a later period to be so intimately associated with his strange history. His first stay with her was, however, short, and he was sent on to another Catholic institution at Turin—the one referred to in the first paragraph of the next page. It was after leaving this that he fell in with the Savoyard Vicar, as he himself relates.

PROFESSION OF FAITH OF A SAVOYARD VICAR

About thirty years ago, a young man, who had forsaken his own country, and rambled into Italy, found himself reduced to circumstances of great poverty and distress. He had been bred a Calvinist; but, in consequence of his misconduct, and of being unhappily a fugitive in a foreign country, without money or friends, he was induced to change his religion for the sake of subsistence. To this end he procured admittance into an house established for the reception of proselytes. Here, the instructions he received concerning some controversial points excited doubts he had not before entertained, and brought him first acquainted with the evil of the step he had taken. He was taught strange dogmas, and was eye-witness to stranger manners: and to these he saw himself a destined victim. He now attempted to make his escape, but was prevented and more closely confined; if he complained, he was punished for complaining; and, lying at the mercy of his tyrranical oppressors, found himself treated as a criminal, because he could not without reluctance submit to be so. He would doubtless have been entirely ruined, if it had not been for the good offices of an honest ecclesiastic, who came to the hospital on some business, and with whom he found an opportunity of a private conference. The good priest was himself poor, and stood in need of everyone's assistance; the oppressed proselyte, however, stood yet in greater need of him; the former did not hesitate, therefore, to favor his escape, at the risk of making himself a powerful enemy.

This good priest was naturally humane and compassionate; his own misfortunes had taught him to feel for those of others, nor had prosperity hardened his heart; in a word, the maxims of true wisdom and conscious virtue had confirmed the goodness of his natural disposition. He cordially embraced the young wanderer, provided him with a lodging, and shared with him the slender means of his own subsistence. Nor was this all; he went still farther, giving him both instruction and consolation, in order to teach him that difficult art of supporting adversity with patience. Could you believe, ye sons of prejudice! that a priest, and a priest in Italy too, could be capable of this?

This honest ecclesiastic was a poor Savoyard, who, having in his younger days incurred the displeasure of his bishop, was obliged to pass the mountains in order to seek that provision which was denied him in his own country. He was neither deficient in literature nor understanding; his talents, therefore, together with an engaging appearance, soon procured him protectors, who recommended him to be tutor to a young man of quality. He preferred poverty, however, to dependence; and, being a stranger to the manners and behavior of the great, he remained but a short time in that situation. In quitting this service, nevertheless he did not lose the esteem of his patron; and, as he behaved with great prudence, and was universally beloved, he flattered himself he should in time regain the good opinion of his bishop, and obtain some little benefice in the mountains, where he hoped to spend the rest of his days. This was the height of his ambition.

Interested by a natural propensity in favor of the young fugitive, he examined very carefully into his character and disposition. In this examination, he saw that his misfortunes had already debased his heart; that the shame and contempt to which he had been exposed, had depressed his courage, and that his disappointed pride, converted into indignation, deduced from the injustice and cruelty of mankind, the depravity of human nature and the emptiness of virtue. He had seen religion made use of as a mask to self-interest and its worship as a cloak to hypocrisy. He had seen the terms heaven and hell prostituted in the subtlety of vain disputes; the joys of the one and the pains of the other being annexed to a mere repetition of words. He had seen the sublime and primitive idea of the divinity disfigured by the fantastical imaginations of men; and finding that, in order to believe in God, it was necessary to give up that understanding He has bestowed on us, he held the sacred object of our idle reveries in the same disdain as those reveries themselves. Without knowing anything of natural causes or giving himself any trouble to think about them, he had plunged himself into the most stupid ignorance, mixed with the most profound contempt for those who pretended to know more than himself.

But I will continue to speak no longer

in the third person, which is indeed a superfluous caution; as you are very sensible, my dear countrymen, that the unhappy fugitive I have been speaking of is myself. I conceive myself far enough removed from the irregularities of my youth to dare to avow them; and think the hand which extricated me from them, too well deserving my gratitude, for me not to do it honor, at the expense of a little shame.

The most striking circumstance of all was to observe, in the retired life of my worthy master, virtue without hypocrisy, humanity without weakness, his conversation always honest and simple, and his conduct ever conformable to his discourse. I never found him troubling himself whether the persons he assisted went constantly to vespers; whether they went frequently to confession, or fasted on certain days of the week; nor did I ever know him impose on them any of those conditions, without which a man might perish for want and have no hopes of relief from the devout.

Encouraged by these observations, so far was I from affecting, in his presence, the forward zeal of a new proselyte, that I took no pains to conceal my thoughts, nor did I ever remark his being scandalized at this freedom. Hence have I sometimes said to myself, 'He certainly overlooks my indifference for the new mode of worship I have embraced, in consideration of the disregard which he sees I have for that in which I was educated; as he finds my indifference is not partial to either.' As I lived with him in the greatest intimacy, I learned every day to respect him more and more; and as he had entirely won my heart by so many acts of kindness, I waited with an impatient curiosity, to know the principles on which a life and conduct so singular and uniform could be founded.

It was some time, however, before this curiosity was satisfied. Before he would disclose himself to his disciple, he endeavored to cultivate those seeds of reason and goodness which he had sown in his mind.

In withdrawing the gaudy veil of external appearances, and presenting to my view the real evils it covered, he taught me to lament the failings of my fellow-creatures, to sympathize with their miseries, and to pity instead of envying them. Moved to compassion for human frailties from a deep sense of his own, he saw mankind everywhere the victims either of their own vices or of those of others; he saw the poor groan beneath the yoke of the rich, and the rich beneath that of their own prepossessions and prejudices. 'Believe me,' said he, 'our mistaken notions of things are so far from concealing our misfortunes from our view that they augment those evils, by rendering trifles of importance and making us sensible of a thousand wants, which we should never have known but from our prejudices. Peace of mind consists in a contempt for everything that may disturb it. The man who gives himself the greatest concern about life is he who enjoys it least; and he who aspires the most earnestly after happiness is always the most miserable.'

'Alas!' cried I, with all the bitterness of discontent, 'what a deplorable picture do you present of human life! If we may indulge ourselves in nothing, to what purpose are we born? If we must despise even happiness itself, who is there can know what it is to be happy?' 'I know,' replied the good priest, in a tone and manner that struck me. 'You!' said I, 'so little favored by fortune! so poor! exiled! persecuted! can you be happy? And if you are, what have you done to purchase happiness?' 'My dear child,' returned he, 'I will very readily tell you. As you have freely confessed to me, I will do the same to you. I will disclose to you all the sentiments of my heart. You shall see me, if not such as I really am, at least as I think myself to be; and when you have heard my whole profession of faith, you will know why I think myself happy; and, if you think as I do, what you have to do to become so likewise. But this profession is not to be made in a moment; it will require some time to disclose to you my thoughts on the situation of man, and the real value of human life. We will take a proper opportunity for an hour's uninterrupted conversation on this subject.'

As I expressed an earnest desire for this opportunity, it was put off only to the next morning. It was in summer-time, and we rose at break of day; when, taking me out of town, he led me to the top of a hill, at the foot of which ran the river Po, watering the fertile vales. That immense chain of mountains, the Alps, terminated the distant prospect. The rising sun had cast its orient rays over the gilded plains, and, by projecting the long shadows

of the trees, the houses and the adjacent hills created the most beautiful scene ever mortal eye beheld. One might have been tempted to think that nature had at this time displayed all its magnificence as a subject for our conversation. Here it was that, after contemplating for a short time the surrounding objects in silence, my guide and benefactor thus began.

'Expect not either learned declamations or profound arguments; I am no great philosopher, and I give myself little trouble whether I ever shall be such or not. But I perceive sometimes the glimmering of good sense, and have always a regard to truth. I will not enter into any disputation or endeavor to refute you; but only lay down my own sentiments in simplicity of heart: consult your own, during this exposition; this is all I require of you. If I am mistaken, it is undesignedly, which is sufficient to clear me of all criminal error; and if you are in like manner unwittingly deceived, it is of little consequence: if I am right, reason is common to both; we are equally interested in listening to it: and why should you not think as I do?

'I was born a poor peasant, destined by my situation to the business of husbandry; it was thought, however, much more advisable for me to learn to get my bread by the profession of a priest; and means were found to give me a proper education. In this, most certainly, neither my parents nor I consulted what was really good, true, or useful for me to know, but only that I should learn what was necessary to my ordination. I learned, therefore, what was required of me to learn, I said what was required of me to say, and accordingly was made a priest. I was not long, however, before I perceived too plainly, that in laying myself under an obligation to be no longer a man, I had engaged for more than I could possibly perform.

'I was in that state of doubt and uncertainty in which Descartes requires the mind to be involved in order to enable it to investigate truth. This disposition of mind, however, is too disquieting to last long, its duration being owing only to vice or indolence. My heart was not so corrupt as to seek such indulgence; and nothing preserves so well the habit of reflection as to be more content with ourselves than with our fortune.

'I reflected, therefore, on the unhappy lot of mortals, always floating on the ocean of human opinions, without compass or rudder; left to the mercy of their tempestuous passions, with no other guide than an unexperienced pilot ignorant of his course, as well as whence he came and whither he is going. I said often to myself: I love the truth; I seek, yet cannot find it; let anyone show it me and I will readily embrace it. Why does it hide its charms from a heart formed to adore them?

'I have frequently experienced at times much greater evils; and yet no part of my life was ever so constantly disagreeable to me as that interval of scruples and anxiety. Running perpetually from one doubt and uncertainty to another, all that I could deduce from any long and painful meditation was incertitude, obscurity and contradiction, with regard to my existence as well as my duty.

'What added further to my perplexity was, that being educated in a church whose authority, being universally decisive, admits not of the least doubt, in rejecting one point, I rejected in a manner all the rest; and the impossibility of admitting so many absurd decisions set me against those which were not so. In being told I must believe all, I was prevented from believing anything, and I knew not where to stop.

'We have no standard with which to measure this immense machine. We cannot calculate its various relations; we neither know the first cause nor the final effects; we are ignorant even of ourselves; we know neither our own nature nor principle of action; nay, we hardly know whether man be a simple or a compound being; impenetrable mysteries surround us on every side; they extend beyond the region of sense: we imagine ourselves possessed of understanding to penetrate them, and we have only imagination. Everyone strikes out a way of his own across this imaginary world; but no one knows whether it will lead him to the point he aims at. We are yet desirous to penetrate, to know everything. The only thing we do not know is to remain ignorant of what it is impossible for us to know. We had much rather determine at random, and believe the thing which is not, than confess that none of us is capable of seeing the thing that is. Being ourselves but a small part of that great whole, whose limits

surpass our most extensive views, and concerning which its Creator leaves us to make our idle conjectures, we are vain enough to decide what is that whole in itself, and what we are in relation to it.

'Taking a retrospect, then, of the several opinions, which had successively prevailed with me from my infancy, I found that, although none of them were so evident as to produce immediate conviction, they had nevertheless different degrees of probability, and that my innate sense of truth and falsehood leaned more or less to each. On this first observation, proceeding to compare, impartially and without prejudice, these different opinions with each other, I found that the first and most common was also the most simple and most rational; and that it wanted nothing more, to secure universal suffrage, than the circumstance of having been last proposed.

'The love of truth, therefore, being all my philosophy, and my method of philosophizing the simple and easy rule of common sense, which dispensed with the vain subtlety of argumentation, I re-examined, by this rule, all the interesting knowledge I was possessed of; resolved to admit, as evident, everything to which I could not, in the sincerity of my heart, refuse my assent; to admit also, as truth, all that appeared to have a necessary connection with the former, and to leave everything else as uncertain, without rejecting or admitting it, determined not to trouble myself about clearing up any point which did not tend to utility in practice. . . .

'You will find my exposition treat of nothing more than natural religion; it is very strange that we should stand in need of any other! By what means can I find out such necessity? In what respect can I be culpable, for serving God agreeably to the dictates of the understanding He has given me, and the sentiments He has implanted in my heart? What purity of morals, what system of faith useful to man or honorable to the Creator can I deduce from any positive doctrine that I cannot deduce as well without it, from a good use of my natural faculties? Let any one show me what can be added, either for the glory of God, the good of society, or my own advantage, to the obligations we are laid under by nature; let him show me what virtue can be produced from any new worship, which is not also the consequence of mine. The most sublime ideas of the Deity are inculcated by reason alone. Take a view of the works of nature, listen to the voice within, and then tell me what God has omitted to say to your sight, your conscience, your understanding? Where are the men who can tell us more of Him than He thus tells us of Himself? Their revelations only debase the Deity, in ascribing to Him human passions. So far from giving us enlightened notions of the Supreme Being, their particular tenets, in my opinion, give us the most obscure and confused ideas. To the inconceivable mysteries by which the Deity is hid from our view, they add the most absurd contradictions. They serve to make man proud, persecuting, and cruel; instead of establishing peace on earth, they bring fire and sword. I ask myself to what good purpose tends all this, without being able to resolve the question. Artificial religion presents to my view only the wickedness and miseries of mankind.

'I am told, indeed, that revelation is necessary to teach mankind the manner in which God would be served; as a proof of this, they bring the diversity of whimsical modes of worship which prevail in the world; and that without remarking that this very diversity arises from the whim of adopting revelations. Ever since men have taken it into their heads to make the Deity speak, every people make him speak in their own way and say what they like best. Had they listened only to what the Deity has said to their hearts, there would have been but one religion on earth.

'It is necessary that the worship of God should be uniform; I would have it so. But is this a point so very important, that the whole apparatus of divine power was necessary to establish it? Let us not confound the ceremonials of religion with religion itself. The worship of God demands that of the heart; and this, when it is sincere, is ever uniform.'

DISCOURSE ON THE ORIGIN OF INEQUALITY AMONG MEN

The State of Nature

It appears, at first view, that men in a state of nature, having no moral relations or determinate obligations one with another, could not be either good or bad, virtuous or vicious; unless we take these terms in a physical sense, and call, in an in-

dividual, those qualities vices which may be injurious to his preservation, and those virtues which contribute to it; in which case, he would have to be accounted most virtuous who put least check on the pure impulses of nature. But without deviating from the ordinary sense of the words, it will be proper to suspend the judgment we might be led to form on such a state, and be on our guard against our prejudices, till we have weighed the matter in the scales of impartiality, and seen whether virtues or vices preponderate among civilized men; and whether their virtues do them more good than their vices do harm; till we have discovered, whether the progress of the sciences sufficiently indemnifies them for the mischiefs they do one another, in proportion as they are better informed of the good they ought to do; or whether they would not be, on the whole, in a much happier condition if they had nothing to fear or to hope from anyone, than as they are, subjected to universal dependence, and obliged to take everything from those who engage to give them nothing in return.

Above all, let us not conclude, with Hobbes, that because man has no idea of goodness, he must be naturally wicked; that he is vicious because he does not know virtue; that he always refuses to do his fellow-creatures services which he does not think they have a right to demand; or that by virtue of the right he truly claims to everything he needs, he foolishly imagines himself the sole proprietor of the whole universe. Hobbes had seen clearly the defects of all the modern definitions of natural right; but the consequences which he deduces from his own show that he understands it in an equally false sense. In reasoning on the principles he lays down, he ought to have said that the state of nature, being that in which the care for our own preservation is the least prejudicial to that of others, was consequently the best calculated to promote peace and the most suitable for mankind. He does say the exact opposite, in consequence of having improperly admitted, as a part of savage man's care for self-preservation, the gratification of a multitude of passions which are the work of society and have made laws necessary. A bad man, he says, is a robust child. But it remains to be proved whether a man in a state of nature is this robust child: and should we grant that he is, what would he infer? Why truly, that if this man, when robust and strong, were dependent on others as he is when feeble, there is no extravagance he would not be guilty of; that he would beat his mother when she was too slow in giving him her breast; that he would strangle one of his younger brothers, if he should be troublesome to him, or bite the arm of another, if he put him to any inconvenience. But that man in the state of nature is both strong and dependent involves two contrary suppositions. Man is weak when he is dependent, and is his own master before he becomes strong. Hobbes did not reflect that the same cause which prevents a savage from making use of his reason, as our jurists hold, prevents him also from abusing his faculties, as Hobbes himself allows: so that it may be justly said that savages are not bad merely because they do not know what it is to be good; for it is neither the development of the understanding nor the restraint of law that hinders them from doing ill, but the peacefulness of their passions, and their ignorance of vice: *tanto plus in illis proficit vitiorum ignoratio, quam in his cognitio virtutis.* [So much more does the ignorance of vice profit the one sort than the knowledge of virtue the other.—Justinian, *History* 11, 2.]

There is another principle which has escaped Hobbes; which, having been bestowed on mankind, to moderate, on certain occasions, the impetuosity of egoism, or, before its birth, the desire of self-preservation, tempers the ardor with which he pursues his own welfare, by an innate repugnance at seeing a fellow-creature suffer.

Egoism must not be confused with self-respect; for they differ both in themselves and in their effects. Self-respect is a natural feeling which leads every animal to look to its own preservation, and which, guided in man by reason and modified by compassion, creates humanity and virtue. Egoism is a purely relative and factitious feeling, which arises in the state of society, leads each individual to make more of himself than of any other, causes all the mutual damage men inflict one on another, and is the real source of the 'sense of honor.'

This being understood, I maintain that, in our primitive condition, in the true state of nature, egoism did not exist; for as each man regarded himself as the only ob-

server of his actions, the only being in the universe who took any interest in him, and the sole judge of his deserts, no feeling arising from comparisons he could not be led to make could take root in his soul; and for the same reason, he could know neither hatred nor the desire for revenge, since these passions can spring only from a sense of injury; and as it is the contempt or the intention to hurt, and not the harm done, which constitutes the injury, men who neither valued nor compared themselves could do one another much violence, when it suited them, without feeling any sense of injury. In a word, each man, regarding his fellows almost as he regarded animals of different species, might seize the prey of a weaker or yield up his own to a stronger, and yet consider these acts of violence as mere natural occurrences, without the slightest emotion of insolence or despite, or any other feeling than the joy or grief of success or failure.

One Natural Virtue

I think I need not fear contradiction in holding man to be possessed of the only natural virtue, which could not be denied him by the most violent detractor of human virtue. I am speaking of compassion, which is a disposition suitable to creatures so weak and subject to so many evils as we certainly are: by so much the more universal and useful to mankind, as it comes before any kind of reflection, and at the same time so natural, that the very brutes themselves sometimes give evident proofs of it. Not to mention the tenderness of mothers for their offspring and the perils they encounter to save them from danger, it is well known that horses show a reluctance to trample on living bodies. One animal never passes by the dead body of another of its species: there are even some which give their fellows a sort of burial; while the mournful lowings of cattle when they enter the slaughter-house show the impressions made on them by the horrible spectacle which meets them. We find, with pleasure, the author of *The Fable of the Bees* obliged to own that man is a compassionate and sensible being, and laying aside his cold subtlety of style, in the example he gives, to present us with the pathetic description of a man who, from a place of confinement, is compelled to behold a wild beast tear a child from the arms of its mother, grinding its tender limbs with its murderous teeth, and tearing its palpitating entrails with its claws. What horrid agitation must not the eye-witness of such a scene experience, although he would not be personally concerned! What anxiety would he not suffer at not being able to give any assistance to the fainting mother and the dying infant! Such is the pure emotion of nature, prior to all kinds of reflection! Such is the force of natural compassion, which the greatest depravity of morals has as yet hardly been able to destroy! for we daily find at our theaters men affected, nay, shedding tears at the sufferings of a wretch who, were he in the tyrant's place, would probably even add to the torments of his enemies; like the bloodthirsty Sulla, who was so sensitive to ills he had not caused, or that Alexander of Pheros who did not dare to go and see any tragedy acted, for fear of being seen weeping with Andromache and Priam, though he could listen without emotion to the cries of all the citizens who were daily strangled at his command.

Mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
Quæ lacrimas dedit.

[Nature avows she gave the human race the softest hearts, who gave them tears. —Juvenal, *Satire* xv, 151.]

Mandeville well knew that, in spite of all their morality, men would have never been better than monsters, had not nature bestowed on them a sense of compassion, to aid their reason: but he did not see that from this quality alone flow all those social virtues, of which he denied man the possession. But what is generosity, clemency or humanity but compassion applied to the weak, to the guilty, or to mankind in general? Even benevolence and friendship are, if we judge rightly, only the effects of compassion, constantly set upon a particular object: for how is it different to wish that another person may not suffer pain and uneasiness and to wish him happy? Were it even true that pity is no more than a feeling, which puts us in the place of the sufferer, a feeling obscure yet lively in a savage, developed yet feeble in civilized man, this truth would have no other consequence than to confirm

my argument. Compassion must, in fact, be the stronger, the more the animal beholding any kind of distress identifies himself with the animal that suffers.

Now it is plain that such identification must have been much more perfect in a state of nature than it is in a state of reason. It is reason that engenders self-respect, and reflection that confirms it, it is reason which turns man's mind back upon itself, and divides him from everything that could disturb or afflict him. It is philosophy that isolates him, and bids him say, at sight of the misfortunes of others: 'Perish if you will, I am secure.'

Nothing but such general evils as threaten the whole community can disturb the tranquil sleep of the philosopher or tear him from his bed. A murder may with impunity be committed under his window; he has only to put his hands to his ears and argue a little with himself to prevent nature, which is shocked within him, from identifying itself with the unfortunate sufferer. Uncivilized man has not this admirable talent; and for want of reason and wisdom is always foolishly ready to obey the first promptings of humanity. It is the populace that flocks together at riots and street-brawls, while the wise man prudently makes off. It is the mob and the marketwomen who part the combatants, and hinder gentlefolks from cutting one another's throats.

It is then certain that compassion is a natural feeling, which, by moderating the violence of love of self in each individual, contributes to the preservation of the whole species. It is this compassion that hurries us without reflection to the relief of those who are in distress; it is this which in a state of nature supplies the place of laws, morals and virtues, with the advantage that none are tempted to disobey its gentle voice; it is this which will always prevent a sturdy savage from robbing a weak child or a feeble old man of the sustenance they may have with pain and difficulty acquired, if he sees a possibility of providing for himself by other means; it is this which, instead of inculcating that sublime maxim of rational justice, Do to others as you would have them do unto you, inspires all men with that other maxim of natural goodness, much less perfect indeed, but perhaps more useful; Do good to yourself with as little evil as possible to others. In a word, it is rather in this natural feeling than in any subtle arguments that we must look for the cause of that repugnance which every man would experience in doing evil, even independently of the maxims of education. Although it might belong to Socrates and other minds of the like craft to acquire virtue by reason, the human race would long since have ceased to be, had its preservation depended only on the reasonings of the individuals composing it.

With passions so little active, and so good a curb, men, being wild rather than wicked, and more intent to guard themselves against the mischief that might be done them than to do mischief to others, were by no means subject to very perilous dissensions. They maintained no kind of intercourse with one another, and were consequently strangers to vanity, deference, esteem and contempt; they had not the least idea of *meum* and *tuum*, and no true conception of justice; they looked upon every violence to which they were subjected rather as an injury that might easily be repaired than as a crime that ought to be punished; and they never thought of taking revenge, unless perhaps mechanically and on the spot, as a dog will sometimes bite the stone which is thrown at him. Their quarrels therefore would seldom have very bloody consequences; for the subject of them would be merely the question of subsistence. But I am aware of one greater danger, which remains to be noticed.

Sexual Passion

Of the passions that stir the heart of man, there is one that makes the sexes necessary to each other, and is extremely ardent and impetuous; a terrible passion that braves danger, surmounts all obstacles, and in its transports seems calculated to bring destruction on the human race which it is really destined to preserve. What must become of men who are left to this brutal and boundless rage, without modesty, without shame, and daily upholding their amours at the price of their blood?

It must, in the first place, be allowed that, the more violent the passions are, the more are laws necessary to keep them under restraint. But, setting aside the inadequacy of laws to effect this purpose,

which is evident from the crimes and disorders to which these passions daily give rise among us, we should do well to inquire if these evils did not spring up with the laws themselves; for in this case, even if the laws were capable of repressing such evils, it is the least that could be expected from them, that they should check a mischief which would not have arisen without them.

Let us begin by distinguishing between the physical and moral ingredients in the feeling of love. The physical part of love is that general desire which urges the sexes to union with each other. The moral part is that which determines and fixes this desire exclusively upon one particular object; or at least gives it a greater degree of energy toward the object thus preferred. It is easy to see that the moral part of love is a factitious feeling, born of social usage, and enhanced by the women with much care and cleverness, to establish their empire, and put in power the sex which ought to obey. This feeling, being founded on certain ideas of beauty and merit which a savage is not in a position to acquire, and on comparisons which he is incapable of making, must be for him almost non-existent; for, as his mind cannot form abstract ideas of proportion and regularity, so his heart is not susceptible of the feelings of love and admiration, which are even insensibly produced by the application of these ideas. He follows solely the character nature has implanted in him, and not tastes which he could never have acquired; so that every woman equally answers his purpose.

Men in a state of nature being confined merely to what is physical in love, and fortunate enough to be ignorant of those excellences which whet the appetite while they increase the difficulty of gratifying it, must be subject to fewer and less violent fits of passion, and consequently fall into fewer and less violent disputes. The imagination, which causes such ravages among us, never speaks to the heart of savages, who quietly await the impulses of nature, yield to them involuntarily, with more pleasure than ardor, and their wants once satisfied, lose the desire. It is therefore incontestable that love, as well as all other passions, must have acquired in society that glowing impetuosity which makes it so often fatal to mankind. And it is the more absurd to represent savages as continually cutting one another's throats to indulge their brutality, because this opinion is directly contrary to experience; the Caribbeans, who have as yet least of all deviated from the state of nature, being in fact the most peaceable of people in their amours, and the least subject to jealousy, though they live in a hot climate which seems always to inflame the passions.

With regard to the inferences that might be drawn, in the case of several species of animals, the males of which fill our poultry-yards with blood and slaughter, or in spring make the forests resound with their quarrels over their females, we must begin by excluding all those species, in which nature has plainly established, in the comparative power of the sexes, relations different from those which exist among us; thus we can base no conclusion about men on the habits of fightingcocks. In those species where the proportion is better observed, these battles must be entirely due to the scarcity of females in comparison with males; or, what amounts to the same thing, to the intervals during which the female constantly refuses the advances of the male: for if each female admits the male but during two months in the year, it is the same as if the number of females were five-sixths less. Now, neither of these two cases is applicable to the human species, in which the number of females usually exceeds that of males, and among whom it has never been observed, even among savages, that the females have, like those of other animals, their stated times of passion and indifference.

Moreover, in several of these species, the individuals all take fire at once, and there comes a fearful moment of universal passion, tumult and disorder among them; a scene which is never beheld in the human species, whose love is not thus seasonal. We must not then conclude from the combats of such animals for the enjoyment of the females, that the case would be the same with mankind in a state of nature: and even if we drew such a conclusion, we see that such contests do not exterminate other kinds of animals, and we have no reason to think they would be more fatal to ours. It is indeed clear that they would do still less mischief than is the case in a state of society, especially in those countries in which, morals being still held in some repute, the jealousy of lovers and

the vengeance of husbands are the daily cause of duels, murders, and even worse crimes; where the obligation of eternal fidelity only occasions adultery, and the very laws of honor and continence necessarily increase debauchery and lead to the multiplication of abortions.

Primitive Man

Let us conclude then that man in a state of nature, wandering up and down the forests, without industry, without speech, and without home, an equal stranger to war and to all ties, neither standing in need of his fellow-creatures nor having any desire to hurt them, and perhaps even not distinguishing them one from another; let us conclude that, being self-sufficient and subject to so few passions, he could have no feelings or knowledge but such as befitted his situation; that he felt only his actual necessities, and disregarded everything he did not think himself immediately concerned to notice, and that his understanding made no greater progress than his vanity. If by accident he made any discovery, he was the less able to communicate it to others, as he did not know even his own children. Every art would necessarily perish with its inventor, where there was no kind of education among men, and generations succeeded generations without the least advance; when, all setting out from the same point, centuries must have elapsed in the barbarism of the first ages; when the race was already old, and man remained a child.

If I have expatiated at such length on this supposed primitive state, it is because I had so many ancient errors and inveterate prejudices to eradicate, and therefore thought it incumbent on me to dig down to their very root, and show, by means of a true picture of the state of nature, how far even the natural inequalities of mankind are from having that reality and influence which modern writers suppose.

It is in fact easy to see that many of the differences which distinguish men are merely the effect of habit and the different methods of life men adopt in society. Thus a robust or delicate constitution, and the strength or weakness attaching to it, are more frequently the effects of a hardy or effeminate method of education than of the original endowment of the body. It is the same with the powers of the mind; for education not only makes a difference between such as are cultured and such as are not, but even increases the differences which exist among the former, in proportion to their respective degrees of culture: as the distance between a giant and a dwarf on the same road increases with every step they take. If we compare the prodigious diversity which obtains in the education and manner of life of the various orders of men in the state of society, with the uniformity and simplicity of animal and savage life, in which everyone lives on the same kind of food and in exactly the same manner and does exactly the same things, it is easy to conceive how much less the difference between man and man must be in a state of nature than in a state of society, and how greatly the natural inequality of mankind must be increased by the inequalities of social institutions.

But even if nature really affected, in the distribution of her gifts, that partiality which is imputed to her, what advantage would the greatest of her favorites derive from it, to the detriment of others, in a state that admits of hardly any kind of relation between them? Where there is no love, of what advantage is beauty? Of what use is wit to those who do not converse, or cunning to those who have no business with others? I hear it constantly repeated that, in such a state, the strong would oppress the weak; but what is here meant by oppression? Some, it is said, would violently domineer over others, who would groan under a servile submission to their caprices. This indeed is exactly what I observe to be the case among us; but I do not see how it can be inferred of men in a state of nature, who could not easily be brought to conceive what we mean by dominion and servitude. One man, it is true, might seize the fruits which another had gathered, the game he had killed, or the cave he had chosen for shelter; but how would he ever be able to exact obedience, and what ties of dependence could there be among men without possessions? If, for instance, I am driven from one tree, I can go to the next; if I am disturbed in one place, what hinders me from going to another? Again, should I happen to meet with a man so much stronger than myself, and at the same time so depraved, so indolent, and so barbarous, as to compel me to provide for his suste-

nance, while he himself remains idle; he must take care not to have his eyes off me for a single moment; he must bind me fast before he goes to sleep, or I shall certainly either knock him on the head or make my escape. That is to say, he must in such a case expose himself voluntarily to much greater trouble than he seeks to avoid, or can give me. After all this, let him be off his guard ever so little; let him but turn his head aside at any sudden noise, and I shall be instantly twenty paces off, lost in the forest, and, my fetters burst asunder, he would never see me again.

Without my expatiating thus uselessly on these details, everyone must see that as the bonds of servitude are formed merely by the mutual dependence of men on one another and the reciprocal needs that unite them, it is impossible to make any man a slave, unless he be first reduced to a situation in which he cannot do without the help of others: and, since such a situation does not exist in a state of nature, everyone is there his own master, and the law of the strongest is of no effect.

Having proved that the inequality of mankind is hardly felt and that its influence is next to nothing in a state of nature, I must next show its origin and trace its progress in the successive developments of the human mind. Having shown that human perfectibility, the social virtues, and the other faculties which natural man potentially possessed could never develop of themselves, but must require the fortuitous concurrence of many foreign causes that might never arise, and without which he would have remained forever in his primitive condition, I must now collect and consider the different accidents which may have improved the human understanding while depraving the species, and made man wicked while making him sociable; so as to bring him and the world from that distant period to the point at which we now behold them.

I confess that, as the events I am going to describe might have happened in various ways, I have nothing to determine my choice but conjectures: but such conjectures become reasons, when they are the most probable that can be drawn from the nature of things, and the only means of discovering the truth. The consequences, however, which I mean to deduce will not be barely conjectural; as on the principles just laid down, it would be impossible to form any other theory that would not furnish the same results, and from which I could not draw the same conclusions.

This will be a sufficient apology for my not dwelling on the manner in which the lapse of time compensates for the little probability in the events; on the surprising power of trivial causes, when their action is constant; on the impossibility, on the one hand, of destroying certain hypotheses, though on the other we cannot give them the certainty of known matters of fact; on its being within the province of history, when two facts are given as real, and have to be connected by a series of intermediate facts, which are unknown or supposed to be so, to supply such facts as may connect them; and on its being in the province of philosophy when history is silent, to determine similar facts to serve the same end; and lastly, on the influence of similarity, which in the case of events reduces the facts to a much smaller number of different classes than is commonly imagined. It is enough for me to offer these hints to the consideration of my judges, and to have so arranged that the general reader has no need to consider them at all.

The Beginning of Society

The first man who, having enclosed a piece of ground, bethought himself of saying 'This is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society. From how many crimes, wars and murders, from how many horrors and misfortunes might not anyone have saved mankind, by pulling up the stakes, or filling up the ditch, and crying to his fellows, 'Beware of listening to this impostor; you are undone if you once forget that the fruits of the earth belong to us all, and the earth itself to nobody.' But there is great probability that things had then already come to such a pitch that they could no longer continue as they were; for the idea of property depends on many prior ideas, which could only be acquired successively, and cannot have been formed all at once in the human mind. Mankind must have made very considerable progress, and acquired considerable knowledge and industry, which they must have also transmitted and increased from age to age, before they arrived at this last point of the

state of nature. Let us then go further back and endeavor to unify under a single point of view that slow succession of events and discoveries in the most natural order.

Man's first feeling was that of his own existence, and his first care that of self-preservation. The produce of the earth furnished him with all he needed, and instinct told him how to use it. Hunger and other appetites made him at various times experience various modes of existence; and among these was one which urged him to propagate his species—a blind propensity that, having nothing to do with the heart, produced a merely animal act. The want once gratified, the two sexes knew each other no more; and even the offspring was nothing to its mother, as soon as it could do without her.

Such was the condition of infant man; the life of an animal limited at first to mere sensations, and hardly profiting by the gifts nature bestowed on him, much less capable of entertaining a thought of forcing anything from her. But difficulties soon presented themselves, and it became necessary to learn how to surmount them: the height of the trees, which prevented him from gathering their fruits, the competition of other animals desirous of the same fruits, and the ferocity of those who needed them for their own preservation, all obliged him to apply himself to bodily exercises. He had to be active, swift of foot, and vigorous in fight. Natural weapons, stones and sticks, were easily found: he learned to surmount the obstacles of nature, to contend in case of necessity with other animals, and to dispute for the means of subsistence even with other men, or to indemnify himself for what he was forced to give up to a stronger.

In proportion as the human race grew more numerous, men's cares increased. The difference of soils, climates and seasons must have introduced some differences into their manner of living. Barren years, long and sharp winters, scorching summers which parched the fruits of the earth must have demanded a new industry. On the seashore and the banks of the rivers, they invented the hook and line, and became fishermen and eaters of fish. In the forests they made bows and arrows, and became huntsmen and warriors. In cold countries they clothed themselves with the skins of the beasts they had slain. The lightning, a volcano, or some lucky chance acquainted them with fire, a new resource against the rigors of winter: they next learned how to preserve this element, then how to reproduce it, and finally how to prepare with it the flesh of animals which before they had eaten raw.

The repeated relevance of various beings to himself and to one another would naturally give rise in the human mind to the perceptions of certain relations between them. Thus the relations which we denote by the terms, great, small, strong, weak, swift, slow, fearful, bold, and the like, almost insensibly compared at need, must have at length produced in him a kind of reflection, or rather a mechanical prudence, which would indicate to him the precautions most necessary to his security.

The new intelligence which resulted from this development increased his superiority over other animals, by making him sensible of it. He would now endeavor, therefore, to ensnare them, would play them a thousand tricks, and though many of them might surpass him in swiftness or in strength, would in time become the master of some and the scourge of others. Thus, the first time he looked into himself, he felt the first emotion of pride; and, at a time when he scarce knew how to distinguish the different orders of beings, by looking upon his species as of the highest order, he prepared the way for assuming pre-eminence as an individual.

Other men, it is true, were not then to him what they now are to us, and he had no greater intercourse with them than with other animals; yet they were not neglected in his observations. The conformities, which he would in time discover between them, and between himself and his female, led him to judge of others which were not then perceptible; and finding that they all behaved as he himself would in like circumstances, he naturally inferred that their manner of thinking and acting was altogether in conformity with his own. This important truth once deeply impressed on his mind, must have induced him, from an intuitive feeling more certain and much more rapid than any kind of reasoning, to pursue the rules of conduct, which he had best observe towards them, for his own security and advantage.

Taught by experience that the love of well-being is the sole motive of human actions, he found himself in a position to

distinguish the few cases, in which mutual interest might justify him in relying upon the assistance of his fellows; and also the still fewer cases in which a conflict of interests might give cause to suspect them. In the former case, he joined in the same herd with them, or at most in some kind of loose association, that laid no restraint on its members, and lasted no longer than the transitory occasion that formed it. In the latter case, everyone sought his own private advantage, either by open force, if he thought himself strong enough, or by address and cunning, if he felt himself the weaker.

In this manner, men may have insensibly acquired some gross ideas of mutual undertakings, and of the advantages of fulfilling them: that is, just so far as their present and apparent interest was concerned; for they were perfect strangers to foresight, and were so far from troubling themselves about the distant future, that they hardly thought of the morrow. If a deer was to be taken, everyone saw, that in order to succeed, he must abide faithfully by his post: but if a hare happened to come within the reach of any one of them, it is not to be doubted that he pursued it without scruple, and having seized his prey, cared very little, if by so doing he caused his companions to miss theirs.

It is easy to understand that such intercourse would not require a language much more refined than that of rooks or monkeys, who associate together for much the same purpose. Inarticulate cries, plenty of gestures and some imitative sounds, must have been for a long time the universal language; and by the addition, in every country, of some conventional articulate sounds (of which, as I have already intimated, the first institution is not too easy to explain) particular languages were produced; but these were rude and imperfect, and nearly such as are now to be found among some savage nations.

Hurried on by the rapidity of time, by the abundance of things I have to say, and by the almost insensible progress of things in their beginnings, I pass over in an instant a multitude of ages; for the slower the events were in their succession, the more rapidly they may be described.

These first advances enabled men to make others with greater rapidity. In proportion as they grew enlightened, they grew industrious. They ceased to fall asleep under the first tree, or in the first cave that afforded them shelter; they invented several kinds of implements of hard and sharp stones, which they used to dig up the earth and to cut wood; they then made huts of branches, and afterwards learned to plaster them over with mud and clay. This was the epoch of a first evolution, which established and distinguished families, and introduced a kind of property, in itself the source of a thousand quarrels and conflicts. As, however, the strongest were probably the first to build themselves huts which they felt themselves able to defend, it may be concluded that the weak found it much easier and safer to imitate than to attempt to dislodge them; and of those who were once provided with huts, none could have any inducement to appropriate that of his neighbor; not indeed so much because it did not belong to him, as because it could be of no use, and he could not make himself master of it without exposing himself to a desperate battle with the family which occupied it.

Foundation of the Family

The first expansions of the human heart were the effects of a novel situation, which united husbands and wives, fathers and children, under one roof. The habit of living together soon gave rise to the finest feelings known to humanity, conjugal love and paternal affection. Every family became a little society, the more united because liberty and reciprocal attachment were the only bonds of its union. The sexes, whose manner of life had been hitherto the same, began now to adopt different ways of living. The women became more sedentary, and accustomed themselves to mind the hut and their children, while the men went abroad in search of their common subsistence. From living a softer life, both sexes also began to lose something of their strength and ferocity: but, if individuals became to some extent less able to encounter wild beasts separately, they found it, on the other hand, easier to assemble and resist in common.

The simplicity and solitude of a man's life in this new condition, the paucity of his wants and the implements he had invented to satisfy them, left him a great deal of leisure, which he employed to furnish himself with many conveniences un-

known to his fathers: and this was the first yoke he inadvertently imposed on himself, and the first source of the evils he prepared for his descendants. For, beside continuing thus to enervate both body and mind, these conveniences lost with use almost all their power to please, and even degenerated into real needs, till the want of them became far more disagreeable than the possession of them had been pleasant. Men would have been unhappy at the loss of them, though the possession did not make them happy.

We can here see a little better how the use of speech became established and insensibly improved in each family, and we may form a conjecture also concerning the manner in which various causes may have extended and accelerated the progress of language, by making it more and more necessary. Floods or earthquakes surrounded inhabited districts with precipices or waters: revolutions of the globe tore off portions from the continent and made them islands. It is readily seen that among men thus collected and compelled to live together, a common idiom must have arisen much more easily than among those who still wandered through the forests of the continent. Thus it is very possible that after their first essays in navigation the islanders brought over the use of speech to the continent: and it is at least very probable that communities and languages were first established in islands, and even came to perfection there before they were known to the mainland.

Everything now begins to change its aspect. Men, who have up to now been roving in the woods, by taking to a more settled manner of life, come gradually together, form separate bodies, and at length in every country arises a distinct nation, united in character and manners, not by regulations or laws, but by uniformity of life and food and the common influence of climate. Permanent neighborhood could not fail to produce, in time, some connection between different families. Among young people of opposite sexes, living in neighboring huts, the transient commerce required by nature soon led, through mutual intercourse, to another kind not less agreeable, and more permanent. Men began now to take the difference between objects into account, and to make comparisons; they acquired imperceptibly the ideas of beauty and merit, which soon gave rise to feelings of preference. In consequence of seeing each other often, they could not do without seeing each other constantly. A tender and pleasant feeling insinuated itself into their souls, and the least opposition turned it into an impetuous fury; with love arose jealousy, discord triumphed, and human blood was sacrificed to the gentlest of all passions.

Birth of the Arts

As ideas and feelings succeeded one another and heart and head were brought into play, men continued to lay aside their original wildness; their private connections became every day more intimate as their limits extended. They accustomed themselves to assemble before their huts round a large tree; singing and dancing, the true offspring of love and leisure, became the amusement, or rather the occupation, of men and women thus assembled together with nothing else to do. Each one began to consider the rest and to wish to be considered in turn; and thus a value came to be attached to public esteem. Whoever sang or danced best, whoever was the handsomest, the strongest, the most dexterous, or the most eloquent, came to be of most consideration; and this was the first step towards inequality, and at the same time towards vice. From these first distinctions arose on the one side vanity and contempt and on the other shame and envy: and the fermentation caused by these new leavens ended by producing combinations fatal to innocence and happiness.

As soon as men began to value one another, and the idea of consideration had got a footing in their mind, everyone put in his claim to it, and it became impossible to refuse it to any with impunity. Hence arose the first obligations of civility even among savages; and every intended injury became an affront; because, besides the hurt which might result from it, the party injured was certain to find in it a contempt for his person, which was often more insupportable than the hurt itself.

Thus, as every man punished the contempt shown him by others, in proportion to his opinion of himself, revenge became terrible, and men bloody and cruel. This is precisely the state reached by most of the savage nations known to us: and it is for want of having made a proper dis-

tinction in our ideas, and seen how very far they already are from the state of nature, that so many writers have hastily concluded that man is naturally cruel, and requires civil institutions to make him more mild; whereas nothing is more gentle than man in his primitive state, as he is placed by nature at an equal distance from the stupidity of brutes, and the fatal ingenuity of civilized man. Equally confined by instinct and reason to the sole care of guarding himself against the mischiefs which threaten him, he is restrained by natural compassion from doing any injury to others, and is not led to do such a thing even in return for injuries received. For, according to the axiom of the wise Locke, there can be no injury where there is no property.

Appearance of Morality and Law

But it must be remarked that the society thus formed, and the relations thus established among men, required of them qualities different from those which they possessed from their primitive constitution. Morality began to appear in human actions, and everyone, before the institution of law, was the only judge and avenger of the injuries done him, so that the goodness which was suitable in the pure state of nature was no longer proper in the newborn state of society. Punishments had to be made more severe, as opportunities of offending became more frequent, and the dread of vengeance had to take the place of the rigor of the law. Thus, though men had become less patient, and their natural compassion had already suffered some diminution, this period of expansion of the human faculties, keeping a just mean between the indolence of the primitive state and the petulant activity of our egoism, must have been the happiest and most stable of epochs. The more we reflect on it, the more we shall find that this state was the least subject to revolutions, and altogether the very best man could experience; so that he can have departed from it only through some fatal accident, which, for the public good, should never have happened. The example of savages, most of whom have been found in this state, seems to prove that men were meant to remain in it, that it is the real youth of the world, and that all subsequent advances have been apparently so many steps towards the perfection of the individual, but in reality towards the decrepitude of the species.

So long as men remained content with their rustic huts, so long as they were satisfied with clothes made of the skins of animals and sewn together with thorns and fishbones, adorned themselves only with feathers and shells, and continued to paint their bodies different colors, to improve and beautify their bows and arrows and to make with sharp-edged stones fishing boats or clumsy musical instruments; in a word, so long as they undertook only what a single person could accomplish, and confined themselves to such arts as did not require the joint labor of several hands, they lived free, healthy, honest and happy lives, so long as their nature allowed, and as they continued to enjoy the pleasures of mutual and independent intercourse. But from the moment one man began to stand in need of the help of another; from the moment it appeared advantageous to any one man to have enough provisions for two, equality disappeared, property was introduced, work became indispensable, and vast forests became smiling fields, which man had to water with the sweat of his brow, and where slavery and misery were soon seen to germinate and grow up with the crops.

The Use of Iron

Metallurgy and agriculture were the two arts which produced this great revolution. The poets tell us it was gold and silver, but for the philosophers it was iron and corn which first civilized men and ruined humanity. Thus both were unknown to the savages of America, who for that reason are still savage: the other nations also seem to have continued in a state of barbarism while they practised one of these arts. One of the best reasons, perhaps why Europe has been, if not longer, at least more constantly and highly civilized than the rest of the world, is that it is at once the most abundant in iron and the most fertile in corn.

It is difficult to conjecture how men first came to know and use iron; for it is impossible to suppose they would of themselves think of digging the ore out of the mine, and preparing it for smelting, before they knew what would be the result. On the other hand, we have the less reason

to suppose this discovery the effect of any accidental fire, as mines are formed in barren places, bare of trees and plants; so that it looks as if nature had taken pains to keep the fatal secret from us. There remains, therefore, only the extraordinary accident of some volcano which, by ejecting metallic substances already in fusion, suggested to the spectators the idea of imitating the natural operation. And we must further conceive them as possessed of uncommon courage and foresight, to undertake so laborious a work, with so distant a prospect of drawing advantage from it; yet these qualities are united only in minds more advanced than we can suppose those of these first discoverers to have been.

Agriculture

With regard to agriculture, the principles of it were known long before they were put in practise; and it is indeed hardly possible that men, constantly employed in drawing their subsistence from plants and trees, should not readily acquire a knowledge of the means made use of by nature for the propagation of vegetables. It was in all probability very long, however, before their industry took that turn, either because trees, which together with hunting and fishing afforded them food, did not require their attention; or because they were ignorant of the use of corn or without instruments to cultivate it; or because they lacked foresight to future needs; or lastly, because they were without means of preventing others from robbing them of the fruit of their labor.

When they grew more industrious, it is natural to believe that they began, with the help of sharp stones and pointed sticks, to cultivate a few vegetables or roots around their huts; though it was long before they knew how to prepare corn, or were provided with the implements necessary for raising it in any large quantity; not to mention how essential it is, for husbandry, to consent to immediate loss, in order to reap a future gain—a precaution very foreign to the turn of a savage's mind; for, as I have said, he hardly foresees in the morning what he will need at night.

The invention of the other arts must therefore have been necessary to compel mankind to apply themselves to agriculture. No sooner were artificers wanted to smelt and forge iron, than others were required to maintain them; the more hands that were employed in manufacture, the fewer were left to provide for the common subsistence, though the number of mouths to be furnished with food remained the same: and as some required commodities in exchange for their iron, the rest at length discovered the method of making iron serve for the multiplication of commodities. By this means the arts of husbandry and agriculture were established on the one hand, and the art of working metals and multiplying their uses on the other.

Property and Justice

The cultivation of the earth necessarily brought about its distribution; and property, once recognized, gave rise to the first rules of justice; for, to secure each man his own, it had to be possible for each to have something. Besides, as men began to look forward to the future, and all had something to lose, everyone had reason to apprehend that reprisals would follow any injury he might do to another. This origin is so much the more natural, as it is impossible to conceive how property can come from anything but manual labor: for what else can a man add to things which he does not originally create, so as to make them his own property? It is the husbandman's labor alone that, giving him a title to the produce of the ground he has tilled, gives him a claim also to the land itself, at least till harvest; and so from year to year, a constant possession which is easily transformed into property. When the ancients, says Grotius, gave to Ceres the title of *Legislatrix,* and to a festival celebrated in her honor the name of *Thesmophoria,* they meant by that that the distribution of lands had produced a new kind of right: that is to say, the right of property, which is different from the right deductible from the law of nature.

In this state of affairs, equality might have been sustained, had the talents of individuals been equal, and had, for example, the use of iron and the consumption of commodities always exactly balanced each other; but, as there was nothing to preserve this balance, it was soon disturbed; the strongest did most work; the most skilful turned his labor to best ac-

count; the most ingenious devised methods of diminishing his labor: the husbandman wanted more iron, or the smith more corn, and while both labored equally, the one gained a great deal by his work, while the other could hardly support himself. Thus natural inequality unfolds itself insensibly with that of combination, and the difference between men, developed by their different circumstances, becomes more sensible and permanent in its effects, and begins to have an influence in the same proportion, over the lot of individuals.

Matters once at this pitch, it is easy to imagine the rest. I shall not detain the reader with a description of the successive invention of other arts, the development of language, the trial and utilization of talents, the inequality of fortunes, the use and abuse of riches, and all the details connected with them which the reader can easily supply for himself. I shall confine myself to a glance at mankind in this new situation.

Behold then all human faculties developed, memory and imagination in full play, egoism interested, reason active, and the mind almost at the highest point of its perfection. Behold all the natural qualities in action, the rank and condition of every man assigned him; not merely his share of property and his power to serve or injure others, but also his wit, beauty, strength or skill, merit or talents: and these being the only qualities capable of commanding respect, it soon became necessary to possess or to affect them.

Evils of Property

It now became the interest of men to appear what they really were not. To be and to seem became two totally different things; and from this distinction sprang insolent pomp and cheating trickery, with all the numerous vices that go in their train. On the other hand, free and independent as men were before, they were now, in consequence of a multiplicity of new wants, brought into subjection, as it were, to all nature, and particularly to one another; and each became in some degree a slave even in becoming the master of other men: if rich, they stood in need of the services of others; if poor, of their assistance; and even a middle condition did not enable them to do without one another.

Man must now, therefore, have been perpetually employed in getting others to interest themselves in his lot, and in making them apparently at least, if not really, find their advantage in promoting his own. Thus he must have been sly and artful in his behavior to some, and imperious and cruel to others; being under a kind of necessity to ill-use all the persons of whom he stood in need, when he could not frighten them into compliance, and did not judge it his interest to be useful to them. Insatiable ambition, the thirst of raising their respective fortunes, not so much from real want as from the desire to surpass others, inspired all men with a vile propensity to injure one another, and with a secret jealousy, which is the more dangerous, as it puts on the mask of benevolence, to carry its point with greater security. In a word, there arose rivalry and competition on the one hand, and conflicting interests on the other, together with a secret desire on both of profiting at the expense of others. All these evils were the first effects of property, and the inseparable attendants of growing inequality.

Before the invention of signs to represent riches, wealth could hardly consist in anything but lands and cattle, the only real possessions men can have. But, when inheritances so increased in number and extent as to occupy the whole of the land, and to border on one another, one man could aggrandize himself only at the expense of another; at the same time the supernumeraries, who had been too weak or too indolent to make such acquisitions, and had grown poor without sustaining any loss, because, while they saw everything change around them, they remained still the same, were obliged to receive their subsistence, or steal it, from the rich; and this soon bred, according to their different characters, dominion and slavery or violence and rapine. The wealthy, on their part, had no sooner begun to taste the pleasure of command, than they disdained all others, and, using their old slaves to acquire new, thought of nothing but subduing and enslaving their neighbors; like ravenous wolves, which having once tasted human flesh, despise every other food and thenceforth seek only men to devour.

Thus, as the most powerful or the most miserable considered their might or misery as a kind of right to the possessions of others, equivalent, in their opinion, to that

of property, the destruction of equality was attended by the most terrible disorders. Usurpations by the rich, robbery by the poor, and the unbridled passions of both suppressed the cries of natural compassion, and the still feeble voice of justice, and filled men with avarice, ambition and vice. Between the title of the strongest and that of the first occupier, there arose perpetual conflicts, which never ended but in battles and bloodshed. The new-born state of society thus gave rise to a horrible state of war; men thus harassed and depraved were no longer capable of retracing their steps or renouncing the fatal acquisitions they had made, but, laboring by the abuse of the faculties which do them honor, merely to their own confusion, brought themselves to the brink of ruin.

Attonitus novitate mali, divesque miserque,
Effugere optat opes; et quæ modo voverat odit.

[Both rich and poor, shocked at their new-found ills,
Would fly from wealth, and lose what they had sought.
—Ovid, *Metamorphoses* XI, 127.]

It is impossible that men should not at length have reflected on so wretched a situation and on the calamities that overwhelmed them. The rich, in particular, must have felt how much they suffered by a constant state of war, of which they bore all the expense; and in which, though all risked their lives, they alone risked their property. Besides, however speciously they might disguise their usurpations, they knew that they were founded on precarious and false titles; so that, if others took from them by force what they themselves had gained by force, they would have no reason to complain. Even those who had been enriched by their own industry could hardly base their proprietorship on better claims. It was in vain to repeat, 'I built this well; I gained this spot by my industry.' 'Who gave you your standing,' it might be answered, 'and what right have you to demand payment of us for doing what we never asked you to do? Do you not know that numbers of your fellow-creatures are starving, for want of what you have too much of? You ought to have had the express and universal consent of mankind before appropriating more of the common subsistence than you needed for your own maintenance.' Destitute of valid reasons to justify and sufficient strength to defend himself, able to crush individuals with ease, but easily crushed himself by a troop of bandits, one against all, and incapable, on account of mutual jealousy, of joining with his equals against numerous enemies united by the common hope of plunder, the rich man, thus urged by necessity, conceived at length the profoundest plan that ever entered in the mind of man: this was to employ in his favor the forces of those who attacked him, to make allies of his adversaries, to inspire them with different maxims, and to give them other institutions as favorable to himself as the law of nature was unfavorable.

Organization of Defense

With this view, after having represented to his neighbors the horror of a situation which armed every man against the rest, and made their possessions as burdensome to them as their wants, and in which no safety could be expected either in riches or in poverty, he readily devised plausible arguments to make them close with his design. 'Let us join,' said he, 'to guard the weak from oppression, to restrain the ambitious, and secure to every man the possession of what belongs to him: let us institute rules of justice and peace, to which all without exception may be obliged to conform; rules that may in some measure make amends for the caprices of fortune, by subjecting equally the powerful and the weak to the observance of reciprocal obligations. Let us, in a word, instead of turning our forces against ourselves, collect them in a supreme power which may govern us by wise laws, protect and defend all the members of the association, repulse their common enemies, and maintain eternal harmony among us.'

Far fewer words to this purpose would have been enough to impose on men so barbarous and easily seduced; especially as they had too many disputes among themselves to do without arbitrators, and too much ambition and avarice to go long without masters. All ran headlong to their chains, in hopes of securing their liberty; for they had just wit enough to perceive the advantages of political institutions, without experience enough to enable them to foresee the dangers. The most capable

of foreseeing the dangers were the very persons who expected to benefit by them; and even the most prudent judged it not inexpedient to sacrifice one part of their freedom to ensure the rest; as a wounded man has his arm cut off to save the rest of his body.

Such was, or may well have been, the origin of society and law, which bound new fetters on the poor, and gave new powers to the rich; which irretrievably destroyed natural liberty, eternally fixed the law of property and inequality, converted clever usurpation into unalterable right, and for the advantage of a few ambitious individuals subjected all mankind to perpetual labor, slavery and wretchedness. It is easy to see how the establishment of one community made that of all the rest necessary, and how, in order to make head against united forces, the rest of mankind had to unite in turn. Societies soon multiplied and spread over the face of the earth, till hardly a corner of the world was left in which a man could escape the yoke, and withdraw his head from beneath the sword which he saw perpetually hanging over him by a thread. Civil right having thus become the common rule among the members of each community, the law of nature maintained its place only between different communities, where, under the name of the right of nations, it was qualified by certain tacit conventions, in order to make commerce practicable, and serve as a substitute for natural compassion, which lost, when applied to societies, almost all the influence it had over individuals, and survived no longer except in some great cosmopolitan spirits, who, breaking down the imaginary barriers that separate different peoples, follow the example of our Sovereign Creator, and include the whole human race in their benevolence.

Wars

But bodies politic, remaining thus in a state of nature among themselves, presently experienced the inconveniences which had obliged individuals to forsake it; for this state became still more fatal to these great bodies than it had been to the individuals of whom they were composed. Hence arose national wars, battles, murders, and reprisals, which shock nature and outrage reason, together with all those horrible prejudices which class among the virtues the honor of shedding human blood. The most distinguished men hence learned to consider cutting each other's throats a duty; at length men massacred their fellow creatures by thousands without so much as knowing why, and committed more murders in a single day's fighting, and more violent outrages in the sack of a single town, than were committed in the state of nature during whole ages over the whole earth. Such were the first effects which we can see to have followed the division of mankind into different communities. But let us return to their institutions.

I know that some writers have given other explanations of the origin of political societies, such as the conquest of the powerful, or the association of the weak. It is, indeed, indifferent to my argument which of these causes we choose. That which I have just laid down, however, appears to me the most natural for the following reasons. First: because, in the first case, the right of conquest, being no right in itself, could not serve as a foundation on which to build any other; the victor and the vanquished people still remained with respect to each other in the state of war, unless the vanquished, restored to the full possession of their liberty, voluntarily made choice of the victor for their chief. For till then, whatever capitulation might have been made being founded on violence, and therefore *ipso facto* void, there could not have been on this hypothesis either a real society or body politic, or any law other than that of the strongest. Secondly: because the words strong and weak are, in the second case, ambiguous; for during the interval between the establishment of a right of property or prior occupancy, and that of political government, the meaning of these words is better expressed by the terms rich and poor: because, in fact, before the institution of laws, men had no other way of reducing their equals to submission, than by attacking their goods, or making some of their own over to them. Thirdly: because, as the poor had nothing but their freedom to lose, it would have been in the highest degree absurd for them to resign voluntarily the only good they still enjoyed, without getting anything in exchange: whereas the rich having feelings, if I may so express myself, in every part of their possessions, it was much easier to harm

them, and therefore more necessary for them to take precautions against it; and, in short, because it is more reasonable to suppose a thing to have been invented by those to whom it would be of service, than by those whom it must have harmed.

Origin of Government

Government had, in its infancy, no regular and constant form. The want of experience and philosophy prevented men from seeing any but present inconveniences, and they thought of providing against others only as they presented themselves. In spite of the endeavors of the wisest legislators, the political state remained imperfect, because it was little more than the work of chance; and, as it had begun ill, though time revealed its defects and suggested remedies, the original faults were never repaired. It was continually being patched up, when the first task should have been to get the site cleared and all the old materials removed, as was done by Lycurgus at Sparta, if a stable and lasting edifice was to be erected. Society consisted at first merely of a few general conventions, which every member bound himself to observe; and for the performance of covenants the whole body went security to each individual. Experience only could show the weakness of such a constitution, and how easily it might be infringed with impunity, from the difficulty of convicting men of faults, where the public alone was to be witness and judge: the laws could not but be eluded in many ways; disorders and inconveniences could not but multiply continually, till it became necessary to commit the dangerous trust of public authority to private persons, and the care of enforcing obedience to the deliberations of the people to the magistrate. For to say that chiefs were chosen before the confederacy was formed, and that the administrators of the laws were there before the laws themselves, is too absurd a supposition to consider seriously.

It would be as unreasonable to suppose that men at first threw themselves irretrievably and unconditionally into the arms of an absolute master, and that the first expedient which proud and unsubdued men hit upon for their common security was to run headlong into slavery. For what reason, in fact, did they take to themselves superiors, if it was not in order that they might be defended from oppression, and have protection for their lives, liberties, and properties, which are, so to speak, the constituent elements of their being? Now, in the relations between man and man, the worst that can happen is for one to find himself at the mercy of another, and it would have been inconsistent with common sense to begin by bestowing on a chief the only things they wanted his help to preserve What equivalent could he offer them for so great a right? And if he had presumed to exact it under pretext of defending them, would he not have received the answer recorded in the fable: 'What more can the enemy do to us?' It is therefore beyond dispute, and indeed the fundamental maxim of all political right, that people have set up chiefs to protect their liberty, and not to enslave them. 'If we have a prince,' said Pliny to Trajan, 'it is to save ourselves from having a master.'

Politicians indulge in the same sophistry about the love of liberty as philosophers about the state of nature. They judge, by what they see, of very different things, which they have not seen; and attribute to man a natural propensity to servitude, because the slaves within their observation are seen to bear the yoke with patience; they fail to reflect that it is with liberty as with innocence and virtue; the value is known only to those who possess them, and the taste for them is forfeited when they are forfeited themselves. 'I know the charms of your country,' said Brasidas to a Satrap, who was comparing the life at Sparta with that at Persepolis, 'but you cannot know the pleasures of mine.'

An unbroken horse erects his mane, paws the ground and starts back impetuously at the sight of the bridle; while one which is properly trained suffers patiently even whip and spur: so savage man will not bend his neck to the yoke to which civilized man submits without a murmur, but prefers the most turbulent state of liberty to the most peaceful slavery. We cannot therefore, from the servility of nations already enslaved, judge of the natural disposition of mankind for or against slavery; we should go by the prodigious efforts of every free people to save itself from oppression. I know that the former are forever holding forth in praise of the tranquillity they enjoy in their chains, and

that they call a state of wretched servitude a state of peace: *miserrimam servitutem pacem appellant.* ['The most wretched slavery they call peace.' Tacitus, *History* iv, 17.] But when I observe the latter sacrificing pleasure, peace, wealth, power and life itself to the preservation of that one treasure, which is so disdained by those who have lost it; when I see free-born animals dash their brains out against the bars of their cage, from an innate impatience of captivity; when I behold numbers of naked savages, that despise European pleasures, braving hunger, fire, the sword and death, to preserve nothing but their independence, I feel that it is not for slaves to argue about liberty.

Paternal Authority

With regard to paternal authority, from which some writers have derived absolute government and all society, it is enough without going back to the contrary arguments of Locke and Sidney, to remark that nothing on earth can be further from the ferocious spirit of despotism than the mildness of that authority which looks more to the advantage of him who obeys than to that of him who commands; that, by the law of nature, the father is the child's master no longer than his help is necessary; that from that time they are both equal, the son being perfectly independent of the father, and owing him only respect and not obedience. For gratitude is a duty which ought to be paid, but not a right to be exacted: instead of saying that civil society is derived from paternal authority, we ought to say rather that the latter derives its principal force from the former. No individual was ever acknowledged as the father of many, till his sons and daughters remained settled around him. The goods of the father, of which he is really the master, are the ties which keep his children in dependence, and he may bestow on them, if he pleases, no share of his property, unless they merit it by constant deference to his will. But the subjects of an arbitrary despot are so far from having the like favor to expect from their chief, that they themselves, and everything they possess are his property, or at least are considered by him as such; so that they are forced to receive, as a favor, the little of their own he is pleased to leave them. When he despoils them, he does but justice, and mercy in that he permits them to live.

By proceeding thus to test fact by right, we should discover as little reason as truth in the voluntary establishment of tyranny. It would also be no easy matter to prove the validity of a contract binding on only one of the parties, where all the risk is on one side and none on the other; so that no one could suffer but he who bound himself. This hateful system is indeed, even in modern times, very far from being that of wise and good monarchs, and especially of the kings of France; as may be seen from several passages in their edicts; particularly from the following passage in a celebrated edict published in 1667 in the name and by order of Louis XIV:—'Let it not, therefore, be said that the Sovereign is not subject to the laws of his State; since the contrary is a true proposition of the right of nations, which flattery has sometimes attacked but good princes have always defended as the tutelary divinity of their dominions. How much more legitimate is it to say with the wise Plato, that the perfect felicity of a kingdom consists in the obedience of subjects to their prince, and of the prince to the laws, and in the laws being just and constantly directed to the public good!' (Of the rights of the Most Christian Queen over various States of the Monarchy of Spain. 1667.)

The Right to Liberty

I shall not stay here to inquire whether, as liberty is the noblest faculty of man, it is not degrading our very nature, reducing ourselves to the level of the brutes, which are mere slaves of instinct, and even an affront to the Author of our being, to renounce without reserve the most precious of all His gifts, and to bow to the necessity of committing all the crimes He has forbidden, merely to gratify a mad or a cruel master; or if this sublime craftsman ought not to be less angered at seeing His workmanship entirely destroyed than thus dishonored. I will waive (if my opponents please) the authority of Barbeyrac, who, following Locke, roundly declares that no man can so far sell his liberty as to submit to an arbitrary power which may use him as it likes. For, he adds, this would be to sell his own life, of which he is not

master. I shall ask only what right those who were not afraid thus to debase themselves could have to subject their posterity to the same ignominy, and to renounce for them those blessings which they do not owe to the liberality of their progenitors, and without which life itself must be a burden to all who are worthy of it.

Puffendorf says that we may divest ourselves of our liberty in favor of other men, just as we transfer our property from one to another by contracts and agreements. But this seems a very weak argument. For in the first place, the property I alienate becomes quite foreign to me, nor can I suffer from the abuse of it; but it very nearly concerns me that my liberty should not be abused, and I cannot, without incurring the guilt of the crimes I may be compelled to commit, expose myself to become an instrument of crime. Besides the right of property being only a convention of human institution, men may dispose of what they possess as they please: but this is not the case with the essential gifts of nature, such as life and liberty, which every man is permitted to enjoy, and of which it is at least doubtful whether any have a right to divest themselves. By giving up the one, we degrade our being; by giving up the other, we do our best to annul it; and, as no temporal good can indemnify us for the loss of either, it would be an offense against both reason and nature to renounce them at any price whatsoever. But, even if we could transfer our liberty, as we do our property, there would be a great difference with regard to the children, who enjoy the father's substance only by the transmission of his right; whereas, liberty being a gift which they hold from nature as being men, their parents have no right whatever to deprive them of it. As then, to establish slavery, it was necessary to do violence to nature, so, in order to perpetuate such a right, nature would have to be changed. Jurists, who have gravely determined that the child of a slave comes into the world a slave, have decided in other words, that a man shall come into the world not a man.

I regard it then as certain, that government did not begin with arbitrary power, but that this is the depravation, the extreme term, of government, and brings it back, finally, to just the law of the strongest, which it was originally designed to remedy. Supposing, however, it had begun in this manner, such power, being in itself illegitimate, could not have served as a basis for the laws of society, nor, consequently, for the inequality they instituted.

The Social Contract

Without entering at present upon the investigations which still remain to be made into the nature of the fundamental compact underlying all government, I content myself with adopting the common opinion concerning it, and regard the establishment of the political body as a real contract between the people and the chiefs chosen by them: a contract by which both parties bind themselves to observe the laws therein expressed, which form the ties of their union. The people having in respect of their social relations concentrated all their wills in one, the several articles, concerning which this will is explained, become so many fundamental laws, obligatory on all the members of the State without exception, and one of these articles regulates the choice and power of the magistrates appointed to watch over the execution of the rest. This power extends to everything which may maintain the constitution, without going so far as to alter it. It is accompanied by honors, in order to bring the laws and their administrators into respect. The ministers are also distinguished by personal prerogatives, in order to recompense them for the cares and labor which good administration involves. The magistrate, on his side, binds himself to use the power he is entrusted with only in conformity with the intention of his constituents, to maintain them all in the peaceable possession of what belongs to them, and to prefer on every occasion the public interest to his own.

Before experience had shown, or knowledge of the human heart enabled men to foresee, the unavoidable abuses of such a constitution, it must have appeared so much the more excellent, as those who were charged with the care of its preservation had themselves most interest in it; for magistracy and the rights attaching to it being based solely on the fundamental laws, the magistrates would soon cease to be legitimate as soon as these ceased to exist; the people would no longer owe them obedience; and as not the magistrates, but the laws, are essential to the being of a State,

the members of it would regain the right to their natural liberty.

If we reflect with ever so little attention on this subject, we shall find new arguments to confirm this truth, and be convinced from the very nature of the contract that it cannot be irrevocable: for, if there were no superior power capable of ensuring the fidelity of the contracting parties, or compelling them to perform their reciprocal engagements, the parties would be sole judges in their own cause, and each would always have a right to renounce the contract, as soon as he found that the other had violated its terms, or that they no longer suited his convenience. It is upon this principle that the right of abdication may possibly be founded. Now, if, as here, we consider only what is human in this institution, it is certain that, if the magistrate, who has all the power in his own hands, and appropriates to himself all the advantages of the contract, has none the less a right to renounce his authority, the people, who suffer for all the faults of their chief must have a much better right to renounce their dependence. But the terrible and innumerable quarrels and disorders that would necessarily arise from so dangerous a privilege show, more than anything else, how much human governments stood in need of a more solid basis than mere reason, and how expedient it was for the public tranquillity that the divine will should interpose to invest the sovereign authority with a sacred and inviolable character, which might deprive subjects of the fatal right of disposing of it. If the world had received no other advantages from religion, this would be enough to impose on men the duty of adopting and cultivating it, abuses and all, since it has been the means of saving more blood than fanaticism has ever spilt. But let us follow the thread of our hypothesis.

Forms of Government

The different forms of government owe their origin to the differing degrees of inequality which existed between individuals at the time of their institution. If there happened to be any one man among them preëminent in power, virtue, riches or personal influence, he became sole magistrate, and the State assumed the form of monarchy. If several, nearly equal in point of eminence, stood above the rest, they were elected jointly, and formed an aristocracy. Again, among a people who had deviated less from a state of nature, and between whose fortune or talents there was less disproportion, the supreme administration was retained in common, and a democracy was formed. It was discovered in process of time which of these forms suited men the best. Some peoples remained altogether subject to the laws; others soon came to obey their magistrates. The citizens labored to preserve their liberty; the subjects, irritated at seeing others enjoying a blessing they had lost, thought only of making slaves of their neighbors. In a word, on the one side arose riches and conquests, and on the other happiness and virtue.

In these different governments, all the offices were at first elective; and when the influence of wealth was out of the question, the preference was given to merit, which gives a natural ascendancy, and to age, which is experienced in business and deliberate in council. The Elders of the Hebrews, the Gerontes at Sparta, the Senate at Rome, and the very etymology of our word Seigneur, show how old age was once held in veneration. But the more often the choice fell on old men, the more often elections had to be repeated, and the more they became a nuisance; intrigues set in, factions were formed, party feeling grew bitter, civil wars broke out; the lives of individuals were sacrificed to the pretended happiness of the State; and at length men were on the point of relapsing into their primitive anarchy. Ambitious chiefs profited by these circumstances to perpetuate their offices in their own families: at the same time the people already used to dependence, ease, and the conveniences of life, and already incapable of breaking its fetters, agreed to an increase of its slavery, in order to secure its tranquillity. Thus magistrates, having become hereditary, contracted the habit of considering their offices as a family estate, and themselves as proprietors of the communities of which they were at first only the officers, of regarding their fellow-citizens as their slaves, and numbering them, like cattle, among their belongings, and of calling themselves the equals of the gods and king of kings.

If we follow the progress of inequality in these various revolutions, we shall find

that the establishment of laws and of the right of property was its first term, the institution of magistracy the second, and the conversion of legitimate into arbitrary power the third and last; so that the condition of rich and poor was authorized by the first period; that of powerful and weak by the second; and only by the third that of master and slave, which is the last degree of inequality, and the term at which all the rest remain, when they have got so far, till the government is either entirely dissolved by new revolutions, or brought back again to legitimacy.

To understand this progress as necessary we must consider not so much the motives for the establishment of the body politic, as the forms it assumes in actuality, and the faults that necessarily attend it: for the flaws which make social institutions necessary are the same as make the abuse of them unavoidable. If we except Sparta, where the laws were mainly concerned with the education of children, and where Lycurgus established such morality as practically made laws needless—for laws as a rule being weaker than the passions, restrain men without altering them—it would not be difficult to prove that every government, which scrupulously complied with the ends for which it was instituted, and guarded carefully against change and corruption, was set up unnecessarily. For a country, in which no one either evaded the laws or made a bad use of magisterial power, could require neither laws nor magistrates.

Establishment of an Aristocracy

Political distinctions necessarily produce civil distinctions. The growing inequality between the chiefs and the people is soon felt by individuals, and modified in a thousand ways according to passions, talents and circumstances. The magistrate could not usurp any illegitimate power, without giving distinction to the creatures with whom he must share it. Besides, individuals only allow themselves to be oppressed so far as they are hurried on by blind ambition, and looking rather below than above them, come to love authority more than independence, and submit to slavery, that they may in turn enslave others. It is no easy matter to reduce to obedience a man who has no ambition to command; nor would the most adroit politician find it possible to enslave a people whose only desire was to be independent. But inequality easily makes its way among cowardly and ambitious minds, which are ever ready to run the risks of fortune, and almost indifferent whether they command or obey, as it is favorable or adverse. Thus, there must have been a time, when the eyes of the people were so fascinated that their rulers had only to say to the least of men, 'Be great, you and all your posterity,' to make him immediately appear great in the eyes of everyone as well as in his own. His descendants took still more upon them, in proportion to their distance from him; the more obscure and uncertain the cause, the greater the effect: the greater the number of idlers one could count in a family, the more illustrious it was held to be.

If this were the place to go into details, I could readily explain how, even without the intervention of the government, inequality of credit and authority became unavoidable among private persons, as soon as their union in a single society made them compare themselves one with another, and take into account the differences which they found out from the continual intercourse every man had to have with his neighbors.

Distributive justice would oppose this rigorous equality of the state of nature, even were it practicable in civil society; as all the members of the State owe it their services in proportion to their talents and abilities, they ought, on their side, to be distinguished and favored in proportion to the services they have actually rendered. It is in this sense we must understand that passage of Isocrates, in which he extols the primitive Athenians, for having determined which of the two kinds of equality was the most useful, viz., that which consists in dividing the same advantages indiscriminately among all the citizens, or that which consists in distributing them to each according to his deserts. These able politicians, adds the orator, banishing that unjust inequality which makes no distinction between good and bad men, adhered inviolably to that which rewards and punishes every man according to his deserts.

But, in the first place, there never existed a society, however corrupt some may have become, where no difference was made between the good and the bad; and

with regard to morality, where no measures can be prescribed by law exact enough to serve as a practical rule for a magistrate, it is with great prudence that, in order not to leave the fortune or quality of the citizens to his discretion, it prohibits him from passing judgment on persons and confines his judgment to actions. Only morals such as those of the ancient Romans can bear censors, and such a tribunal among us would throw everything into confusion. The difference between good and bad men is determined by public esteem; the magistrate being strictly a judge of right alone; whereas the public is the truest judge of morals, and is of such integrity and penetration on this head, that although it may be sometimes deceived, it can never be corrupted. The rank of citizens ought, therefore, to be regulated, not according to their personal merit—for this would put in the power of the magistrate to apply the law almost arbitrarily—but according to the actual services done to the State, which are capable of being more exactly estimated.

The Desire for Distinction

These differences are of several kinds; but riches, nobility, or rank, power and personal merit being the principal distinctions by which men form an estimate of each other in society, I could prove that the harmony or conflict of these different forces is the surest indication of the good or bad constitution of a State. I could show that among these four kinds of inequality, personal qualities being the origin of all the others, wealth is the one to which they are all reduced in the end; for, as riches tend most immediately to the prosperity of individuals, and are easiest to communicate, they are used to purchase every other distinction. By this observation we are enabled to judge pretty exactly how far a people has departed from its primitive constitution, and of its progress towards the extreme term of corruption. I could explain how much this universal desire for reputation, honors, and advancement, which inflames us all, exercises and holds up to comparison our faculties and powers; how it excites and multiplies our passions, and, by creating universal competition and rivalry, or rather enmity, among men, occasions numberless failures, successes and disturbances of all kinds by making so many aspirants run the same course. I could show that it is to this desire of being talked about, and this unremitting rage of distinguishing ourselves, that we owe the best and the worst things we possess, both our virtues and our vices, our science and our errors, our conquerors and our philosophers; that is to say, a great many bad things, and a very few good ones. In a word, I could prove that, if we have a few rich and powerful men on the pinnacle of fortune and grandeur, while the crowd grovels in want and obscurity, it is because the former prize what they enjoy only in so far as others are destitute of it; and because, without changing their condition, they would cease to be happy the moment the people ceased to be wretched.

These details alone, however, would furnish matter for a considerable work, in which the advantages and disadvantages of every kind of government might be weighed, as they are related to man in the state of nature, and at the same time all the different aspects, under which inequality has up to the present appeared, or may appear in ages yet to come, according to the nature of the several governments, and the alterations which time must unavoidably occasion in them, might be demonstrated. We should then see the multitude oppressed from within, in consequence of the very precautions it had taken to guard against foreign tyranny. We should see oppression continually gain ground without it being possible for the oppressed to know where it would stop, or what legitimate means was left them of checking its progress. We should see the rights of citizens, and the freedom of nations slowly extinguished, and the complaints, protests and appeals of the weak treated as seditious murmurings. We should see the honor of defending the common cause confined by statecraft to a mercenary part of the people. We should see taxes made necessary by such means, and the disheartened husbandman deserting his fields even in the midst of peace, and leaving the plough to gird on the sword. We should see fatal and capricious codes of honor established; and the champions of their country sooner or later becoming its enemies, and for ever holding their daggers to the breasts of their fellow-citizens. The time would

come when they would be heard saying to the oppressor of their country—

Pectore si fratris gladium juguloque parentis
Condere me jubeas, gravidæque in viscera partu
Conjugis, invitâ peragam tamen omnia dextrâ.

[If you bid me bury my sword in my brother's heart or my father's neck, or in the womb of my pregnant wife, all these things my right hand will perform against my will.—*Lucan*, I, 376.]

Results of Inequality

From great inequality of fortunes and conditions, from the vast variety of passions and of talents, useless and pernicious arts, of vain sciences, would arise a multitude of prejudices equally contrary to reason, happiness and virtue. We should see the magistrates fomenting everything that might weaken men united in society, by promoting dissension among them; everything that might sow in it the seeds of actual division, while it gave society the air of harmony; everything that might inspire the different ranks of people with mutual hatred and distrust, by setting the rights and interests of one against those of another, and so strengthen the power which comprehended them all.

It is from the midst of this disorder and these revolutions, that despotism, gradually raising up its hideous head, and devouring everything that remained sound and untainted in any part of the State, would at length trample on both the laws and the people, and establish itself on the ruins of the republic. The times which immediately preceded this last change would be times of trouble and calamity; but at length the monster would swallow up everything, and the people would no longer have either chiefs or laws, but only tyrants. From this moment there would be no question of virtue or morality; for despotism *cui ex honesto nulla est spes,* wherever it prevails, admits no other master; it no sooner speaks than probity and duty lose their weight and blind obedience is the only virtue which slaves can still practise.

This is the last term of inequality, the extreme point that closes the circle, and meets that from which we set out. Here all private persons return to their first equality, because they are nothing; and, subjects having no law but the will of their master, and their master no restraint but his passions, all notions of good and all principles of equity again vanish. There is here a complete return to the law of the strongest, and so to a new state of nature, differing from that we set out from; for the one was a state of nature in its first purity, while this is the consequence of excessive corruption. There is so little difference between the two states in other respects, and the contract of government is so completely dissolved by despotism, that the despot is master only so long as he remains the strongest; as soon as he can be expelled, he has no right to complain of violence. The popular insurrection that ends in the death or deposition of a Sultan is as lawful an act as those by which he disposed, the day before, of the lives and fortunes of his subjects. As he was maintained by force alone, it is force that overthrows him. Thus everything takes place according to the natural order; and, whatever may be the result of such frequent and precipitate revolutions, no man has reason to complain of the injustice of another, but only of his own ill-fortune or indiscretion.

If the reader thus discovers and retraces the lost and forgotten road, by which man must have passed from the state of nature to the state of society; if he carefully restores, along with the intermediate situations which I have just described, those which want of time has compelled me to suppress, or my imagination has failed to suggest, he cannot fail to be struck by the vast distance which separates the two states. It is in tracing this slow succession that he will find the solution of a number of problems of politics and morals, which philosophers cannot settle. He will feel that, men being different in different ages, the reason why Diogenes could not find a man was that he sought among his contemporaries a man of an earlier period. He will see that Cato died with Rome and liberty, because he did not fit the age in which he lived; the greatest of men served only to astonish a world which he would certainly have ruled, had he lived five hundred years sooner. In a word, he will explain how the soul and the passions of men insensibly change their very nature;

why our wants and pleasures in the end seek new objects; and why, the original man having vanished by degrees, society offers to us only an assembly of artificial men and factitious passions, which are the work of all these new relations, and without any real foundation in nature. We are taught nothing on this subject, by reflection, that is not entirely confirmed by observation. The savage and the civilized man differ so much in the bottom of their hearts and in their inclinations, that what constitutes the supreme happiness of one would reduce the other to despair. The former breathes only peace and liberty; he desires only to live and be free from labor; even the ataraxia of the Stoic falls far short of his profound indifference to every other object. Civilized man, on the other hand, is always moving, sweating, toiling and racking his brains to find still more laborious occupations: he goes on in drudgery to his last moment and even seeks death to put himself in a position to live or renounces life to acquire immortality. He pays his court to men in power, whom he hates, and to the wealthy, whom he despises; he stops at nothing to have the honor of serving them; he is not ashamed to value himself on his own meanness and their protection; and, proud of his slavery, he speaks with disdain of those who have not the honor of sharing it. What a sight would the perplexing and envied labors of a European minister of State present to the eyes of a Caribbean! How many cruel deaths would not this indolent savage prefer to the horrors of such a life, which is seldom even sweetened by the pleasures of doing good! But, for him to see into the motives of all this solicitude, the words power and reputation would have to bear some meaning in his mind; he would have to know that there are men who set a value on the opinion of the rest of the world; who can be made happy and satisfied with themselves rather on the testimony of other people than on their own. In reality, the source of all these differences is, that the savage lives within himself, while the social man lives constantly outside himself, and only knows how to live in the opinion of others, so that he seems to receive the consciousness of his own existence merely from the judgment of others concerning him. It is not to my present purpose to insist on the indifference to good and evil which arises from this disposition, in spite of our many fine works on morality, or to show how, everything being reduced to appearances, there is but art and mummery in even honor, friendship, virtue and often vice itself, of which we at length learn the secret of boasting; to show in short, how, always asking others what we are, and never daring to ask ourselves, in the midst of so much philosophy, humanity and civilization, and of such sublime codes of morality, we have nothing to show for ourselves but a frivolous and deceitful appearance, honor without virtue, reason without wisdom, and pleasure without happiness. It is sufficient that I have proved that this is not by any means the original state of man, but that it is merely the spirit of society, and the inequality which society produces, that thus transform and alter all our natural inclinations.

Conclusion

I have endeavored to trace the origin and progress of inequality, and the institution and abuse of political societies as far as these are capable of being deduced from the nature of man merely by the light of reason, and independently of those sacred dogmas which give the sanction of divine right to sovereign authority. It follows from this survey, that, as there is hardly any inequality in the state of nature, all the inequality which now prevails owes its strength and growth to the development of our faculties and the advance of the human mind, and becomes at last permanent and legitimate by the establishment of property and laws. Secondly, it follows that moral inequality, authorized by positive right alone, clashes with natural right, whenever it is not proportionate to physical inequality; a distinction which sufficiently determines what we ought to think of that species of inequality, which prevails in all civilized countries, since it is plainly contrary to the law of nature, however defined, that children should command old men, fools wise men, and that the privileged few should gorge themselves with superfluities while the starving multitude are in want of the bare necessities of life.

LESSING (1729–1781)

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, though later in date than Rousseau, belongs in spirit to an earlier time. German literature had suffered a terrible setback through the consequences of the Thirty Years War (1618-48), which devastated the country and reduced the population by more than a half. The seventeenth century was almost a blank in German literature, and recovery in the eighteenth century was slow. French classical influence was predominant, and Frederick the Great in 1750 brought Voltaire from Paris to Berlin to adorn the Prussian Court. The reaction from this influence may be said to have begun with the prose versions of Shakespeare's plays by Wieland (1762-66), later superseded by the admirable verse translations of A. W. Schlegel (1797-1801). Schlegel's lectures on *Dramatic Art* and *Literature* (1809-11) gave the romantic movement in drama philosophical justification against the French classical rules and the French classical spirit, but the pioneer work in the destruction of French classical authority was done by Lessing's *Letters on Modern Literature* (1759) and the series of newspaper criticisms he wrote at Hamburg in 1767-69, afterwards published in a volume known as the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie.*

Lessing was familiar with the classics and with English literature, and he was able to show that French classical tragedy was an artificial product based upon a mistaken application of critical theories rather than upon the great classical tragedians, to whom he did not hesitate to compare Shakespeare as containing more of the true classical spirit and of truth to nature than Corneille and Voltaire. 'After the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, no piece in the world can have more power over our passions than *Othello, King Lear,* and *Hamlet.*' This is now familiar doctrine, but when Lessing said it, in February, 1759, it was a new heresy, only later to be established as romantic orthodoxy. His view of Shakespeare was a message of redemption to German drama and opened the way to free artistic activity afterwards taken by Schiller and Goethe. Carlyle speaks of Lessing as a man 'standing on the confines of Light and Darkness, like Day on the misty mountain tops,' and in a more careful estimate of his genius says:—'Among all the writers of the eighteenth century, there is not one of a more compact and rigid intellectual structure; who more distinctly knows what he is aiming at, or with more gracefulness, vigor and precision sets it forth to his readers. He thinks with the clearness and piercing sharpness of the most expert logician; but a genial fire pervades him, a wit, a heartiness, a general richness and fineness of nature, to which most logicians are strangers. He is a sceptic in many things, but the noblest of sceptics; a mild, manly, half-careless enthusiasm struggles through his indignant unbelief: he stands before us like a toilworn but unwearied and heroic champion, earning not the conquest but the battle; as indeed himself admits to us, that "it is not the finding the truth, but the honest search for it, that profits." We confess, we should be entirely at a loss for the literary creed of that man who reckoned Lessing other than a thoroughly cultivated writer; nay, entitled to rank, in this particular, with the most distinguished writers of any existing nation. As a poet, as a critic, philosopher, or controversialist, his style will be found precisely such as we of England are accustomed to admire most; brief, nervous, vivid; yet quiet, without glitter or antithesis; idiomatic, pure without purism; transparent, yet full of character and reflex hues of meaning.'

VOLTAIRE AND SHAKESPEARE

Hamburgische Dramaturgie Nos. 10, 11, 12

On the sixth evening was performed *Semiramis,* by M. de Voltaire. .

This tragedy was first brought out on the French stage in 1748, was greatly applauded, and in a measure formed an epoch in the history of this stage. After M. de Voltaire had produced his *Zaire* and *Alzire,* his *Brutus* and *Cæsar,* he was confirmed in his opinion that the tragic poets of his nation had in many points outstripped the Greeks. 'From us French,' he said, 'the Greeks might have learned a more grace-

ful exposition and the great art how to combine the scenes one with another in such a mode that the stage never remains empty and no personage enters or leaves without a reason. From us,' he said, 'they might have learned how rivals speak to each other in witty antitheses, and how the poet can dazzle and astonish by a wealth of sparkling elevated thoughts.' From us they could have learned—oh, yes, what cannot be learned from the French! Here and there, it is true, a foreigner who has also read the classics a little would like humbly to beg permission to differ from them. He would perhaps object that all these prerogatives of the French have no great influence on the essential element of tragedy; that they are beauties which the unaffected grandeur of the ancients despised. But what does it avail to raise objections against M. de Voltaire? He speaks and the world believes. There was only one thing he missed in the French theater: that its masterpieces should be brought upon the stage with all the splendor that the Greeks accorded to the trifling attempts of their young art. He was very properly offended at the theater of Paris, an old ball-room, decorated in the worst taste, where the people pushed and jostled in a dirty pit. Especially was he offended at the barbarous custom of tolerating spectators on the stage, leaving the actors barely room enough for their most necessary movements. He was convinced that this bad practise alone had deprived France of much that would have been attempted under freer conditions and in a theater better adapted to comfort and action. To prove by example he wrote his *Semiramis*. A queen who assembles her parliament to announce to them her marriage; a ghost who rises from his grave to hinder incest and to revenge himself on his murderer; the grave into which a fool steps to issue as a criminal; all this was indeed something quite new for the French. It created as much noise on the stage, it demanded as much pomp and transformation as had been known only in opera. The poet believed he had given the model for a special genus, and though he had made it for the French stage not such as it was, but such as he wished to see it, nevertheless it was played there for the present as well as circumstances would permit. At the first representation the spectators still sat on the stage; and I should like much to have seen a ghost of old appear in this gallant circle. Only after the first performances was this blemish in artistic fitness removed. The actors cleared the stage and what was then an exception for the benefit of an extraordinary play became in time the constant practise. But only for the Parisian stage, for which, as we have said, *Semiramis* formed an epoch. The provincials love to retain old fashions and would rather be deprived of all illusions than renounce their privilege of treading on the long trains of Zaires and Meropes.

The appearance of a ghost was so bold a novelty on the French stage, and the poet who ventured upon it justified it by such curious reasons, that it really repays the trouble of investigating them a little. 'They cry and write on all sides,' says M. de Voltaire, 'that we no longer believe in ghosts and that the apparition of a ghost is held childish in the eyes of an enlightened nation. But how,' he replies to this, 'should all antiquity have believed in such miracles and should we not be permitted to adapt ourselves to antiquity? How? Our own religion has hallowed the belief in such extraordinary dispensations of Providence and it should be held ridiculous to revive them!'

These exclamations appear to me to be more rhetorical than philosophical. Above all things I should wish religion to be left out of the question. In matters of taste and criticism, reasons extorted from religion are all very well to silence an opponent, but not well suited to convince him. Religion as religion has nothing to decide here, and regarded as a form of ancient tradition her testimony has neither more nor less value than all other testimonies of antiquity. Consequently, in this instance we have only to deal with antiquity.

Very good then; all antiquity believed in ghosts. Therefore the poets of antiquity were quite right to avail themselves of this belief. If we encounter ghosts among them, it would be unreasonable to object to them according to our better knowledge. But does this accord the same permission to our modern poets who share our better knowledge? Certainly not. But suppose he transfer his story into these more credulous times? Not even then. For the dramatic poet is no historian, he does not relate to us what was once believed to have happened, but he really pro-

duces it again before our eyes, and produces it again not on account of mere historical truth but for a totally different and a nobler aim. Historical accuracy is not his aim, but only the means by which he hopes to attain his aim; he wishes to delude us and touch our hearts through this delusion. If it be true therefore that we no longer believe in ghosts; and if this unbelief must of necessity prevent this delusion, if without this delusion we cannot possibly sympathize, then our modern dramatist injures himself when he nevertheless dresses up such incredible fables, and all the art he has lavished upon them is vain.

Consequently? It is consequently never to be allowed to bring ghosts and apparitions on the stage? Consequently this source of terrible or pathetic emotions is exhausted for us? No, this would be too great a loss to poetry. Besides, does she not own examples enough where genius confutes all our philosophy, rendering things that seem ludicrous to our cooler reason most terrible to our imagination? The consequence must therefore be different and the hypotheses whence we started false. We no longer believe in ghosts? Who says so? Or rather, what does that mean? Does it mean: we are at last so far advanced in comprehension that we can prove their impossibility; that certain incontestable truths that contradict a belief in ghosts are now so universally known, are so constantly present even to the minds of the most vulgar, that everything that is not in accordance with these truths seems to them ridiculous and absurd? It cannot mean this. 'We no longer believe in ghosts' can therefore only mean this: in this matter, concerning which so much may be argued for or against, that is not decided and never can be decided, the prevailing tendency of the age is to incline toward the preponderance of reasons brought to bear against this belief. Some few hold this opinion from conviction, and many others wish to appear to hold it, and it is these who raise the outcry and set the fashion. Meanwhile the mass is silent, and remains indifferent, and thinks now with one side, now with the other, delights in hearing jokes about ghosts recounted in broad daylight and shivers with horror at night when they are talked of.

Now a disbelief in ghosts in this sense cannot and should not hinder the dramatic poet from making use of them. The seeds of possible belief in them are sown in all of us and most frequently in those persons for whom he chiefly writes. It depends solely on the degree of his art whether he can force these seeds to germinate, whether he possesses certain dexterous means to summon up rapidly and forcibly arguments in favor of the existence of such ghosts. If he has them in his power, no matter what we may believe in ordinary life, in the theater we must believe as the poet wills.

Such a poet is Shakespeare and Shakespeare only and alone. His ghost in *Hamlet* makes our hair stand on end, whether they cover a believing or an unbelieving brain. M. de Voltaire did not do well when he referred to this ghost, he only made himself and his ghost of *Ninus* ridiculous by so doing.

Shakespeare's ghost appears really to come from another world. For it comes at the solemn hour, in the dread stillness of night, accompanied by all the gloomy, mysterious accessories wherewith we have been told by our nurses that ghosts appear. Now Voltaire's ghost is not even fit for a bugbear wherewith to frighten children. It is only a disguised actor, who has nothing, says nothing, does nothing that makes it probable that he is that which he pretends to be. All the circumstances moreover, under which he appears, disturb the illusion and betray the creation of a cold poet who would like to deceive and terrify us without knowing how to set about it. Let us only consider this one thing. Voltaire's ghost steps out of his grave in broad daylight, in the midst of an assembly of the royal parliament, preceded by a thunder-clap. Now where did M. de Voltaire learn that ghosts are thus bold? What old woman could not have told him that ghosts avoid sunshine and do not willingly visit large assemblies? No doubt Voltaire knew this also, but he was too timid, too delicate to make use of these vulgar conditions; he wanted to show us a ghost, but it should be of a higher type, and just this original type marred everything. A ghost that takes liberties which are contrary to all tradition, to all spectral good manners, does not seem to me a right sort of ghost, and everything that does not in such cases strengthen the illusion seems to weaken it.

If Voltaire had paid some attention to mimetic action he would for other reasons have felt the impropriety of allowing a ghost to appear before a large assembly. All present are forced at once to exhibit signs of fear and horror, and they must all exhibit it in various ways if the spectacle is not to resemble the chilly symmetry of a ballet. Now suppose a troupe of stupid walking gentlemen and ladies have been duly trained to this end, and even assuming that they have been successfully trained, consider how all the various expressions of the same emotion must divide the attention of the spectator and withdraw it from the principal characters. For if these are to make their due impression on us, it is not only needful we should see them, but it is well we should see nothing but them. Shakespeare let only Hamlet see the ghost, and in the scene where his mother is present, she neither sees nor hears it. All our attention is therefore fixed on him, and the more evidence of terror and horror we discover in this fear-stricken soul, the more ready are we to hold the apparition that has awakened such agitation as that for which he holds it. The specter operates on us, but through him rather than by itself. The impression it makes on him passes on to us, and the effect is too vivid and apparent for us to doubt its supernatural cause. How little has Voltaire understood this artistic touch! At his ghost many are frightened but not much. Semiramis exclaims once, 'Heaven! I die,' while the rest make no more ado about him than we might make about a friend whom we deemed far away and who suddenly walks into the room.

I must note another difference that exists between the ghosts of the English and French poets. Voltaire's ghost is nothing else but a poetical machine that is only employed to help the unraveling of the plot; it does not interest us in the very least on its own account. Shakespeare's ghost, on the contrary, is a real active personage, in whose fate we take an interest, who excites not only our fear but our pity.

This difference arose beyond question out of the different points of view from which the two poets regarded ghosts. Voltaire looked upon the reappearance of a dead man as a miracle; Shakespeare as quite a natural occurrence. Which of the two thought the more philosophically cannot be questioned, but Shakespeare thought the more poetically. Voltaire's ghost presents no claims to be regarded as a being who even beyond the grave is capable of pleasant and unpleasant sensations. He only wishes to instruct us how divine power would occasionally make an exception to its eternal laws in order to discover and punish secret crimes.

I will not say that it is a fault when the dramatic poet arranges his fable in such a manner that it serves for the exposition or confirmation of some great moral truth. But I may say that this arrangement of the fable is anything but needful; that there are very instructive and perfect plays that do not aim at such a single maxim, and that we err when we regard the moral sentences that are found at the close of many ancient tragedies as the keynote for the existence of the entire play.

If therefore the *Semiramis* of M. de Voltaire had no further merit but this on which he so greatly prides himself, namely that we can therefrom learn to reverence almighty justice that selects extraordinary means to punish extraordinary crimes, then I say *Semiramis* would seem to me a very indifferent play, especially as its moral is by no means the most edifying. For it is incontestably more becoming to assume that Providence does not need to employ such extraordinary means, and to suppose that the punishment of the bad and the reward of the good follow in the ordinary chain of events.

THE CRITIC'S DEFENSE OF HIMSELF

Hamburgische Dramaturgie, Nos. 101-104

First a word concerning myself. For why should not an after-play have a prologue, beginning with a *Poeta cum primum animum ad scribendum appulit?* [When the poet first set his mind to write.] When a year and a day ago some good folk in this place conceived the idea of trying whether something more could not be done for the German theater than could be done under the management of a so-called director, I do not know how it was that they thought of me and dreamed that I could be useful to such an undertaking. I was just standing idly in the market-place, no

one wanted to hire me, beyond doubt because no one knew how to use me until these friends came. Until now all occupations of my life have been very indifferent to me; I have never pushed myself into any or offered myself, but neither have I ever refused even the most insignificant to which I felt myself drawn by any kind of predilection.

'Whether I would concur in the foundation of the local theater?' To this I could reply easily. My only reasons for hesitation were these, whether I could, and how I could best do so?

I am neither actor nor poet.

It is true that I have sometimes had the honor of being taken for the latter, but only because I have been misunderstood. It is not right to draw such liberal inferences from the few dramatic attempts I have ventured. Not every one who takes up a brush and lays on colors is a painter. The earliest of my attempts were made at that time of life when we are but too apt to regard inclination and facility as genius. What is tolerable in my later attempts is due, as I am well aware, simply and solely to criticism. I do not feel within myself the living spring that works itself out of its native strength and breaks forth out of its own strength into such rich, fresh, clear streams. I must force everything out of myself by pressure and pipes. I should be poor, cold, shortsighted if I had not learned in a measure to borrow foreign treasures, to warm myself at foreign fires, and to strengthen my eyes by the glasses of art. I am therefore always ashamed or annoyed when I hear or read anything in disparagement of criticism. It is said to suppress genius, and I flattered myself that I had gained from it something very nearly approaching to genius. I am a lame man who cannot possibly be edified by abuse of his crutch.

But certainly like the crutch which helps the lame man to move from one place to another and yet cannot make him a runner, so it is with criticism. If by its aid I can produce something which is better than another who has my talents would make without it, yet it costs me much time, I must be free from all other occupations, must not be interrupted by arbitrary distractions, I must have all my learning at hand, I must be able calmly to recollect at every point all the observations I have ever made regarding customs and passions. Hence for a workman who is to furnish a theater with novelties, no one could be worse suited than I.

Consequently, I shall take care to refrain from doing for the German theater what Goldoni did for the Italian, to enrich it in one year with thirteen new plays. Yes, I should leave that alone even if I could do it. I am more suspicious of first thoughts than even John de la Casa or old Shandy could be. For even if I do not hold them to be temptations of the evil one, either of the real or the allegorical devil, I still think that first thoughts are the first and that the best does not even in all soups swim on the top. My first thoughts are certainly not better by a hair's-breadth than anybody's first thoughts and anybody's first thoughts had best be kept in the background.

At last they hit upon the plan to use that in me which makes me such a slow, or as my more energetic friends deem, such a lazy workman: criticism. And thus arose the idea of these papers.

It pleased me, this idea. It reminded me of the *Didaskalia* of the Greeks, i.e. of the short notices of the kind which even Aristotle thought it worth while to write on the plays of the Greek stage. It reminded me how, a long time ago, I had laughed over the highly learned Casaubon who, from sheer reverence for the solid in scholarship, conceived that Aristotle's chief aim in these *Didaskalia* had been the rectification of chronology. For in very truth it would have been an everlasting disgrace to Aristotle if he had concerned himself more with the poetical value of plays, with the influence of customs, with the education of taste, than with the Olympiads, than with the years of the Olympiads, and with the names of the archons under which they were first performed.

I had had the intention of calling my journal the *Hamburg Didaskalia*. But the title sounded too foreign and now I am very glad I preferred the present one. What I chose to bring or not to bring into a Dramaturgy rested with me; at least Lione Allacci could not prescribe to me.

But the learned think they know what a *Didaskalia* should be like, if only from the extant *Didaskalia* of Terence which this same Casaubon calls *breviter et eleganter scriptas*. I had no inclination to write my *Didaskalia* either so briefly or so elegantly, and our contemporaneous Casaubons

would have excellently shaken their heads when they found how rarely I touched upon any chronological circumstance that could at some future period throw light on a historical fact when millions of other books should be lost. They would have searched and to their astonishment not found, in my pages, what year of Louis XIV or XV first saw such or such a French masterpiece performed, whether at Paris or Versailles, in presence of princes of the blood or not in the presence of princes of the blood.

What else these papers were to have been, concerning this I explained myself in my preface; what they have really become, this my readers know. Not wholly that which I promised to make them, something different, and yet I think nothing worse.

They were to accompany every step which the art of the poet as well as the actor should take here.

Of the second half I was very soon weary. We have actors but no mimetic art. If in past times there was such an art, we have it no longer; it is lost, it must be discovered anew. There is enough superficial chatter on the subject in various languages, but special rules, known to everyone, pronounced with distinctness and precision, according to which the blame or the praise of an actor can be defined in a particular case, of such I scarcely know two or three. Thence it arises that all our reasoning about this subject always seems so vacillating and dubious, and that it is small wonder if the actor who possesses nothing but a happy routine feels himself offended by it in all ways. He will never think himself praised enough and will always believe himself blamed too much; ay, he will often not even know whether he has been praised or blamed. Indeed, the observation was made long ago that the sensitiveness of artists, with regard to criticism, rises just in that ratio in which the certainty, precision, and number of their principles regarding their art decline. This much in my own defense and in defense of those without whom I should not need to excuse myself.

But how about the first half of my promise? With this the *here* has certainly up to now been very little taken into consideration; and how could it be? The barriers are scarcely opened yet, and it was desired to see the competitors already at the goal; at a goal that every moment was placed further and further away from them. If the public asks, 'What has been done?' and answers itself with a sarcastic, 'Nothing,' then I ask on my part, 'What has the public done in order that something might be achieved?' Nothing also, ay and something worse than nothing. Not enough that it did not help on the work, it did not even permit to it its natural life-course. Out on the good-natured idea to procure for the Germans a national theater, when we Germans are not yet a nation! I do not speak of our political constitution, but only of our social character. It might almost be said that this consists in not desiring to have an individual one. We are still the sworn copyists of all that is foreign, especially are we still the obedient admirers of the never sufficiently admired French. All that comes to us from beyond the Rhine is beautiful, charming, exquisite, divine. We would rather belie our sight and hearing than find it otherwise. We would rather let ourselves be persuaded that clumsiness is unconstraint; impudence, grace; grimace, expression; a jingle of rhymes, poetry; howling, music; than in the least doubt the superiority in all that is good, beautiful, elevated and correct which this amiable people, this first people in the world, as they are in the habit of modestly calling themselves, have received from just fate as their portion.

But this *locus communis* [commonplace] is so stale, and its nearer application might easily grow so bitter, that I will rather break off from it.

Instead of following the steps which the art of the dramatic poet might have taken here, I was consequently obliged to linger over those that it would have previously had to take in order afterwards to run its course with larger and more rapid strides. They were the steps that one who has lost his way must retrace in order to get back to the right path and keep his goal straight before him.

Everyone may boast of his industry. I believe I have studied the art of dramatic writing, and studied it more than twenty who practise it. I have also practised it so far as it is needful in order to be able to speak my say; for I know well that as the painter does not like to be blamed by one who does not know how to hold a brush, so it is with the poet. I have at

least attempted what he must achieve, and can judge whether that can be done though I cannot effect it myself. . . .

But it is possible to study until one has studied one-self deep into error. What therefore assures me that this has not happened to me, that I do not mistake the essence of dramatic art is this, that I acknowledge it exactly as Aristotle deduced it from the countless masterpieces of the Greek stage. I have my own thoughts about the origin and foundation of this philosopher's poetics which I could not bring forward here without prolixity. I do not, however, hesitate to acknowledge (even if I therefore be laughed to scorn in these enlightened times) that I consider the work as infallible as the Elements of Euclid. Its foundations are as clear and definite, only certainly not as comprehensible and therefore more exposed to misconstruction. Especially in respect to tragedy, as that concerning which time would pretty well permit everything to us, I would venture to prove incontrovertibly, that it cannot depart a step from the plumbline of Aristotle, without departing so far from its own perfection.

In this conviction I set myself the task of judging in detail some of the most celebrated models of the French stage. For this stage is said to be formed quite in accordance with the rules of Aristotle, and it has been particularly attempted to persuade us Germans that only by these rules have the French attained to the degree of perfection from which they can look down on all the stages of modern peoples. We have long so firmly believed this, that with our poets, to imitate the French was regarded as much as to work according to the rules of the ancients.

Nevertheless, this prejudice could not eternally stand against our feelings. These were fortunately roused from their slumbers by some English plays, and we at last experienced that tragedy was capable of another quite different effect from that accorded by Corneille and Racine. But, dazzled by this sudden ray of truth, we rebounded to the edge of another prejudice.

Certain rules with which the French had made us acquainted were too obviously lacking to the English plays. What did we conclude thence? This, that without these rules the aim of tragedy could be attained, ay, that these rules were even at fault if this aim were less attained.

Now even this deduction might have passed. But with these rules we began to confound all rules, and to pronounce it generally as pedantry to prescribe to genius what it must do or leave alone. In short, we were on the point of wantonly throwing away the experience of all past times and rather demanding from the poet that each one should discover the art anew.

I should be vain enough to deem I had done something meritorious for our theater, if I might believe that I have discovered the only means of checking this fermentation of taste. I may at least flatter myself that I have worked hard against it, since I have had nothing more at heart than to combat the delusion concerning the regularity of the French stage. No nation has more misapprehended the rules of ancient drama than the French. They have adopted as the essential some incidental remarks made by Aristotle about the most fitting external division of drama, and have so enfeebled the essential by all manner of limitations and interpretations, that nothing else could necessarily arise therefrom but works that remained far below the highest effect on which the philosopher had reckoned in his rules.

SCHILLER (1759–1805)

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller's enthusiastic sensibility, personal charm and courageous uprightness of character made him often during his life-time more highly esteemed than his great contemporary, Goethe, and posterity has redressed the balance by unduly depreciating or forgetting the smaller genius. Born and educated in the little duchy of Würtemberg, he published in 1781 his first romantic drama, *The Robbers,* which was speedily translated into other languages and became one of the landmarks in the romantic movement. 'The publication of *The Robbers,*' says Carlyle, 'forms an era not only in Schiller's history, but in the literature of the world.' But its revolutionary sentiments did not commend themselves to the reigning duke, and Schiller had to give up his position as a regimental surgeon and seek fortune elsewhere. After a wandering life in which he earned a difficult livelihood as journalist, theater-poet and historian, the friendly interposition of Goethe won him a professorship of history at Jena, and he settled down there in 1789 to write his *History of the Thirty Years War,* which soon became a German classic. From the same historical period he took the subject of his great drama *Wallenstein,* followed in the early years of the nineteenth century by *Mary Stuart, The Maid of Orleans,* and *William Tell.* The first of these is a remarkable character-study, brought to the notice of the English public by Coleridge's translation; the later plays appealed to popular sympathies either through the romantic charms of the heroine or the plea for national liberty, and were enthusiastically received. Schiller is now, however, better known by his prose writings on history and æsthetics and by his lyrical poems, from which selections are printed below, as translated by Edgar A. Bowring.

THE STAGE AS A MORAL INSTITUTION

Sulzer has remarked that the stage has arisen from an irresistible longing for the new and extraordinary. Man, oppressed by divided cares, and satiated with sensual pleasure, felt an emptiness or want. Man, neither altogether satisfied with the senses, nor for ever capable of thought, wanted a middle state, a bridge between the two states, bringing them into harmony. Beauty and æsthetics supplied that for him. But a good lawgiver is not satisfied with discovering the bent of his people—he turns it to account as an instrument for higher use; and hence he chose the stage, as giving nourishment to the whole soul, without straining it, and uniting the noblest education of the head and heart.

The man who first pronounced religion to be the strongest pillar of the state, unconsciously defended the stage when he said so, in its noblest aspect. The uncertain nature of political events, rendering religion a necessity, also demands the stage as a moral force. Laws only prevent disturbances of social life; religion prescribes positive orders sustaining social order. Law only governs actions; religion controls the heart and follows through to the source.

Laws are flexible and capricious; religion binds forever. If religion has this great sway over man's heart, can it also complete his culture? Separating the political from the divine element in it, religion acts mostly on the senses; she loses her sway if the senses are gone. By what channel does the stage operate? To most men religion vanishes with the loss of her symbols, images, and problems; and yet they are only pictures of the imagination and insoluble problems. Both laws and religion are strengthened by a union with the stage, where virtue and vice, joy and sorrow are thoroughly displayed in a truthful and popular way; where a variety of providential problems are solved; where all secrets are unmasked, all artifice ends, and Truth alone is the judge, as incorruptible as Rhadamanthus.

Where the influence of civil laws ends, that of the stage begins. Where venality and corruption blind and bias justice and judgment, and intimidation perverts its

ends, the stage seizes the sword and scales, and pronounces a terrible verdict on vice. The fields of fancy and of history are open to the stage; great criminals of the past live over again in the drama, and thus benefit an indignant posterity. They pass before us as empty shadows of their age, and we heap curses on their memory while we enjoy on the stage the very horror of their crimes. When morality is no more taught, religion no longer received, or laws exist, Medea would still terrify us with her infanticide. The sight of Lady Macbeth, while it makes us shudder, will also make us rejoice in a good conscience, when we see her, the sleep-walker washing her hands and seeking to destroy the awful smell of murder. Sight is always more powerful to man than description; hence the stage acts more powerfully than morality or law.

But in this the stage only aids justice. A far wider field is really open to it. There are a thousand vices unnoticed by human justice, but condemned by the stage; so, also, a thousand virtues overlooked by man's laws are honored on the stage. It is thus the handmaid of religion and philosophy. From these pure sources it draws its high principles and exalted teachings, and presents them in a lovely form. The soul swells with noblest emotions when a divine ideal is placed before it—when Augustus offers his forgiving hand to Cinna, the conspirator, and says to him,—'Let us be friends, Cinna!' What man at the moment does not feel that he could do the same. Again, when Francis von Sickingen, proceeding to punish a prince and redress a stranger, on turning sees the house, where his wife and children are, in flames, and yet goes on for the sake of his word—how great humanity appears, how small the stern power of fate!

Vice is portrayed on the stage in an equally telling manner. Thus, when old Lear, blind, helpless, childless, is seen knocking in vain at his daughters' doors, and in tempest and night he recounts his woes to the elements, and ends by saying, 'I have given you all,'—how strongly impressed we feel at the value of filial piety, and how hateful ingratitude seems to us!

The stage does even more than this. It cultivates the ground where religion and law do not think it dignified to dwell. Folly often troubles the world as much as crime; and it has been justly said that the heaviest loads often hang suspended by the slightest threads. Tracing actions to their sources, the list of criminals diminishes, and we laugh at the long catalogue of fools. In our sex all forms of evil emanate almost entirely from one source, and all our excesses are only varied and higher forms of one quality and that a quality which in the end we smile at and love; and why should not nature have followed this course in the opposite sex too? In man there is only one secret to guard against depravity; that is, to protect his heart against weaknesses.

Much of all this is shown up on the stage. It is a mirror to reflect fools and their thousand forms of folly, which are there turned to ridicule. It curbs vice by terror, and folly still more effectually by satire and jest. If a comparison be made between tragedy and comedy, guided by experience, we should probably give the palm to the latter as to effects produced. Hatred does not wound the conscience so much as mockery does the pride of man. We are exposed specially to the sting of satire by the very cowardice that shuns terrors. From sins we are guarded by law and conscience, but the ludicrous is specially punished on the stage. When we allow a friend to correct our morals, we rarely forgive a laugh. We may bear heavy judgment on our transgressions, but our weaknesses and vulgarities must not be criticized by a witness.

The stage alone can do this with impunity, chastizing us as the anonymous fool. We can bear this rebuke without a blush and even gratefully.

But the stage does even more than this. It is a great school of practical wisdom, a guide for civil life, and a key to the mind in all its sinuosities. It does not, of course, remove egoism and stubbornness in evil ways; for a thousand vices hold up their heads in spite of the stage, and a thousand virtues make no impression on cold-hearted spectators. Thus probably Molière's Harpagon never altered a usurer's heart, nor did the suicide in *Beverley* save anyone from the gaming table. Nor, again, is it likely that the high roads will be safer through Karl Moor's untimely end. But admitting this, and more than this, still how great is the influence of the stage! It has shown us the vices and virtues of men with whom we have to live. We are not surprised at their weaknesses,

we are prepared for them. The stage points them out to us, and their remedy. It drags off the mask from the hypocrite, and betrays the meshes of intrigue. Duplicity and cunning have been forced by it to show their hideous features in the light of day. Perhaps the dying Sarah may not deter a single debauchee, nor all the pictures of avenged seduction stop the evil; yet unguarded innocence has been shown the snares of the corrupter, and taught to distrust his oaths.

The stage also teaches men to bear the strokes of fortune. Chance and design have equal sway over life. We have to bow to the former, but we control the latter. It is a great advantage if inexorable facts do not find us unprepared and unexercised, and if our breast has been steeled to bear adversity. Much human woe is placed before us on the stage. It gives us momentary pain in the tears we shed for strangers' troubles, but as a compensation it fills us with a grand new stock of courage and endurance. We are led by it, with the abandoned Ariadne, through the Isle of Naxos, and we descend the Tower of Starvation in *Ugolino;* we ascend the terrible scaffold, and we are present at the awful moment of execution. Things remotely present in thought become palpable realities now. We see the deceived favorite abandoned by the queen. When about to die, the perfidious Moor is abandoned by his own sophistry. Eternity reveals the secrets of the unknown through the dead, and the hateful wretch loses all screen of guilt when the tomb opens to condemn him.

Then the stage teaches us to be more considerate to the unfortunate, and to judge gently. We can only pronounce on a man when we know his whole being and circumstances. Theft is a base crime, but tears mingle with our condemnation, when we read what obliged Edward Ruhberg to do the horrid deed. Suicide is shocking; but the condemnation of an enraged father, her love, and the fear of a convent, lead Marianne to drink the cup, and few would dare to condemn the victim of a dreadful tyranny. Humanity and tolerance have begun to prevail in our time at courts of princes and in courts of law. A large share of this may be due to the influence of the stage in showing man and his secret motives.

The great of the world ought to be especially grateful to the stage, for it is here alone that they hear the truth.

Not only man's mind, but also his intellectual culture has been promoted by the higher drama. The lofty mind and the ardent patriot have often used the stage to spread enlightenment.

Considering nations and ages, the thinker sees the masses enchained by opinion and cut off by adversity from happiness; truth only lights up a few minds, who perhaps have to acquire it by the trials of a lifetime. How can the wise ruler put these within the reach of his nation?

The thoughtful and the worthier section of the people diffuse the light of wisdom over the masses through the stage. Purer and better principles and motives issue from the stage and circulate through society: the night of barbarism and superstition vanishes. I would mention two glorious fruits of the higher class of dramas. Religious toleration has latterly become universal. Before Nathan the Jew and Saladin the Saracen put us to shame, and showed that resignation to God's will did not depend on a fancied belief of His nature—even before Joseph II contended with the hatred of a narrow piety—the stage had sown seeds of humanity and gentleness: pictures of fanaticism had taught a hatred of intolerance, and Christianity, seeing itself in this awful mirror, washed off its stains. It is to be hoped that the stage will equally combat mistaken systems of education. This is a subject of the first political importance, and yet none is so left to private whims and caprice. The stage might give stirring examples of mistaken education, and lead parents to juster, better views of the subject. Many teachers are led astray by false views, and methods are often artificial and fatal.

Opinions about governments and classes might be reformed by the stage. Legislation could thus justify itself by foreign symbols, and silence doubtful aspersions without offense.

Now, if poets would be patriotic, they could do much on the stage to forward invention and industry. A standing theater would be a material advantage to a nation. It would have a great influence on the national temper and mind by helping the nation to agree in opinions and inclinations. The stage alone can do this, because it commands all human knowledge,

exhausts all positions, illumines all hearts, unites all classes, and makes its way to the heart and understanding by the most popular channels.

If one feature characterized all dramas; if the poets were allied in aim—that is, if they selected well and from national topics —there would be a national stage, and we should become a nation. It was this that knit the Greeks so strongly together, and this gave to them the all-absorbing interest in the republic and the advancement of humanity.

Another advantage belongs to the stage; one which seems to have become acknowledged even by its censurers. Its influence on intellectual and moral culture, which we have till now been advocating, may be doubted; but its very enemies have admitted that it has gained the palm over all other means of amusement. It has been of much higher service here than people are often ready to allow.

Human nature cannot bear to be always on the rack of business, and the charms of sense die out with their gratification. Man, oppressed by appetites, weary of long exertion, thirsts for refined pleasure, or rushes into dissipations that hasten his fall and ruin, and disturb social order. Bacchanal joys, gambling, follies of all sorts, to distract ennui, are unavoidable if the lawgiver provides nothing better. A man of public business, who has made noble sacrifices to the state, is apt to pay for them with melancholy, the scholar to become a pedant, and the people brutish, without the stage. The stage is an institution combining amusement with instruction, rest with exertion, where no faculty of the mind is overstrained, no pleasure enjoyed at the cost of the whole. When melancholy gnaws the heart, when trouble poisons our solitude, when we are disgusted with the world, and a thousand worries oppress us, or when our energies are destroyed by over-exercise, the stage revives us, we dream of another sphere, we recover ourselves, our torpid nature is roused by noble passions, our blood circulates more healthily. The unhappy man forgets his tears in weeping for another. The happy man is calmed, the secure made provident. Effeminate natures are steeled, savages made men, and, as the supreme triumph of nature, men of all ranks, zones, and conditions, emancipated from the chains of conventionality and fashion, fraternize here in a universal sympathy, forget the world, and come nearer to their heavenly destination. The individual shares in the general ecstasy, and his breast has now only space for one emotion: he is a *man*.

GERMAN FAITH

Once for the scepter of Germany, fought with Bavarian Louis
Frederick of Hapsburg descent, both being called to the throne.
But the envious fortune of war delivered the Austrian
Into the hands of the foe, who overcame him in fight.

With the throne he purchased his freedom, pledging his honor
For the victor to draw 'gainst his own people his sword;
But what he vowed when in chains, when free he could not accomplish,
So, of his own free accord, put on his fetters again.

Deeply moved, his foe embraced him,—and from thenceforward
As a friend with a friend, pledged they the cup at the feast;
Arm-in-arm, the princes on one couch slumbered together,
While a still bloodier hate severed the nations apart.

'Gainst the army of Frederick, Louis now went, and behind him
Left the foe he had fought, over Bavaria to watch.

'Ay, it is true! 'Tis really true! I have it in writing!'
Thus did the Pontifex cry, when he first heard of the news.

COLUMBUS

On, thou sailor undaunted! Though shallow witlings deride thee,
  And though the steersman his hand carelessly drops from the helm.
On, still on, toward the West! 'Tis there that the coast will first greet thee,
  For to thy reason it lies clear and distinct even now.
Trust to the guiding God, and follow the world's silent ocean!
  And though as yet never seen, lo! it ascends from the flood!
With the intellect Nature standeth in union eternal:
  And what is promised by one, that will the other fulfil.

THE NEW CENTURY

Where will a place of refuge, noble friend,
  For peace and freedom ever open lie?
The century in tempests had its end,
  The new one now begins with murder's cry.

Each land-connecting bond is torn away,
  Each ancient custom hastens to decline;
Not e'en the ocean can war's tumult stay,
  Not e'en the Nile-god, not the hoary Rhine.

Two mighty nations strive, with hostile power,
  For undivided mastery of the world;
And, by them, each land's freedom to devour,
  The trident brandished is—the lightning hurled.

Each country must to them its gold afford,
  And, Brennus-like, upon the fatal day,
The Frank now throws his heavy iron sword,
  The even scales of justice to o'erweigh.

His merchant-fleets the Briton greedily
  Extends, like Polyp-limbs, on every side;
And the domain of Amphitrité free
  As if his home it were, would fain bestride.

E'en to the south pole's dim, remotest star,
  His restless course moves onward, unrestrained
Each isle he tracks,—each coast, however far,
  But Paradise alone he ne'er has gained!

Although thine eye may every map explore,
  Vainly thou'lt seek to find that blissful place,
Where freedom's garden smiles for evermore,
  And where in youth still blooms the human race.

Before thy gaze the world extended lies,
  The very shipping it can scarce embrace;
And yet upon her back, of boundless size,
  E'en for ten happy men there is not space!

Into thy bosom's holy, silent cells,
  Thou needs must fly from life's tumultuous throng!
Freedom but in the realm of vision dwells,
  And beauty bears no blossoms but in song.

SONGS FROM WILLIAM TELL

FISHER-BOY (*sings in his boat*)

Bright smiles the lake, as it woos to its deep,—
A boy on its margin of green lies asleep;
Then hears he a strain,
Like the flute's gentle note,
Sweet as voices of angels
In Eden that float.
And when he awakens, with ecstasy blest,
The waters are playing all over his breast.
From the depths calls a voice:
'Dearest child, with me go!
I lure down the sleeper,
I draw him below.'

HERDSMAN (*on the mountain*)

Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye pastures so glowing!
The herdsman is going,
For summer has fled!
We depart to the mountain; we'll come back again,
When the cuckoo is calling,—when wakens the strain,—
When the earth is tricked out with her flowers so gay,
When the stream sparkles bright in the sweet month of May.
Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye pastures so glowing!
The herdsman is going,
For summer has fled!

CHAMOIS-HUNTER (*appearing on the top of a rock*)

O'er the heights growls the thunder, while quivers the bridge,
Yet no fear feels the hunter, though dizzy the ridge;
He strides on undaunted,
O'er plains icy-bound,
Where spring never blossoms,
Nor verdure is found;
And, a broad sea of mist lying under his feet,
Man's dwellings his vision no longer can greet;
The world he but views
When the clouds broken are—
With its pastures so green,
Through the vapor afar.

JOAN OF ARC'S SOLILOQUIES

Farewell, ye mountains, and ye pastures dear,
Ye still and happy valleys, fare ye well!
No longer may Joan's footsteps linger here,
Joan bids ye now a long, a last farewell!

Ye meadows that I watered, and each bush
Set by my hands, ne'er may your verdure fail!
Farewell, ye grots, ye springs that cooling gush!
  Thou echo, blissful voice of this sweet vale,
So wont to give me back an answering strain,—
Joan must depart, and ne'er return again!

Ye haunts of all my silent joys of old,
  I leave ye now behind for evermore!
Disperse, ye lambs, far o'er the trackless wold!
  She now hath gone who tended you of yore!
I must away to guard another fold,
  On yonder field of danger, stained with gore.
Thus am I bidden by a spirit's tone:
'Tis no vain earthly longing drives me on.

For He who erst to Moses on the height
  Of Horeb, in the fiery bush came down,
And bade him stand in haughty Pharaoh's sight,—
  He who made choice of Jesse's pious son,
The shepherd, as His champion in the fight,—
  He who to shepherds grace hath ever shown,—
He thus addressed me from this lofty tree:
'Go hence! On earth my witness thou shalt be!

'In rugged brass, then, clothe thy members now,
  In steel thy gentle bosom must be dressed!
No mortal love thy heart must e'er allow,
  With earthly passion's sinful flame possessed.
Ne'er will the bridal wreath adorn thy brow,
  No darling infant blossom on thy breast;
Yet thou with warlike honors shalt be laden,
Raising thee high above each earthly maiden.

'For when the bravest in the fight despair,
  When France appears to wait her final blow,
Then thou my holy Oriflamme must bear;
  And, as the ripened corn the reapers mow,
Hew down the conqueror as he triumphs there;
  His fortune's wheel thou thus wilt overthrow,
To France's hero-sons salvation bring,
Deliver Rheims once more, and crown thy king!'

The Lord hath promised to send down a sign:
  A helmet He hath sent, it comes from *Him*,—
His sword endows mine arm with strength divine,
  I feel the courage of the cherubim;
To join the battle-turmoil how I pine!
  A raging tempest thrills through every limb;
The summons to the field bursts on mine ear,
My charger paws the ground, the trump rings clear.

FROM ACT IV, I

Each weapon rests, war's tumults cease to sound,
  While dance and song succeed the bloody fray;
Through every street the merry footsteps bound,
  Altar and church are clad in bright array,

And gates of branches green arise around,
  Over the columns twine the garlands gay:
Rheims cannot hold the ever-swelling train
That seeks the nation-festival to gain.

All with one joyous feeling are elate,
  One single thought is thrilling every breast;
What, until now, was severed by fierce hate,
  Is by the general rapture truly blessed.
By each who called this land his parent-state,
  The name of Frenchman proudly is confessed;
The glory is revived of olden days,
And to her regal son France homage pays.

Yet I who have achieved this work of pride,
  I cannot share the rapture felt by all;
My heart is changed, my heart is turned aside,
  It shuns the splendor of this festival;
'Tis in the British camp it seeks to hide,—
  'Tis on the foe my yearning glances fall;
And from the joyous circle I must steal,
My bosom's crime o'erpowering to conceal.

Who? I? What! in my bosom chaste
  Can mortal's image have a seat?
This heart, by heavenly glory graced,—
  Dares it with earthly love to beat?
The savior of my country, I,—
The champion of the Lord Most High,
Own for my country's foe a flame—
To the chaste sun my guilt proclaim,
And not be crushed beneath my shame?

(*The music behind the scene changes into a soft, melting melody.*)

Woe! oh woe! what strains enthralling!
  How bewildering to mine ear!
Each *his* voice beloved recalling,
  Charming up *his* image dear!
Would that battle-tempests bound me!
Would that spears were whizzing round me
  In the hotly-raging strife!
  Could my courage find fresh life!

How those tones, those voices blest
  Coil around my bosom burning!
All the strength within my breast
  Melting into tender yearning,
  Into tears of sadness turning! . . .

(*The flutes are again heard—she falls into a silent melancholy.*)

Gentle crook! oh that I never
  For the sword had bartered thee!
Sacred oak! why didst thou ever
  From thy branches speak to me?
Would that Thou to me in splendor,
  Queen of heaven, hadst ne'er come down!

Take—all claim I must surrender,—
  Take, oh take away thy crown!

Ah, I open saw yon heaven,
  Saw the features of the blest!
Yet to earth my hopes are riven,
  In the skies they ne'er can rest!
Wherefore make me ply with ardor
  This vocation, terror-fraught?
Would this heart were rendered harder
  That by heaven to *feel* was taught!

To proclaim Thy might sublime
  Those select, who, free from crime,
In Thy lasting mansions stand;
  Send Thou forth Thy spirit-band,
The Immortal, and the Pure,
  Feelingless, from tears secure!
Never choose a maiden fair,
  Shepherdess' weak spirit ne'er!

Kings' dissensions wherefore dread I,
  Why the fortune of the fight?
Guilelessly my lambs once fed I
  On the silent mountain-height.
Yet Thou into life didst bear me,
  To the halls where monarchs throne,
In the toils of guilt to snare me—
  Ah, the choice was not mine own!

GOETHE (1749–1832)

Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born at Frankfort-on-Main ten years before Schiller, but he was slower in ripening, and the greater universality of his appeal, as well as his longer life, gave him a continuing influence while the reputation of the younger man was declining. Carlyle's prophetic exhortations to his generation to 'lay down thy Byron, take up thy Goethe' maintained the appreciation of German literature and of Goethe as its leading representative in the minds of the English-speaking peoples, until about the end of the nineteenth century the success of German competition in trade and the aggressive attitude of William II began to make the British public uneasy. There was a natural reaction during and after the Great War, but Goethe's genius was independent of the historical accidents of his own era and will prevail over any considerations extraneous to his power as a thinker and skill as an artist.

Goethe began his literary career in 1773 with a violent romantic drama *Götz von Berlichingen,* which is less a copy of the Shakespearean manner than a travesty of it. He then yielded to the sentimental impulse made fashionable by Rousseau in a semi-autobiographical story, *The Sorrows of Werther,* written in charming style but with an exaggerated pathos which bathed Europe in tears until the cynical began to make fun of it. These were, however, only juvenile efforts, interesting rather as examples of prevailing literary tendencies than for their intrinsic merit.

In 1775 Goethe accepted the invitation of the young Duke of Weimar to make his home in the little capital; he became President of the Council and Director of the Theater, and found inspiration in his passionate admiration for one of the court ladies, Charlotte von Stein; she was married and much older than he was, but she was a woman of culture and refinement, and Goethe, who had constant need of feminine companionship, found full satisfaction in her friendship. It was not until 1806 that he married a woman of much lower social status and limited intelligence, Christiana Vulpius. In the meantime his mind had been developed by a prolonged visit to Italy (1786-88) and a close and enriching friendship with Schiller. The first of these important experiences profoundly affected Goethe's appreciation of classical art and enabled him to clear his mind of the extravagances of romanticism. Goethe had passed through his literary apprenticeship and had become a master of his art. In the peaceful seclusion of Weimar, he was comparatively untroubled by the political convulsions of the earlier nineteenth century, and was able to give his undivided attention to the study of science and philosophy.

To this period of his master-works belongs his novel *Wilhelm Meister,* the first part of which was completed in 1796, after nearly twenty years' labor, while the second part did not appear until 1821; it is well known to English readers through Carlyle's remarkable translation. Another novel, *Elective Affinities,* belongs also to this later period, as does also *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (Poetry and Truth), an imaginative autobiography which is more fully dealt with below. The great work which occupied Goethe's constant attention for over half a century was *Faust.* He began working on it as a college student, and published his first sketch (begun in 1772) as *A Fragment* in 1790, but Part I did not appear till 1808 and the entire work not until 1832, after his death. Goethe spiritualized the old German legend (which had already been used by Christopher Marlowe in the brilliant beginnings of the Elizabethan drama), and poured into it the spiritual aspirations of the time as well as the experiences of his own soul and his lifelong meditations on philosophy and art. The Second Part, largely philosophical and symbolic in intention, is not always easy to understand, but Part I, with its popular love story and the sinister figure of Mephistopheles, caught hold of the popular imagination. The poetry and wisdom with which Goethe enveloped the theme made the drama as a whole the greatest achievement of the European literature over which he reigned supreme in art and thought. In Bayard Taylor's excellent translation it has long been recognized as an American classic.

Carlyle, who has been the chief exponent and interpreter of Goethe to the English-speaking world, thus sums up his qualities: 'Goethe appears to us as a person of that deep endowment, and gifted vision, of that experience also and sympathy in the ways of all men, which qualify him to stand forth, not only as the literary ornament, but in many respects too as the Teacher and exemplar of his age. For, to say nothing of his natural gifts, he has cultivated himself and his art, he has studied how to live and to write, with a fidelity, an unwearied earnestness, of which there is no other living instance; of which, among British poets especially, Wordsworth alone offers any resemblance. And this in our view is the result: To our minds, in these soft, melodious imaginations of his, there is embodied the Wisdom which is proper to this time; the beautiful, the religious Wisdom, which may still, with something of its old impressiveness, speak to the whole soul; still, in these hard, unbelieving utilitarian days, reveal to us glimpses of the Unseen but not unreal World, that so the Actual and Ideal may again meet together, and clear Knowledge be again wedded to Religion, in the life and business of men.'

As early as 1808 Goethe conceived the idea of writing his autobiography or 'Confessions,' and by 1814 the first fifteen Books had been published, with the title, *Aus meinem Leben: Dichtung und Wahrheit* (Scenes from my Life: Poetry and Truth). The last five books were not completed till just before his death, and were published soon after. Goethe had intended to bring the story down to his sixtieth year, but he only arrived at the point of his decision to go to Weimar, which was in his twenty-sixth year. It is well to remember that these are recollections of childhood, youth and early manhood written in maturity, and including some of Goethe's most serious reflections upon his past life. Some of the more salient passages follow.

A MEMORY OF CHILDHOOD

From Book II (1757-8)

The name of Klopstock already exercised a great influence upon us, even at a distance. At the outset, people wondered how so excellent a man came by so odd a name; but they soon got accustomed to it, and thought no more of the meaning of the syllables. I had hitherto found only the earlier poets in my father's library, especially those who had appeared in his day from time to time and acquired fame. All these had written in rhyme, and my father considered rhyme indispensable to poetical works. Canitz, Hagedorn, Drollinger, Gellert, Creuz, Haller, stood in a row, in handsome calf bindings. Then came Neukirch's *Telemachus,* Kopp's *Jerusalem Delivered,* and other translations. From childhood I had diligently read through all these volumes, and committed portions to memory, and hence I was often called upon to entertain visitors. A period of annoyance, on the other hand, opened for my father on the appearance of Klopstock's *Messiah,* when verses, which did not seem to him verses at all, became the object of general admiration. He had taken good care not to buy this book; but our family friend, Councillor Schneider, smuggled it in and slipped it into the hands of my mother and her children.

This active business-man, who read but little, had been greatly impressed by the *Messiah,* as soon as it appeared. The pious sentiments, so natural in their expression and yet so beautiful in their elevation, the graceful language, even if considered merely as harmonious prose, had so captivated the dry man of business that he regarded the first ten cantos—for it is with these that we are now concerned—as the sublimest book of devotion, and he was wont once a year in Passion week, when he withdrew from business, to read it through in private, and draw refreshment from it for the whole year. At first he had thoughts of communicating his impressions to his old friend; but he was much shocked to find an incurable dislike to a book of such glorious contents on account of its external form, which to him seemed a matter of indifference. As may be supposed, their conversation often reverted to this topic; but both disputants differed more and more from each other, violent scenes ensued, and the compliant Councillor had at last to make up his mind to say nothing about his favorite work, in order not to lose a friend of his youth and at the same time a good Sunday meal.

It is the most natural wish of everyone to make proselytes, and how well repaid

did our friend secretly find himself, when he discovered, in the rest of the family, hearts so favorably disposed to his saint. The copy which he used only one week during the year was placed at our disposal for the rest of the time. My mother kept it secretly, and we children took possession of it when we could, so that in our leisure hours, hidden away in some corner, we might learn the most striking passages by heart, and, in particular, might memorize the most tender as well as the most impassioned parts as quickly as possible.

We vied with one another in reciting Portia's dream, and divided between us the wild dialogue of despair between Satan and Adrammelech who had been cast into the Red Sea. The first part, as being the most forcible, had been assigned to me, and the second, as being slightly more pathetic, was undertaken by my sister. These reciprocated curses, horrible it is true, but at the same time well-sounding, fell lightly from our lips, and we seized every opportunity to accost each other with these infernal phrases.

It was a Saturday evening, in winter—my father always had himself shaved over night, so that on Sunday morning he might dress himself for church at his ease—we were sitting on a footstool behind the stove, and muttering our customary imprecations in fairly low voices, while the barber was applying his lather. But now came the moment for Adrammelech to seize Satan with iron hands; my sister gripped me violently, and recited, softly enough, but with rising passion:—

Lend me thine aid, I implore, I will worship thee, if thou demand it,
Thee, thou monster abandoned, yea thee, thou swart evildoer;
Aid me, I suffer the tortures of death, which is vengeful, eternal,
Once, in the times gone by, with a hot fierce hate I could hate thee,
Now I can hate thee no more! E'en this is the sharpest of tortures.

So far all had gone well; but loudly, with a dreadful voice, she cried the following words:—'O, how am I crushed!' The good surgeon was startled, and emptied the basin of soap-suds into my father's bosom. There was a great uproar, and a strict investigation was held, especially in view of the disaster which might have occurred if the shaving had been actually in process. In order to prove that we had meant no harm, we confessed our Satanic characters, and the mischief done by the hexameters was so apparent, that, naturally, they were again condemned and banished.

Thus children and common people are accustomed to transform the great and sublime into a sport, and even a jest; and how else indeed could they endure it?

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF FRANKFORT

From Book III

From the first day of the occupation of our city, incessant diversion might be had, especially for children and young people. Plays and balls, parades, and the marching through of troops drew our attention hither and thither. The numbers passing through were always on the increase, and the soldiers' life seemed to us a merry and attractive one.

The residence of the King's Lieutenant in our house procured us the advantage of gradually seeing all the distinguished members of the French army, and especially of inspecting at close quarters the commanders, whose names were already known to us by reputation. It was quite easy for us to look down from staircases and landings, as though they had been galleries, upon the generals who passed by. In particular I remember the Prince Soubise as a handsome, affable gentleman, but most distinctly of all the Maréchal de Broglio, who was a younger man, not tall, but well-built, lively, and quick, with intelligent eyes for what was passing around him.

He came frequently to the King's Lieutenant, and it was obvious that weighty matters were discussed. By the end of the first three months we were just beginning to get accustomed to having strangers quartered upon us, when a vague rumor was circulated that the Allies were on the march, and that Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick was coming to drive the French from the Main. A poor opinion was held of the latter, as they had not been particularly successful in the war, and after the battle of Rossbach there seemed reason for despising them. Duke Ferdinand enjoyed the greatest confidence and all who were Prussian in their sympathies awaited with eagerness their deliverance from the yoke hitherto borne. My father was in some-

what better spirits—my mother was apprehensive. She was wise enough to see that a slight present discomfort might easily be exchanged for a great disaster; for it was but too plain that the French would not advance to meet the Duke, but would wait to be attacked in the neighborhood of the city. A defeat of the French, their flight, the defense of the city, if it were only to cover their retreat and to hold the bridge, a bombardment, a general pillage—all these possibilities presented themselves to the excited imagination, and were cause of anxiety to both parties. My mother, who could bear everything but suspense, imparted her fears to the Count through the interpreter. She received the usual answer in such cases: she might be quite easy, for there was nothing to fear, and should keep quiet and mention the matter to no one.

Many troops passed through the city; we learned that they had halted at Bergen. The coming and going, the riding and running constantly increased, and our house was in an uproar day and night. At this time I often saw Maréchal de Broglio, always cheerful, always the same in look and manner, and I was afterwards pleased to find the man, whose appearance had made such a good and lasting impression upon me, honorably mentioned in history.

Thus, after an unquiet Passion week, the Good Friday of 1759 arrived. A profound stillness announced the approaching storm. We children were forbidden to quit the house: my father could not rest and went out. The battle began: I went up into the garret, where, though I could not see the country round, I could plainly hear the thunder of cannons and the volleying of musketry. After some hours we saw the first evidences of the battle in a line of wagons, in which the wounded, sadly mutilated, and groaning with pain, were slowly driven past us to be taken to the convent of St. Mary, now transformed into a hospital. The compassion of the citizens was instantly called forth. Beer, wine, bread, and money were distributed to such as were in a condition to receive them. But when shortly afterwards wounded and captive Germans were seen in the train, pity knew no limits, and it seemed as if everyone were anxious to divest himself of all his goods and chattels to assist his suffering countrymen.

The prisoners, however, were an indication that the battle was going against the Allies. My father, whose party feelings made him quite certain that they would come off victorious, had the reckless temerity to go forth to meet the expected victors, without thinking that the defeated party must run over him in their flight. He first repaired to his garden outside the Friedberg Gate, where he found everything quiet and deserted; then he ventured on to the Bornheim Heath, where he soon descried various stragglers and camp followers, amusing themselves by shooting at the boundary-stones, so that the rebounding bullets whizzed about the head of the inquisitive wanderer. He therefore considered it more prudent to go back, and learned on inquiry—as the sound of firing might have convinced him—that all stood well for the French, and that there was no thought of retreating. Reaching home out of temper, the sight of his wounded and captured countrymen made him altogether lose his usual self-control. He, too, caused various donations to be given to the passers-by, but only Germans were to have them, which was not always practicable, as fate had packed together friend and foe in the same wagon.

My mother and we children, who had relied on the Count's word before this happened, and had therefore passed a tolerably quiet day, were highly rejoiced and my mother was doubly reassured, for in the morning, when she consulted the oracle of her *Golden Treasury*, by sticking a pin between the leaves, she had received a very consoling answer, both as regards the present and the future. We wished our father a similar faith and frame of mind; we flattered him as much as we could; we entreated him to have something to eat, as he had taken nothing all day; but he repulsed our caresses and all food, and betook himself to his chamber. Our joy, meanwhile, was untroubled; the encounter was at an end; the King's Lieutenant, who, contrary to his wont, had been on horseback today, at last returned home, where his presence was more necessary than ever. We sprang to meet him, kissed his hands, and testified our delight. This seemed to please him greatly. 'Well,' said he, more kindly than usual, 'I am glad also for your sakes, my dear children.' He immediately ordered sweetmeats, sweet wine, in short the best of everything to be given us, and went to his room already surrounded by a

crowd of persons, importuning him with demands and petitions.

We now enjoyed a delicious feast, pitied our poor father, who would not partake of it, and pressed our mother to go and call him; but she, wiser than we, well knew how distasteful such gifts would be to him. In the meantime she had prepared supper, and would have liked to send some up to his room, but he never permitted such irregularities even in the most extreme cases; and after the sweet things were removed, we endeavored to persuade him to come down into the ordinary dining-room. At last he unwillingly allowed himself to be persuaded, and we had no notion of the mischief which we were preparing for him and ourselves. The staircase ran through the whole house, past all the corridors. My father on his way down had to go directly past the Count's apartment. The hall outside his room was so full of people, that the Count, with a view to transacting various businesses at once, resolved to come out, and unfortunately this happened at the moment when my father was coming downstairs. The Count went up to him cheerfully, greeted him, and remarked, 'You must congratulate yourselves and us that this dangerous affair has terminated so happily.' 'By no means!' replied my father in great wrath; 'I wish they had driven you to the devil, even if I had had to go too.' The Count paused for a moment, and then broke out in a rage. 'You shall suffer for this,' cried he; 'you will find that you have not insulted the good cause and myself in this way for nothing!'

GOETHE AT FIFTEEN

From Book V

I should certainly have passed a tedious evening, if an unexpected arrival had not revived me. On our entrance the table was already neatly and tidily set, and sufficient wine had been served; so we sat down, and were left to ourselves, without requiring any attendance. However, as the wine ran short at last, one of them called for the maid; but instead of the maid there came in a girl of uncommon, and, when contrasted with her surroundings, of astonishing beauty. 'What is it you want?' she asked, after a friendly greeting; 'the maid is ill in bed. Can I serve you?' 'The wine has run short,' said one; 'if you would fetch us a few bottles, it would be very kind of you.' 'Do, Gretchen,' said another, 'it is only a step or two.' 'Why not?' she answered, and, taking a few empty bottles from the table, she hastened out. Her appearance as she turned her back on us was even more attractive. The little cap sat so neatly upon her little head, poised gracefully in its turn upon a slender throat. Her whole person breathed a peculiar charm which could be more fully appreciated when one's attention was no longer exclusively attracted and fettered by the clear, calm eyes and lovely mouth. I reproved my comrades for sending the girl out alone at night, but they only laughed at me, and I was soon consoled by her return, as the publican lived only just across the way. 'Sit down with us, as a reward,' said one. She did so; but, alas, she did not come near me. She drank a glass to our health, and left us, advising us not to carry on our revels too late into the night, and not to be so noisy, as her mother was just going to bed. It was not, however, her own mother, but the mother of our hosts.

This girl's image never left me from that moment; it was the first durable impression made upon me by any woman; and as I could find no pretext to see her at home, and would not seek one, I went to church for love of her, and soon discovered where she sat. Thus, during the long Protestant service, I gazed my fill at her. When the congregation left the church I did not venture to accost her, much less to accompany her, and was perfectly delighted if she seemed to observe me and to return my greeting with a nod. Yet I was not long denied the happiness of approaching her. . . .

In such talk we forgot to think about the time; it was already past midnight; and I found that unfortunately I had not the house-key with me; so that I should not be able to get into the house without making a great disturbance. I told her of my difficulty. 'After all,' said she, 'it will be best not to break up the party.' The cousins had already had the same idea, because they did not know where to put up their visitors for the night. So the matter was soon settled; Gretchen brought in and lighted a large brass lamp, well supplied with oil and wick, because the candles

threatened to burn out, and then went to make some coffee.

This helped to keep our spirits up for several hours, but the game gradually slackened; conversation died away; the mother went to sleep in the armchair; the strangers, tired out with traveling, nodded, and Pylades and his sweetheart sat together in a corner. She had laid her head on his shoulder and had gone to sleep, and he soon followed her example. The younger cousin sitting opposite to us by the slate, had crossed his arms before him on the table, rested his head on them and gone to sleep. I sat in the window-corner, behind the table, and Gretchen by me. We talked in a low voice: but at last sleep overcame her also, she leaned her head on my shoulder, and sank at once to slumber. Thus I was left in this strange position, the only one awake, but death's kind brother soon closed my eyelids too. I went to sleep, and when I awoke it was already bright daylight. Gretchen was standing before the mirror arranging her little cap; she looked more lovely than ever, and gave me a cordial handshake as I left. I crept home by a roundabout way; for, on the side of the house which looked on the little Hirschgraben, my father had opened a sort of peep-hole in the wall, not without opposition from his neighbor. So we took care to avoid this side if we wanted not to be seen by him as we came home. My mother, who had always interceded on our behalf, had tried to excuse my absence in the morning at breakfast, by suggesting that I had gone out early, and I was able to escape any disagreeable consequences from the innocent pleasures of the night.

Taken as a whole, this infinitely varied life which surrounded me produced on me but a very simple impression. I had no other interest but to closely observe outward events, no other business but that laid upon me by my father and Herr von Königsthal, which, indeed, did help me to some knowledge of the hidden causes of events. I had no liking but for Gretchen, and no other object than to see and understand everything properly, that I might be able to repeat it and explain it to her. Often when a procession was going by, I described it to myself in an undertone, to make sure of all the particulars, so that I might win the praise of my lady-love by this care and accuracy; the applause and acknowledgments of others were comparatively unimportant to me.

I had certainly been introduced to many great and distinguished persons; but no one had then time to trouble about others, and besides, older people do not at once know how to talk to a young man and draw him out. Nor was I, on my side, particularly skilful in adapting myself in society. As a rule, I acquired their liking, but not their approval. My occupation for the moment always engrossed me completely; but I did not trouble to ask whether others would find it equally to their taste. I was for the most part too lively or too quiet, seeming either importunate or sullen, according to the degree in which persons attracted or repelled me; so they considered me to be indeed full of promise, but at the same time most eccentric.

GOETHE AT LEIPZIG—GERMAN LITERATURE

From Book VII (1765-68)

The literary epoch in which I was born developed out of the preceding one by opposition. Germany, so long inundated by foreign people, pervaded by other nations, employing foreign languages in learned and diplomatic transactions, could not possibly cultivate her own. Together with so many new ideas, innumerable strange words were obtruded necessarily and unnecessarily upon her, and even for objects already known people were induced to make use of foreign expressions and turns of language. The Germans, brutalized by nearly two centuries of misery and confusion, took lessons from the French in manners and from the Latins in the art of expression. This art ought to have been cultivated in German, since the use of French and Latin idioms, and their partial translation into German, made both their social and business style ridiculous. Beside this, they recklessly adopted figures of speech belonging to the southern languages, and employed them most extravagantly. In the same way the stately ceremoniousness of prince-like Roman citizens had been transferred to the educated circles in German provincial towns. As a result, they nowhere felt themselves at home, least of all in their own houses.

But in this epoch works of genius had

already appeared, and the German independence of mind and enjoyment of life began to assert themselves. This cheerful spirit, combined with an honest sincerity, led to the demand for purity and naturalness in writing, without the intermixture of foreign words, and in accordance with the dictates of plain common sense. By these praiseworthy endeavors, however, the flood-gates were thrown open to a prolix national insipidity, nay, the dam was broken down, and an inundation was bound to follow. Meanwhile, a stiff pedantry continued for some time to hold sway in the four learned professions, and eventually, at a much later date, fled for refuge first to one and then to another.

Men of parts, children of nature looking freely about them, had therefore two objects on which they could exercise their faculties, against which they could direct their energies, and, as the matter was of no great importance, vent their mischievousness; these were, on the one hand, a language disfigured by foreign words, forms, and turns of speech; and on the other, the worthlessness of such writings as had been careful to avoid those faults; but it never occurred to anyone that each evil was being combated by fostering the other. . . .

With conscientious industry I had worked my way through the period of prolixity in which my youth had fallen, in company with many worthy men. The numerous quarto volumes of manuscript which I left behind with my father might serve as sufficient witness; and what a mass of attempts, rough draughts, and half executed designs had, more from despondency than conviction, ended in smoke! Now, through conversation in general, through instruction, through so many conflicting opinions, but especially through my fellow-boarder, Hofrat Pfeil, I learned to value more and more the importance of the subject-matter, and the conciseness of the treatment, without, however, being able to make clear to myself where the former was to be sought, or how the latter was to be attained. For, what with the limitations of my life, what with the indifference of my companions, the reserve of the professors, the exclusiveness of the educated inhabitants, and what with the complete insignificance of external nature, it was vain to look for any inspiration from without. If, therefore, I desired a true basis in feeling or reflection for my poems, I was forced to seek it in my own heart; if I required for my poetic representation a first-hand impression of an object or an event, I must necessarily remain within the circle from which an appeal to my feelings, an awakening of my interest was likely to come. With these convictions I first wrote certain little poems, in the form of songs or in a less regular measure; they are founded on reflection, treat of the past, and for the most part take an epigrammatic turn.

And thus began that habit from which I could not break away my whole life through—the habit of turning into an image, into a poem, whatever delighted or troubled, or otherwise occupied me, and thus of coming to some definite conclusion with regard to it, so that I might both rectify my conceptions of external things and satisfy my inner cravings. To no one was the faculty for so doing more necessary than to me, for by nature I was constantly carried from one extreme to the other. Whatever, therefore, of mine has become public, are but fragments of a great confession, and this little book is a bold attempt to render it complete.

My early affection for Gretchen I had now transferred to a certain Annchen, of whom I can only say that she was young, pretty, sprightly, loving, and so attractive that she well deserved to be set up for a time in the shrine of the heart as a little saint, that she might receive all that reverence which it often causes more pleasure to bestow than to receive. I saw her daily without hindrance; she helped to prepare the meals which I enjoyed, she brought, in the evening at least, the wine which I drank, and indeed our select circle of noonday boarders was a warrant that the little house, which was visited by few guests, except during the Fair, well merited its good reputation. Opportunity and inclination were found for various kinds of amusement. But as she neither might nor could leave the house often, our pleasures were somewhat sparse. We sang the songs of Zachariä, acted Krüger's *Duke Michael*, in which a knotted handkerchief had to take the place of the nightingale; and so, for a while, the time fleeted pleasantly enough. But since such connections are in the long run lacking in variety in proportion to their innocence, I was seized with that base craving which tempts us to derive amusement by tormenting the girl we love, and to domineer over her devotion with wanton

and tyrannical caprice. I thought I might vent on her my ill-humor at the failure of my poetical attempts, at the apparent impossibility of coming to a clear understanding about them, and at whatever else went wrong with me, because she really loved me with all her heart, and did whatever she could to please me. By unfounded and absurd fits of jealousy, I spoiled our most delightful days both for myself and her. She endured it for a time with incredible patience, which I was cruel enough to try to the uttermost. But to my shame and despair, I was at last forced to remark that her heart was alienated from me, and that I might now have good ground for the madness in which I had indulged without necessity and without cause. There were also terrible scenes between us, from which I gained nothing; and now for the first time I felt that I really loved her, and could not bear to lose her. My passion grew, and assumed all the forms of which it is capable under such circumstances; nay, at last I even took up the rôle which the girl had hitherto played. I devised all possible means of making myself agreeable to her, even of procuring her pleasure by means of others; for I could not renounce the hope of winning her again. But it was too late! I had lost her really, and the frenzy with which I revenged my wrong-doing upon myself, by frantic attempts to injure my physical self, in order to inflict pain on my moral self, contributed very much to the maladies which spoiled some of the best years of my life; indeed, I should perhaps have been completely ruined by this loss, had not my poetic talent shown itself particularly helpful with its healing power.

GOETHE AT STRASBOURG

From Book XI (1770-71)

Thus, on the very borders of France, we had at one blow got rid of everything French about us. The French way of life was too definite and too genteel for us, their poetry cold, their criticism annihilating, their philosophy abstruse, and yet unsatisfying, so that we were on the point of resigning ourselves to material nature, at least by way of experiment, if another influence had not been long preparing us for higher and broader views of the world, and for intellectual enjoyments as true as they were imaginative—an influence which drew us, first slowly and in secret, but by degrees more and more openly and forcibly.

It is almost superfluous to say that Shakespeare was this new inspiration; and having once said this, no more need be added. The greatness of Shakespeare has been acknowledged by the Germans more than by other nations, perhaps even more than by his own. We have lavished on him all that justice, fairness, and forbearance which we refuse to ourselves. Distinguished men have labored to show his talents in the most favorable light; and I have always readily subscribed to what has been said in his honor and favor, or even in his excuse. The influence of this extraordinary mind upon me has been already shown; an attempt has been made to touch upon his works, which has met with approval; and therefore this general statement may suffice for the present, until I am in a position to share with such friends as care to hear me, gleanings from those reflections on his great excellences which I was tempted to insert in this context.

ON THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE

From Book XII (1771-73)

But though now, partly from inclination, partly for literary and other purposes, I eagerly studied the antiquities of my country, and tried to render them present to my imagination, I was from time to time distracted from this subject by biblical studies and religious sympathies, since Luther's life and deeds, which shine out so gloriously in the sixteenth century, always brought me back to the Holy Scriptures, and to the consideration of religious feelings and opinions. To look upon the Bible as a compilation, dating from various periods, and having undergone revision at different times, was flattering to my small-minded vanity, since this view was then by no means predominant, much less received in the circle in which I lived. With regard to the main interpretation, I adhered to Luther's rendering; in matters of detail, I referred to Schmidt's literal translation, and made the best use I could of my smattering of Hebrew. That there are contradictions in the Bible, no one will now deny. These interpreters sought to reconcile by laying down the clearest passage as

a foundation, and endeavoring to conform to its meaning those that were contradictory and less clear. I, on the contrary, wished to find out, by examination, which passage best expressed the real sense. To this I adhered, and rejected the rest as interpolated.

For a fundamental opinion had already formed definitely in my mind, without my being able to say whether it had been suggested, or inspired, or had arisen from my own reflection. It was this,—that in anything which is handed down to us, especially in writing, the real point is the groundwork, the inner meaning, the sense, the tendency of the work; that here lies all that makes it original, divine, effective, unassailable and indestructible; and that neither time, nor outward influences or vicissitudes, can in any degree affect this inner primitive nature, at least no more than sickness of the body affects a healthy soul. Thus, according to my view, the language, the dialect, the characteristics, the style, and finally the writing, were to be regarded as the mere body of every creation of the mind; this body, although nearly akin to the inner spirit, was yet exposed to deterioration and corruption; as, indeed, no tradition can be handed down in its original purity; nor, indeed, if so delivered, could it be perfectly intelligible in every succeeding epoch,—the former on account of the imperfection of those organs through which the tradition is delivered,—the latter on account of the differences of time and place, but especially the diversity of human capacities and modes of thought; for which reason the interpreters will never be able to agree.

Hence it is everyone's duty to try to discover the inner, essential nature of a book which particularly interests us, and at the same time, above all things, to consider in what relation it stands to our own inner nature, and how far, by its vitality, our own is stirred and rendered fruitful. On the other hand, everything external that exercises no influence on us, or is subject to doubt, is to be handed over to criticism, which, even if able to disintegrate and dismember the whole, would never succeed in depriving us of the essential foundation to which we cling, nor even in shaking us for a moment in the confidence we have once felt.

This conviction, born of faith and sight, which is applicable and strengthening in all those cases which we recognize as most vital, underlay the moral as well as the literary structure of my life, and may be regarded as a well-invested and richly productive capital, although in particular instances we may be led astray into making erroneous applications. It was by such an attitude of mind that the Bible first became really accessible to me. As is usually the case in a Protestant up-bringing, I had run through it many times, and by reading separate portions here and there I was perfectly familiar with it from beginning to end. The blunt realism of the Old Testament, and the tender simplicity of the New, had attracted me in many parts; it is true it never presented itself to me as a whole; but now the diversity of character of the different books no longer perplexed me; I knew how to grasp their significance correctly and in due order, and had expended too much feeling upon the book to be ever able to do without it. This emotional aspect was of itself sufficient to protect me against scoffing spirits, because I saw their dishonesty at once. I not only detested them, but they even prompted me to rage; and I still perfectly remember that in my childish fanatical zeal I could have throttled Voltaire, for his *Saul*, if I could only have got at him. On the other hand, every kind of honest investigation pleased me; I was delighted to gather any information as to the localities and costumes of the East, and so to gain more light on these subjects, and I continued to exercise all my powers of discrimination in the study of such valuable traditions.

BACK TO FRANKFORT

From Book XII

In what can young people take the highest interest, and how are they to excite interest among those of their own age, if they are not animated by love, are not stirred by the vicissitudes of passion under one form or another? I mourned in secret for a lost love; this made me mild and tolerant, and a more pleasant member of society than in those bright days when nothing reminded me of any deficiency or fault, and I sped recklessly on my way, heedless of all restraints.

My heart was torn by Frederica's answer to my written farewell. It was the same

hand, the same thought, the same feeling, which had developed in her for me and through me. Now, for the first time, I felt the loss which she suffered and saw no means of compensating her for it, or even of alleviating the pain. She was ever present with me; I always felt the lack of her, and, what was worst of all, I could not forgive myself for my own unhappiness. Gretchen had been taken from me; Annette had left me; now, for the first time, I was to blame, I had wounded the loveliest heart to its very depths; and this period of gloomy repentance, in the absence of that refreshing love which I had been wont to enjoy, was agonizing, nay unbearable. But man must live; hence I took a genuine interest in others; I sought to unravel their difficulties, and to keep together those who were about to part, that they might not suffer the same lot as myself. I was known, in consequence, as the 'confidant,' or, because of my wanderings about the district, as the 'wanderer.' The situation of Frankfort was well adapted to give me that calm of mind, which I only felt under the open sky, in valleys, on heights, in fields and in woods, lying as it did between Darmstadt and Homburg, two pleasant townships, which were on good terms with one another on account of the relationship existing between their courts. I accustomed myself to live on the road, and to wander like a messenger between the mountains and the plain. I often went through my native city, alone or in company, as if it were strange to me, dined at one of the great inns in the Fahrgasse, and after dinner continued my way. The free and open world of nature attracted me more and more. On my way I would sing to myself strange hymns and dithyrambs, of which one entitled *The Wanderer's Storm Song* is still preserved. I composed those incoherent verses, and sang them passionately to myself once when I found myself in a terrific storm which I was obliged to meet.

My heart was untouched and empty; I conscientiously avoided all intimacy with ladies, and so remained unconscious of the fact, that, heedless and unconscious as I was, a good and friendly genius was in secret hovering round me. A gentle loveable woman cherished a secret affection for me, of which I was ignorant, and was therefore all the more cheerful and animated in her kindly presence. Many years afterwards, when she was dead, I heard of her secret and devoted love, in a manner that could not fail to shock me. But I was innocent, and could truly and honestly pity an innocent being; and that all the more sincerely, as the discovery occurred at a time when, free from all passion, I was fortunate enough to be living for myself and my intellectual tastes.

At the time when I was troubled by my grief at Frederica's sad position, I again, as had ever been my wont, sought the aid of poetry. I continued that confession in verse which I had already begun, so that by this self-tormenting penance I might be worthy of inner absolution. The two Marys in *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Clavigo,* and the two bad characters who play the part of lovers to them, may have been the results of such penitent reflections.

But as youth easily recovers from injuries and diseases, because a healthy system of organic life can take the place of a sick one, and allow the latter time to grow healthy again, so now physical exercises came to my help most advantageously at different times; and I was stirred in many ways to pluck up heart again, and to seek new pleasures and enjoyments in life. Riding gradually took the place of those strolling, melancholy, toilsome, as well as tedious and aimless rambles on foot; for in this way the goal was reached more quickly, merrily and easily. My younger companions reintroduced fencing, but it was especially when winter set in that a new world was revealed to us. I suddenly determined to skate,—an exercise which I had never attempted,—and, in a short time, by practise, thought, and perseverance, got on well enough to enjoy mingling with the gay and animated crowd on the ice, with no wish to distinguish myself further.

SPINOZA AND POETRY

From Book XVI (1775)

Our physical as well as our social life, manners, customs, worldly wisdom, philosophy, religion, and many accidental happenings, all call upon us to deny ourselves. Much within us that is peculiarly our own, we are not allowed to develop in outward acts; much that we need from without for the perfecting of our character is withheld; while, on the other hand, much is forced

upon us which is as alien to us as it is burdensome. We are robbed of all that we have laboriously acquired for ourselves, or friendly circumstances have bestowed upon us; and before we can see clearly what this means, we find ourselves compelled to part with our personality, piece by piece, till at last it is gone altogether. But at the same time it seems a law of society to despise a man who shows he resents the process. On the contrary, the bitterer the cup we have to drink, the pleasanter our face should be, in order that the indifferent onlooker may not be offended by the least grimace.

To solve this painful problem, however, nature has endowed man with ample power, activity and endurance. But what is of the greatest aid to him is his volatile temperament, a boon to man, which nothing can take from him. By its means he is able to renounce the cherished object of the moment, provided that the next presents him with something new to reach after; and thus he goes on unconsciously remodeling his whole life. We are continually putting one passion in the place of another; pursuits, inclinations, tastes, hobbies—we try them all, only to exclaim at last, All is vanity. No one is shocked at this false and blasphemous speech; nay, everyone thinks, as he says it, that he is uttering a wise and indisputable maxim. A few men there are, and only a few, who anticipate such an unbearable experience, and avoid all calls to such partial resignation by one grand act of total self-renunciation.

Such men are convinced of the existence of the Eternal, of the Inevitable, and of Immutable Law, and seek to form for themselves ideas which are imperishable, and which contemplation of the changing world cannot shake, but rather confirms. But since in this there is something superhuman, such persons are commonly esteemed in-human, deniers of God and of the World. Imagination can hardly give them enough horns and claws.

My confidence in Spinoza rested on the sense of serenity he wrought in me, and it only increased when I found my worthy friends, the mystics, were accused of Spinozism, and learned that even Leibnitz himself could not escape the charge; and that Boerhaave, suspected of similar sentiments, had to abandon theology for medicine.

But let no one think that I would have subscribed to his writings, and assented to them *verbatim et literatim*. For I had long seen but too plainly that no man really understands another; that no one attaches the same idea to the same word that another does; that a conversation, a book, excites in different persons different trains of thought:—and the reader will trust the assertion of the author of *Faust* and *Werther*, that deeply versed as he was in such misunderstandings, he was never so presumptuous as to think that he could perfectly understand a man, who, as a disciple of Descartes, had risen, through mathematical and rabbinical studies, to the loftiest heights of thought, and whose name even to this day seems to mark the limit of all speculative efforts.

How much I imbibed from Spinoza would be shown distinctly enough if I had ever carried out my plan of inserting a visit paid to Spinoza by the Wandering Jew, as an important incident in my poem. But this conception pleased me so much and I took such delight in meditating on it in secret that I never could bring myself to the point of setting it down in writing; till finally the idea which would have been well enough as a passing whim, expanded to such an extent that it lost its charm, and I banished the troublesome notion altogether from my mind. But I will now dwell as briefly and succinctly as possible on the main conceptions which I owed to my study of Spinoza, in so far as they have remained indelibly impressed on my mind, having exercised a great influence on the subsequent course of my life.

Nature works after such eternal, necessary, divine laws, that the Deity Himself could alter nothing in them. In this belief, all men are unconsciously agreed. It is enough to think how astonished and terrified we are at any natural phenomenon which seems to imply any degree of understanding, reason or even of caprice.

If anything like reason shows itself in the brute creation, it is long before we can recover from our amazement; for, although the animals stand so near to us, they yet seem to be divided from us by an infinite gulf, and to be entirely subject to the rule of necessity. It is therefore hardly reasonable to blame those thinkers who have pronounced the infinitely ingenious, but strictly limited, organization of those creatures to be entirely mechanical.

If we turn to plants, our contention is still more strikingly confirmed. How un-

accountable is the feeling which seizes us when we watch the mimosa, as soon as it is touched, fold up its pinnate leaves in pairs, and finally bend down its little stalk as if upon a hinge. And this feeling, to which I will give no name, increases in intensity at the sight of the Hedysarum Gyrans, which without any apparent outward cause moves its little leaves up and down, and seems to play with itself as well as with our thoughts of it. Let us imagine a plantain tree suddenly endowed with similar capacity so that it could of itself alternately let down and raise its huge leafy canopy; who would not start back in terror at the first sight of it? So rooted within us is the idea of our own superiority that we absolutely refuse to concede to the outward world any participation in it; nay, if we could, we would too often deny such advantages to our fellow beings.

On the other hand, a similar horror seizes upon us when we see a man unreasonably opposing universally recognized moral laws or acting unwisely to his own detriment and that of others. To rid ourselves of the repugnance which we feel at such times, we convert it at once into censure or detestation, and we seek either in reality or in thought to free ourselves from such a man.

This distinction which Spinoza draws and throws into such strong relief, I, strangely enough, applied to my own being; and what has been said so far is, properly speaking, only for the purpose of rendering intelligible what is to follow.

I had come to look upon my indwelling poetic talent altogether as a force of Nature; the more so, as I had always been impelled to regard outward nature as its proper object. The exercise of this poetic faculty might indeed be excited and determined by circumstances; but its most joyful and richest action was spontaneous —even involuntary.

> Through field and forest roaming,
> My little song still humming,
> Thus went the livelong day.

In my nightly vigils the same thing happened; so that I often wished, like one of my predecessors, to have a leathern jerkin made, and to get accustomed to writing in the dark, so as to be able at once to fix on paper all such unpremeditated effusions. It had so often happened to me that after composing some snatch of poetry in my head I could not recall it, that I would now hurry to my desk and, without once breaking off, write off the poem from beginning to end, not even taking the time to straighten the paper, if it lay cross-wise, so that the verses often slanted across the page. In such a mood I preferred to get hold of a lead pencil, because I could write most readily with it; whereas the scratching and spluttering of a pen would sometimes wake me from my poetic dream, confuse me, and so stifle some trifling production in its birth. For poems thus created I had a particular reverence; for I felt towards them much as the hen does towards the chickens she has hatched when she sees them chirping about her. My old whim of making these poems known only by private readings now returned to me: to barter them for money was abhorrent to me.

DEDICATION OF *FAUST*

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

Ye come, dim forms, as in youth's early day
Ye blessed these eyes, which now so lonely grieve!
Still, still, to hold ye fast shall I essay,
Still let my heart to that delusion cleave!
Ye throng me round! Well! lord it how ye may,
As from the mists ye rise that round me weave,
Ye waft a magic air, that shakes my breast
With youth's tumultuous, yet divine, unrest.

Visions ye bring with you of happy days,
And many a dear, dear, shade ascends to view;
Like some faint haunting chime of ancient lays,
Come love, first love, and friendship back with you;

The heart runs back o'er life's bewildered maze,
And pangs, long laid to sleep, awake anew,
And named the loved ones lost,—before their day
Swept, whilst life yet was beautiful, away.

Alas, alas! These strains they cannot hear,
The souls to whom my earliest lays I sang;
Gone is that loving band of friends so dear,
The echoes hushed, that once responsive rang;
My numbers fall upon the stranger's ear,
Whose very praise is to my heart a pang,
And all, who in my lays took pride of yore,
Are lost in other lands, or else no more.

And yearnings fill my soul, unwonted long,
To yonder still, sad, spirit-world to go;
Now, like Æolian harp, my faltering song
Rises and falls in fitful cadence low;
A shudder thrills me, as old memories throng,
The strong heart melts, tears fast on tear-drops flow;
What still is mine seems far, far off to be,
And what has flown becomes reality for me.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

Translated by Shelley

THE LORD AND THE HOST OF HEAVEN

Enter three Archangels; later Mephistopheles.

Raphael. The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled,
With thunder speed: the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may:—
The world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as at Creation's day.

Gabriel. And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adornéd Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

Michael. And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land;
And, raging, weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth, as with a band.
A flashing desolation there,
Flames before the thunder's way;
But Thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle changes of Thy day.

Chorus of the Three. The Angels draw strength from Thy glance,
Though no one comprehend Thee may;—
Thy world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as on Creation's day.

Mephistopheles. As thou, O Lord, once more art kind enough
To interest Thyself in our affairs,
And ask, 'How goes it with you there below?'
And as indulgently at other times
Thou tookest not my visits in ill part,
Thou seest me here once more among Thy household.
Though I should scandalize this company,
You will excuse me if I do not talk
In the high style which they think fashionable;
My pathos certainly would make You laugh too,
Had You not long since given over laughing.
Nothing know I to say of suns and worlds;
I observe only how men plague themselves;
The little god o' the world keeps the same stamp,
As wonderful as on creation's day:
A little better would he live, hadst Thou
Not given him a glimpse of Heaven's light
Which he calls reason, and employs it only
To live more beastlily than any beast.
With reverence to Your Lordship be it spoken,
He's like one of those long-legged grasshoppers,
Who flits and jumps about and sings for ever
The same old song i' the grass. There let him lie,
Burying his nose in every heap of dung.

The Lord. Have you no more to say? Do you come here
Always to scold, and cavil and complain?
Seems nothing ever right to you on earth?

M. No, Lord! I find all there, as ever, bad at best.
Even I am sorry for man's days of sorrow;
I could myself almost give up the pleasure
Of plaguing the poor things.

L. Knowest thou Faust?

M. The Doctor?

L. Ay; My servant Faust.

M. In truth
He serves You in a fashion quite his own;
And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth.
His aspirations bear him on so far
That he is half aware of his own folly,
For he demands from Heaven its fairest star,
And from the earth the highest joy it bears,
Yet all things far, and all things near, are vain
To calm the deep emotions of his breast.

L. Though he now serves Me in a cloud of error,
I will soon lead him forth to the clear day.
When trees look green, full well the gardener knows
That fruits and blooms will deck the coming year.

M. What will You bet?—now I am sure of winning—
Only, observe You give me full permission
To lead him softly on my path.

L. As long
As he shall live upon the earth, so long

Is nothing unto thee forbidden—Man
Must err till he has ceased to struggle.
M. Thanks.
And that is all I ask; for willingly
I never make acquaintance with the dead.
The full fresh cheeks of youth are food for me,
And if a corpse knocks, I am not at home.
For I am like a cat—I like to play
A little with the mouse before I eat it.
L. Well, well! it is permitted thee. Draw thou
His spirit from its springs; as thou find'st power,
Seize him and lead him on thy downward path;
And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee
That a good man, even in his darkest longings.
Is well aware of the right way.
M. Well and good.
I am not in much doubt about my bet
And if I lose, then 'tis Your turn to crow;
Enjoy Your triumph then with a full breast.
Ay; dust shall he devour, and that with pleasure,
Like my old paramour, the famous Snake.
L. Pray come here when it suits you; for I never
Had much dislike for people of your sort.
And, among all the Spirits who rebelled,
The knave was ever the least tedious to Me
The active spirit of man soon sleeps, and soon
He seeks unbroken quiet; therefore I
Have given him the Devil for a companion,
Who may provoke him to some sort of work,
And must create forever.—But ye, pure
Children of God, enjoy eternal beauty;
Let that which ever operates and lives
Clasp you within the limits of its love;
And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts
The floating phantoms of its loveliness.
[*Heaven closes; the Archangels exeunt.*]
M. From time to time I visit the old fellow,
And I take care to keep on good terms with Him.
Civil enough is the same God Almighty,
To talk so freely with the Devil himself.

THE OPENING SCENE

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

Night. A lofty, vaulted, narrow, Gothic chamber. Faust seated at his desk.

Faust. All that philosophy can teach,
The craft of lawyer and of leech,
I've mastered, ah! and sweated through
Theology's dreary deserts, too,
Yet here, poor fool! for all my lore,
I stand no wiser than before.
They call me magister, save the mark!
Doctor, withal! and these ten years I
Have been leading my pupils a dance in the dark,
Up hill, down dale, through wet and through dry—

And yet, that nothing can ever be
By mortals known, too well I see!
This is burning the heart clean out of me.
More brains have I than all the tribe
Of doctor, magister, parson, and scribe.
From doubts and scruples my soul is free;
Nor hell nor devil has terrors for me:
But just for this I am dispossessed
Of all that gives pleasure to life and zest.
I can't even juggle myself to own
There is any one thing to be truly known,
Or aught to be taught in science or arts,
To better mankind and to turn their hearts.
Besides, I have neither land nor pence,
Nor worldly honor nor influence.
A dog in my case would scorn to live!
So myself to magic I've vowed to give,
And see, if through spirit's might and tongue
The heart from some mysteries cannot be wrung;
If I cannot escape from the bitter woe
Of babbling of things that I do not know,
And get to the root of those secret powers,
Which hold together this world of ours,
The sources and centers of force explore,
And chaffer and dabble in words no more.

Oh, broad bright moon, if this might be
The last of the nights of agony,
The countless midnights, these weary eyes
Have from this desk here watched thee rise!
Then, sad-eyed friend, thy wistful looks
Shone in upon me o'er paper and books;
But oh! might I wander, in thy dear light,
O'er the trackless slopes of some mountain height,
Round mountain caverns with spirits sail,
Or float o'er the meads in thy hazes pale;
And, freed from the fumes of a fruitless lore,
Bathe in thy dews, and be whole once more!

Ah me! am I penned in this dungeon still?
Accurséd doghole, clammy and chill!
Where heaven's own blesséd light must pass,
Shorn of its rays, through the painted glass,
Narrowed and cumbered by piles of books,
That are gnawed by worms and grimed with dust,
And which, with its smoke-stained paper, looks
Swathed to the roof in a dingy rust;
Stuck round with phials, and chests untold,
With instruments littered, and lumbered with old
Crazy, ancestral, household ware—
This is your world! A world most rare!

And yet can you wonder, why your soul
Is numbed within your breast, and why
A dead, dull, anguish makes your whole
Life's pulses falter, and ebb, and die?
How should it be but so? Instead
Of the living nature, whereinto

God has created man, things dead
And drear alone encompass yŏu—
Smoke, litter, dust, the skeletons
Of birds and beasts and dead men's bones!

Up, up! Away to the champaign free!
And this mysterious volume, writ
By Nostradamus' self, is it
Not guide and counsel enough for thee?
Then wilt thou learn, by what control
The stars within their orbits roll,
And if thou wilt let boon Nature be
The guide and monitress to thee,
Thy soul shall expand with tenfold force,
As spirit with spirit holds discourse.
Dull poring, think not, that can here
Expound these holy signs to thee!
Ye spirits, ye are hovering near,
If ye can hear me, answer me!

[*Throws open the book, and discovers the sign of the Macrocosm.*]

Ha! as it meets my gaze, what rapture, gushing
Through all my senses, mounts into my brain!
Youth's ecstasy divine, I feel it rushing,
Like quickening fire, through every nerve and vein!
Was it a god who chronicled these signs,
Which all the war within me still,
The aching heart with sweetness fill,
And to mine eyes, in clearest lines,
Unveil all Nature's powers as with a mystic thrill?
Am I a god? All grows so bright.
In these pure outlines I behold
Nature at work before my soul unrolled.
Now can I read the sage's saw aright:
'Not barred to man the world of spirits is;
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
Up, student, lave,—nor dread the bliss,—
Thy earthly breast in the morning-red!'

[*Gazes intently at the sign.*]

Into one whole how all things blend,
One in the other working, living!
What powers celestial, lo! ascend, descend,
Each unto each the golden pitchers giving!
And, wafting blessings from their wings,
From heaven through farthest earth career,
While through the universal sphere
One universal concord rings!

Oh, what a show! yet but a show! Ah me!
Where, boundless nature, shall I clutch at thee?
Ye breasts, where are ye? Ye perennial springs
Of life, whereon hang heaven and earth,
Whereto the blighted bosom clings,
Ye gush, ye slake all thirst, yet I pine on in dearth!

[*Turns the leaves of the book angrily, and sees the sign of the Earth Spirit.*]

How differently I feel before this sign!
Earth Spirit, thou to me art nearer;
My faculties grow loftier, clearer,
Even now I glow as with new wine.
Courage I feel, into the world to roam,
To bid earth's joys and sorrows hail,
'Mid storm and struggle to make my home,
And in the crash of shipwreck not to quail.
Clouds gather o'er my head;
The moon conceals her light,
The lamp's gone out. The air
Grows thick and close! Red flashes play
Around me. From the vaulted roof
A shuddering horror creeps
And on me lays its gripe!
Spirit by me invoked, I feel
Thou'rt hovering near,—thou art, thou art!
Unveil thyself!
Ha! What a tugging at my heart!
Stirred through their depths, my senses reel
With passions new and strange! I feel,
My heart is thine, thine wholly! Hear!
Thou must! ay, though it cost my life, thou must appear!

[*Seizes the book, and utters the sign of the Spirit mysteriously. A red light flashes, in which the Spirit appears.*]

Spirit. Who calls on me?

F. [*turning away*] Dread vision gaunt!

S. By potent art thou'st dragged me here;
Thou'st long been sucking at my sphere,
And now—

F. I loathe thee. Hence, avaunt!

S. To view me were thy prayer and choice,
To see my face, to hear my voice.
Well, by thy potent prayer won o'er,
I come. And thou, that wouldst be more
Than mortal, having thy behest,
Art with a craven fear possessed!
Where is thy pride of soul? Where now the breast,
Which in itself a universe created,
Sustained and fostered,—which dilated
With giant throes of rapture, in the hope
As peer with spirits such as me to cope?
Where art thou, Faust, whose summons rang so wide,
Who stormed my haunts, and would not be denied?
Is this thing thou? This, my mere breath doth make
Through every nerve and fiber quake?
A crawling, cowering, timorous worm?

F. Thou film of flame, art thou a thing to fear?
I am, I am that Faust! I am thy peer!

S. In the currents of Life, in Action's storm,
I wander and I wave,

Everywhere I be!
Birth and the grave,
An infinite sea,
A web ever growing,
A life ever glowing,
Thus at Time's whizzing loom I spin,
And weave the living vesture, that God is mantled in!

F. Thou busy Spirit, who dost sweep,
From sphere to sphere, from deep to deep,
Ranging the world from end to end,
How near akin I feel to thee!

S. Thou'rt like the Spirit, thou dost comprehend,
But not like me!
[*Vanishes.*]

F. But not like thee!
Whom, then? What! I,
The image of the Deity!
Yet not to be compared to thee? [*A knock.*]

O death! My famulus! At time like this
To drag me from the top of bliss!
That such a soulless driveler should
Disturb this vision's full beatitude!
Enter Wagner, in his dressing-gown and night-cap, with a lamp in his hand. Faust turns away impatiently.

Wagner. I heard you, did I not, declaim?
From one, no doubt, of the old Greek plays?
So in the art to take a hint I came;
For it is much in favor nowadays.
Many a time I've heard it said, at least,
An actor might give lessons to a priest.

F. Yes, if the priest an actor be,
As now and then will happen, certainly.

W. Ah! when one's in his study pent, like me,
And sees the world but on a rare occasion,
And then far off, on some chance holiday,
And through a telescope, as one may say,
How can one ever hope to sway,
Or govern it by eloquent persuasion?

F. That is a power, which is not to be taught.
It must be felt, must gush forth from within,
And, rising to the lips in words unsought,
The hearts of all to deep emotion win.
Sit on for ever! Till you ache,
Your patchwork and mosaics make;
With scraps at others' banquets found
A ragout of your own compound,
And, blowing at your ash-heap, fan
What miserable flame you can!
Children and apes may praise your art—
A noble triumph, you must own—
But you will never make heart throb with heart,
Unless your own heart first has struck the tone.

W. Delivery makes the orator's success.
In that I'm far behind, I must confess.

F. Scorn such success! Play thou an honest game!
Be no mere empty tinkling fool!
True sense and reason reach their aim,
With little help from art or rule.
Be earnest! Then what need, to seek
The words that best your meaning speak?
Oh, your orations, garnished, trimmed, refined,
Tickling men's fancies where they're chiefly weak,
Are unrefreshing as the drizzling wind,
That through the autumn's sere leaves whistles bleak.

W. Ah me! art is so long, and life so brief!
Oft in my labors critical, a load
Seems weighing on my brain and heart, like lead.
How hard it is, almost beyond belief,
To get at knowledge in its fountain-head!
And ere a man is half way on the road,
He's very sure, poor devil, to be dead.

F. Is parchment, then, the sacred fount, can give
The stream that shall allay thy thirst for ever?
Man never quaffed a draught restorative,
That from his own soul welled not—never, never!

W. Excuse me, surely 'tis a joy sublime,
To realize the spirit of a time,
To see how sages long ago have thought,
And the high pass to which things nowadays are brought.

F. High pass! Oh yes! As the welkin high!
My friend, to us they are, these times gone by,
A book with seven seals, and what you call
The spirit of the times, I've long suspected,
Is but the spirit of the men—that's all—
In which the times they prate of are reflected.
And that's a sight, God wot, so poor, so mean,
We run away from it, as soon as seen;
Mere scraps of odds and ends, old crazy lumber,
In dust-bins only fit to rot and slumber;
At best a play on stilts, all strut and glare,
Gewgaws and glitter, fustian and pretense,
With maxims strewn of sage pragmatic air,
That, mouthed by puppets, pass with fools for sense.

W. Ay, but the world! The heart and soul of man,
Something of these may, sure, be learned by all.

F. As men call learning, yes, no doubt, it can!
But who the child by its right name will call?
The few, who something of that knowledge learned,
And were not wise enough a guard to keep
On their full hearts, but to the people showed
The reaches of their soaring thoughts, the deep
Emotions that within them glowed,
Men at all times have crucified and burned.

I prithee, friend, 'tis far into the night,
And for the present we must say adieu!

W. I'd gladly watch till dawn, for the delight
Of such most edifying talk with you.
Tomorrow, being Easter-day,
Good sir, if I so far might task you,
Some things there are which I should like to say,
Some further questions I should like to ask you;
My zeal has in my studies not been small;
Much, it is true, I know, but I would fain know all. [*Exit.*]

F. Strange, that all hope has not long since been blighted
In one content on such mere chaff to feed,
Who digs for treasure with a miser's greed,
And, if he finds a muck-worm, is delighted!

Dare such a thing as this to babble now,
When all around with spirit-life is teeming?
Yet ah, I thank thee, though the sorriest thou
Of all that tread the earth in mortal seeming.
Thou rescuedst me from the despair, that fast
Was wildering my brain with mad surmise.
Ah, yonder vision was so giant-vast,
I shrank before it to a pigmy's size.

I, God's own image, I, who deemed I stood
With truth eternal full within my gaze,
And, of this earthly husk divested, viewed
In deep contentment heaven's effulgent blaze;
I, more than cherub, whose free powers, methought,
Did all the veins of nature permeate,
I, who—so potently my fancy wrought—
Conceived that, like a god, I could create,
And in creating taste a bliss supreme,
How must I expiate my frenzied dream?
One word, that smote like thunder on my brain,
Swept me away to nothingness again.

I dared not deem myself for thee a peer;
Though to evoke thee I the power possessed,
Yet was I impotent to keep thee here.
Oh, in the rapture of that moment blest
I felt myself so little, yet so great!
But thou didst thrust me back, with cruel scorn,
Upon the sad uncertainties forlorn
Of man's mere mortal state.
Who is to teach me? What shall I
Recoil from? What go widely by?
Yon impulse, passionate, profound,
Shall I obey it, or forswear?
Alas! our way of life is cramped and bound
By what we do, no less than what we're doomed to bear!

Around our spirit's dreams, our noblest, best,
Some base alloy forever clings and grows;
Once of the good things of this world possessed,
We call a better wealth but lying shows.

The glorious feelings, those that most we prized,
That made indeed our very life of life,
In the world's turmoil and ignoble strife
Are seared and paralyzed.

If fancy, for a season flushed with hope,
Through boundless ether soars with wing unchecked,
A little space for her is ample scope.
When in Time's quicksands joy on joy lies wrecked,
Anon creeps care into our nether heart,
And there of secret sorrows breeds great store;
Uneasily she sits, and mopes apart,
Marring our joy and peace; and evermore
Fresh masks she dons, to work us bitter dole.
Turn where we will, she haunts our life,
As house and land, as child and wife,
As fire and flood, as knife and poisoned bowl.

I am not like the gods, too well I feel!
No! Like the worm, that writhes in dust, am I,
Which, as it feeds on dust, the passer-by
Stamps into nothingness beneath his heel.

For what but dust, mere dust, is all,
Which, piled in endless shelf and press,
From floor to roof, contracts this lofty wall?
The trash, all frippery and emptiness,
Which here, in this moth-swarming hole,
Cramps, cabins, and confines my soul?
How shall I e'er discover here
The light and lore for which I yearn?
Is all my poring, year by year,
On books by thousands but to learn
That mortals have been wretched everywhere,
And only one been happy here and there?
What, hollow skull, what means that grin of thine?
But that thy brain was once, like mine, distraught,
Did after truth with rapturous passion pine,
And, while the radiance of the day it sought,
Grew at each step less certain of its way,
And in the twilight went disastrously astray?

Ye instruments, at me ye surely mock,
With cog and wheel and coil and cylinder!
I at the door of knowledge stood, ye were
The key which should that door for me unlock;
Your wards, I ween, have many a cunning maze,
But yet the bolts ye cannot, cannot raise.
Inscrutable in noonday's blaze,
Nature lets no one tear the veil away,
And what herself she does not choose
Unasked before your soul to lay,
You shall not wrest from her by levers or by screws.

Old lumber, that hast ne'er been used by me,
The reason, and the only, thou art here,

Is that my father worked of yore with thee!
And thou, old roll, hast rotted here and moldered,
Smeared with the fumes of smoke year after year,
Since first upon this desk the dull lamp smoldered.
Oh, better far, had I with hand profuse
Squandered the little I can call my own
Than with that little here to sweat and groan!
Would you possess, enjoy and turn to use
What from your sires you have inherited?
What a man owns, but knows not to employ,
A burden is, that weighs on him like lead;
Nought can avail him, nought can he enjoy,
Save what is by the passing moment bred.

Why is my gaze on yonder corner glued?
Yon flask, is it a magnet to my sight?
Why, why is all at once as lovely, bright,
As sudden moonshine in a midnight wood?

All hail, thou priceless phial, which I here
Take from thy shelf with reverential hand!
In thee man's skill and wisdom I revere.
Thou quintessence of all the juices bland
That drowse the brain with slumber,—abstract thou
Of all most subtle deadly agencies,
Bestow thy grace upon thy master now!
I see thee and my anguish finds a balm,
I touch thee and the turmoil turns to calm;
My soul's flood-tide is ebbing by degrees.
A viewless finger beckons me to fleet
To shoreless seas, where never tempest roars,
The glassy flood is shining at my feet,
Another day invites to other shores.

A car of fire, by airy pinions driven,
Flits o'er me: and I stand prepared to flee,
By tracks untrodden, through the wastes of heaven,
Up to new spheres of pure activity.
This life sublime, this godlike rapturous thrill,
Can these by thee, a worm but now, be won?
Yes, so thou turn with a resolvéd will
Thy back on earth and on its kindly sun!
The gates, most men would slink like cravens by,
Dare thou to burst asunder! Lo, the hour
Is here at hand by deeds to testify,
Man's worth can front the gods in all their power;
To gaze unblenching on that murky pit,
Where fancy weaves herself an endless doom,
To storm that pass, whose narrow gorge is lit
By hell-fires flickering through the ghastly gloom;
Serene, although the risk before thee lay,
Into blank nothingness to melt away!

Then come thou down, pure goblet crystalline,
Out from that time-stained covering of thine,
Where I unmarked for years have let thee rest.
Thou sparkled'st, when my grandsire's feasts were crowned,

Lit'st up the smiles of many a sad-browed guest,
As each man to his neighbor passed thee round.
Thy figures, marvels of the artist's craft,
The drinker's task, to tell their tale in rhyme,
And drain thy huge circumference at a draught,
Bring many a night back of my youthful prime.
I shall not pass thee now to comrade boon,
Nor torture my invention to explain
The quaint devices of thy graver's brain.
Here is a juice intoxicates full soon;
Its current brown brims up thy ample bowl.
Now do I pledge this draught my last best care,
In festive greeting, and with all my soul,
To the day-dawn, shall hale me otherwhere!

CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE WITH ECKERMAN

Translated by John Oxenford

January 2, 1824

Dined at Goethe's, and enjoyed some cheerful conversation. Mention was made of a young beauty belonging to the Weimar society, when one of the guests remarked that he was on the point of falling in love with her, although her understanding could not exactly be called brilliant.

'Pshaw,' said Goethe, laughing, 'as if love had anything to do with the understanding. The things that we love in a young lady are something very different from the understanding. We love in her beauty, youthfulness, playfulness, trustingness, her character, her faults, her caprices, and God knows what "je ne sais quoi," besides; but we do not love her understanding. We respect her understanding when it is brilliant, and by it the worth of a girl can be infinitely enhanced in our eyes. Understanding may also serve to fix our affections when we already love; but the understanding is not that which is capable of firing our hearts, and awakening a passion.'

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

We found much that was true and convincing in Goethe's words, and were very willing to consider the subject in that light. After dinner, and when the rest of the party had departed, I remained sitting with Goethe, and conversed with him on various interesting topics.

We discoursed on English literature, on the greatness of Shakespeare; and on the unfavorable position held by all English dramatic authors who had appeared after that poetical giant.

'A dramatic talent of any importance,' said Goethe, 'could not forbear to notice Shakespeare's works, nay, could not forbear to study them. Having studied them, he must be aware that Shakespeare has already exhausted the whole of human nature in all its tendencies, in all its heights and depths, and that, in fact, there remains for him, the aftercomer, nothing more to do. And how could one get courage only to put pen to paper, if one were conscious in an earnest, appreciating spirit, that such unfathomable and unattainable excellences were already in existence!

'It fared better with me fifty years ago in my own dear Germany. I could soon come to an end with all that then existed; it could not long awe me, or occupy my attention. I soon left behind me German literature, and the study of it, and turned my thoughts to life and to production. So on and on I went in my own natural development, and on and on I fashioned the productions of epoch after epoch. And at every step of life and development, my standard of excellence was not much higher than what at such step I was able to attain. But had I been born an Englishman, and had all those numerous masterpieces been brought before me in all their power, at my first dawn of youthful consciousness, they would have overpowered me, and I

should not have known what to do. I could not have gone on with such fresh lightheartedness, but should have had to bethink myself, and look about for a long time, to find some new outlet.'

I turned the conversation back to Shakespeare. 'When one, to some degree, disengages him from English literature,' said I, 'and considers him transformed into a German, one cannot fail to look upon his gigantic greatness as a miracle. But if one seeks him in his home, transplants one's self to the soil of his country, and to the atmosphere of the century in which he lived; further, if one studies his contemporaries, and his immediate successors, and inhales the force wafted to us from Ben Jonson, Massinger, Marlowe and Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare still, indeed, appears a being of the most exalted magnitude; but still, one arrives at the conviction that many of the wonders of his genius are, in some measure, accessible, and that much is due to the powerfully productive atmosphere of his age and time.'

'You are perfectly right,' returned Goethe. 'It is with Shakespeare as with the mountains of Switzerland. Transplant Mont Blanc at once into the large plain of Lüneburg Heath, and we should find no words to express our wonder at its magnitude. Seek it, however, in its gigantic home, go to it over its immense neighbors, the Jungfrau, the Finsteraarhorn, the Eiger, the Wetterhorn, St. Gothard, and Monte Rosa; Mont Blanc will, indeed, still remain a giant, but it will no longer produce in us such amazement.'

'Besides, let him who will not believe,' continued Goethe, 'that much of Shakespeare's greatness appertains to his great vigorous time, only ask himself the question, whether a phenomenon so astounding would be possible in the present England of 1824, in these evil days of criticizing and hair-splitting journals?

'That undisturbed, innocent, somnambulatory production, by which alone anything great can thrive, is no longer possible. Our talents at present lie before the public. The daily criticisms which appear in fifty different places, and the gossip that is caused by them amongst the public prevent the appearance of any sound production. In the present day, he who does not keep aloof from all this, and isolate himself by main force, is lost. Through the bad, chiefly negative, æsthetical and critical tone of the journals, a sort of half culture finds its way into the masses; but to the productive talent it is a noxious mist, a dropping poison, which destroys the tree of creative power, from the ornamental green leaves to the deepest pith and the most hidden fibers.

'And then how tame and weak has life itself become during the last two shabby centuries. Where do we now meet an original nature? And where is the man who has the strength to be true, and to show himself as he is? This, however, affects the poet, who must find all within himself, while he is left in the lurch by all without.'

WORLD LITERATURE

January 31, 1827

Dined with Goethe. 'Within the last few days, since I saw you,' said he, 'I have ready many and various things; especially a Chinese novel, which occupies me still, and seems to me very remarkable.'

'Chinese novel!' said I; 'that must look strange enough.'

'Not so much as you might think,' said Goethe; 'the Chinamen think, act, and feel almost exactly like us; and we soon find that we are perfectly like them, excepting that all they do is more clear, more pure, and decorous than with us.

'I am more and more convinced,' he continued, 'that poetry is the universal possession of mankind, revealing itself everywhere, and at all times, in hundreds and hundreds of men. One makes it a little better than another, and swims on the surface a little longer than another—that is all. Herr von Matthisson must not think he is the man, nor must I think that I am the man; but each must say to himself, that the gift of poetry is by no means so very rare, and that nobody need think very much of himself because he has written a good poem.

'But, really, we Germans are very likely to fall too easily into this pedantic conceit, when we do not look beyond the narrow circle which surrounds us. I therefore like to look about me in foreign nations, and advise everyone to do the same. National literature is now rather an unmeaning term; the epoch of World literature is at hand, and everyone must strive to hasten its approach. But while we thus value what is foreign, we must not bind our-

selves to anything in particular, and regard it as a model. We must not give this value to the Chinese, or the Servian, or Calderon, or the Nibelungen; but if we really want a pattern, we must always return to the ancient Greeks, in whose works the beauty of mankind is constantly represented. All the rest we must look at only historically, appropriating to ourselves what is good, so far as it goes.'

THE PANAMA CANAL

February 21, 1827

Dined with Goethe. He spoke much, and with admiration of Alexander von Humboldt, whose work on Cuba and Colombia he had begun to read, and whose views as to the project for making a passage through the Isthmus of Panama appeared to have a peculiar interest for him. 'Humboldt,' said Goethe, 'has, with a great knowledge of his subject, given other points where, by making use of some streams which flow into the Gulf of Mexico, the end may be perhaps better attained than at Panama. All this is reserved for the future, and for an enterprising spirit. So much, however, is certain, that, if they succeed in cutting such a canal that ships of any burden and size can be navigated through it from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, innumerable benefits would result to the whole human race, civilized and uncivilized. But I should wonder if the United States were to let an opportunity escape of getting such work into their own hands. It may be foreseen that this young state, with its decided predilection to the West, will, in thirty or forty years, have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may, furthermore, be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbors, important commercial towns will gradually arise, for the furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. In such a case, it would not only be desirable, but almost necessary, that a more rapid communication should be maintained between the eastern and western shores of North America, both by merchant-ships and men-of-war, than has hitherto been possible with the tedious, disagreeable, and expensive voyage around Cape Horn. I therefore repeat that it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean; and I am certain that they will do it.

'Would that I might live to see it!—but I shall not. I should like to see another thing—a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources. And thirdly and lastly, I should like to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would I could live to see these three great works! It would be well worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose.'

BEAUTY IN TREES AND WOMEN

April 18, 1827

Before dinner, I took a ride with Goethe some distance along the road to Erfurt.

We were met by all sorts of vehicles laden with wares for the fair at Leipsic; also a string of horses, amongst which were some very fine animals.

'I cannot help laughing at the æsthetical folks,' said Goethe, 'who torment themselves in endeavoring, by some abstract words, to reduce to a conception that inexpressible thing to which we give the name of beauty. Beauty is a primeval phenomenon, which itself never makes its appearance, but the reflection of which is visible in a thousand different utterances of the creative mind, and is as various as nature herself.'

'I have often heard it said that nature is always beautiful,' said I; 'that she causes the artists to despair, because they are seldom capable of reaching her completely.'

'I know well,' returned Goethe, 'that nature often reveals an unattainable charm; but I am by no means of the opinion that she is beautiful in all her aspects. Her intentions are, indeed, always good; but not so the conditions which are required to make her manifest herself completely.

'Thus, the oak is a tree which may be very beautiful; but how many favorable circumstances must concur before nature can succeed in producing one truly beautiful! If an oak grow in the midst of a

forest, encompassed with large neighboring trunks, its tendency will always be upward toward free air and light; only small weak branches will grow on its sides; and these will in the course of a century decay and fall off. But if it has at last succeeded in reaching the free air with its summit, it will then rest in its upward tendency, and begin to spread itself from its sides and form a crown. But it is by this time already past its middle age: its many years of upward striving have consumed its freshest powers, and its present endeavor to put forth its strength by increasing in breadth will not now have the proper results. When full grown, it will be high, strong and slender-stemmed, but still without such a proportion between its crown and its stem as would render it beautiful.

'Again: if the oak grow in a moist, marshy place, and the earth is too nourishing, it will, with proper space, prematurely shoot forth many branches and twigs on all sides: but it will still want the opposing, retarding influences; it will not show itself gnarled, stubborn and indented, and seen from a distance, it will have the appearance of a weak tree of the lime species; and it will not be beautiful—at least, not as an oak.

'If, lastly, it grow upon mountainous slopes, upon poor, stony soil, it will become excessively gnarled and knotty; but it will lack free development; it will become prematurely stunted, and will never attain such perfection that one can say of it, "there is in that oak something which creates astonishment."'

I rejoiced at these words. 'I saw very beautiful oaks,' said I, 'when some years ago, I made short tours from Göttingen into the valley of the Weser. I found them particularly magnificent in the neighborhood of Höxter.'

'A sandy soil, or one mixed with sand,' continued Goethe, 'where the oak is able to spread its strong roots in every direction, appears to be most favorable; and then it needs a situation where it has the necessary space to feel the effects on all sides of light, sun, rain and wind. If it grows up snugly sheltered from wind and weather, it becomes nothing; but a century's struggle with the elements makes it strong and powerful, so that, at its full growth, its presence inspires us with astonishment and admiration.'

'Cannot one, from these remarks of yours,' returned I, 'draw a conclusion and say, "a creature is beautiful when it has attained the summit of its natural development?"'

'Certainly,' returned Goethe; 'but still one must first explain what one means by the summit of its natural development.'

'I would by that,' returned I, 'signify the period of growth in which the character peculiar to any creature appears perfectly impressed on it.'

'In that sense,' said Goethe, 'there would be nothing to object, especially if we add that, for such a perfect development of character, it is likewise requisite that the build of the different members of a creature should be conformable to its natural destination.

'In that case, a marriageable girl, whose natural destiny is to bear and suckle children, will not be beautiful without the proper breadth of the pelvis and the necessary fullness of the breasts. Still, an excess in these respects would not be beautiful, for that would go beyond conformity to an end.

'On this account, we might call some of the saddle horses which we met a little time ago beautiful, even according to the fitness of their build. It is not merely the elegance, lightness, and gracefulness of their movements, but something more, of which a good horseman and judge of horses alone can speak, and of which we others merely receive the general impression.'

'Might we not, on the other hand,' said I, 'call a cart-horse beautiful, like those strong specimens which we met a little time ago drawing the wagons of the Brabant carriers?'

'Certainly,' said Goethe; 'and why not? A painter would probably find a more varied display of all kinds of beauties in the strongly marked character and powerful development of bone, sinew, and muscle, in such an animal, than in the softer and more equal character of an elegant saddle-horse.'

'The main point is,' continued Goethe, 'that the race is pure, and that man has not applied his mutilating hand. A horse with his mane and tail cut, a hound with cropped ears, a tree from which the strongest branches have been lopped and the rest cut into a spherical form, and, above all, a young girl whose youthful form has been spoiled and deformed by

corsets, are things from which good taste revolts, and which merely occupy a place in the Philistine's catechism of beauty.'

During this and similar conversations, we had returned. We walked about a little in the garden of the house before dinner. The weather was very beautiful; the spring sun had begun to grow powerful, and to bring out all sorts of leaves and blossoms on bushes and hedges. Goethe was full of thought and hopes of a delightful summer.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GENIUS

March 11, 1828

For several weeks I have not been quite well. I sleep badly, and have the most harassing dreams from night to morning, in which I see myself in the most various states, carry on all sorts of conversation with known and unknown persons, get into disputes and quarrels, and all this in such a vivid manner, that I am perfectly conscious of every particular next morning. But this dreamy life consumes the powers of my brain, so that I feel weak and unnerved in the daytime, and without thought or pleasure for any intellectual activity.

I had frequently complained of my condition to Goethe, and he had repeatedly urged me to consult my physician. 'Your malady,' said he, 'is certainly not very serious; it is probably nothing but a little stagnation, which a glass or two of mineral water or a little salts would remove. But do not let it linger any longer; attack it at once.'

Goethe may have been right, and I said to myself that he was right; but my indecision and disinclination operated in this case, so that I again allowed many restless nights and wretched days to pass, without making the least effort to remove the indisposition.

As I did not appear to Goethe very gay and cheerful today after dinner, he lost his patience, and could not refrain from smiling at me ironically, and bantering me a little.

'You are a second Shandy,' said he, 'the father of that renowned Tristram, who was annoyed half his life by a creaking door, and who could not come to the resolution of removing the daily annoyance with a few drops of oil.

'But so it is with us all! The darkness and enlightenment of man make his destiny. The dæmon ought to lead us every day in leading strings, and tell us and direct us what we ought to do on every occasion. But the good spirit leaves us in the lurch, and we grope about in the dark.

'Napoleon was the man! Always enlightened, always clear and decided, and endowed at every hour with sufficient energy to carry into effect whatever he considered advantageous and necessary. His life was the stride of a demi-god, from battle to battle, and from victory to victory. It might well be said of him that he was found in a state of continual enlightenment. On this account, his destiny was more brilliant than any the world had seen before him, or perhaps will ever see after him.

'Yes, yes, my good friend, that was a fellow whom we cannot imitate.'

Goethe paced up and down the room. I had placed myself at the table which had been already cleared, but upon which there was left some wine with some biscuits and fruit. Goethe filled for me, and compelled me to partake of both. 'You have indeed,' said he, 'not condescended to be our guest at dinner today, but still a glass of this present from good friends ought to do you good.'

I did not refuse these good things, and Goethe continued to walk up and down the room, murmuring to himself in an excited state of mind, and from time to time uttering unintelligible words.

What he had just said about Napoleon was in my mind, and I endeavored to lead the conversation back to that subject. 'Still it appears to me,' I began, 'that Napoleon was especially in that state of continued enlightenment when he was young, and his powers were yet on the increase,—when, indeed, we see at his side divine protection and a constant fortune. In later years, on the contrary, this enlightenment appears to have forsaken him, as well as his good fortune and his good star.'

'What would you have?' returned Goethe. 'I did not write my *Love Songs* or my *Werther* a second time. That divine enlightenment, whence everything proceeds, we shall always find in connection with youth and productiveness, as in the case of Napoleon, who was one of the most productive men that ever lived.

'Yes, yes, my good friend, one need not write poems and plays to be productive; there is also a productiveness of deeds,

which in many cases stands an important degree higher. The physician himself must be productive, if he really intends to heal; if he is not so, he will only succeed now and then, as if by chance; but, on the whole, he will be only a bungler.'

'You appear,' added I, 'in this case, to call productiveness that which is usually called genius.'

'One lies very near the other,' returned Goethe. 'For what is genius but that productive power by which deeds arise that can display themselves before God and nature, and are therefore permanent, and produce results. All Mozart's works are of this kind; there lies in them a productive power which operates upon generation after generation, and still is not wasted or consumed.

'It is the same with other great composers and artists. What an influence have Phidias and Raphael had upon succeeding centuries, and Dürer and Holbein also. He who first invented the forms and proportions of the old German architecture, so that in the course of time a Strasburg minster and a cathedral of Cologne were possible, was also a genius; for his thoughts have a power continually productive, and operate even to the present hour. Luther was a genius of a very important kind; he has already gone on with influence for many a long day, and we cannot count the days when he will cease to be productive in future ages. Lessing would not allow himself the lofty title of a genius, but his permanent influence bears witness against him. On the other hand, we have in literature other names and those of importance, the possessors of which, whilst they lived, were deemed great geniuses, but whose influence ended with their life, and who were therefore less than they and others thought. For, as I said before, there is no genius without a productive power of permanent influence; and furthermore, genius does not depend upon the business, the art, or the trade which one follows, but may be alike in all. Whether one shows one's self a man of genius in science, like Oken and Humboldt, or in war and statesmanship, like Frederick, Peter the Great, and Napoleon, or whether one composes a song like Béranger, it all comes to the same thing; the only point is, whether the thought, the discovery, the deed is living and can live on.

'Then I must add, it is not the mass of creations and deeds which proceed from a person, that indicates the productive man. We have, in literature, poets who are considered very productive, because volume after volume of their poems has appeared. But, in my opinion, these people ought to be called thoroughly unproductive; for what they have written is without life and durability. Goldsmith, on the contrary, has written so few poems that their number is not worth mentioning; but, nevertheless, I must pronounce him to be a thoroughly productive poet, and, indeed, even on that account, because the little that he has written has an inherent life which can sustain itself.'

A pause ensued, during which Goethe continued to pace up and down the room. In the meantime I was desirous of hearing something more on this weighty point, and therefore endeavored to arouse Goethe once more.

'Does this productiveness of genius,' said I, 'lie merely in the mind of an important man, or does it also lie in the body?'

'The body has, at least,' said Goethe, 'the greatest influence upon it. There was indeed a time when, in Germany, a genius was always thought of as short, weak, or hunch-backed; but commend me to a genius who has a well-proportioned body.

'When it was said of Napoleon that he was a man of granite, this applied particularly to his body. What was it then which he could not and did not venture? From the burning sands of the Syrian deserts, to the snowy plains of Moscow, what an incalculable amount of marches, battles, and nightly bivouacs did he go through? And what fatigues and bodily privations was he forced to endure? Little sleep, little nourishment, and yet always in the highest mental activity. After the awful exertion and excitement of the eighteenth Brumaire, it was midnight, and he had not tasted anything during the whole day, and yet, without thinking of strengthening his body, he felt power enough in the depth of the night to draw up the well-known proclamation to the French people. When one considers what he accomplished and endured, one might imagine that when he was in his fortieth year not a sound particle was left in him; but even at that age he still occupied the position of a perfect hero.

'But you are right; the real focus of his luster belongs to his youth. And it is something to say that one of obscure

origin, and at a time which set all capacities in motion, so distinguished himself as to become, in his seven-and-twentieth year, the idol of a nation of thirty millions! Yes, yes, my good friend, one must be young to do great things. And Napoleon is not the only one.'

'His brother Lucien,' remarked I, 'also did a great deal at an early age. We see him as president of the five hundred and afterwards as minister of the interior, when he had scarcely completed his five-and-twentieth year.'

'Why name Lucien?' interposed Goethe. 'History presents to us hundreds of clever people, who, whilst still young, have both in the cabinet and in the field superintended the most important matters with great renown.

'If I were a prince,' he continued with animation, 'I would never place in the highest offices people who have gradually risen by mere birth and seniority, and who in their old age move on leisurely in their accustomed track, for in this way but little talent is brought to light. I would have young men; but they must have capacities, and be endowed with clearness and energy, and also with the best will and the noblest character. Then there would be pleasure in governing and improving one's people. But where is there a prince who would like this, and who would be so well served?

'I have great hopes of the present Crown Prince of Prussia. From all that I hear and know of him, he is a very distinguished man; and this is essential to recognize and choose qualified and clever people. For, say what we will, like can only be recognized by like; and only a prince who himself possesses great abilities can properly acknowledge and value great abilities in his subjects and servants. "Let the path be open to talent," was the well-known maxim of Napoleon, who really had a particular tact in the choice of his people, who really knew how to place every important power where it appeared in its proper sphere, and who, therefore, during his lifetime, was served in all his great undertakings as scarcely anyone was served before him.'

Goethe delighted me particularly this evening. The noblest part of his nature appeared alive in him, while the sound of his voice and the fire of his eyes were of such power as if he were inspired by a fresh gleam of the best days of his youth.

It was remarkable to me that he, who at so great an age himself superintended an important post, should speak so decidedly in favor of youth, and should desire the first offices in the state to be filled, if not by youths, at least by men still young. I could not forbear mentioning some Germans of high standing, who at an advanced age did not appear to want the necessary energy and youthful activity for the direction of the most important and most various affairs.

'Such men are natural geniuses,' returned Goethe, 'whose case is peculiar; they experience a renewed puberty, whilst other people are young but once.

'Every *Entelechia* is a piece of eternity, and the few years during which it is bound to the earthly body does not make it old. If this *Entelechia* is of a trivial kind, it will exercise but little sway during its bodily confinement; on the contrary, the body will predominate, and when this grows old the *Entelechia* will not hold and restrain it. But if the *Entelechia* is of a powerful kind, as is the case with all men of natural genius, then with its animating penetration of the body, it will not only act with strengthening and ennobling power upon the organization, but it will also endeavor with its spiritual superiority to confer the privilege of perpetual youth. Thence it comes that in men of superior endowments, even during their old age we constantly perceive fresh epochs of singular productiveness; they seem constantly to grow young again for a time and this is what I call a repeated puberty. Still youth is youth, and however powerful an *Entelechia* may prove, it will never become quite master of the corporeal, and it makes a wonderful difference whether it finds in the body an ally or an adversary.'

ENGLISH AND GERMAN EDUCATION

March 12, 1828

'There is something more or less wrong among us old Europeans; our relations are far too artificial and complicated, our nutriment and mode of life are without their proper nature, and our social intercourse is without proper love and good will. Everyone is polished and courteous; but no one has the courage to be hearty and true, so that an honest man, with nat-

ural views and feelings, stands in a very bad position. Often one cannot help wishing that one had been born upon one of the South Sea Islands, a so-called savage, so as to have thoroughly enjoyed human existence in all its purity, without any adulteration.

'If in a depressed mood one reflects deeply upon the wretchedness of our age, it often occurs to one that the world is gradually approaching the last day. And the evil accumulates from generation to generation! For it is not enough that we have to suffer for the sins of our fathers, but we hand down to posterity these inherited vices increased by our own.'

'Similar thoughts often occur to me,' answered I; 'but if at such a time, I see a regiment of German dragoons ride by me, and observe the beauty and power of these young people, I again derive some consolation, and say to myself, that the durability of mankind is after all not in such a desperate plight.'

'Our country people,' returned Goethe, 'have certainly kept up their strength and will, I hope, long be able not only to furnish us with good horsemen, but also to secure us from total decay and destruction. The rural population may be regarded as a magazine from which the forces of declining mankind are always recruited and refreshed. But just go into our great towns, and you will feel quite differently. Just take a turn by the side of a second *diable boiteux*, or a physician with a large practise, and he will whisper to you tales which will horrify you at the misery, and astonish you at the vice with which human nature is visited and from which society suffers.

'But let us banish these hypochondriacal thoughts. How are you going on? What are you doing? What else have you seen today? Tell me, and inspire me with good thoughts.'

'I have been reading Sterne,' returned I, 'where Yorick is sauntering about the streets of Paris, and makes the remark that every tenth man is a dwarf. I thought of that when you mentioned the vices of great towns. I also remember to have seen, in Napoleon's time, among the French infantry, one battalion which consisted entirely of Parisians, who were all such puny, diminutive people, that one could not comprehend what could be done with them in battle.'

'The Scotch Highlanders under the Duke of Wellington,' returned Goethe, 'were doubtless heroes of another description.'

'I saw them in Brussels a year before the battle of Waterloo,' returned I. 'They were, indeed, fine men; all strong, fresh, and active, as if just from the hand of their Maker. They all carried their heads so freely and gallantly and stepped so lightly along with their strong, bare legs, that it seemed as if there were no original sin, and no ancestral failing so far as they were concerned.'

'There is something peculiar in this,' said Goethe. 'Whether it lies in the race, in the soil, in the free political constitution, or in the healthy tone of education,—certainly the English in general appear to have certain advantages over many others. Here in Weimar, we see only a few of them, and, probably, by no means the best; but what fine, handsome people they are. And however young they come here, they feel themselves by no means strange or embarrassed in this foreign atmosphere; on the contrary, their deportment in society is as full of confidence, and as easy as if they were lords everywhere, and the whole world belonged to them. This it is, which pleases our women, and by which they make such havoc in the hearts of our young ladies. As a German father of a family, who is concerned for the tranquillity of his household, I often feel a slight shudder, when my daughter-in-law announces to me the expected arrival of some fresh, young islander. I already see, in my mind's eye, the tears which will one day flow when he takes his departure. They are dangerous young people; but this very quality of being dangerous is their virtue.'

'Still, I would not assert,' answered I, 'that the young Englishmen in Weimar are more clever, more intelligent, better informed, or more excellent at heart than other people.'

'The secret does not lie in these things, my good friend,' returned Goethe. 'Neither does it lie in birth and riches; it lies in the courage which they have to be that for which nature has made them. There is nothing vitiated or spoilt about them, there is nothing halfway or crooked; but such as they are, they are thoroughly complete men. That they are also sometimes complete fools, I allow with all my heart;

but that is still something, and has still always some weight in the scale of nature.

'The happiness of personal freedom, the consciousness of an English name, and of the importance attached to it by other nations, is an advantage even to the children; for in their own family, as well as in scholastic establishments, they are treated with far more respect, and enjoy a far freer development, than is the case with us Germans.

'In our own dear Weimar, I need only look out of the window to discover how matters stand with us. Lately, when the snow was lying upon the ground, and my neighbor's children were trying their little sledges in the street, the policeman was immediately at hand, and I saw the poor little things fly as quickly as they could. Now, when the spring sun tempts them from the houses, and they would like to play with their companions before the door, I see them always constrained, as if they were not safe, and feared the approach of some despot of the police. Not a boy may crack a whip, or sing or shout; the policeman is immediately at hand to forbid it. This has the effect with us all of taming youth prematurely, and of driving out all originality and all wildness, so that in the end nothing remains but the Philistine.

'You know that scarcely a day passes in which I am not visited by some traveling foreigner. But if I were to say that I took great pleasure in the personal appearance, especially of young, learned Germans from a certain northeastern quarter, I should tell a falsehood.

'Short-sighted, pale, narrow-chested, young without youth; that is a picture of most of them as they appear to me. And if I enter into a conversation with any of them, I immediately observe that the things in which one of us takes pleasure seem to them vain and trivial, that they are entirely absorbed in the idea, and that only the highest problems of speculation are fitted to interest them. Of sound senses or delight in the sensual, there is no trace; all youthful feeling and all youthful pleasures are driven out of them, and that irrecoverably; for if a man is not young in his twentieth year, how can he be so in his fortieth?'

Goethe sighed and was silent.

I thought of the happy time of last century, in which Goethe's youth fell; the summer air of Sesenheim passed before my soul, and I reminded him of the verses—

> In the afternoon we sat,
> Young people, in the cool.

'Ah,' sighed Goethe, 'those were, indeed, happy times. But we will drive them from our minds, that the dark, foggy days of the present may not become quite insupportable.'

'A second Redeemer,' said I, 'would be required to remove from us the seriousness, the discomfort, and the monstrous oppressiveness of the present state of things.'

'If he came,' answered Goethe, 'he would be crucified a second time. Still, we by no means need anything so great. If we could only alter the Germans after the model of the English, if we could only have less philosophy and more power of action, less theory and more practise, we might obtain a good share of redemption, without waiting for the personal majesty of a second Christ. Much may be done from below by the people by means of schools and domestic education; much from above by the rulers and those in immediate connection with them.

'Thus, for instance, I cannot approve the requisition, in the studies of future statesmen, of so much theoretically-learned knowledge, by which young people are ruined before their time, both in mind and body. When they enter into practical service, they possess, indeed, an immense stock of philosophical and learned matters; but in the narrow circle of their calling, this cannot be practically applied, and must therefore be forgotten as useless. On the other hand, what they most needed they have lost; they are deficient in the necessary mental and bodily energy, which is quite indispensable when one would enter properly into practical life.

'And then, are not love and benevolence also needed in the life of a statesman,—in the management of men? And how can anyone feel and exercise benevolence toward another, when he is ill at ease with himself?

'But all these people are in a dreadfully bad case. The third part of learned men and statesmen, shackled to the desk, are ruined in body, and consigned to the demon of hypochondria. Here there should be action from above, that future generations

may at least be preserved from a like destruction.

In the meantime,' continued Goethe, smiling, 'let us remain in a state of hopeful expectation as to the condition of us Germans a century hence, and whether we shall then have advanced so far as to be no longer savants and philosophers, but men.'

NATIONALISM AND POETRY

March 14, 1830

Answering a common reproach that during the struggle with France he had written no German war-songs, Goethe said:

'I have never affected anything in my poetry. I have never uttered anything which I have not experienced, and which has not urged me to production. I have composed love-songs only when I have loved. How could I write songs of hatred without hating! And, between ourselves, I did not hate the French, although I thanked God that we were free from them. How could I, to whom culture and barbarism are alone of importance, hate a nation which is among the most cultivated of the earth, and to which I owe so great a part of my own cultivation?

'Altogether,' continued Goethe, 'national hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture. But there is a degree where it vanishes altogether, and where one stands to a certain extent above nations, and feels the weal or woe of a neighboring people as if it had happened to one's own. This degree of culture was conformable to my nature, and I had become strengthened in it long before I had reached my sixtieth year.'

RELIGIOUS IDEAS

March 11, 1832

This evening for an hour with Goethe, talking of various interesting subjects. I had bought an English Bible, in which I found, to my great regret, that the apocryphal books were not contained. They had been rejected, because they were not considered genuine and of divine origin. I greatly missed the noble Tobias, that model of a pious life, the Wisdom of Solomon, and Jesus Sirach,—all writings of such high mental and moral elevation, that few others equal them. I spoke to Goethe of my regret at the very narrow view by which some of the writings of the Old Testament are looked upon as immediately proceeding from God; while others, equally excellent, are not so. As if there could be anything noble and great which did not proceed from God, and which was not a fruit of His influence.

'I am thoroughly of your opinion,' returned Goethe. 'Still there are two points of view from which biblical subjects may be contemplated. There is the point of view of a sort of primitive religion, of pure nature and reason, which is of divine origin. This will always be the same, and will last and prevail as long as divinely endowed beings exist. It is, however, only for the elect, and is far too high and noble to become universal. Then there is the point of view of the Church, which is of a more human nature. This is defective and subject to change; but it will last, in a state of perpetual change, as long as there are weak human beings. The light of unclouded divine revelation is far too pure and brilliant to be suitable and supportable to poor, weak man. But the Church steps in as a useful mediator, to soften and to moderate, by which all are helped, and many are benefited. Through the belief that the Christian Church, as the successor of Christ, can remove the burden of human sin, it is a very great power. To maintain themselves in this power and in this importance, and thus to secure the ecclesiastical edifice, is the chief aim of the Christian priesthood.

'This priesthood, therefore, does not so much as ask whether this or that book in the Bible greatly enlightens the mind, and contains doctrines of high morality and noble human nature. It rather looks upon the books of Moses with reference to the fall of man and the origin of a necessity for a Redeemer; it searches the prophets for repeated allusion to Him, the Expected One, and regards, in the Gospels, His actual earthly appearance, and His death upon the cross, as the atonement for our human sins. You see, therefore, that for such purposes, and weighed in such a balance, neither the noble Tobias, nor the Wisdom of Solomon, nor the sayings of Sirach, can have much weight. Still, with reference to things in the Bible, the question whether they are genuine or spurious

is odd enough. What is genuine but that which is truly excellent, which stands in harmony with the purest nature and reason, and which even now ministers to our highest development! What is spurious but the absurd and the hollow, which brings no fruit—at least no good fruit! If the authenticity of a biblical book is to be decided by the question,—whether something true throughout has been handed down to us, we might on some points doubt the authenticity of the Gospels, since those of Mark and Luke were not written from immediate presence and experience, but according to oral tradition, long afterwards; and the last, by the disciple John, was not written till he was of a very advanced age. Nevertheless, I look upon all four Gospels as thoroughly genuine; for there is in them the reflection of a greatness which emanated from the person of Jesus, and which was of as divine a kind as ever was seen upon earth. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to pay Him devout reverence, I say—certainly! I bow before Him as the divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to revere the Sun, I again say—certainly! For he is likewise a manifestation of the highest Being, and indeed the most powerful which we children of earth are allowed to behold. I adore in him the light and the productive power of God; by which we all live, move, and have our being—we, and all the plants and animals with us. But if I am asked—whether I am inclined to bow before a thumb-bone of the apostle Peter or Paul, I say—"Spare me, and stand off with your absurdities!"

'"Quench not the spirit," says the apostle. There are many absurdities in the propositions of the Church; nevertheless, rule it will, and so it must have a narrow-minded multitude which bows its head and likes to be ruled. The high and richly-endowed clergy dread nothing more than the enlightenment of the lower orders. They withheld the Bible from them as long as it was possible. Besides, what can a poor member of the Christian Church think of the princely magnificence of a richly-endowed bishop, when he sees in the Gospels the poverty and indigence of Christ, who, with his disciples, traveled humbly on foot, whilst the princely bishop rattles along in his carriage drawn by six horses!'

'We scarcely know,' continued Goethe, 'what we owe to Luther, and the Reformation in general. We are freed from the fetters of spiritual narrow-mindedness; we have, in consequence of our increasing culture, become capable of turning back to the fountain head, and of comprehending Christianity in its purity. We have, again, the courage to stand with firm feet upon God's earth, and to feel ourselves in our divinely-endowed human nature. Let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it glistens and shines forth in the gospel!

'But the better we Protestants advance in our noble development, so much the more rapidly will the Catholics follow us. As soon as they feel themselves caught up by the ever-extending enlightenment of the time, they must go on, do what they will, till at last the point is reached where all is but one.

'The mischievous sectarianism of the Protestants will also cease, and with it the hatred and hostile feeling between father and son, sister and brother; for as soon as the pure doctrine and love of Christ are comprehended in their true nature, and have become a vital principle, we shall feel ourselves as human beings, great and free, and not attach especial importance to a degree more or less in the outward forms of religion. Besides, we shall all gradually advance from a Christianity of words and faith to a Christianity of feeling and action.'

The conversation turned upon the great men who had lived before Christ, among the Chinese, the Indians, the Persians, and the Greeks; and it was remarked that the divine power had been as operative in them as in some of the great Jews of the Old Testament. We then came to the question how far God influenced the great natures of the present world in which we live?

'To hear people speak,' said Goethe, 'one would almost believe that they were of the opinion that God had withdrawn into silence since those old times, and that man was now placed quite upon his own feet, and had to see how he could get on without God, and his daily invisible breath. In religious and moral matters a divine influence is still allowed, but in matters of science and art it is believed that they are

merely earthly, and nothing but the product of human powers.

'Let anyone only try, with human will and human power, to produce something which may be compared with the creations that bear the names of Mozart, Raphael, or Shakespeare. I know very well that these three noble beings are not the only ones, and that in every province of art innumerable excellent geniuses have operated, who have produced things as perfectly good as those just mentioned. But if they were as great as those, they rose above ordinary human nature, and in the same proportion were as divinely endowed as they.

'And after all what does it all come to? God did not retire to rest after the well-known six days of creation, but, on the contrary, is constantly active as on the first. It would have been for Him a poor occupation to compose this heavy world out of simple elements, and to keep it rolling in the sunbeams from year to year, if He had not had the plan of founding a nursery for a world of spirits upon this material basis. So He is now constantly active in higher natures to attract the lower ones.'

Goethe was silent. But I cherished his great and good words in my heart.

MADAME DE STAËL (1766–1817)

Anne Louise Germaine Necker, the daughter of the most famous of pre-revolutionary finance ministers of France, succeeded by right of intelligence as well as birth and wealth to an important social and literary position in the troublous times following the French Revolution. She attracted attention by her determined opposition to Napoleon, and Napoleon in 1810 retaliated by confiscating the first edition of her most important work, *On Germany*, which was, however, published three years later in England. It was noteworthy, first of all, for its cosmopolitan spirit, which was confounded by some contemporary critics with a lack of patriotism; its importance as a contribution to the French romantic movement through the contact it established with German romanticism has long been acknowledged. Its interest for us today lies in its lively and sympathetic account of a Germany which has passed away. The following passages are from the English translation published in London the year after the French edition appeared there, with some revision by a later editor, O. W. Wight.

GERMANY AT THE OPENING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The number and extent of forests indicate a civilization yet recent: the ancient soil of the South is almost cleared of its trees, and the sun darts its perpendicular rays on the earth which has been laid bare by man. Germany still affords some traces of uninhabited nature. From the Alps to the sea, between the Rhine and the Danube, you behold a land covered with oaks and firs, intersected by rivers of an imposing beauty, and by mountains of a most picturesque aspect; but vast heaths and sands, roads often neglected, a severe climate, at first fill the mind with gloom; nor is it till after some time that it discovers what may attach us to such a country.

The South of Germany is highly cultivated; yet in the most delightful districts of this country there is always something of seriousness, which calls the imagination rather to thoughts of labor than of pleasure, rather to the virtues of the inhabitants than to the charms of nature.

The ruins of castles which are seen on the heights of the mountains, houses built of mud, narrow windows, the snows which during winter cover the plains as far as the eye can reach, make a painful impression on the mind. An indescribable silence, in nature and in the people, at first oppresses the heart. It seems as if time moved more slowly there than elsewhere, as if vegetation made not a more rapid progress in the earth than ideas in the heads of men, and as if the regular furrows of the laborer were there traced upon a dull soil.

Nevertheless, when we have overcome these first unreflecting sensations, the country and its inhabitants offer to the observation something at once interesting and poetical; we feel that gentle souls and tender imaginations have embellished these fields. The high roads are planted with fruit-trees for the refreshment of the traveler. The landscapes which surround the Rhine are everywhere magnificent; this river may be called the tutelary genius of Germany; his waves are pure, rapid and majestic, like the life of a hero of antiquity. The Danube is divided into many branches; the streams of the Elbe and Spree are disturbed too easily by the tempest; the Rhine alone is unchangeable. The countries through which it flows appear at once of a character so grave and so diversified, so fruitful and so solitary, that one would be tempted to believe that they owe their cultivation to the genius of the river, and that man is as nothing to them. Its tide, as it flows along, relates the high deeds of the days of old, and the shade of Arminius seems still to wander on its precipitous banks.

The monuments of Gothic antiquity only are remarkable in Germany; these monu-

ments recall the ages of chivalry; in almost every town a public museum preserves the relics of those days. One would say that the inhabitants of the North, conquerors of the world, when they quitted Germany, left behind memorials of themselves under different forms, and that the whole land resembles the residence of some great people long since left vacant by its possessors. In most of the arsenals of German towns, we meet with figures of knights in painted wood, clad in their armor; the helmet, the buckler, the cuisses, the spurs,—all is according to ancient custom; and we walk among these standing dead, whose uplifted arms seem ready to strike their adversaries, who also hold their lances in rest. This motionless image of actions, formerly so lively, causes a painful impression. It is thus that, long after earthquakes, the bodies of men have been discovered still fixed in the same attitudes, in the action of the same thoughts that occupied them at the instant when they were swallowed up.

Modern architecture in Germany offers nothing to our contemplation worthy of being recorded; but the towns are in general well built, and are embellished by the proprietors with a sort of good-natured care. In many towns, the houses are painted on the outside with various colors; one sees upon them the figures of saints, and ornaments of every description, which, though assuredly not the most correct in taste, yet cause a cheerful variety, and seem to indicate a benevolent desire to please both their fellow countrymen and strangers. The dazzling splendor of a palace gratifies the self-love of its possessors; but the well-designed and carefully-finished decorations, which set off these little dwellings, have something in them kind and hospitable.

The gardens are almost as beautiful in some parts of Germany as in England: the luxury of gardens always implies a love of the country. In England, simple mansions are often built in the middle of the most magnificent parks; the proprietor neglects his dwelling to attend to the ornaments of nature. This magnificence and simplicity united do not, it is true, exist in the same degree in Germany; yet, in spite of the want of wealth and the pride of feudal dignity, there is everywhere to be remarked a certain love of the beautiful, which, sooner or later, must be followed by taste and elegance, of which it is the only real source. Often, in the midst of the superb gardens of the German princes, are placed Æolian harps close by grottoes encircled with flowers, that the wind may waft the sound and the perfume together. The imagination of the northern people thus endeavors to create for itself a sort of Italy; and, during the brilliant days of a short-lived summer, it sometimes attains the deception it seeks.

Only a few general features are applicable to the whole German nation; for the diversities of this country are such, that it is difficult to bring together under one point of view religions, governments, climates, and even peoples so different. Southern Germany is, in very many respects, quite distinct from Northern; the commercial cities are altogether unlike those which are the seats of universities; the small States differ sensibly from the two great monarchies of Prussia and Austria. Germany was formerly an aristocratic confederation, an empire without one common center of intelligence and of public spirit; it did not form a compact nation, and the bond of union was wanting to its separate members. This division of Germany, fatal to her political force, was nevertheless very favorable to all the efforts of genius and imagination. In matters of literary and metaphysical opinion, there was a sort of gentle and peaceful anarchy, which allowed to every man the complete development of his own individual manner of perception.

As there is no capital city in which all the good company of Germany finds itself united, the spirit of society exerts but little power; and the empire of taste and the arms of ridicule are equally without influence. Most writers and reasoners sit down to work in solitude, or surrounded only by a little circle over which they reign. They abandon themselves, each separately, to all the impulses of an unrestrained imagination; and if any traces are to be found throughout Germany of the ascendancy of fashion, it is in the desire evinced by every man to show himself in all respects different from the rest. In France, on the contrary, every man aspires to deserve what Montesquieu said of Voltaire: *Il a plus que personne l'esprit que tout le monde a.* [He has more than anyone the wit that everyone has.] The German writers would yet more willingly imitate foreigners than their own countrymen.

In literature, as in politics, the Germans

have too much respect for foreigners, and not enough of national prejudices. In individuals it is a virtue, this denial of self, and this esteem of others; but the patriotism of nations ought to be selfish. The pride of the English serves powerfully their political existence; the good opinion which the French entertain of themselves has always contributed greatly to their ascendance over Europe; the noble pride of the Spaniards formerly rendered them sovereigns of one entire portion of the world. The Germans are Saxons, Prussians, Bavarians, Austrians; but the Germanic character, on which the strength of all should be founded, is like the land itself, parceled out among so many different masters.

I shall separately examine Northern and Southern Germany; but will for the present confine myself to those reflections which equally suit the whole nation. The Germans are, generally speaking, both sincere and faithful; they seldom forfeit their word, and deceit is foreign to them. If this fault should ever introduce itself into Germany, it could only be through the ambition of imitating foreigners, of evincing an equal dexterity, and, above all, of not being duped by them; but good sense and goodness of heart would soon bring the Germans back to perceive that their strength consists in their own nature, and that the habit of rectitude renders us incapable, even where we are willing, of employing artifice. In order to reap the fruits of immorality, it is necessary to be entirely light-armed, and not to carry about you a conscience and scruples which arrest you midway, and make you feel, so much the more poignantly, the regret of having left the old road, as it is impossible for you to advance boldly in the new.

It is, I believe, easy to show that, without morality, all is danger and darkness. Nevertheless, there has often been observed among the Latin nations a singularly dexterous policy in the art of emancipating themselves from every duty; but, it may be said, to the glory of the German nation, that she is almost incapable of that practised suppleness which makes all truths bend to all interests, and sacrifices every engagement to every calculation. Her defects, as well as her good qualities, subject her to the honorable necessity of justice.

The power of labor and reflection is also one of the distinctive traits of the people of Germany. They are naturally a literary and philosophical people; yet the separation into classes, which is more distinct in Germany than anywhere else, because society does not soften its gradations, is in some respects injurious to the understanding properly so called. The nobles have too few ideas, the men of letters too little practise in business. Understanding is a combination of the knowledge of men and things; and society, in which men act without object, and yet with interest, is precisely that which best develops the most opposite faculties. It is imagination more than understanding that characterizes the Germans. Jean Paul Richter, one of their most distinguished writers, has said that the empire of the seas belonged to the English, that of the land to the French, and that of the air to the Germans; in fact, we discover in Germany the necessity of a center and bounds to this eminent faculty of thought, which rises and loses itself in vacuum, which penetrates and vanishes in obscurity, which perishes by its impartiality, confounds itself by the force of analysis, and stands in need of certain faults to circumscribe its virtues.

In leaving France, it is difficult to grow accustomed to the slowness and inertness of the German people; they never hasten to any object; they find obstacles to all; you hear 'it is impossible' repeated a hundred times in Germany for once in France. When action is necessary, the Germans know not how to struggle with difficulties, and their respect for power is more owing to the resemblance between power and destiny than to any interested motive. The lower classes are sufficiently coarse in their forms of proceeding, above all, when any shock is intended to their favorite habits; they would naturally feel much more than the nobles that holy antipathy for foreign manners and languages, which in all countries seems to strengthen the national bond of union. The offer of money does not alter their plan of conduct; fear does not turn them aside from it; they are, in short, very capable of that fixedness in all things, which is an excellent pledge for morality; for he who is continually actuated by fear, and still more by hope, passes easily from one opinion to another, whenever his interest requires it.

As we rise a little above the lower class, we easily perceive that internal vivacity, that poetry of the soul, which characterizes

the Germans. The inhabitants of town and country, the soldiers and laborers, are all acquainted with music. It has happened to me to enter small cottages, blackened by the smoke of tobacco, and immediately to hear not only the mistress but the master of the house improvising on the harpsichord, as the Italians improvise in verse. Almost everywhere, on market-days, they have players on wind-instruments placed in the balcony of the town-house, which overlooks the public square; the peasants of the neighborhood are thus made partakers in the soft enjoyment of that first of arts. The scholars walk through the streets, on Sunday, singing psalms in chorus. They say that Luther often took a part in these choruses in early life. I was at Eisenach, a little town in Saxony, one winter day, when it was so cold that the very streets were blocked up with snow. I saw a long procession of young people in black cloaks, walking through the town, and celebrating the praises of God. They were the only persons out of doors, for the severity of the frost had driven all the rest of the world to their firesides; and these voices, almost equally harmonious with those of the South, heard amid all this rigor of the season, excited so much the livelier emotion. The inhabitants of the town dared not, in the intense cold, to open their windows; but we could perceive behind the glasses countenances, sad or serene, young or old, all receiving with joy the religious consolations which this sweet melody inspired.

The poor Bohemians, as they wander, followed by their wives and children, carry on their backs a bad harp, made of common wood, from which they draw harmonious music. They play upon it while they rest at the foot of a tree on the high road or near the post-houses, trying to awaken the attention of travelers to the ambulatory concert of their little wandering family. In Austria the flocks are kept by shepherds, who play charming airs on instruments at once simple and sonorous. These airs agree perfectly well with the soft and pensive impression produced by the aspect of the country.

Instrumental music is as generally cultivated throughout Germany as vocal music in Italy. Nature has done more in this respect, as in so many others, for Italy, than for Germany; for instrumental music labor is necessary, while a southern sky is enough to create a beautiful voice: nevertheless, the men of the working classes would never be able to afford to music the time which is necessary for learning it, if they were not endowed with an organization peculiarly adapted to the acquirement. Those people, who are musicians by nature, receive through the medium of harmony, sensations and ideas which their confined situations and vulgar occupations could never procure for them from any other source.

The female peasants and servants, who have not money enough to spend in dress, ornament their heads and arms with a few flowers, that imagination may at least have some part in their attire; those who are a little more rich, wear on holidays a cap of gold stuff, in sufficiently bad taste, which affords a strange contrast to the simplicity of the rest of their costume; but this cap, which their mothers also wore before them, recalls ancient manners; and the dress of ceremony, with which the lower classes of women pay respect to the Sunday, has something solemn in it which interests one in their favor.

We must also like the Germans for the good will manifested in their respectful deference and formal politeness, which foreigners have so often turned into ridicule. They might easily have substituted a cold and indifferent deportment for that grace and elegance which they are accused of being unable to reach; disdain always silences ridicule, for it is principally upon useless efforts that ridicule attaches itself; but benevolent characters choose rather to expose themselves to pleasantry than to preserve themselves from it by that haughty and restrained air, which it is so easy for any person to assume.

In Germany, we are continually struck by the contrast which exists between sentiments and habits, talents and tastes: civilization and nature seem to be not yet sufficiently amalgamated together. Sometimes the most ingenuous of men are very affected in their expressions and countenance, as if they had something to conceal; sometimes, on the other hand, gentleness of soul does not prevent rudeness in manners; frequently even this contradiction goes still further, and weakness of character shows itself through the veil of harshness in language and demeanor. Enthusiasm for the arts and poetry is joined to habits even low and vulgar in social life. There is no country where men of letters and young men studying at the universities are better

acquainted with the ancient languages and with antiquity; yet there is none in which superannuated customs more generally exist even at the present day. The recollections of Greece, the taste for the fine arts, seem to have reached them through the medium of correspondence; but feudal institutions and the ancient customs of the German nation are always held in honor among them, even though, unhappily for the military power of the country, they no longer possess the same strength.

There is no assemblage more whimsical than that displayed in the military aspect of Germany: soldiers at every step, and all leading a sort of domestic life. They are as much afraid of fatigue and of the inclemency of the air, as if the whole nation were composed of merchants and men of letters; and yet all their institutions tend, and must necessarily tend, to inspire the people with military habits. When the inhabitants of the North brave the inconveniences of their climate, they harden themselves in a wonderful manner against all sorts of evil; the Russian soldier is a proof of this. But where the climate is only half rigorous, where it is still possible to guard against the severity of the heavens by domestic precautions, these very precautions render them more alive to the physical sufferings of war.

Stoves, beer, and the smoke of tobacco surround all the common people of Germany with a thick and hot atmosphere, from which they are never inclined to escape. This atmosphere is injurious to activity, which is of no less importance in war than courage itself; resolutions are slow, discouragement is easy, because an existence, void of pleasure in general, inspires no great confidence in the gifts of fortune. The habit of a peaceable and regular mode of life is so bad a preparation for the multiplied chances of hazard, that even death, coming in a regular way, appears preferable to a life of adventure.

The demarcation of classes, much more positive in Germany than it used to be in France, naturally produced the annihilation of military spirit among the lower orders; this demarcation has in fact nothing offensive in it; for I repeat, a sort of natural goodness mixes itself with everything in Germany, even with aristocratic pride; and the differences of rank are reduced to some court privileges, to some assemblies which do not afford sufficient pleasure to deserve envy; nothing is bitter, under whatever aspect contemplated, when society, and ridicule, which is the offspring of society, is without influence. Men cannot really wound their very souls, except by falsehood or mockery; in a country of seriousness and truth, justice and happiness will always be met with. But the barrier which separated, in Germany, the nobles from the citizens, necessarily rendered the whole nation less warlike.

Imagination, which is the ruling quality of the world of arts and letters in Germany, inspires the fear of danger, if this natural emotion is not combated by the ascendancy of opinion and the exaltation of honor. In France, even in its ancient state, the taste for war was universal; and the common people willingly risked life, as a means of agitating it and diminishing the sense of its weight. It is a question of importance to know whether the domestic affections, the habit of reflection, the very gentleness of soul, do not conduce to the fear of death; but if the whole strength of a state consists in its military spirit, it is of consequence to examine what are the causes that have weakened this spirit in the German nation.

Three leading motives usually incite men to fight,—the patriotic love of liberty, the enthusiasm of glory, and religious fanaticism. There can be no great patriotism in an empire divided for so many ages, where Germans fought against Germans, almost always instigated by some foreign impulse; the love of glory is scarcely awake where there is no center, no society. That species of impartiality, the very excess of justice, which characterizes the Germans, renders them much more susceptible of being inflamed with abstract sentiments than of the real interests of life; the general who loses a battle is more sure of indulgence than he who gains one is of applause; there is not enough difference between success and reverse, in the opinions of such a people, to excite any very lively ambition.

Religion, in Germany, exists at the very bottom of the heart; but it possesses there a character of meditation and independence, which breathes nothing of the energy necessary to exclusive sentiments. The same independence of opinions, individuals, and States, so prejudicial to the strength of the Germanic empire, is to be found also in their religion: a great number of different sects divide Germany between them; and

the Catholic religion itself, which, in its very nature, exercises a uniform and strict discipline, is nevertheless interpreted by every man after his own fashion. The political and social bond of the people, a general government, a general worship, the same laws, the same interests, a classical literature, a ruling opinion, nothing of all this exists among the Germans; each individual State is the more independent, each individual science the better cultivated; but the whole nation is so subdivided that one cannot tell to what part of the empire this very name of nation ought to be granted.

The love of liberty is not developed among the Germans; they have not learned, either by enjoyment or by privation, the value which may be attached to it. There are many examples of federative governments, which give to the public spirit as much force as even a united administration, but these are the associations of equal States and free citizens. The German confederacy was composed of strong and weak, citizen and serf, of rivals, and even of enemies; they were old existing elements, combined by circumstances and respected by men.

The nation is persevering and just; and its equity and loyalty secure it against injury from any institution, however vicious. Louis of Bavaria, when he took the command of the army, entrusted to Frederic the Fair, his rival and at that time his prisoner, the administration of his States; and he had not to repent of this confidence, which in those days caused no astonishment. With such virtues, they never found the ill consequences of the weakness, or even the complication of the laws; the probity of individuals supplied their defects.

The very independence which the Germans enjoyed in almost all respects rendered them indifferent to liberty; independence is a possession, liberty its security; and on this very account nobody in Germany was molested either in his rights or his enjoyments: they could not feel the want of such an order of things as might secure them in the possession of this happiness. The imperial tribunals promised a sure though slow redress of every act of arbitrary power; the moderation of the sovereigns and the wisdom of the governed seldom gave room for any appeals to their interference: people, therefore, could not imagine that they stood in need of constitutional fortifications, when they saw no aggressors.

One has reason to be astonished that the feudal code should have subsisted almost unaltered among a people so enlightened; but as, in the execution of these laws, so defective in themselves, there was never any injustice, the equality with which they were applied made amends for their inequality in principle. Old charters, the ancient privileges of every city—all that family history, which constitutes the charm and glory of little States, were singularly dear to the Germans; but they neglected that great national might, which it was so important to have founded among the colossal states of Europe.

The Germans, with some few exceptions, are hardly capable of succeeding in anything which requires address and dexterity; everything molests and embarrasses them, and they have as much need of method in action as of independence in ideas. The French, on the contrary, consider actions with all the freedom of art, and ideas with all the bondage of custom. The Germans, who cannot endure the yoke of rules in literature, require everything to be traced out before them in the line of their conduct. They know not how to treat with men; and the less occasion is given them in this respect to decide for themselves, the better they are satisfied.

Political institutions can alone form the character of a nation; the nature of the government of Germany was almost in opposition to the philosophical illumination of the Germans. From thence it follows, that they join the greatest boldness of thought to the most obedient character. The preeminence of the military States, and the distinctions of rank, have accustomed them to the most exact submission in the relations of social life. Obedience, with them, is regularity, not servility; they are as scrupulous in the execution of the orders they receive, as if every order became a duty.

The enlightened men of Germany dispute vehemently among themselves the dominion of speculations, and will suffer no shackles in this department; but they give up, without difficulty, all that is real in life to the powerful of the earth. 'This reality, which they so much despise, finds purchasers, however, who in the end avail themselves of their acquisition to carry trouble and

constraint into the empire of the imagination itself.' The understanding and the character of the Germans appear to have no communication together: the one cannot suffer any limits, the other is subject to every yoke; the one is very enterprising, the other very timid; in short, the illumination of the one seldom gives strength to the other, and this is easily explained. The extension of knowledge in modern times only serves to weaken the character, when it is not strengthened by the habit of business and the exercise of the will. To see all and comprehend all is a great cause of uncertainty; and the energy of action develops itself only in those free and powerful countries where patriotic sentiments are to the soul like blood to the veins, and grow cold only with the extinction of life itself.

GERMAN WOMEN

Nature and society give to women a habit of endurance; and I think it can hardly be denied that, in our days, they are generally worthier of moral esteem than the men. At an epoch when selfishness is the prevailing evil, the men, to whom all positive interests are related, must necessarily have less generosity, less sensibility, than the women. These last are attached to life only by the ties of the heart; and even when they lose themselves, it is by sentiment that they are led away: their selfishness is extended to a double object, while that of man has himself only for its end. Homage is rendered to them according to the affections which they inspire; but those which they bestow are almost always sacrifices. The most beautiful of virtues, self-devotion, is their enjoyment and their destiny; no happiness can exist for them but by the reflection of another's glory and prosperity; in short, to live independently of self, whether by ideas or by sentiments, or, above all, by virtues, gives to the soul a habitual feeling of elevation.

In those countries where men are called upon by political institutions to the exercise of all the military and civil virtues which are inspired by patriotism, they recover the superiority which belongs to them; they reassume with dignity their rights, as masters of the world; but when they are condemned, in whatever measure, to idleness or to slavery, they fall so much the lower as they ought to rise more high. The destiny of women always remains the same; it is their soul alone which creates it; political circumstances have no influence upon it. When men are ignorant or unable to employ their lives worthily and nobly, Nature revenges herself upon them for the very gifts which they have received from her; the activity of the body contributes only to the sloth of the mind; the strength of soul degenerates into coarseness; the day is consumed in vulgar sports and exercises, horses, the chase, or entertainments which might be suitable enough in the way of relaxation, but brutalize as occupations. Women, the while, cultivate their understanding; and sentiment and reflection preserve in their souls the image of all that is noble and beautiful.

The German women have a charm exclusively their own—a touching voice, fair hair, a dazzling complexion; they are modest, but less timid than Englishwomen; one sees that they have been less accustomed to meet with their superiors among men, and that they have besides less to apprehend from the severe censures of the public. They endeavor to please by their sensibility, to interest by their imagination; the language of poetry and the fine arts are familiar to them; they coquet with enthusiasm, as they do in France with wit and pleasantry. That perfect loyalty, which distinguishes the German character, renders love less dangerous for the happiness of women; and, perhaps, they admit the advances of this sentiment with the more confidence, because it is invested with romantic colors, and disdain and infidelity are less to be dreaded there than elsewhere.

Love is a religion in Germany, but a poetical religion, which tolerates too easily all that sensibility can excuse. It cannot be denied, that the facility of divorce in the Protestant States is prejudicial to the sacredness of marriage. They change husbands with as little difficulty as if they were arranging the incidents of a drama; the good-nature common both to men and women is the reason that so little bitterness of spirit ever accompanies these easy ruptures; and, as the Germans are endowed with more imagination than real passion, the most extravagant events take place with singular tranquillity; nevertheless, it is thus that manners and character lose everything like consistency; the spirit of paradox shakes the most sacred institu-

tions, and there are no fixed rules upon any subject.

One may fairly laugh at the ridiculous airs of some German women, who are continually exalting themselves even to a pitch of affectation, and who sacrifice to their pretty softnesses of expression, all that is marked and striking in mind and character; they are not open, even though they are not false; they only see and judge of nothing correctly, and real events pass like a phantasmagoria before their eyes. Even when they take it into their heads to be light and capricious, they still retain a tincture of that sentimentality which is held in so high honor in their country. A German woman said one day, with a melancholy expression, 'I know not wherefore, but those who are absent pass away from my soul.' A French woman would have rendered this idea with more gaiety, but it would have been fundamentally the same.

Notwithstanding these affectations, which form only the exception, there are among the women of Germany numbers whose sentiments are true and manners simple. Their careful education and the purity of soul which is natural to them render the dominion which they exercise gentle and abiding; they inspire you from day to day with a stronger interest for all that is great and generous, with more of confidence in all noble hopes, and they know how to repel that desolating irony which breathes a death-chill over all the enjoyments of the heart. Nevertheless, we seldom find among them that quickness of apprehension, which animates conversation, and sets every idea in motion; this sort of pleasure is scarcely to be met with anywhere out of the most lively and the most witty societies of Paris. The chosen company of a French metropolis can alone confer this rare delight; elsewhere, we generally find only eloquence in public, or tranquil pleasure in familiar life. Conversation, as a talent, exists in France alone; in all other countries it answers the purposes of politeness, of argument, or of friendly intercourse. In France, it is an art to which the imagination and the soul are no doubt very necessary, but which possesses, besides these, certain secrets, whereby the absence of both may be supplied.

CHÂTEAUBRIAND (1768–1848)

François René Auguste de Châteaubriand is often regarded by literary critics as the father of the romantic revival in France, for while the political influence of Rousseau reverberated through the commotions preceding and resulting from the French Revolution, in French fiction and poetry the effects were less immediate and less impressive than in English and German literature. Châteaubriand re-acted strongly against the political doctrines of Rousseau, but adopted his method of sentimental self-revelation in *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe* (Memoirs from Beyond the Grave), published after his death. In his glorification of 'the state of nature' in *Atala, René,* and *Les Natchez,* Châteaubriand combined sentimental egotism with a romantic study of the American Indian, in which he professed to make use of his own experiences during a visit to America at the time of the French Revolution, though he relied mainly upon the stories of previous travelers and his own imagination. 'Châteaubriand's Indians,' says Emma K. Armstrong, who has made a careful investigation of the novels and their sources, 'are blood relations of Richardson's heroines. No other beings ever possessed so much sensibility, such delicate nerves. Enough tears are shed in his romances to irrigate the desert lands of Arizona and to make the barren plains of New Mexico blossom like the rose. Young men and maidens, old men and lusty warriors all dissolve in tears. Once they flowed in such torrents that they could be heard. His Indian maidens blush and turn pale and faint exactly as if their names were Clarissa and Pamela instead of Atala and Céluta. Adario, the stern chief of the Natchez, pressed his daughter and niece to his heart; Céluta sang the song of welcome for René, and "all the family wept for regret, love, and virtue;" Outougamiz, having adopted René as his foster brother, made a speech and "tears fell from his eyelids;" when René and Outougamiz returned from the country of the Illinois, there was a "general effusion of hearts."'

Châteaubriand also used the new romantic method in defense of Catholicism in *Le Génie du Christianisme* (The Genius of Christianity) and *The Martyrs,* in both of which primitive Christianity is treated with the same freedom of fancy as the American Indian in his romantic tales. Châteaubriand could never keep his own moody egotism out of his work, and when melancholy went out of fashion, his romances underwent a decline in popular esteem, though he is still read on account of the magnificence of his style. During his lifetime, he was regarded, at least in France, as the leading literary figure of his time. This impression was encouraged by his vigorous, if rather showy personality, and a variegated political career. A Breton by birth and descent, he was destined for the Church, but imbibed the scepticism of the day, and did not revert to Catholicism until the death of his mother in 1798. In the meantime he had espoused the Royalist cause, and after his youthful visit to America, he spent eight years in England as an emigré, earning a scanty living as a teacher and translator. Returning to France, he made an immediate literary reputation with *Atala* and *The Genius of Christianity,* and entered the diplomatic service under Napoleon, resigning on the occasion of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien in 1804. He returned to his ambassadorial career with the Bourbons, but retired again on the accession of Louis Philippe in 1830. His last years were devoted to his friendship with Madame Récamier and the composition of his *Memoirs,* from which an extract is given below as translated by Alexander Texeira de Mattos, by the courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York and London.

A VISIT TO NIAGARA

I took my departure for the country of the savages in a packet boat, which was to convey me from New York to Albany by Hudson's river. The passengers were numerous and agreeable, consisting of several women and some American officers. A fresh breeze conducted us gently toward our destination. Toward the evening of the first day, we assembled upon deck, to partake of a collation of fruit and milk.

The women seated themselves upon the benches, and the men were stationed at their feet. The conversation was not long kept up. I have always remarked that when nature exhibits a sublime or beautiful prospect, the spectators involuntarily become silent. Suddenly one of the company exclaimed: 'Near that place Major André was executed.' My ideas instantly took another turn. A very pretty American lady was entreated to sing the ballad which describes the story of that unfortunate young man. She yielded to our solicitation; her voice evidently betrayed her timidity, but it was exceedingly replete with sweet and tender sensibility. The sun now set, and we were in the midst of lofty mountains. Here and there huts were seen, suspended over the abysses, but they soon disappeared among the clouds of mingled white and rosy hue, which horizontally flitted past these dwellings. When the summits of the rocks and firs were discovered above these clouds, one might have fancied them to be islands floating in the air. The majestic river, the tides of which run North and South, lay outstretched before us in a straight line, enclosed between two exactly parallel banks. Suddenly it took a turn to the West, winding its golden waves around a mountain which overlooked the river with all its plants, and had the appearance of a large bouquet, tied at its base with azure ribbon. We preserved a profound silence; for my own part, I hardly ventured to breathe. Nothing interrupted the plaintive song of the fair passenger, except the sound (of which we were hardly sensible) made by the vessel, as it glided before a light breeze through the water. Sometimes the voice acquired an additional swell when we steered near the bank, and in two or three places it was repeated by a slight echo. The ancients would have imagined that the soul of André, attracted by this impressive melody, felt a pleasure in murmuring its last notes among the mountains. The idea of this brave and unfortunate man, who was a lover and a poet, who died for his country in the flower of his age, regretted by his fellow citizens and honored by the tears of Washington, spread over this romantic scene a softer tint. The American officers and I had tears in our eyes—I from the effect of the delicious state of mind into which I was plunged—they no doubt from the recollection of their country's past troubles, which doubled the calmness of the present moment. They could not, without a sort of ecstacy, contemplate a district, lately covered with battalions in glittering arms and resounding with the noise of war, now buried in profound tranquillity, lighted by the last fires of day, decorated with all the pomp of nature, animated by the soft whistle of Virginian nightingales and the cooing of wild pigeons; while the simple inhabitants were seated on the point of rock, at some distance from their cottages, and quietly observed our vessel as it passed along the river beneath them.

As to the perils of the journey, they were undoubtedly great, and those who make nice calculations on this subject will probably not be disposed to travel among savage nations. People alarm themselves, however, too much in this respect. When I was exposed to any danger in America, it was always local and caused by my own imprudence, not by the inhabitants. For instance, when I was at the cataract of Niagara, the Indian ladder being broken which had formerly been there, I wished, in spite of my guide's representations, to descend to the bottom of the fall by means of a rock, the craggy points of which projected. It was about two hundred feet high, and I made the attempt. In spite of the roaring cataract and frightful abyss which gaped beneath me, my head did not swim, and I descended about forty feet, but here the rock became smooth and vertical; nor were there any longer roots or fissures for my feet to rest upon. I remained hanging all my length by my hands, neither being able to reascend nor proceed, feeling my fingers open by degrees from the weight of my body, and considering death inevitable. There are few men, who have, in the course of their lives, passed two such minutes as I experienced over the yawning horrors of Niagara. My hands at length opened and I fell. By most extraordinary good fortune I alighted on the naked rock. It was hard enough to have dashed me in pieces, and yet I did not feel much injured. I was within half an inch of the abyss, yet had not rolled into it; but when the cold water began to penetrate to my skin, I perceived that I had not escaped so easily as I at first imagined. I felt insupportable pain in my left arm; I had broken it above the elbow. My guide, who observed me from above, and to whom I made signs, ran to look for some savages,

who with much trouble drew me up by birch cords and carried me to their habitations.

This was not the only risk I ran at Niagara. On arriving at the cataract, I alighted and fastened my horse's bridle around my arm. As I leaned forward to look down, a rattlesnake moved in the neighboring bushes. The horse took fright, reared on his hind legs and approached the edge of the precipice. I could not disengage my arm from the bridle, and the animal, with increasing alarm, drew me after him. His feet were already on the point of slipping over the brink of the gulf, and he was kept from destruction by nothing but the reins. My doom seemed to be fixed, when the animal, astonished at the new danger which he all at once perceived, made a final effort, and sprang ten feet from the edge of the precipice.

A NIGHT AMONG THE SAVAGES

It is a feeling, natural on the part of the unfortunate, to aim at the illusions of happiness by the recollection of past pleasures. When I feel weary of existence, when I feel my heart torn by the effects of a commerce with mankind, I involuntarily turn aside, and cast a look of regret. Enchanting meditations! Secret and ineffable charms of a soul which enjoys itself, it was amidst the immense deserts of America that I completely tasted you! Everyone boasts of loving liberty, and hardly anyone has a just idea of it. When I traveled among the Indian tribes of Canada—when I quitted the habitations of Europeans, and found myself, for the first time, alone, amidst boundless forests, having all nature, as it were, prostrate at my feet, a strange revolution took place in my sensations. I was seized with a sort of delirium, and followed no track, but went from tree to tree, and indifferently to the right or left, saying to myself: 'Here there is no multiplicity of roads, no towns, no confined houses, no Presidents, Republics and Kings, no laws and no human beings.' Human beings! Yes—some worthy savages who care nothing about me, nor I about them; who, like myself, wander wherever inclination leads them, eat when they wish it and sleep where they please. To ascertain whether I was really in possession of my original rights, I put in practise a thousand acts of human will, as fancy suggested them. These proceedings highly enraged the great Dutchman who accompanied me as a guide and who in his soul believed me to be a madman.

Released from the tyrannical yoke of society, I comprehended the charms of that natural independence, far surpassing all the pleasures of which civilized man can have an idea. I comprehended why a savage was unwilling to become a European, why several Europeans had become savages, and why the sublime discussion on the inequality of conditions was so little understood by most of our philosophers. It is incredible to what a state of littleness nations and their highly boasted institutions were reduced in my eyes. It appeared to me that I was looking at the kingdoms of the earth with an inverted telescope, or rather that I myself was enlarged, exalted, and contemplating, with the eyes of a giant, the remains of my degenerate fellow creatures.

You, who wish to write of mankind, transport yourselves into the deserts. Become for an instant children of nature—then and not till then take the pen.

Among the innumerable enjoyments, which I experienced during these travels, one in particular made a lively impression upon my heart.

I was going to see the celebrated cataract of Niagara and had taken my road through the Indian nations which inhabit the wilds west of the American plantations. My guides were the sun, a pocket compass, and the Dutchman whom I have mentioned. This man perfectly understood five dialects of the Huron language. Our equipage consisted of two horses, to the necks of which we fastened a bell at night and then allowed them to go at large in the forest. At first I was rather afraid of losing them, but my guide removed this apprehension by pointing out the admirable instinct which causes these sagacious animals never to wander out of sight of our fire.

One evening, when we conceived that we had proceeded so far as to be only about eight or nine leagues from the cataract, we were just about to alight from our horses that we might prepare our hovel and light our fire according to the Indian custom. At this moment we perceived a blaze in the woods and soon afterwards espied some savages seated on the bank of the same stream which flowed past us. We

approached them, and the Dutchman having, by my order, asked permission to pass the night with them, it was granted on the spot. Accordingly, we all began our labors together. After having cut branches from the trees, fixed stakes in the ground, stripped off bark to cover our palace, and performed some other general services, each of us turned his attention to his own affairs. I fetched my saddle, which faithfully served as my pillow during the whole journey. The guide attended to our horses and with regard to his preparations for the night, he was not so delicate as myself, and generally availed himself of some old trunk of a tree for his bed. Our work being finished, we seated ourselves in a circle, with our legs crossed like tailors. In the center of us was an immense fire, at which we prepared our maize for supper. I had a bottle of brandy too, which not a little increased the gay spirits of the savages. They produced in return some legs of bear, and we made a royal repast.

The party was composed of two women with infants at the breast, and three warriors. Two of the latter might be about forty-two to forty-five years of age, though they appeared to be much older; the third was a young man.

The conversation soon became general, that is to say by some broken expressions on my part, and by many gestures, an expressive kind of language, which the Indian tribes comprehend with astonishing readiness, and which I learned among them. The young man alone preserved an obstinate silence, keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed on me. In spite of the black, red, and blue streaks, with which he was disfigured, and the further mutilation of having no ears, it was easy to perceive the noble and sensible expression which animated his countenance. How favorably did I think of him for not liking me! He appeared to be mentally reading the history of all the calamities, with which Europeans had overburdened his country.

The two little children, which were entirely naked, had fallen asleep at our feet, before the fire. The women took them gently in their arms, and laid them upon skins, with that maternal care which it was delicious to observe among these pretended savages. The conversation at length died away by degrees, and each person sank to rest in the place which he had hitherto occupied.

I was, however, an exception, being unable to close my eyes. Hearing the deep breathing of my companions on all sides, I raised my head, and resting on my elbow, contemplated, by the red light of the expiring fire, the sleeping Indians stretched around me. I acknowledge that I found it difficult to refrain from tears. Good young man! How affecting did thy repose appear to me! Thou, who didst seem so feelingly alive to the misfortunes of thy country, wert of too lofty and superior a disposition to suspect a stranger of evil intentions. Europeans, what a lesson is this for us! These savages, whom we have pursued with fire and sword, whom our avarice has not even left in possession of a shovelful of earth to cover their dead bodies on all this vast continent heretofore their patrimony—these very savages received their enemy in their hospitable huts, shared with him their miserable repast, and their couch to which remorse was a stranger, enjoying, close to him, the sleep of the virtuous. Such virtues are as much above our conventional ones, as the souls of these uncultivated people are superior to those of man in a state of society.

The moon was bright. Heated by my ideas I rose and took a seat at some distance, upon the root of a tree which crept along the side of the rivulet. It was one of those American nights, which the pencil of man never will be able to portray, and which I have remembered a hundred times with delight.

The moon had reached the highest point of the Heavens, and a thousand stars glittered in the great clear expanse. At one time the queen of the night reposed upon a group of clouds, which resembled the summit of lofty mountains crowned with snow. By slow degrees these clouds stretched themselves out, assuming the appearance of waving transparent zones of white satin, or transforming themselves into light frothy flakes, of which countless numbers wandered through the blue plains of the firmament. At another time the aerial vault appeared as if transformed into the sea shore, where horizontal beds and parallel ridges might be discovered, apparently formed by the regular flux and reflux of the tide. A gust of wind then dispersed the clouds, and they formed themselves into large masses of dazzling whiteness, so soft to the eye that one almost seemed to feel their delicate elas-

ticity. The landscape around me was not less enchanting. The cerulean velvety light of the moon silently spread over the forest and at intervals descended among the trees, irradiating in some degree even the deepest thickets. The brook, which flowed at my feet, hiding itself now and then under the umbrageous oaks, sallows and sugar-trees, and reappearing a little further off, all brilliant from the constellations of the night, resembled an azure ribbon studded with diamonds, and transversely marked with black lines. On the other side of the stream, in a large natural meadow, the clear light of the moon shone without motion on the turf, extending like a curtain over it. At one moment the birch-trees, which were scattered here and there through the savanna, were, by the caprice of the breeze, confounded with the soil on which they grew, and enveloped in a sort of grey gauze; at another they ceased to retain this chalky appearance, and buried themselves in obscurity, forming, as it were, islands of floating shade upon a motionless sea of light. Silence and repose prevailed throughout the scene, except when a few leaves fell here and there, or a sudden gust of wind swept past, accompanied occasionally by the dismal note of the owl. At a distance and at intervals too I heard the solemn sound of the cataract at Niagara, which, in the calmness of night, was lengthened out from one desert to another, and expired among the solitary forests.

The astonishing grandeur of this picture and the melancholy which it inspired are not to be expressed by human language. The most beautiful nights in Europe can convey no idea of it. In vain does the imagination try to roam at large amidst our cultivated plains, for everywhere the habitations of mankind oppose its wish; but in this deserted region the soul delights to bury and lose itself amidst boundless forests—it loves to wander, by the light of the stars, on the borders of immense lakes, to hover on the roaring gulf of terrific cataracts, to fall with the mighty mass of waters, to mix and confound itself, as it were, with the wild sublimities of Nature.

These enjoyments are too exquisite. Such is our weakness that excess of pleasure becomes painful, as if Nature were afraid of our forgetting that we are men. Absorbed in my existence, or rather wandering entirely from myself, having no distinct sentiment or idea, but an ineffable indescribable sensation, resembling the mental happiness which we are told that we shall feel in another world, I was suddenly recalled to the one which I inhabit. I felt ill, and was convinced that I must indulge my reverie no further. I now returned to our *Ajouppa,* and lying down near the savages, soon sank into profound sleep.

On awaking in the morning, I found my companions ready for departure. My guide had saddled our horses; the warriors were armed, and the women busy in collecting their baggage, which consisted of skins, maize, and smoked bear. I arose, and taking from my portmanteau some powder and ball, and a box made of red wood, distributed these among my associates of the night, who appeared to be pleased with my generosity. We then separated, not without signs of mutual regard and regret, each touching his forehead and breast, according to the custom of these children of nature, which appeared to me very superior to the ceremonies practised by us. Even to the young Indian, who cordially took the hand which I offered, we all parted with hearts full of each other. Our friends pursued their way to the North, being directed by the mosses, and we to the West under the guidance of my compass. The warriors departed first, the women followed, carrying the baggage and infants on their backs, suspended in furs. The little creatures looked back at us and smiled. My eyes for a long time followed this affecting and maternal spectacle, till at length the group entirely disappeared among the thickets.

Benevolent savages, who so hospitably entertained me, and whom I doubtless shall never again behold, let me be here permitted to pay the tribute of my gratitude. May you long enjoy your precious independence in those delightful solitudes, where my wishes for your happiness will ever follow you. What corner, my friends, of your immense deserts, do you at present inhabit? Are you still together, and always happy? Do you sometimes talk about the stranger of the forest? Do you picture to yourselves the kind of country which he inhabits? Do you utter wishes for his happiness, while you recline upon the banks of your solitary rivers? Generous family! His lot is much changed

since the night he passed with you; but it is at least a consolation to him, while persecuted by his countrymen beyond the seas, that his name is, in some unknown wilderness at the other extremity of the world, still pronounced with tender recollection by the poor Indians.

A LOVE ADVENTURE IN FLORIDA

From Memoirs, *Vol. I.*

The savages of Florida tell of an island in the middle of a lake where live the most beautiful women in the world. The Muskhogulges have repeatedly attempted its conquest; but this Eden flees before the canoes, a natural image of the chimeras which retreat before our desires. The country also contained a fountain of youth: who would wish to rise from the dead?

But little was wanting to make these fables assume a semblance of reality in my eyes. At a moment when we least expected it, we saw a flotilla of canoes come out of a bay, some with oars, others with sails. They landed at our island. They were two families of Creeks, of which one consisted of Seminoles, the other of Muskhogulges, including some Cherokees and Burnt-woods. I was struck with the grace of these savages, who in no respect resemble those of Canada.

The Seminoles and Muskhogulges are fairly tall, and, by an unusual contrast, their mothers, wives, and daughters are the smallest race of women known in America. The Indian women who landed near us, born of mixed Cherokee and Castilian blood, were tall in stature. Two of them were like the creoles of San Domingo and Mauritius, but yellow and delicate as the women of the Ganges. These two Floridan women, cousins on the father's side, served as my models, one for Atala, the other for Céluta: they excelled the portraits I drew of them only by that variable and fugitive truth of nature, that physiognomy of race and climate which I was not able to express. There was something indefinable in that oval visage, in that shaded complexion, which one seemed to see through a light, orange-tinted smoke, in that hair so black and soft, those eyes so long, half-hidden beneath the veil of two satiny eyelids that opened indolently; in short, in the two-fold seduction of the Indian and the Spanish woman.

The meeting with our hosts occasioned a certain alteration in our movements: our trading agents began to inquire about horses; it was decided that we should go to fix ourselves in the neighborhood of the studs. The plain in which our camp stood was covered with bulls, cows, horses, bisons, buffaloes, cranes, turkeys, pelicans: these birds mottled the green background of our savanna with white, black, and pink stains.

Our traders and hunters were stirred by many passions: not passions of race, education or prejudice, but natural passions full and absolute, making straight for their object, having for witnesses a tree fallen in the depths of an unknown forest, a nameless stream. The relations between the Spaniards and the Creek women formed the ground-work of the adventures; the 'Burnt-woods' played the principal part in those romances. One story was famous: that of a trader in strong waters seduced and ruined by a 'painted woman' or courtesan. This story, put into Seminole verse with the title of *Tabamica,* was sung in passing through the woods. Carried off in their turn by the colonists, the Indian women soon died forsaken at Pensacola: their misfortunes went to swell the *Romanceros* and to be numbered among the ballads of Ximenes.

The earth is a charming mother; we issue from her womb: in childhood, she holds us to her breasts swollen with milk and honey; in youth and old age, she lavishes upon us her refreshing waters, her harvests and her fruits; she offers us, wherever we may go, a shade, a bath, a table and a bed; she opens her entrails again to receive us after death, and throws a coverlet of herbs and flowers over our remains, while she secretly transforms us into her own substance, to reproduce us under some graceful shape. That is what I said to myself on waking, when my first look fell upon the sky, the canopy of my bed.

The hunters had set out for the work of the day; I remained behind with the women and children. I never left the side of my two sylvan goddesses: one was proud, the other sad. I did not understand a word of what they said to me, and they did not understand me; but I went to fetch water for their cup, shoots for their fire,

mosses for their bed. They wore the petticoat and the wide, slashed sleeves of the Spanish women, the body and cloak of the Indian women. Their bare legs were cross-gartered with a lacework of birch. They plaited their hair with posies or filaments of rushes; they mailed themselves in chains and necklaces of glass beads. From their ears hung purple berries; they had a fine talking paroquet: the bird of Armida; they fastened it on their shoulder like an emerald, or carried it hooded on their hand, as the great ladies of the tenth century carried their hawks. To harden their breasts and arms, they rubbed themselves with the apoya, or American gallingale. In Bengal the nautch-girls chew the betel-nut, and in the Levant the almes suck the mastic of Chio: the Floridan maidens pounded, between their teeth of a bluey whiteness, tears of liquid-amber and roots of *libanus,* which blended the fragrance of angelica, cedrat, and vanilla. They lived in an atmosphere of perfumes emanating from themselves, like orange-trees and flowers living in the pure exhalations from their leaves and chalices. I amused myself by placing a little ornament upon their heads: they submitted, gently dismayed; witches themselves, they thought I was working a charm upon them. One of them, the 'proud' one, often prayed; she seemed to me half a Christian. The other sang in a voice of velvet, uttering at the end of each phrase a note that troubled one. Sometimes they spoke hastily to each other: I thought I could recognize the accents of jealousy, but the 'sad' one wept, and silence was restored.

Weak as I was, I sought examples of weakness, in order to encourage myself. Had not Camoëns in the Indies loved a black Barbary slave, and might not I in America do homage to two young jonquil sultanas? Had Camoëns not addressed *endechas,* or stanzas, to his *Barbaru escrava?*

A fishing-party was arranged. The sun was nearing its setting. In the foreground appeared sassafras, tulip-trees, catalpas, and oaks, from whose boughs hung skeins of white moss. Behind this foreground rose the most charming of trees, the papaw, which might have been taken for a chased silver style, surmounted by a Corinthian urn. In the background reigned balsam-trees, magnolias, and liquid-ambers.

The sun dropped behind that curtain: a ray piercing through the crown of a thicket sparkled like a carbuncle set in the somber foliage; the light diverging between the trunks and branches projected heightening columns and mobile arabesques upon the sward. Below were lilacs, azaleas, annulated creepers with gigantic sheaves; above, the clouds, some fixed, like promontories or old towers, others fleeting, like rosy vapors or carded silk. By means of successive transformations, one saw the mouths of furnaces opening up in those clouds, heaps of embers piling themselves up, streams of lava flowing: all was dazzling, radiant, gilded, opulent, saturated with light.

After the Morean insurrection in 1770, some Greek families took refuge in Florida; they could still believe themselves in that Ionian climate which seems to have relented, together with men's passions: at Smyrna, in the evening, nature sleeps like a courtesan wearied with love.

On our right were ruins belonging to the great fortifications that were found on the Ohio, on our left an old savage camp. The island on which we were, pictured in the water and reproduced by a mirage, poised its double perspective before us. In the east, the moon rested upon distant hills; in the west, the vault of the sky was melted into a sea of diamonds and sapphires, in which the sun, half-immersed, appeared to be dissolving. The animals of creation were keeping watch; the earth, in adoration, seemed to offer incense to the sky, and the amber exhaled from its bosom fell back upon it in the form of dew, as prayers fall back upon those who pray.

Abandoned by my companions, I lay resting by the edge of a clump of trees: its darkness, glazed with light, formed the penumbra in which I sat. Fire-flies gleamed among the crape-covered shrubs and became obscured when they passed through the irradiations of the moon. I heard the sounds made by the rise and fall of the lake, the leap of the gold-fish, and the rare cry of the diver. My eyes were fixed upon the water; I gradually lapsed into a state of drowsiness known to men who travel the world's highways: I lost all clearness of recollection; I felt myself living and vegetating with nature in a kind of pantheism. I leaned back against the trunk of a magnolia-tree and fell asleep; my slumbers floated upon a vague surface of hope.

When I emerged from this Lethe, I found myself between two women: the odalisks had returned; they did not wish to arouse me; they had sat down silently by my side; whether they had feigned sleep or had really slumbered, their heads had fallen on my shoulders.

A breeze blew through the grove and deluged us in a shower of rose-leaves from the magnolia. Then the younger of the Seminoles began to sing: let whosoever is not sure of his life beware of ever thus exposing himself! No one knows the strength of the passion that glides with melody into a man's breast. A rude and jealous voice replied: a 'Burnt-wood' was calling the two cousins; they started and rose: the dawn was beginning to break.

In the absence of Aspasia alone, I have since repeated this scene on the shores of Greece: ascending to the columns of the Parthenon with the dawn, I saw the Cithæron, Mount Hymettus, the Acropolis of Corinth, the tombs, the ruins, bathed in a dew of golden, transparent, shimmering light, reflected by the seas and wafted like a perfume by the zephyrs from Salamis and Delos.

We finished on the bank our voyage without words. At noon, we broke up the camp to inspect the horses which the Creeks wished to sell and the traders to buy. Women and children, all were summoned as witnesses, according to the custom in solemn bargains. Stallions of every age and color, foals and mares, with bulls, cows and heifers, began to scamper and gallop around us. Amid this confusion, I became separated from the Creeks. A thick group of men and horses gathered on the skirt of a wood. Suddenly, in the distance, I perceived my two fair Floridans; vigorous hands seated them upon the crupers of two barbs ridden bare-backed by a 'Burnt-wood' and a Seminole. O Cid, why had not I thy swift Babieça that I might overtake them! The mares galloped off, the immense squadron followed them. The horses rushed, jumped, bounded, neighed, amid the horns of the bulls and buffaloes, their hoofs clashed in mid-air, their tails and manes flew blood-stained. A whirlwind of voracious insects swarmed about this wild cavalry. My Floridans disappeared from sight like Ceres' daughter, snatched by the god of the nether world.

Thus does everything prove abortive in my life, thus is nought left me save pictures of what has passed so quickly: I shall descend to the Elysian Fields with more shades than mortal man has ever taken with him. The fault lies with my organization: I am never able to take advantage of any piece of good fortune; I can never take an interest in anything whatever that interests others. Putting religion aside, I have no beliefs. Shepherd or king, what should I have done with my scepter or my crook? I should have wearied equally of glory or genius, work or leisure, prosperity or misfortune. Everything tires me: laboriously I tow my weariness after my days, and, wherever I go, I yawn away my life.

BÉRANGER (1780–1857)

Jean-Pierre Béranger has come to be regarded as 'the idle singer of an empty day,' for both his matter and his manner have gone out of fashion; but in the earlier half of the nineteenth century, he was immensely popular and was profusely translated by Thackeray and others. His simple pathos passes easily into English, and his obvious sentimentality is not without an element of natural charm.

MY OLD COAT

Translated by J. Price

Still to my back, old trusty coat, be true!
  Dear to my heart, for both are growing old;
Ten years have flown since, fresh in cut and hue,
  I brushed thee first, and still the brush I hold.
What though thy threadbare texture suffers wrong
  From the rude insults of the time and weather,
Be thou like me,—we'll calmly go along—
  Mine ancient friend, we still will stick together.

Now busy Memory brings again the time
  When in thy glossy brightness first I wore thee;
It was my birthday morn,—in joyous rhyme
  My merry comrades sung their praises o'er thee.
Their hearts are still as warm, their hands as true
  (Though thou art rusty now and out of feather)
As on that festal morn, when thou wert new,—
  Mine ancient friend, oh, let us stick together.

I smile whene'er thy patched-up skirt I view;
  A sweet remembrance to my soul it brings,—
Romping with Lise, I sipped her lips of dew,
  And feigned to fly; she fondly to thee clings,
And thou art torn; but Lise with ready wit
  The rent repairs, while I, like lamb to tether,
Two days beside the ingenious seamstress sit,—
  Mine ancient friend, for that we'll stick together.

Thou ne'er hast known of costly musk or amber
  Which fops exhale while, peacock-like, they strut;
Ne'er wert thou seen in noble's antechamber;
  For courtiers' jests thou hast not been a butt.
While France for ribbons fought,—a tyrant's dole—
  A modest flower, the pride of summer weather,
Bloomed at thy unpretending button-hole,—
  Mine ancient friend, so let us stick together.

Still let us life's weak vanities disdain,
  Those gaudy days which both of us enjoyed;
Days whose fair sunshine clouded was by rain,
  Whose rapturous zest by sorrow was alloyed.

Soon will the time arrive when we must part,
When I must silent sleep beneath the heather;
But while life's current flows within my heart,
Mine ancient friend, oh, we will stick together!

THE KING OF YVETOT

Translated by W. M. Thackeray

There was a King of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days a-bed;
And every night as night came round,
By Jenny, with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass
That four lusty meals made he;
And step by step, upon an ass,
Rode abroad, his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why, an old cur.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

If e'er he went into excess,
'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless,
Odd's fish!—must whet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got
Our king did to himself allot
At least a pot.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

To all the ladies of the land
A courteous king, and kind, was he;
The reason why you'll understand,
They named him Pater Patriæ.
Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
Marched back again.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

Neither by force nor false pretense
He sought to make his country great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)
'Live and let live' his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die
That his people, who stood by,
Were known to cry.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

The portrait of this best of kings
Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him.
Singing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me.

GRANNY'S REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON

Translated by William Young

Ay, many a day the straw-thatched cot
Shall echo with his glory!
The humblest shed, these fifty years,
Shall know no other story.
There shall the idle villagers
To some old dame resort,
And beg her with those good old tales
To make their evenings short.
'What though they say he did us harm,
Our love this cannot dim;
Come, Granny, talk of him to us;
Come, Granny, talk of him.'

'Well, children,—with a train of kings
Once he passed by this spot;
'Twas long ago; I had but just
Begun to boil the pot.
On foot he climbed the hill, whereon
I watched him on his way:
He wore a small three-cornered hat;
His overcoat was gray.
I was half frightened till he spoke;
"My dear," says he, "how do?"'
'Granny, Granny, did he speak?
What, Granny, speak to you?'

'Next year as I, poor soul, by chance,
Through Paris strolled one day,
I saw him taking, with his court,
To Notre Dame his way.
The crowd were charmed with such a show;
Their hearts were filled with pride:
"What splendid weather for the fête!
Heaven favors him!" they cried.
Softly he smiled, for God had given
To his fond arms a boy.'
'Oh, how much joy you must have felt!
Oh, Granny, how much joy!'

'But at length our poor Champagne
By foes was overrun;
He seemed alone to hold his ground,
Nor dangers would he shun.

One night—as might be now—I heard
A knock,—the door unbarred,—
And saw, good God! 'twas he, himself,
With but a scanty guard.
"Oh, what a war is this!" he cried,
Taking this very chair.'
'What! Granny, Granny, there he sat?
What! Granny, he sat there?'

'"I'm hungry," said he: quick I served
Thin wine and hard brown bread;
He dried his clothes, and by the fire
In sleep drooped down his head.
Waking, he saw my tears,—"Cheer up,
Good dame!" says he, "I go
'Neath Paris' walls to strike for France
One last avenging blow."
He went; but on the cup he used
Such value did I set,—
It has been treasured.' 'What! till now?
You have it, Granny, yet?"

'Here 'tis: but 'twas the hero's fate
To ruin to be led;
He, whom a Pope had crowned, alas!
In a lone isle lies dead.
'Twas long denied: "No, no," said they,
"Soon shall he reappear;
O'er ocean comes he, and the foe
Shall find his master here."
Ah, what a bitter pang I felt
When forced to own 'twas true!'
'Poor Granny! Heaven for this will look,
Will kindly look on you.'

THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS

Translated by Robert Brough

Lo! the old Marquis proud,
Treating us like a vanquished crowd;
Perched on his spavined steed,
Of scanty flesh but faultless breed,
Towards his old chateau
In triumph see him go,
Brandishing in the air
A sword,—whose work stops there.
Hats off! let his lordship pass.
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

'Castellans! almoners!
Serfs! vassals! yeomen! foresters!
'Twas I,' he cries, 'alone,
Who for my king won back his throne.
But let him yield my dues,
Or—if he should refuse—

There'll be 'twixt him and me—
Well, never mind,—you'll see.'
Hats off! let his lordship pass.
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

'Though Slander's venomed tongue
Hints that we from a miller sprung,
We date from Pepin's son
(I don't know which of them,—but one).
My coat-of-arms to trust
(And that knows best,—it must),
In blood and quartering
We're nobler than the king.'
Hats off! let his lordship pass.
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

'Who can resist my might?
The footstool is my lady's right.
A bishop soon to grow,
My youngest son to court shall go;
My eldest, fresh from school,
The baron (though a fool),
Decked with a cross shall be;
With two,—nay, damme, three!'
Hats off! let his lordship pass.
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

'So, let us quiet seek.
Who dares to me of taxes speak?
Think you the lords of earth
Owe tribute for their right of birth?
Thanks to my titles sound,
My arsenals renowned,
The Prefect soon shall find
That I—well, never mind!'
Hats off! let his lordship pass.
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

'Priests, rescued from the raff,
Collect your tithes and give us half.
You earthworms vile prepare
Again the feudal brand to bear.
Ours is the right of chase;
The wenches of your race
Honored once more shall be
By *droit de seigneurie.*'
Hats off! let his lordship pass.
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

'Here, parson, do your task;
In incense-odors let me bask.
Varlets and pages small,
War to the serfs,—and thrash them all!
May all the rights I hold
From my forefathers bold
Pass in unblemished state
To my descendants great.'
Hats off! let his lordship pass.
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

THE BLIND MOTHER

Daughter, while you turn your wheel,
  Listen to the words I say:
Colin has contrived to steal
  Your unthinking heart away.
Of his fawning voice beware,
You are all the Blind One's care,
And I mark your sighs, whene'er
  Our young neighbor's name is heard.
Colin's tongue is false, though winning;
  Hist! the window is unbarred!
Ah! Lisette, you are not spinning!

The room is close and warm, you say,
  But, my daughter, do not peep
Through the casement,—night and day
  Colin there his watch doth keep.
Think not mine a grumbling tongue:
Ah! here at my breast you hung,
I, like you, was fair and young,
  And I know how apt is love
To lead the youthful heart to sinning,
  Hist!—the door,—I heard it move!
Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

It is a gust of wind, you say,
  That has made the hinges grate;
And my poor, old, growling Tray,
  Must you break for that his pate?
Ah, my child, put faith in me:
Age permits me to foresee
Colin soon will faithless be,
  And your love to an abyss
Of grief will be the sad beginning,—
  Bless me! sure I heard a kiss!
Ah! Lisette, you are not spinning!

'Twas your little bird, you say,
  Gave that tender kiss just now;
Make him cease his trifling, pray;
  He will rue it else, I vow!
Love, my girl, oft bringeth pain,
Shame and sorrow in its train,
While the false, successful swain
  Scorns the heart he hath beguiled
From true virtue's path to sinning,—
  Hist! I hear you move, my child!
Ah! Lisette, you are not spinning!

You wish to take the air, you say;
  Think you, daughter, I believe you?
Bid young Colin go his way,
  Or, at once, as bride receive you!
Let him go to church, and there
Show his purpose to be fair;
But, till then, beside my chair
  You must work, my girl, nor heed
All his vows, so fond and winning.
  Tangled in love's web, indeed!—
Lisette, my daughter, mind your spinning!

HEINE (1799–1856)

'Place and time,' says Heinrich Heine, 'are things of great moment. I was born at the end of the sceptical eighteenth century, and in a town where not only the French, but also the genius of the French, ruled during my childhood: Düsseldorf on the Rhine.' It is of no less moment that he was born of Jewish parents, and that the tongue of his childhood was German. His ambitious mother apprenticed him to a merchant at Frankfort that he might become another Rothschild, but this scheme failed on account of his lack of business ability. His mother's next plan was that he should become a great lawyer, and with this purpose in view he professed himself a Lutheran and took his doctor's degree at the University of Göttingen in 1825, but long before this he had given ample proof of his unique power as a writer of German lyrics. *The Grenadiers,* perhaps the best known of his songs, was written when he was sixteen, and the charming incidental poems which adorn his prose account of his student tour through the Harz Mountains in 1824; *Die Harzreise* was published in 1826, and his *Book of Songs* in 1827. Both became immediately popular and established his position as the successor of Goethe as a lyrist, but Heine could not settle down to enjoy his fame in Germany, partly because his advanced political opinions made him obnoxious to the authorities. After many wanderings he found a permanent home in Paris in 1831, married a French Catholic, became an active journalist and man of letters, and made a gallant fight against want and disease, his last years being overclouded by financial worries and intense physical suffering. A Jew by race, a German by citizenship and education, a Protestant for convenience, a Parisian by choice, more than any of these an ancient Athenian, like Aristophanes at once a supreme lyrist and a supreme satirist, adding to all these an irrepressible enthusiasm for liberty, Heine was not made for happiness in his own time or perhaps in any time. He kept his high spirit almost to the end of his heroic life, and his story is best told in his own works, which are largely autobiographical in character. The following readings are taken partly from his books and partly from the *Memoirs* put together after his death by Gustav Karpeles and translated by Gilbert Cannan; they are so arranged as to give at the same time some impression of Heine's genius and his own account of his life. The earlier lyrics are from the translation by John E. Wallis; the later ones from the *Memoirs.*

CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION

The town of Düsseldorf is very beautiful, and those who think of it when far away, and chance to have been born there, are filled with wondrous thoughts. I was born there, and I feel as though I must go home at once. And when I say 'Home,' I mean the Bolkerstrasse and the house where I was born. This house will some day be famous, and I have told the old woman who owns it, for goodness' sake not to sell it. She would at present hardly get as much for the whole house as the fees alone will amount to which some day green-veiled stately Englishwomen will give the waiting-maid, when she shows them the room where I first saw the light; the garret in which my father generally locked me when I had been stealing the grapes, and the brown door, too, on which my mother taught me to write my letters with chalk. Ay me, my mother will have had a deal of trouble to make a celebrated author of me, fair lady!

But at present my fame is still buried in the marble quarries of Carrara; the waste-paper crown of laurel, with which they will have crowned me, does not yet spread its scent over the whole world; and when the green-veiled proud Englishwomen come to Düsseldorf, they do not come to visit that celebrated house, but go straight to the market place to look at the enormous black equestrian statue in the center. This represents the Archduke Jan Wilhelm. He is clothed in black armor, and wears a bag-wig. As a boy I have

heard it said that the artist who cast this statue had suddenly noticed to his alarm, during the process, that he had not sufficient metal, and so the townsmen had to come to his aid with their silver spoons, in order that he might finish the casting; and I used to stand before it for hours, wondering how many silver spoons it contained, and how many apple tarts might have been bought with all this silver? I had then a perfect passion for apple tarts, —now my passion is for love, truth, freedom, and crab soup—and usually, not far from the Archduke's statue, might be seen a droll bow-legged fellow with a white apron and a basket filled with the most deliciously hot apple tarts, which he praised in an irresistible treble-voice, calling out: 'Fresh apple tarts, just out of the oven! How nice they smell!' In truth, when in later years the tempter tried to assail me, he spoke to me in the same insinuating treble-voice; and I should not have remained twelve hours in Signora Giulietta's company, had her voice not been pitched in the same sweet-scented apple tart key. And indeed apple tartlets would never have had such charms for me, had not crooked Herman covered them so mysteriously with his white apron—and it is these aprons which . . . but this is a digression, for was I not talking about the statue, containing so many silver spoons and no soup, which represents the Archduke Jan Wilhelm?

He seems to have been an estimable gentleman, a patron of the arts, and himself very talented. He founded the picture-gallery at Düsseldorf, and in the Observatory there they show a very artistic wooden goblet, which he had carved in his leisure hours, of which he had twenty-four every day of the year.

At that period rulers were not so beset with cares as now, their crowns being grown more firmly to their heads, and at night they even covered these with a night-cap, and slept peacefully. The nations slept quietly at their feet, and greeted them in the morning with a 'Good morning, father!' to which they gave answer, 'Good morning, my dear children!'

But suddenly all this was changed. One morning when we awoke at Düsseldorf, and were about to say 'Good morning, father,' lo! he had taken his departure. Everywhere there was heaviness of heart, a funereal air pervaded everything, the people crept silently to the market to read the long paper placard on the door of the town-hall. The weather was dull; nevertheless, spare tailor Kilian stood looking at the placard mumbling to himself with thin trembling lips, in his nankeen jacket which was only meant for home wear, and with his blue woollen stockings so carelessly put on that they showed his puny bare legs. An old pensioner from the Palatinate read it in a higher key, and at many of the words a bright tear trickled down his honest white beard. I stood by him and wept, and asked him why we wept. He answered, 'The Archduke desires to express his thanks'—and after a pause he continued, weeping still more bitterly—'for the long-tried fidelity of his subjects, and releases them of their allegiance.' To see an old soldier in an old uniform and with a scarred face suddenly burst into tears is indeed a strange sight. Whilst we were reading, the archducal arms were taken down from the town-hall. A dullness hung over everything, and people seemed as if they were expecting an eclipse. The Town-council went about at a slow pace, as though their day were over. Even the all-powerful watchman looked as though he had no further orders to give, and stood there with quiet *nonchalance,* although crazy Aloysius hopped about, crying out the French generals' names with absurd grimaces, whilst the crooked drunken Gumpertz was rolling in the gutter singing out 'ça ira, ça ira.'

I, however, went home weeping and mourning over the Archduke's proclamation. My mother was in despair; I knew what I knew, and would not be convinced to the contrary. I went to bed in tears and dreamt that the world was coming to an end;—beautiful gardens and green fields were taken up and rolled together like carpets; the watchman climbed up a high ladder and took the sun down from the sky; tailor Kilian kept on saying to himself, 'I must go home and dress in my best clothes, for I am dead and am to be buried today.' And it became darker and darker, a few stars shone dimly in the heavens, and even these fell down like yellow leaves in autumn; the people gradually disappeared, and I, poor child, wandered about in my fear and suddenly found myself before some willow-tufts, close to an untidy farm, where I saw a man digging up the ground, and beside him an ugly malicious-looking woman, who held something like

a decapitated head in her apron, and *that* was the moon which she placed carefully in the open grave. And behind me stood the old pensioner from the Palatinate sobbing and spelling out the words: 'The Archduke desires to express his thanks.'

When I awoke the sun was shining through my windows as usual. I heard the sound of drums in the street, and when I entered our sitting room and said good morning to my father, who was in his white dressing-gown, I heard that the nimble hairdresser, whilst doing his hair, had told him to a hair every particular of the coronation of Archduke Joachim which was to take place that day in the town-hall; how the new Archduke came of one of the best families, was married to the Emperor Napoleon's sister, was a perfect gentleman, wore his black hair in long locks, and how he would soon enter the town in state, and was certain to gain every woman's heart. Meanwhile, I heard the beating drums in the street. I went to the front door and saw the French entering the town,—this nation rejoicing in glory, marching through the world to the sound of the tabor and the lute, the serio-comic faces of the grenadiers, the bearskin caps, the tri-colored cockades, the glittering bayonets, the merry knights full of 'point d'honneur' and the great powerful drum-major dressed in silver lace, who could throw his gold-knobbed stick up to the first story of the house, and his eyes as high as the second story, where pretty girls were sitting at the windows. I was glad at the thought of having soldiers quartered upon us—much more so than my mother—and I rushed to the market place. There all was changed; the world looked as if freshly painted; a new coat of arms hung over the town-hall, the iron balcony was covered with embroidered velvet, French grenadiers were on guard, the old town-councillors had put on fresh faces as well as their Sunday suits, and looked at each other as though they were Frenchmen and said 'bon jour.' Ladies peered out of all the windows, inquisitive townsmen and gay soldiers filled the square, and I with other boys climbed up on to the great archducal horse, and looked at the motley crowd assembled in the market-place beneath us.

Neighbor Pitter's son and long-limbed Kunz nearly broke their necks on this occasion, though that would have been no misfortune; for the one afterwards ran away from his parents, enlisted, deserted, and was shot at Mayence, whilst the other went on voyages of discovery into other people's pockets, became by this means an active member of a public oakum-picking company, broke the iron fetters which bound him to this occupation and to his fatherland, safely crossed the Channel, and died in London of a too narrow cravat, which tied of itself, just as a state-servant pulled a board from underneath his feet.

Long-limbed Kunz told us we might have a holiday as it was coronation-day. We had a long time to wait for the ceremony to begin. At last the balcony of the town-hall filled with gay gentlemen, flags and trumpets, and the mayor of the town in his famous red coat made a long speech which seemed to get drawn out like India-rubber or like a knitted night-cap which has had a stone thrown into it—only not the philosopher's stone. I could plainly hear many parts of the speech, as for instance, that we were to be made happy;—and at the end of his speech the trumpets were blown, the flags waved, the drums beaten, and there were cries of 'Vivat'; and whilst I joined in myself, I held on to the old Archduke. This was quite necessary, for I had become perfectly giddy, and I thought the people were standing on their heads, because the world had turned round; the head of the Archduke with its long wig nodded and whispered: 'Hold on to me'—and it was not until I heard the sound of cannons from the ramparts that I gave in and slowly descended from the archducal horse.

On my way home, I again saw crazy Aloysius hopping about on one leg, and screaming out the names of the French generals, and the deformed drunken Gumpertz rolling in the gutter, roaring out 'Ça ira, ça ira,'—and I said to my mother: 'They intend to make us happy, and that is why we have holiday.'

The world appeared all right again next day, school went on as before, and we again prepared our lessons. Roman history, dates, nouns ending in 'im,' irregular verbs, Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, arithmetic—heavens! the thought of it all makes me giddy—everything had to be learnt by heart. Much of this was of use to me afterwards. For supposing I had not known the names of the Roman kings off by heart, it would have been all the same

to me later on, whether Niebuhr had proved or not that they never really existed. And had I not learned dates, how could I have hoped to find my way about that great Berlin where one house is as like another as two drops of water, or as two grenadier guards, and where it is impossible to find one's friends, unless one knows the numbers of their houses. At that period I thought of each of my friends in connection with some historical event, the date of which put me in mind of the number of his house, so that I could easily remember the latter when thinking of the former, and by this same means I was always reminded of some historical event whenever I caught sight of a friend. In this way, for example, when I saw my tailor I immediately thought of the battle of Marathon; when I met the well-dressed banker Christian Gumpel I at once thought of the destruction of Jerusalem; if I saw a Portuguese friend up to the ears in debt, I thought of the flight of Mahomed; if I saw the Proctor of the University, a man whose strict sense of justice is well known, I thought of the death of Haman; no sooner did I see Wadzeck that I thought of Cleopatra—ah, good heavens! the poor beast is now dead, her tears are dried, and one may exclaim with Hamlet: 'She was a hag take her for all in all, we shall oft look upon her like again!' As I said, dates are quite necessary. I know people who had nothing in their heads but a few dates, and who knew how to find the right houses in Berlin by the help of them, and who have now reached the position of respectable professors. While at school these numbers caused me endless anguish! But arithmetic proper was worse still. I understood subtraction best, and there we have a very useful rule: 'We can't take four from three, therefore we have to borrow one';—but I advise everybody in such cases to borrow a few pence more, for one can never know.

But as to Latin, fair lady, you have no idea how complicated that is! The Romans would certainly not have had time to conquer the world, if they had first had to learn Latin. These happy people knew while yet in their cradles which nouns take 'im' in the accusative. But I had to learn this by heart in the sweat of my brow; still it is well that I know it. For, if on the occasion of my public Latin speech on the rostrum at Göttingen on the 20th of July 1825,—fair lady, I was worth listening to—I had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, possibly the freshmen present might have noticed it, and this would have been an everlasting disgrace to me. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, canabis, sinapis*—these words have made much noise in the world, simply because they form a definite class and yet remain exceptions. For this reason I hold them in great honor. Besides, they are always at hand if I should ever suddenly want to make use of them, and this gives me much inward peace and comfort in many a dark hour of my life. But, fair lady, the irregular verbs—the difference between them and the regular verbs is that the former are the cause of more floggings—the irregular verbs are most terribly difficult. In the dark cloisters of the Franciscan Convent, not far from the schoolroom, there used to hang a great grey crucifix, a terrible picture which even now sometimes haunts my dreams and looks at me mournfully with fixed and bleeding eyes;—I often stood before this picture and prayed: 'O thou poor Divinity, equally tortured with myself, if it be possible, let me keep the irregular verbs in my head.'

Of Greek I will not even speak, or I shall grow too angry. The monks of the Middle Ages were not altogether mistaken when they declared Greek to be an invention of the devil. God knows the sufferings to which it subjected me. With Hebrew I fared better, for I always had a great predilection for the Jews, although they crucify my good name down to this hour. But I could not get on in Hebrew as well as my watch did, which was on intimate terms with money-lenders, and thus learned many a Jewish habit—for example, not to go on a Saturday, and to speak the sacred language which it afterwards studied grammatically, as I often heard to my astonishment in sleepless nights when it ticked to itself in these words: 'Katal, katalta, katalti-kittel, kittalta, kittalti,-pokat, pokadeti,-pikat, pik-pik . . .'

However, I understood German better, and that is not so very easy. For we poor Germans, who are already sufficiently burdened with having soldiers quartered upon us, with military duties, taxes, and a thousand other expenses, have saddled ourselves into the bargain with a nobility, and torment one another with dative and accusative cases. A great part of the German

language I learnt from old Rector Schallmeyer, a good clergyman who had been interested in me from my childhood. But I also learnt some of it from Professor Schramm, who had written a book on everlasting peace, and in whose class my schoolfellows used to quarrel more than in any other class.

Whilst writing on in this strain and thinking of many things, I have imperceptibly got on the subject of old school stories, and I will avail myself of this opportunity, fair lady, to show you that it was not my fault that I learnt so little geography as not to be afterwards able to find my way about the world. At that time the French had altered all the frontiers. Every day some country or other was newly illuminated; those formerly blue suddenly became green, many even became as red as blood, the populations given in our school-books got so mixed up that no one could make head or tail of them. The products of the countries too were changed; onions and beet-roots now grew where formerly there had been only hares and sportive young noblemen. Even the characters of the peoples changed; the Germans became agile, the French ceased paying compliments, the English left off throwing their money away right and left, and the Venetians were no longer sly enough. Among the princes there was much promotion; old kings received new uniforms, new kingdoms were baked and sold off like hot rolls, whilst many potentates were sent about their business and had to earn their bread in another manner; some therefore learned a trade when young, made sealing-wax or . . . Fair lady, at last my sentence must come to an end, as I am out of breath: the long and the short of it is, that at such times one cannot learn much geography.

In this respect natural history is better, for here there cannot be many changes, and we get distinct engravings of monkeys, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceros, etc. As these pictures were firmly impressed upon my memory, it afterwards often happened that many people at first sight seemed to me like old friends.

In mythology also things went well. My chief delight was in that crew of gods who ruled the world in their frank nudity. I do not think that any schoolboy in old Rome ever got his chief articles of faith, viz., the love episodes of Venus, better by heart than I did. Honestly speaking, as we had to learn all the gods off by heart we ought to have remembered them, and perhaps we are not much better off with our modern doctrine of the Romish Trinity or even of the Jewish Unity. Perhaps this mythology was really not so immoral as it has been called, and Homer showed a strong sense of propriety in giving that much-wooed Venus a husband.

But I fared best of all in the French class of the Abbé d'Aulnoi, a French *émigré,* who had written many grammars, wore a red wig, and jumped about merrily when he recited his *Art Poëtique* and his *Histoire Allemande.* He was the only person in the whole school who taught German history. However, French, too, has its difficulties, and in order to learn it we require to have soldiers quartered upon us and much drumming through the streets; there must be much *apprendre par cœur* and above all one must not be a *bête allemande.* I had to learn many a hard word. I remember well, as though it had only happened yesterday, that I experienced much discomfort owing to the word religion. Full six times I was asked: 'Henry, what is *faith* in French?' And six times, each time in a more melancholy voice than before, I replied: *Le crédit.* And the seventh time the enraged examiner cried out with a very red face: 'It is *la religion;*' —and I got a sound whipping to the amusement of all my comrades. Fair lady, since then I never hear the word *religion* without feeling my back pale with fright and my cheeks redden with shame. And honestly speaking, I have found *le crédit* more useful to me in life than *la religion:* —I have just remembered that I still owe the landlord of the Lion at Bologna five dollars. And I would promise to owe him another five dollars, if I only need never hear again in this life that miserable word *la religion.*

Parbleu, Madame! I have learned a great deal of French! Not only do I understand Patois, but even the polite French of nursemaids. Not long ago, at a fashionable party, I could understand nearly half the conversation of two German countesses, each of whom was over sixty-four years of age, and counted as many ancestors. What is more, at the Café Royal in Berlin I heard Monsieur Hans Michel Martens talk French, and could understand every word, though there was an utter want of

sense in all he said. One must know the genius of a language, and that can best be learned by means of drums. *Parbleu!* How much I owe that French drummer who was quartered upon us for such a long time, and who looked like a devil, while at heart he was of an angelic disposition and drummed most excellently.

His figure was small and lithe, and he had a heavy black moustache, and very protruding lips; and his fiery eyes rolled about restlessly.

As a small boy I stuck to him like a burr, and helped him to polish up his buttons and to pipe clay his waistcoat—for Monsieur Le Grand was somewhat vain—and I followed him on guard, to the roll-call and on parade, where there was nothing but merriment and glittering arms; *'Les jours de fête sont passés!'* Monsieur Le Grand only knew a little broken German, only the most essential words like—bread, kiss, honor—and yet on the drum he could easily make himself understood. For example, when I did not know the meaning of *liberté* he beat the Marseillaise, and I understood the meaning of *égalité;* he beat the march, *Ça ira, ça ira—les aristocrates à la lanterne*—and I understood him. When I did not understand *bétise,* he beat the *Dessauer March,* to which we Germans, according to Goethe, had marched in Champagne—and I understood him. Once he wanted to explain to me the word *l'Allemagne,* and he played that ancient and ridiculously simple melody which is often played on market days for dancing dogs, namely *Dum-Dum-Dum;* I was vexed, but I understood him.

In a similar manner he taught me modern history. To be sure I did not understand his spoken words, but as he always beat his drum during our conversation, I knew what he wanted to say. This is really the best method of teaching. One fully comprehends the story of the storming of the Bastille, of the Tuileries, etc., only when one knows what they beat on their drums on those occasions. In our school compendiums we read merely—'Their Excellencies the Barons and Lords and their worthy wives were beheaded; their highnesses the dukes and princes and their very worthy spouses were beheaded; his majesty the king and his most worthy consort were beheaded;'—but when one hears the bloody guillotine march, then one understands thoroughly all this and gets to know the Why and the Wherefore of it. Fair lady, it is a wonderful march! The first time I heard it, it seemed to pierce the marrow of my bones, and I was glad to forget it. One forgets such things when one is older: a young man has to keep so much other knowledge in his head nowadays—Whist, Boston, Genealogical tables, Parliamentary decrees, Dramaturgy, the Liturgy, Carving—and really, in spite of cudgeling my brain for a long while, I could not remember that stirring melody. But only think, fair lady, not long ago I was dining with a whole menagerie of dukes, princes, princesses, chamberlains, ladies in waiting, cupbearers, ladies of the bed-chamber, ladies of the plate, ladies of the chase, and by whatever other titles these distinguished servants may be called, and their subordinates ran behind their chairs, putting filled plates in front of them; but I, who had been passed by and forgotten, sat idle without even stroking my beard; I rolled bread-crumbs together, and drummed my fingers to while away the time, and to my despair, suddenly found myself drumming the bloody, long-forgotten guillotine march.

'And what happened?' Fair lady, these people never allow themselves to be disturbed at meals, and do not know that other people, when they have nothing to eat, suddenly begin to beat their drums, and to play very curious marches, supposed to have been long forgotten.

Whether the art of drumming is inborn with me, or whether I cultivated it at an early age, it matters not; but it seems to have taken possession of all my limbs, of hands and feet, and shows itself sometimes quite spontaneously. At Berlin I once attended the lectures of Geheimrath Schmalz, a man who saved the State by his book on the dangers of the Reds and the Black Coats. You will remember, fair lady, that according to Pausanias, a conspiracy equally dangerous was discovered through the braying of an ass; and you also know from Livy, or from Becher's *Universal History,* that the Capitol was saved by geese, and from Sallust that owing to a gossiping hussey, Lady Fulvia, the dreadful conspiracy of Catiline was discovered. But to return to our 'sheep.' I was following Geheimrath Schmalz's lectures on the rights of nations one weary summer afternoon, and sat on my form, hearing less and less, and nodding my head, when suddenly I was awakened by the sound of

my own feet which had remained awake, and which had probably heard that the exact opposite of the rights of nations was being propounded, and that constitutionalism was being condemned; and my feet with their poor little corns, which can see through human life better than the Geheimrath with his great Juno eyes,—these poor dumb feet, unable to give voice to their opinion, tried to make themselves understood by drumming on the floor. But they drummed so loudly that I almost came to grief.

D——d thoughtless feet! They once played me a similar trick at Göttingen, when I was Professor Saalfeld's guest, who jumped up from his lecturer's chair, violently though clumsily gesticulating, and worked himself into a passion the better to abuse the Emperor. No, poor feet, it is not to be wondered at that you drummed on the floor, and I should not have thought it strange if you had expressed yourselves still more forcibly in your dumb simplicity. How can I, a pupil of Le Grand, hear the Emperor abused? The Emperor, the Emperor, the great Emperor!

When I think of the great Emperor, it brings back a vision of golden summer. A long avenue of flowering lindens rises up before me; nightingales sit singing on the richly laden branches; the waterfall roars; the flowers on the round flowerbeds dreamily wave their graceful heads. We held wondrous communion together; painted tulips greeted me condescendingly with proud humility; delicate lilies nodded with sad tenderness; blood-red roses smiled at me from afar; night-stocks sighed. I had not as yet any acquaintance with myrtles and laurels, for they had no bright blossoms to attract me, but I was on specially intimate terms with mignonette, with which at present I have fallen out. I am talking of the palace-garden at Düsseldorf, where I often used to lie on the grass, listening attentively while Monsieur Le Grand was telling us of the Emperor's campaigns, at the same time beating the marches which were used at that period, so that I saw the army marching across the Simplon—the Emperor leading the way and the brave grenadiers climbing up behind, whilst the startled birds of prey screamed harshly, and the glaciers thundered in the distance. I saw the Emperor clasping the standard on the bridge of Lodi—I saw the Emperor in his gay cloak at Marengo—I saw the Emperor on horseback at the battle of the Pyramids—nothing but smoke and mamelukes—I saw the Emperor at the battle of Austerlitz—brr! how the balls whizzed over the slippery ice—I saw, I heard the battle of Jena—dum, dum, dum—I saw, I heard the battle of Eilau, of Wagram . . . ah, I could hardly bear it! Monsieur Le Grand beat his drum till the drum of my ear was nearly cracked.

But what were my feelings when my eyes were first blessed by the sight of him, of the Emperor himself. Hosannah!

It was in the avenue of the Palace gardens at Düsseldorf. As I pressed through the staring crowd, I thought of the deeds and battles which Monsieur Le Grand had described to me on his drum; my heart beat the great march—and yet, I thought at the same time of the police regulation which prohibited any one riding down the avenue under a penalty of five dollars. But the Emperor with his retinue rode down the avenue, and as he passed the shuddering trees bent before him; sunbeams quivered inquisitively and timidly through the green foliage, and up in the blue heavens could be seen a golden star. The Emperor wore his plain green uniform and his small historic hat. He rode a little white horse, which stepped with proud dignity, safely and daintily. Had I been the Crown Prince of Prussia at that time, I should have been jealous of the tiny steed. The Emperor sat his horse carelessly, almost bent double, holding the reins with one hand, and with the other patting his horse's neck good-naturedly. It was a gleaming, marble hand, a mighty hand, one of those hands which had tamed the hydra-headed monster anarchy, and which had settled the quarrels between nation and nation—and it patted the horse's neck good-humoredly. Even his face was of the same color as the ancient Greek and Roman busts; its features were nobly formed and on it was written: 'Thou shalt have none other Gods but me.' A smile, cheering and comforting to every heart, played about his lips—and yet one knew these lips need only whistle—*et la Prusse n'existait plus;*—only whistle—and down went the clergy;—only whistle—and the Holy Roman Empire was in commotion. There was a smile on his lips and in his eyes. His glance was clear as the sky; he could read men's hearts; with one

glance he embraced all earthly things, whilst other mortals could only see them one by one and even then not clearly. His brow was less clear; on it sat the ghosts of future battles, and sometimes it throbbed with the creative thoughts, those great seven-league-boot thoughts, with which his spirit stalked invisibly through the world. And I think each one of these thoughts would have furnished a German writer of that period sufficient material to write upon for the whole of his life.

The Emperor rode quietly down the avenue; no policeman stood there to prevent him from going that way; behind him rode his train of servants, proudly seated on snorting steeds covered with golden trappings. The drums beat, the trumpets sounded; next to me mad Aloysius turned summersaults, calling out the names of his generals; not far off the drunken Gumpertz bellowed, and crowds of people called out vociferously 'Long live the Emperor.'

HERR SCHLEGEL

A German poet was in old days a man who wore a threadbare ragged coat, supplied verses for a few dollars upon the occasion of a christening or a marriage, and enjoyed good liquor instead of good society, being turned from its doors; and indeed he often lay drunk in the gutter, tenderly kissed by Luna's compassionate beams. In old age such men sank even lower in their wretchedness, and it was indeed a state of misery without a care, or rather its only care was to know where most Schnapps could be had for the least money.

Such had always been my conception of a German poet. How pleasant was my surprise then in 1819, when I went to the University of Bonn as a very young man, and had the honor of meeting face to face the poet A. W. Schlegel, a man of genius. With the exception of Napoleon, he was the first great man I had seen, and I shall never forget that sublime moment. Even now I can feel the blessed tremor that passed through my soul when I stood before his desk and heard him speak.

I was wearing a white Petersham coat, a red cap, long fair hair and no gloves. But Herr A. W. Schlegel was wearing kid gloves, and was dressed in the latest Paris fashion; he wore the perfume of good society and *eau de millefleurs:* he was neatness and elegance in person and when he spoke of the Lord Chancellor of England, he added, 'my friend,' and near him stood his servant in the baronial livery of the House of Schlegel, and snuffed the wax candles which burned in silver candlesticks that stood next to a glass of sugar and water on the desk in front of the great man.

A liveried servant! Wax candles! Silver candlesticks! my friend, the Lord Chancellor of England! Kid gloves! Sugar and water! What unheard of things at the lectures of a German professor. This magnificence dazzled us young men not a little and myself especially, and I addressed three odes to Herr Schlegel.

GÖTTINGEN

The town of Göttingen, famous for its sausages and its University, belongs to the King of Hanover and contains 999 fireplaces, several churches, a lying-in hospital, an observatory, a library, a town-cellar where the beer is very good. . . .The town itself is very beautiful and is most pleasing when you turn your back on it. It must have been standing for a very long time, for I remember when I matriculated there five years ago, and very soon afterwards was rusticated, it had the same grey, aged, wise appearance and was fully equipped with rattles, bulldogs, dissertations, *thés dansant,* washerwomen, compendia, roast pigeons, Guelphish orders, coaches, pipe-bowls, councillors of the Senate, councillors of justice and councillors for expulsion, professors and other fools. Some will have it that the town was built at the time of the emigration of nations and that every German stock left behind there a sample of its offspring and that from these come the Vandals, Frisians, Swabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, etc., who pass through the Weender Strasse in Göttingen in hordes and are distinguished by the color of their caps and the tassels of their pipes, and are forever fighting with each other on the bloody battlefields of the *Rosenmühle,* the *Ritchsenkrug* and *Booden,* and in manners and customs still live in the times of the emigration of nations, and are ruled partly by the *duces,* who are called Cocks, partly by their aboriginal book of statutes, which

is called the Commentary and deserves a place in the *legibus barbarorum.*

You may read more concerning the town of Göttingen easily enough in the *Topography* of K. F. H. Marx. Although I cherish the most sacred of obligations to the author, who was my doctor and showed much affection for me, I cannot unreservedly recommend his work, and I must lodge this complaint that he has not contradicted flatly enough the false idea that the feet of the women of Göttingen are too large. Indeed, I have for a year and a day been busy with a serious contravention of this idea, and I have taken lectures in comparative anatomy on the subject; I have made extracts from most rare books in the library, and I have for hours together made a study of the feet of the ladies who passed along the Weender Strasse, and in the erudite dissertation which is to receive the results of these studies I shall write (1) of feet generally, (2) of feet among the ancients, (3) of the feet of elephants, (4) of the feet of the women of Göttingen, (5) I shall summarize what has already been said of these feet in Ullrich's gardens, (6) I shall consider these feet in relation to each other, and finally (7) if I can write so long a thesis I shall append copper-plates of the feet of the ladies of Göttingen.

A man has to live here like a solitary, for he can do nothing but cram. That was what induced me to go to the place. Often, as I loafed in the avenue of weeping willows of my paradise at Beul in the gloaming I saw hovering before me in apotheosis the shining genius of cram, in nightgown and trousers, holding out Macheldey's *Institutions* in one hand and with the other pointing away to the towers of Georgia Augusta. Then the clear waves of the Rhine murmured to me:

> Cram, thou German youngster, study,
> Chase thy tail, and chase alway;
> Else thou'lt rue it and be sorry
> For thy frittered, dawdling day.

A MEETING WITH GOETHE

'Weimar, October 1, 1824.

Your Excellency,—I ask you to grant me the happiness of being in your presence for a few minutes. I will not trouble you much. I will only kiss your hand and depart. My name is H. Heine; I am a Rhinelander, and am lately come into residence at Göttingen, and I lived for several years in Berlin, where I enjoyed the society of many of your old acquaintances and admirers (such as Wolf, Varnhagen, etc.), and learned every day to love you more. I, too, am a poet, and three years ago I took the liberty of sending you my *Poems,* and a year and a half ago my *Tragedies,* together with a *Lyrical Intermezzo* (*Ratcliff* and *Almansor*). I am ill, and thus weeks ago I journeyed to the Harz Mountains for my health; and as I stood on the Brocken I was seized by a desire to make a pilgrimage to Weimar to pay my respects to Goethe. In the proper sense of the word I have made my pilgrimage hither, that is, on foot and in ragged clothes; and now I await the granting of my prayer.' . . .

Indeed, I found in Goethe most perfectly that accord of personality and genius which one expects in extraordinary men. His outward appearance was as significant as the phrases that live in his writings; his face was harmonious, clear, joyous, nobly proportioned, and one might study Greek art in him as in an antique. His dignified body was never cramped by the crawling humility of Christianity: his features were never distorted by Christian paroxysms of grief; there was not in his eyes the fearfulness of the Christian sinner, nor did they look gleaming in devotion heavenwards; no, his eyes were as serene as those of a god. Goethe's eyes remained as godlike in old age as they were in youth. Time had covered his head with snow but it could not bow it. He bore it high and proudly, and when he held out his hand, it was as though he could prescribe for the stars in the heavens the way that they should follow. Round his lips there was to be remarked a line of egoism; but this line is peculiar to the gods eternal, to the father of the gods, great Jupiter, with whom I have already compared Goethe. Indeed, when I visited him at Weimar, and stood face to face with him, I looked involuntarily aside to see whether I could not find the eagle with the lightnings in his beak. I was very near addressing him in Greek; but then I observed that he understood German, so I told him in German that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar tasted very good. I had thought out on so many winter nights what sublime and profound things I should say to Goethe

if ever I were to see him. And when at length I did see him I told him that the plums of Saxony tasted very good. And Goethe smiled. He smiled with those lips with which he had kissed fair Leda, and Europa, and Danäe, and Semele, and so many other princesses or nymphs.

LONDON

What strange creatures men are. In our own country we growl, and every stupidity, every perverseness, makes us angry; and, like boys, we wish every day to run away from it into the wide, wide world, but when we do go into the wide, wide world it is too wide for us, and we long secretly for the narrow stupidities and perverseness of home, and want to be sitting once more in the old familiar room, and to build us a house behind the stove, and cower there in the warmth, and read the *Allgemeine Anzeiger der Deutschen.* So it was with me on my journey to England. Hardly had I lost sight of the German coast than there sprang to life in me a curious after-love for those Teutonic night-caps and periwigs which I had just left so ill-humoredly, and when the Fatherland was gone from my sight I found it again in my heart.

I have seen the most remarkable phenomenon that the world has to show to the amazed mind of man. I have seen it and am still amazed. In my memory their remains the stone forest of houses and in between the surging stream of vivid human faces, with all their gay passions, with all their horrible flurry of love and hunger and hate—I mean London.

Send a philosopher to London: but, on pain of your life, not a poet! Send a philosopher thither and set him at the corner of Cheapside, and he will learn more there than from all the books of the last Leipzig fair; and as the waves of human beings roar about him there will arise before him a sea of new thoughts, the eternal spirit which hovers over the place will waft him up and suddenly reveal to him the most hidden secrets of the social order, and he will hear with his ears and see with his eyes the beating pulse of the world—for, if London is the right hand of the world, the active, strong right hand, then that street which leads from the Exchange to Downing Street must be regarded as the pulse of the world.

But do not send a poet to London! The mere seriousness of everything, the colossal uniformity, the machine-like movement, the shrillness even of joy—this over-driven London oppresses fancy and rends the heart. And if you send a German poet thither, a dreamer who stands before everything that he sees, ragged beggar women or gleaming goldsmith's shop—oh! then, he will be in a bad way and he will be jostled on all sides and trampled under foot with a mild 'God damn!'

I had resolved not to be astonished at the magnificence of London, of which I had heard so much. But I was like the poor schoolboy who had made up his mind not to feel the thrashing that he was about to receive. He failed because he had expected the usual blows with the usual stick as usual upon his back, and instead of that he received an unusual number of strokes on an unusual place with a thin cane. I expected great palaces and saw nothing but little houses. But the very monotony of them, and the infinite number of them, make a powerful impression. . . .

It is eight years since I went to London to make the acquaintance of the language and the people! The devil take the people and their language! They take a dozen words of one syllable into their mouth, chew them, gnaw them, spit them out again and they call that talking. Fortunately, they are by nature rather silent, and although they look at us with gaping mouths yet they spare us long conversations.

I will confess that if I could stomach nothing in England, neither the people nor the cooking, the reason for it was really in myself. I brought a good stock of ill-temper with me from home, and I increased it among a people who can only kill their boredom in the whirlpool of political and mercantile activity. The perfection of machinery, which is used everywhere in England and has taken over so many human functions, is for me not a little disquieting: this clever driving of wheels, and rods, and cylinders, and a thousand different sorts of little loops and pegs and teeth which move almost with passion, filled me with horror. The certainty, the exactness, the great madness, and the punctiliousness of life in England made me not a little unhappy; for just as the machines in England appear like human beings, so

do the human beings appear like machines.

But there is nothing like the black mood that came over me once when I stood in the evening on Waterloo Bridge and looked down at the waters of the Thames. It was as though my soul were mirrored in them, as though it were looking up at me out of the water with all its wounds. Then the most miserable thoughts came into my head. I thought of the rose which has been anointed with vinegar, and has lost its sweetest scents and withered too soon. I thought of the lost butterfly which a naturalist who climbed Mont Blanc saw fluttering there all alone between walls of ice. I thought of the tame she-ape who was so accustomed to men, and played and ate with them; but one fine day she recognized in the dish that was laid before them her own young, and she snatched it away and rushed into the forest with it, and never again appeared among her human friends. Ah! I was so woe-begone, that the hot tears gushed from my eyes. They fell down into the Thames and were carried away into the great sea which has already swallowed up so many human tears without noticing them.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN PARIS

I had done and suffered much, and when the sun of the July Revolution rose in France I was very weary and stood in need of some relaxation. The air of my own country was every day more unwholesome for me, and I had seriously to think of a change of climate, and I had visions; the clouds oppressed me and cut all sorts of terrible capers before me. Often I thought the sun was a Prussian cockade; at night I dreamed of an ugly black vulture that ate my liver, and I was very melancholy. I also made the acquaintance of an old judge of Berlin who had passed many years in the fortress of Spandau, and he told me how unpleasant it is to have to wear irons in winter. It seemed to me very unchristian not to warm the irons a little. If our chains were warmed a little they would not make so unpleasant an impression, and even men of a chilly nature could then bear them well; care should also be taken to scent fetters with roses and laurel as they do here in this country. I asked my old judge if he had often been given oysters to eat in Spandau. He said, 'No,' and that Spandau was far from the sea. Meat, too, he said, was rare there, and there was no other winged creature than the flies that fell into the soup. At the same time I made the acquaintance of a French *commis voyageur*, who traveled in wine and could not praise enough the jolly life of Paris, saying how the sky is hung with fiddles, and how they sing from morning to night the Marseillaise and *En avant, marchons!* and *Lafayette aux cheveux blancs*, and how liberty, equality, and fraternity are written up at all the street corners; incidentally, he praises the champagne of his firm, of whose cards he gave me a great number, and he promised me letters of introduction to the best Parisian restaurants, in case I should ever visit the capital in search of pleasure. And now as some sort of recreation is necessary, and Spandau is too far from the sea to eat oysters there, and the fly-soup of Spandau did not attract me much, and also the Prussian chains are very cold in winter and would not be good for my health, I made up my mind to go to Paris and in the fatherland of champagne and the Marseillaise to drink the one and to hear the other, together with *En avant, marchons!* and *Lafayette aux cheveux blancs.*

On May 1, 1831, I crossed the Rhine. I did not see the old river god, Father Rhine; I contented myself with throwing my visiting card into the water. I only saw the cathedral of Strasbourg from a distance; he wagged his head like good Old Eckart when he sees a youngster going to the Venusberg.

At Saint Denis I awoke from a sweet morning sleep and heard for the first time the cry of the driver: 'Paris! Paris!'—and the handbells of the cocoa-sellers. Here already you breathe the air of the capital which is visible on the horizon. An old rascal of a tout tried to persuade me to visit the tombs of the kings, but I had not come to France to see the kings; I contented myself with letting the guide tell me the legends of the place, how, for instance, the wicked Pagan king had Saint Denis's head cut off, and the Saint ran from Paris to Saint Denis with his head in his hand to be buried there, and to have the place called after him. 'If you think,' said my guide, 'if you think of the distance you cannot but be amazed at the miracle that any one could go so far on

foot without a head'—and he added with a strange smile: *Dans des cas pareils il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.* It was worth two francs and I gave them to him *pour l'amour de Voltaire,* whose mocking smile I had already met in him. In twenty minutes I was in Paris, and entered through the triumphal arch of the Boulevard Saint Denis, which was originally erected in honor of Louis XIV, but now served to glorify my entry in Paris. I was really surprised by the crowd of gay people, dressed very tastefully like fashion-plates. I was impressed by them all speaking French, which is with us the mark of the polite world; but everybody is as polite here as the aristocracy in my country. The men were all so courteous, and the lovely ladies all so smiling. If anyone jostled me without at once begging my pardon, then I could wager that he was a fellow-countryman; and if ever a pretty woman looked sourly, then she had either been eating *Sauerkraut* or could read Klopstock in the original. I found everything so amusing, and the sky was so blue, and the air so sweet, so generous, and the beams of the July sun flickered hither and thither; the cheeks of the fair Lutetia were touched with the flaming kisses of that sun, and in her bosom her bridal nosegay was not yet withered. At the street corners *Liberté, égalité, fraternité* had in places been erased.

I sought at once the restaurants for which I had my letters of introduction; the proprietors assured me that they would have received me without letters of introduction, that I had such an honest and distinguished appearance as to be a recommendation in itself. Never did a German cookshop-keeper say the like to me, even if he thought it; such a fellow thinks he must say nothing pleasant, and that his German frankness compels him only to say to one's face disagreeable things. In the manners and speech of the French there is so much of that precious flattery that costs so little and yet is so kindly and refreshing. My poor sensitive soul, that often recoiled in shyness from German coarseness, opened out to the flattering sounds of French urbanity. God gave us our tongues so that we might say pleasant things to our fellowmen.

There was a hitch in my French when I arrived; but after half an hour's conversation with a little flower-seller in the Passage de l'Opéra, my French, which had grown rusty since the Battle of Waterloo, became fluent again and I stumbled about in the most gallant conjugations and explained to my little friend the Linnæan system, by which flowers are classified according to the filaments; she herself followed another method and divided the flowers into those which smelled sweet and those which smelled offensively. I believed that she applied the same method of classification to men. She was astonished that I was so learned, in spite of my youth, and she trumpeted the fame of my learning through all the Passage de l'Opéra. I drank in delightedly the sweet scents of flattery and was much amused. I walked on flowers, and many a roast pigeon flew into my open gaping maw. What amusing things I saw on my arrival! All the notabilities of public pleasure and official absurdity.

Paris delighted me much with the cheeriness which appears in everything, and influences even the most doleful disposition. Strange! Paris is the scene of the greatest tragedies of the history of the world, tragedies at the memory of which hearts in the most distant lands tremble, and eyes grow wet; but it is with the spectator of these great tragedies as it was once with me when I saw the *Tour de Nesle* at the Porte St. Martin. I was sitting behind a lady who was wearing a hat of rose-red gauze, and this hat was so wide that it cut off altogether my view of the stage, so that I could see the tragedy enacted through the red gauze of the hat, so that all the horrors of the *Tour de Nesle* appeared in the rosiest light. Yes, there is such a rosy light in Paris, which makes bright every tragedy for the spectator, so that it does not touch his enjoyment of life, and so the terrors which we bring to Paris lose their most bitter sting. Sorrows are strangely softened. In the air of Paris wounds are healed quicker than anywhere else; there is something so noble, so gentle, so sweet in the air, as in the people themselves.

The winter season began soon after my arrival in Paris and I entered into the life of the salons, in which society moves about more or less merrily. What struck me as most interesting in this society was not so much the equality of its fine manners as the differences between its component parts. Often, as I looked at the people in a great salon, gathered there peacefully, it was like

being in one of those curiosity shops where the relics of all ages lie about higgledy-piggledy. A Greek Apollo next a Chinese pagoda, a Mexican *Vizli-pizli* next a Gothic *Ecce homo,* Egyptian idols with dog's heads, sacred grotesques of wood, ivory, metal, etc. There I saw old musketeers, who had once danced with Marie Antoinette; Republicans of the indulgent *Observant,* who had been idolised in the National Assembly; Montagnards without pity or stain; former men of the Directorate who had been enthroned in the Luxembourg, high dignitaries of the Empire, before whom all Europe had trembled; ruling Jesuits of the Restoration; in short, all the decayed deposed gods of old times, in whom all faith is lost. Their names cry aloud when they are stoned, but the people stand near each other peacefully and amicably, like the antiquities in the shops of the Quai Voltaire. In Germanic countries where the passions are less amenable to discipline such a sociable living together of such heterogeneous people would be impossible, and in the cold north the need of talking is not so strong as in warmer France where the greatest enemies, if they meet in a *salon,* cannot long maintain gloomy silence. In France pleasure-seeking is carried to such a pitch that the French are for ever striving to please not only their friends but also their enemies. They are for ever dressing up and cutting capers, and the women have to look to it to surpass the men in coquetry; but they succeed.

I do not wish to convey any ill meaning in this observation, no ill meaning, I mean, as regards the French women and last of all as regards the Parisian women. I am their greatest admirer, and I admire them for their faults even more than for their virtues. I know nothing more apt than the legend that Parisian women came into the world with every possible fault, but that a good fairy has taken pity on them and cast a spell on every one of their faults so that they have the effect of new attractions. This good fairy is Charm.

'HERE LIES A GERMAN POET'

It was the foolish arrogance of the German poet which withheld me from becoming a Frenchman, even only *pro forma.* It was an idea, a whim, from which I could not free myself. I have ever been free in mind of what is usually called patriotism, but I could not away with a certain horror if I were to do anything which might appear in any degree to be a renunciation of the Fatherland. Even in the minds of the most enlightened there lurks always a remnant of the old superstition which cannot be expelled; one does not like to speak of it, but in the most secret crannies of his soul it lives on. My marriage with our dear Lady Germany, the blonde Bearskin, had never been happy. I remember lovely moonlight nights when she held me tenderly to her large bosom—but I cannot tell you of those sentimental nights, and toward morning there was ever a boredom and a coldness, and then began the endless scolding. In the end we lived apart in both bed and board. But it never came to an actual breach. I have never been able to conquer my heart, or to renounce a German cat or a German dog, however insupportable their fleas and loyalty might be to me. The smallest sucking-pig of my native country cannot complain of me in this respect. In the midst of the distinguished and witty swine of Perigord, who nosed up truffles and battened on them, I did not calumniate the modest grunters who at home in the forest of Teutoburg feed on the fruit of the oak of the fatherland out of the wooden trough, as once their pious forbears did at the time when Arminius fought Varus. I have not lost a bristle of my Germanity, not a single frill of my German cap, and I have still the vigor to fix on to it the black, red and gold cockade. No: I have not exposed myself to such disgrace. Naturalization may do for other people; a drunken lawyer, a visionary with a brow of iron and a nose of brass might, in order to snap up a schoolmaster's job, give up his Fatherland which knows nothing of him—but it is not fitting for a German poet, who has written the most beautiful of German songs. It would be a horrible, crazy idea for me if I had to say to myself, 'I am a German poet and at the same time a naturalized Frenchman.' I should seem to myself like one of those abortions with two heads, whom one sees in booths at fairs. It would hamper me terribly in my writing if I were to think that one head was beginning to scan the most unnatural Alexandrines in French turkey-cock pathos, while the other was pouring out its sentiments in its true native meter in the German lan-

guage. And oh! the verses, like the meter of the French, are insupportable to me, perfumed trifles. I can scarcely put up with their odorless poets. When I consider the so-called *Poésie lyrique* of the French, then I recognize the splendor of German poetry and then I can plume myself on having won my laurels in that realm. We will not give up a leaf of them, and the mason who has to adorn our last resting-place with an inscription will not have to expect any contradiction when he carves there the words: 'Here lies a German poet.'

HEINE'S LAST WISHES

I ask that my funeral should be as simple as possible, and that the expenses of my interment should not exceed the amount of those of the smallest citizen. Although I belong to the Lutheran confession by the act of baptism, I do not desire that the ministers of that church should be invited to my burial; and I object to any other sort of priest officiating at my funeral. This objection does not spring from any sort of free-thinking prejudice. For the last four years I have renounced all pride of philosophy and returned to religious ideas and feelings. I die in faith in one God, the eternal Creator of the World, whose pity I beseech for my immortal soul. I regret having sometimes spoken of sacred things without due reverence in my writings, but I was led astray more by the spirit of the time than by my own inclination. If I have unwittingly offended against good morals and the morality which is the true essence of all monotheistic doctrines of faith, I do ask pardon of God and man. I forbid any speech being made at my grave-side either in German or French. At the same time, I express a wish that my fellow-countrymen, however happily the destinies of our native country should shape themselves, should never carry my ashes to Germany. I have never cared to devote my personality to political mummery. It has been the great task of my life to work for a sincere understanding between Germany and France and to upset the plots of the enemies of democracy, who exploit international prejudices and animosities for their own uses. I believe that I have deserved well of my fellow-countrymen and of the French, and the claims which I have upon their gratitude are no doubt the most valuable legacy which I can bequeath to my universal legatee. . . .

I do not know if I deserve to have a wreath of laurel laid on my coffin. Though I love poetry much, it was never more than a sacred plaything, a means consecrated to a heavenly end. I have never held my fame as a poet of much account, and I care little whether my songs are praised or derided. But lay a sword upon my coffin, I pray you; for I have been a brave soldier in the wars of the liberty of mankind.

THE GRENADIERS

Two grenadiers restored to France,
From Russian bondage came,
And when they trod on the German sod,
They hung their heads in shame.

For there were the mournful tidings told,
That Fortune had France forsaken,
That the army was routed and overthrown,
And even the Emperor taken.

Full bitterly wept the grenadiers,
The sorrowful news to learn.
Said one: 'What bitter pangs I feel,
How my old wound does burn.'

The other said: 'The game is lost,
And fain would I die with thee,
But I have a wife and child at home,
Whose life depends on me.'

'I care not—I—for wife or child,
Far loftier hopes awaken;
Let wife and child go beg for bread,—
My Emperor—art thou taken?

'Promise me, brother, before I die,
To grant me my dying prayer,
To carry me back to my native France,
And bury my body there.

'The cross of honor on my heart,
With its riband of red must lie;
My trusty musket in my hand,
My good sword on my thigh.

'There will I watch like a sentinel,
And listen with patient heed,
Till the cannon's roar I hear once more,
And the tramp of the neighing steed.

'Then over my grave, amid clashing swords,
I shall hear my Emperor ride;
And ready I'll stand, with my arms in hand,
To fight by my Emperor's side.'

INTERMEZZO

I

'Twas in the lovely month of May
When blossoms deck the grove,
Oh, then it was that in my heart
I felt the birth of love!

'Twas in the lovely month of May,
Loud sang the feathered choir,
Oh, then it was I owned to her
My longing and desire!

IV

When I gaze into thine eyes,
All my pain and sorrow flies;
When thy rosy lips I kiss,
All is health and strength and bliss.

When I lean upon thy breast,
'Tis the rapture of the blessed;
When thou say'st thou lovest me,
I must needs weep bitterly.

X

The timid lotus trembles
When day is shining bright;
With downcast head, and drooping,
She dreamily waits for night.

The moon is her chosen lover,
And waked by her lover's rays,
To him does the flower uncover
Her modest and friendly face.

She blooms, and glows, and sparkles,
And silently gazes above;
She weeps, and sighs, and trembles,
With mingled pain and love.

XVIII

I'll not repine, no, though my heart-strings break,
My love for ever lost! I'll not repine.
Beam as thou wilt, yet 'mid thy diamonds' blaze,
No ray of gladness on thy heart shall shine.

I've known it long; I've seen it in my dreams;
I've mark'd the midnight darkness of thy heart;
I've seen the serpent that thy bosom gnaws;
I've seen how wretched and how lost thou art.

XIX

Yes, thou art wretched, but I'll not complain;—
My love, we'll both be wretched and forlorn!
Till death shall ease our suffering hearts from pain,
My love, we'll both be wretched and forlorn.

I see the scorn, that on each feature dwells,
I see the haughty flashes of thine eye,
I see the pride, with which thy bosom swells,—
Yet art thou wretched, wretched e'en as I.

For pangs unseen around those features swim,
With secret wounds that haughty breast is torn,
With secret tears those brilliant eyes are dim,—
My love, we both are wretched and forlorn.

XXX

Her eyes are two violets blue,
Her cheeks two roses red,
Her hands two lilies, so pure and white;
And these are all living, and bloom so bright,
Only her heart is dead.

XXXIII

A pine-tree stands in the North,
All lone on a naked height:
He sleeps; and the ice and snow
Clothe him in robes of white.

He dreams of a slender palm,
In India's burning zone,
That stands on a scorching cliff,
Mourning in silence lone.

XXXIX

A young man loves a maiden,
But she for another has sighed;
That other, he loves another,
And makes her at length his bride.

The maiden marries, in anger,
The first adventurous wight
That chance may fling before her;
The youth is in piteous plight.

The story is old as ages,
  Yet happens again and again;
The last to whom it happened,
  His heart is rent in twain.

XLIII

The stories of our childhood
  Invite with beckoning hand,
And sing to softest music
  About a magic land;

Where full-blown flowerets languish
  In evening's golden light,
And mingle lovelorn glances,
  In bridal beauty bright;

Where all the trees are vocal,
  And all in concert sing,
And tuned to blithest music,
  The limpid fountains spring;

And love-strains ring melodious,
  Sweet as no tongue can tell,
Till love's resistless longings
  Possess thee like a spell.

And, oh! could I be yonder,
  And lighten there my breast,
And free from every torture,
  Be happy and at rest!

Alas! that land enchanted,
  Full oft my dreams display;
But with the dawn of morning,
  Like mist it melts away.

LVI

All night I see thee in my dreams,
  And see thee smile in welcome sweet,
And loud outweeping, fling myself
  Before thee at thy feet.

Thou lookest down so mournfully,
  And sadly shak'st thy lily head;
And on me fall the pearly tears
  Thy lovely eyes have shed.

Thou breathest soft some secret words,
  And giv'st me a branch of cypress hoar;
I wake, and find the branch is gone,
  And remember the words no more.

THE RETURN

II

I cannot tell the reason
  Why I'm so sad today;
A tale of days departed
  I cannot drive away.

The air is cool and darkling,
  The Rhine flows calm and bright;
The mountain-tops are sparkling
  In evening's golden light.

On yonder rock is seated
  A maiden wondrous fair;
Her golden robes are gleaming,—
  She combs her golden hair.

With golden comb she combs it,
  And sings a magic song;
Its strain is wild and wondrous,
  So thrilling and so strong.

The boatman in his shallop
  It fills with wild delight;
The rocky reef he sees not,
  He gazes at the height.

I believe, that at last the billows
  Boatman and boat destroy;
And this with her wondrous singing
  Was wrought by Lorelei.

III

My heart, my heart is heavy,
  Though brightly smiles the May;
I lean against the lime-tree,
  High on the bastion gray.

Below, the deep blue river
  Flows languidly and still;
A boy in his boat is rowing,
  And fishing and whistling shrill.

Across, in motley mixture,
  There rise before the ken,
Meadows, and woods, and oxen,
  Villas, and parks, and men.

The maids are bleaching linen,
  And dance on the grassy floor;
The mill-wheel scatters diamonds,
  I hear its distant roar.

A sentry-box is standing,
  Yon old gray tower below;
A young and lusty red-coat
  Is marching to and fro.

He's playing with his rifle,
  It gleams in the sunshine red;

And now he presents and shoulders—
I wish he would shoot me dead.

XXXVI

Mortal, do not mock the devil,
For the span of life is short;
And eternal hell, believe me,
Is no theme for idle sport.

Mortal, pay the debts thou owest,
For the span of life is long;
And thou'lt want when old to borrow,
Even as thou did'st when young.

XXXIX

My heart is oppressed and with longing
I think of the days that are gone,
When earth was so gay and delightful,
And men lived light-heartedly on.

Now all is so grim and so gloomy,
So jumbled and musty and cold;
Excepting what love we have left us,
There's nothing by which we can hold

XLII

'Worthy friend, how can it help you,
Still these stale old songs to fashion?
Wilt thou sit for ever, brooding
O'er the addled eggs of passion?

'Why, it's one eternal hatching!
From the shells the chickens shake them:
And they chirp about and flutter,
And straight in a book you bake them.'

XLVII

Thou'rt like a tender floweret,
So pure, so fair, so blessed;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Steals slowly o'er my breast.

I feel as if I ought to lay
My hand upon thy brow,
And pray that God would guard thee
As pure and fair as now.

XLVIII

Maiden, it would be thy ruin,
And I strive most earnestly,
To prevent thy gentle bosom
Ever feeling love for me.

But that this should be so easy,
Rather hurts me, I confess;
And I ne'er the less would like it,
Wouldst thou love me ne'er the less.

LXX

How on earth shall I discover
Where the silly jade is flown?
Swearing with disgust, I've sought her
In each corner of the town.

Every single inn I've been to,
Tramping through the dirt and rain;
And of every saucy waiter
Asked about her all in vain.

Ha! I see her at the window,
Nodding with her laughing face;
How could I expect to find you,
Love, in such a splendid place?

LXXII

When thou art once my lawful wife,
Thy bliss shall know no measure;
Thy days will pass in a whirl of joy,
In a circle of endless pleasure.

And if thou scoldest, and turnest a shrew,
I'll bear it with resignation;
But if thou wilt not praise my songs,
I'll sue for a separation.

LXXXVII

Death is the cooling night,
And life the sultry day:
'Tis growing dusk, I long to sleep,
Day wears my strength away.

Over my couch is a spreading tree,
A nightingale sings above;
E'en in my dreams I hear her sing,
She sings all night of love.

PROLOGUE TO THE HARZREISE

Black dress-coats and silken stockings,
Frills and ruffles, white and smart,
Honied speeches and caresses,—
Had they only any heart!

Had they only hearts, and in them
Did a spark of feeling glow:
Oh! 'tis death to hear their stories
Of their lying love and woe.

I will climb the hoary mountain,
Where the humble cottage stands;
There the mountain-breeze blows freely,
Freely there the heart expands.

I will climb the hoary mountain,
There the Tannen tower on high;
Streams are gushing, birds are singing,
And the clouds drive grandly by.

Fare ye well, ye gilded chambers,
Petty lords and ladies small!
I will climb the hoary mountain,
And look down upon you all.

AGE DREAMS OF YOUTH

I dreamed that I was once more young and merry
And in the country, high upon a hill,
And down I ran, adown the path, and very
Light-hearted were we, tiny Jack and Jill.
How fine she was, how fairly made, my cousin
With sea-green eyes that lured like nixey's eyes,
She stood so firm upon her feet; and thus in
Her were grace and strength allied in wondrous wise,
The sweet sound of her voice is true and tender,
One seems to see into her inmost heart,
And all she says is wisdom thought doth lend her.
Her mouth is like a rose-bud passing art;
My reason's mine, I love her not and in me
Is nothing that I cannot understand;
And yet she doth disturb and wholly win me,
And with a secret thrill I kiss her hand.
And in the end I think I plucked a flower
And gave it her and said, 'Do marry me,
Dear coz, my dearest, so that from this hour,
Like you I may both good and happy be.'
And what her answer was is lost for ever,
For slowly I awoke—and found myself,
A sick man, sick past all endeavor,
A cripple laid long since upon the shelf.

RETROSPECT

In the kindly kitchen of the earth
I have smelt every smell, and know its worth.
I have drained the world's delight, full measure,
And like a king have had my pleasure.
I have drunk my coffee and eaten buns,
Have had dolls in plenty and pretty ones;
Worn silken vests and frock-coats grand,
And jingled my ducats with open hand.
Like Gellert I've ridden a charger high;
A house, and a castle as well, had I.
On Fortune's green meadow I lay; the sun
With a glance more golden has greeted none;
A garland of laurel crowned my head,
And odorous dreams sweet fragrance shed:
Of roses I dreamed and eternal May;
In an idle twilit trance I lay,
And into my mouth roast pigeons flew,
And dear little angels came and drew
Champagne from their pockets to quench my thirst . . .
Alas! for my dreams—the soap-bubbles burst—
And now I lie on the grass in the damp,
My joints are rheumatic and twisted with cramp;
My body is chilled to the bone, I am lame,
And my soul is burdened and bowed with shame.
Each joy, each pleasure, has cost me double
Its worth in vexation of spirit and trouble.
Of bitter woe my drink has been,
I have been stung by things unclean,
Harassed have been by gloomy sorrow,
Have had to lie, have had to borrow
From gilded fools, from filthy hags,
Have even had to beg in rags.
And now I'm tired of running round,—
Would fain be snoring underground.
My Christian brothers above, goodbye!
Of course we'll meet again on high.

WRITTEN IN 1829

Give me a wide and noble field,
Where there at least is room to die!
O from this narrow huckstering world,
Ere I am stifled, let me fly!

Their meat and drink is of the best,
And, blind as moles, they take their pleasure;
The opening in a poor-box lid
Their charity would more than measure.

Cigar in mouth, and idle hands
Stuck in their pockets, see them pass!
Their stomachs are beyond reproach—
'Tis how to stomach them, alas!

They deal in every spice that grows,
  But roots, the sweetest, cannot quell
The putrid foulness of their souls
  That vile as rotten haddocks smell.

O had I seen some monstrous vice,
  Some crime colossal, bloody, found—
Aught save these virtues, morals smug
  Of twenty shillings in the pound!

Ye clouds above, O bear me forth
  To Africa, to Lapland drear:
To Pomerania itself—
  No matter where, if far from here!

O take me with you! But the clouds
  Are far too wise to pause or heed.
For, when they travel o'er this town,
  They hurry on at double speed.

VICTOR HUGO (1802–1885)

The claims made for Victor Hugo were and are immense. Swinburne says of him: 'Poet, dramatist, historian, philosopher, and patriot, the spiritual sovereign of the nineteenth century was before all things and above all things a poet.' Professor Adolphe Cohn writes in the same strain: 'Victor Marie Hugo, always mentioned as Victor Hugo, is unquestionably the greatest literary figure of nineteenth-century France. By almost universal consent he is recognized as the greatest French poet; he is one of the greater poets of the world.' Time has tended to modify the more extravagant claims made on Hugo's behalf; even in France his literary reputation fell considerably after his death; more recently it has shown some recovery, and he is now recognized as a great literary figure, if not one of the greatest. There is general agreement that Hugo was the master-spirit of French romanticism, certainly in poetry and drama, and perhaps also in the novel, though the productions of the fiction-syndicate controlled by the genius of Alexandre Dumas seem likely to hold the attention of the youth of all lands longer than *Notre Dame de Paris* and *Les Misérables.*

In the lyric Hugo's achievement was most sustained and seems most secure against the ravages of time. He began when he was barely twenty with a volume of *Odes,* later expanded into *Odes and Ballads* (1825). *Songs of the Orient* (1829) made a decisive impression by the luxuriant freedom of their versification and the richness of their coloring. Meanwhile, the young poet had issued a famous challenge to classical drama in the preface to *Cromwell* (1827). This play was too long for the stage and the battle royal of romanticism in the theater was fought, with blows as well as arguments, during the early representations of *Hernani* in the spring of 1830.

Hugo, who had begun his vehement political life as a royalist under the influence of his mother, later espoused the cause of Napoleon I, and rejoiced at the fall of the Bourbons in the summer following the sensational triumph of *Hernani.* He was at ease under the bourgeois régime of Louis Philippe, and the next dozen years were the most happily productive of his life. *Autumn Leaves* (1831) announced themselves as 'serene and peaceful poems of the family, of the home, of private life, of the inner sanctuary of the soul.' The same spirit, with deepening pathos and wider sympathy, pervades *Songs of Twilight* (1835), *Inner Voices* (1837) and *Sunbeams and Shadows.*

To the beginning of this period belongs his great romance of the Middle Ages, *Notre Dame de Paris.* In drama we have *Le Roi s'amuse* (1832) which deals with the love affairs of François I and was on this account interdicted by the Government after its first performance, but found a permanent place on the operatic stage in the plot of *Rigoletto.* Hugo scored a great popular success with *Ruy Blas* (1838) and a colossal failure in *Les Burgraves* (1843). In this last year his favorite daughter, Léopoldine, was drowned with her young husband in the Seine, and for some years, though the poet continued to write, he published little.

A Peer of the Realm under the limited monarchy and a member of the Republican National Assembly of 1848, Hugo felt personally outraged by the *coup d'état* of 1851, and left France, reviling the usurper in vitriolic prose in *Napoleon the Little* and in no less vehement verse in the *Chastisements.* After he had found a home in the Channel Islands, he settled down to more restrained and thoughtful lyrics in *Contemplations* (1856), in which irony is mingled with tenderness. The first volume of *The Legend of the Centuries* marks the beginning of an ambitious attempt to set forth in sonorous verse the gradual ascent of humanity to the light by means of the arts, religion and science. *Les Misérables* (1862), his greatest achievement in fiction, belongs to the same period of exile, closed by the volume of lyrics, *Songs of the Streets and the Woods.*

The downfall of 'Napoleon the Little' in 1870 brought Hugo back to France, to share in the sufferings of the siege of Paris, and to take an active part in the National Assembly at Bordeaux in February, 1871. But he gave offense by the remark that 'of all the generals who fought for France, Garibaldi is the only one unbeaten,' and resigned in protest against

the invalidation of Garibaldi's election. About the same time the poet suffered the second great bereavement of his life in the sudden death of his son Charles. *The Terrible Year* was the lyrical outcome of a bitter sense of personal and national loss and humiliation, and it was some time before Hugo could adjust himself, in public to play the part of a national hero, and in private to practise *The Art of being a Grandfather,* which contains the best of his many poems about children. The second and third volumes of the *Legend* were less successful, for the romantic period in French literature was clearly over. A final volume of lyrics, *The Four Winds of the Spirit,* brought to a close a lyrical career of extraordinary emotional force and sustained power and beauty of expression. Beside the long list of Hugo's works in poetry, drama, and fiction, he left behind him at his death an enormous amount of unpublished material, which has since been issued in a monumental edition.

The verse translations below (with the exception of one by Swinburne) are by Henry Carrington, Dean of Bocking. The passage from the *Preface to Cromwell* is taken by permission from the translation by George Burnham Ives of Victor Hugo's Dramatic Works, Vol. 3, copyrighted by the publishers, Little, Brown & Company.

'NATURE AND TRUTH'

From THE PREFACE TO CROMWELL

Let us then speak boldly. The time for it has come, and it would be strange if, in this age, liberty, like the light, should penetrate everywhere except to the one place where freedom is most natural—the domain of thought. Let us take the hammer to theories and poetic systems. Let us throw down the old plastering that conceals the façade of art. There are neither rules nor models; or, rather, there are no other rules than the general laws of nature, which soar above the whole field of art, and the special rules which result from the conditions appropriate to the subject of each composition. The former are essential, eternal, and do not change; the latter are variable, external, and are used but once. The former are the framework that supports the house; the latter the scaffolding which is used in building it, and which is made anew for each building. In a word, the former are the flesh and bones, the latter the clothing, of the drama. But these rules are not written in the treatises on poetry. Richelet has no idea of their existence. Genius, which divines rather than learns, devises for each work the general rules from the general plan of things, the special rules from the separate *ensemble* of the subject treated; not after the manner of the chemist, who lights the fire under his furnace, heats his crucible, analyzes and destroys; but after the manner of the bee, which flies on its golden wings, lights on each flower and extracts its honey, leaving it as brilliant and fragrant as before.

The poet—let us insist on this point—should take counsel therefore only of nature, truth, and inspiration which is itself both truth and nature. 'Quando he,' says Lope de Vega,

> Quando he de escrivir una comedia,
> Encierro los preceptos con seis llaves.
>
> ['When I have to write a comedy, I lock up the rules with six keys.']

To secure these precepts 'six keys' are none too many, in very truth. Let the poet beware especially of copying anything whatsoever—Shakespeare no more than Molière, Schiller no more than Corneille. If genuine talent could abdicate its own nature in this matter, and thus lay aside its original personality, to transform itself into another, it would lose everything by playing this rôle of its own double. It is as if a god should turn valet. We must draw our inspiration from the original sources. It is the same sap, distributed through the soil, that produces all the trees of the forest, so different in bearing power, in fruit, in foliage. It is the same nature that fertilizes and nourishes the most diverse geniuses. The poet is a tree that may be blown about by all winds and watered by every fall of dew; and bears his works as his fruit, as the *fablier* of old bore his fables. Why attach one's self to a master, or graft one's self upon a model? It were better to be a bramble or a thistle, fed by the same earth as the cedar and the palm, than the fungus or the lichen of those noble trees. The bramble lives, the fungus vegetates. Moreover, however great the cedar and the palm may be, it is not with the sap one sucks from them that one can become great one's self. A giant's parasite will be at best a dwarf. The oak,

colossus that it is, can produce and sustain nothing more than the mistletoe.

Let there be no misunderstanding: if some of our poets have succeeded in being great, even when copying, it is because while forming themselves on the antique model, they have often listened to the voice ot nature and to their own genius—it is because they have been themselves in some one respect. Their branches became entangled in those of the near-by tree, but their roots were buried deep in the soil of art. They were the ivy, not the mistletoe. Then came imitators of the second rank, who, having neither roots in the earth, nor genius in their souls, had to confine themselves to imitation. As Charles Nodier says: 'After the school of Athens, the school of Alexandria.' Then there was a deluge of mediocrity; then there came a swarm of those treatises on poetry, so annoying to true talent, so convenient for mediocrity. We were told that everything was done, and God was forbidden to create more Molières or Corneilles. Memory was put in place of imagination. Imagination itself was subjected to hard-and-fast rules, and aphorisms were made about it: 'To imagine,' says La Harpe, with his naïve assurance, 'is in substance to remember, that is all.'

But nature! Nature and truth!—And here, in order to prove that, far from demolishing art, the new ideas aim only to reconstruct it more firmly and on a better foundation, let us try to point out the impassable limit which, in our opinion, separates reality according to art from reality according to nature. It is careless to confuse them as some ill-informed partisans of romanticism do. Truth in art cannot possibly be, as several writers have claimed, absolute reality. Art cannot produce the thing itself. Let us imagine, for example, one of those unreflecting promoters of absolute nature, of nature viewed apart from art, at the performance of a romantic play, say *Le Cid*. 'What's that?' he will ask at the first word. 'The Cid speaks in verse? It isn't *natural* to speak in verse.'—'How would you have him speak, pray?'—'In prose.' Very good. A moment later, 'How's this!' he will continue, if he is consistent; 'the Cid is speaking French!'—'Well?'—'Nature demands that he speak his own language; he can't speak anything but Spanish.'

We shall fail entirely to understand, but again—very good. You imagine that this is all? By no means: before the tenth sentence in Castilian, he is certain to rise and ask if the Cid who is speaking is the real Cid, in flesh and blood. By what right does the actor, whose name is Pierre or Jacques, take the name of the Cid? That is false. There is no reason why he should not go on to demand that the sun should be substituted for the footlights, real trees and real houses for those deceitful wings. For, once started on that road, logic has you by the collar, and you cannot stop.

We must admit, therefore, or confess ourselves ridiculous, that the domains of art and of nature are entirely distinct. Nature and art are two things—were it not so, one or the other would not exist. Art, in addition to its idealistic side, has a terrestrial, material side. Let it do what it will, it is shut in between grammar and prosody, between Vaugelas and Richelet. For its most capricious creations, it has formulæ, methods of execution, a complete apparatus to set in motion. For genius there are delicate instruments; for mediocrity, tools.

It seems to us that someone has already said that the drama is a mirror wherein nature is reflected. But if it be an ordinary mirror, a smooth and polished surface, it will give only a dull image of objects, with no relief—faithful, but colorless; everyone knows that color and light are lost in a simple reflection. The drama, therefore, must be a concentrating mirror, which, instead of weakening, concentrates and condenses the colored rays, which makes of a mere gleam a light, and of a light a flame. Then only is the drama acknowledged by art.

The stage is an optical point. Everything that exists in the world—in history, in life, in man—should be and can be reflected therein, but under the magic wand of art. Art turns the leaves of the ages, of nature, studies chronicles, strives to reproduce actual facts (especially in respect to manners and peculiarities, which are much less exposed to doubt and contradiction than are concrete facts), restores what the chroniclers have lopped off, harmonizes what they have collected, divines and supplies their omissions, fills their gaps with imaginary scenes which have color of the time, groups what they have left scattered about, sets in motion anew the threads of Providence which work the human mario-

nettes, clothes the whole with a form at once poetical and natural, and imparts to it that vitality of truth and brilliance which gives birth to illusion, that prestige of reality which arouses the enthusiasm of the spectator, and of the poet first of all, for the poet is sincere. Thus the aim of art is almost divine: to bring to life again if it is writing history, to create if it is writing poetry.

It is a grand and beautiful sight to see this broad development of a drama wherein art powerfully seconds nature; of a drama wherein the plot moves on to the conclusion with a firm and unembarrassed step, without diffuseness and without undue compression; of a drama, in short, wherein the poet abundantly fulfils the multifold objects of art, which is to open to the spectator a double prospect, to illuminate at the same time the interior and the exterior of mankind; the exterior by their speech and their acts, the interior, by asides and monologues; to bring together, in a word, in the same picture, the drama of life and the drama of conscience.

It will readily be imagined that, for a work of this kind, if the poet must choose (and he must), he should choose, not the beautiful, but the characteristic. Not that it is advisable to 'make local color,' as they say today; that is, to add as an afterthought a few discordant touches here and there to a work that is at best utterly conventional and false. The local color should not be on the surface of the drama, but in its substance, in the very heart of the work, whence it spreads of itself, naturally, evenly, and, so to speak, into every corner of the drama, as the sap ascends from the root to the tree's topmost leaf. The drama should be thoroughly impregnated with this color of the time, which should be, in some sort, in the air, so that one detects it only on entering the theater, and that on going forth one finds one's self in a different period and atmosphere. It requires some study, some labor, to attain this end; so much the better. It is well that the avenues of art should be obstructed by those brambles from which everybody recoils except those of powerful will. Besides, it is this very study, fostered by an ardent inspiration, which will ensure the drama against a vice that kills it—the commonplace. To be commonplace is the failing of short-sighted, short-breathed poets. In this tableau of the stage, each figure must be held down to its most prominent, most individual, most precisely defined characteristic. Even the vulgar and the trivial should have an accent of their own. Like God, the true poet is present in every part of his work at once. Genius resembles the die which stamps the king's effigy on copper and golden coins alike.

We do not hesitate—and this will demonstrate once more to honest men how far we are from seeking to discredit the art—we do not hesitate to consider verse as one of the means best adapted to protect the drama from the scourge we have just mentioned, as one of the most powerful dams against the irruption of the commonplace, which, like democracy, is always flowing between full banks in men's minds. And at this point we beg the younger literary generation, already so rich in men and in works, to allow us to point out an error into which it seems to have fallen—an error too fully justified, indeed, by the extraordinary aberrations of the old school. The new century is at that growing age at which one can readily set one's self right.

There has appeared of late, like a penultimate branching-out of the old classical trunk, or, better still, like one of those excrescences, those polypi, which decrepitude develops, and which are a sign of decomposition much more than a proof of life—there has appeared a strange school of dramatic poetry. This school seems to us to have had for its master and its fountain-head the poet who marks the transition from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, the man of wearisome description and periphrases—that Delille who, they say, toward the close of his life, boasted, after the fashion of the Homeric catalogues, of having *made* twelve camels, four dogs, three horses, including Job's, six tigers, two cats, a chess-board, a backgammon-board, a checker-board, a billiard-table, several winters, many summers, a multitude of springs, fifty sunsets, and so many daybreaks that he had lost count of them.

Now, Delille went into tragedy. He is the father (he and not Racine, God save the mark!) of an alleged school of refinement and taste which flourished until recently. Tragedy is not to this school what it was to Will Shakespeare, say, a source of emotions of every sort, but a convenient frame for the solution of a multitude of petty descriptive problems which it pro-

pounds as it goes along. This muse, far from spurning, as the true French classic school does, the trivial and degrading things of life, eagerly seeks them out and brings them together. The grotesque, shunned as undesirable company by the tragedy of Louis the Fourteenth's day, cannot pass unnoticed before her. It must be described, that is to say, ennobled. A scene in the guard-house, a popular uprising, the fish-market, the galleys, the wine shop, the *poule au pot* of Henri Quatre, are treasure-trove in her eyes. She seizes upon this canaille, washes it clean, and sews her tinsel and spangles over its villainies; *purpureus assuitur pannus.* [A purple patch is sewn on.] Her object seems to be to deliver patents of nobility to all these *roturiers* of the drama; and each of these patents under the great seal is a speech.

This muse, as may be imagined, is of a rare prudery. Wonted as she is to the caresses of periphrasis, plain-speaking, if she should occasionally be exposed to it, would horrify her. It does not accord with her dignity to speak naturally. She underlines old Corneille for his blunt way of speaking, as in,—

'A heap of men ruined by debt and crimes.'

'Chimène, who'd have thought it? Rodrigue, who'd have said it?'

'When their Flaminius haggled with Hannibal.'

'Oh! do not embroil me with the Republic.'

She still has her 'tout beau, monsieur!' on her heart. And it needed many 'seigneurs' and 'madames' to procure forgiveness for our admirable Racine for his monosyllabic 'dogs!' and for so brutally bestowing Claudius in Agrippina's bed.

This Melpomene, as she is called, would shudder at the thought of touching a chronicle. She leaves to the costumer the duty of learning the period of the dramas she writes. In her eyes history is bad form and bad taste. How, for example, can one tolerate kings and queens who swear? They must be elevated from mere regal dignity to tragic dignity. It was in a promotion of this sort that she exalted Henri IV. It was thus that the people's king, purified by M. Legouvé, found his *'ventre-saint-gris'* ignominiously banished from his mouth by two sentences, and that he was reduced, like the girl in the old fabliau, to the necessity of letting fall from those royal lips only pearls and sapphires and rubies: the apotheosis of falsity, in very truth.

The fact is that nothing is so commonplace as this conventional refinement and nobility. Nothing original, no imagination, no invention in this style; simply what one has seen everywhere—rhetoric, bombast, commonplaces, flowers of college eloquence, poetry after the style of Latin verses. The poets of this school are eloquent after the manner of stage princes and princesses, always sure of finding, in the costumer's labeled cases, cloaks and pinch-beck crowns, which have no other disadvantage than that of having been used by everybody. If these poets never turn the leaves of the Bible, it is not because they have not a bulky book of their own, the *Dictionnaire de rimes.* That is the source of their poetry—*fontes aquarum.* [Fountains of water.]

It will be seen that, in all this, nature and truth get along as best they can. It would be great good luck if any remnants of either should survive in this cataclysm of false art, false style, false poetry. This is what has caused the errors of several of our distinguished reformers. Disgusted by the stiffness, the ostentation, the *pomposo,* of this alleged dramatic poetry, they have concluded that the elements of our poetic language were incompatible with the natural and the true. The Alexandrine had wearied them so often that they condemned it without giving it a hearing, so to speak, and decided, a little hastily, perhaps, that the drama should be written in prose.

They were mistaken. If in fact the false is predominant in the style as well as in the action of certain French tragedies, it is not the verses that should be held responsible therefor but the versifiers. It was needful to condemn, not the form employed, but those who employed it: the workmen, not the tool.

To convince one's self how few obstacles the nature of our poetry places in the way of the free expression of all that is true, we should study our verse, not in Racine, perhaps, but often in Corneille and always in Molière. Racine, a divine poet, is elegiac, lyric, epic; Molière is dramatic. It is time to deal sternly with the criticisms heaped upon that admirable style by the

wretched taste of the last century, and to proclaim aloud that Molière occupies the topmost pinnacle of our drama, not only as a poet, but also as a writer. *Palmas vere habet iste duas.* [He bears off indeed the two palms.]

In his work the verse surrounds the idea, becomes of its very essence, compresses and develops it at once, imparts to it a more slender, more definite, more complete form, and gives us, in some sort, an extract thereof. Verse is the optical form of thought. That is why it is especially adapted to the perspective of the stage. Constructed in a certain way, it communicates its relief to things which, but for it, would be considered insignificant and trivial. It makes the tissue of style finer and firmer. It is the knot which stays the thread. It is the girdle which holds up the garment and gives it all its folds. What could nature and the true lose, then, by entering into verse? We ask the question of our prose-writers themselves—what do they lose in Molière's poetry? Does wine —we beg pardon for another trivial illustration—does wine cease to be wine when it is bottled?

If we were entitled to say what, in our opinion, the style of dramatic poetry should be, we would declare for a free, outspoken, sincere verse, which dares say everything without prudery, express its meaning without seeking for words; which passes naturally from comedy to tragedy, from the sublime to the grotesque; by turns practical and poetical, both artistic and inspired, profound and impulsive, of wide range and true; verse which is apt opportunely to displace the cæsura, in order to disguise the monotony of Alexandrines; more inclined to the enjambment that lengthens the line than to the inversion of phrases that confuses the sense; faithful to rime, that enslaved queen, that supreme charm of our poetry, that creator of our meter; verse that is inexhaustible in the verity of its turns of thought, unfathomable in its secrets of composition and of grace; assuming, like Proteus, a thousand forms without changing its type and character; avoiding long speeches; taking delight in dialogue; always hiding behind the characters of the drama; intent, before everything, on being in its place, and when it falls to its lot to be beautiful, being so only by chance, as it were, in spite of itself and unconsciously; lyric, epic, dramatic, at need; capable of running through the whole gamut of poetry, of skipping from high notes to low, from the most exalted to the most trivial ideas, from the most extravagant to the most solemn, from the most superficial to the most abstract, without ever passing beyond the limits of a spoken scene; in a word, such verse as a man would write whom a fairy had endowed with Corneille's mind and Molière's brain. It seems to us that such verse would be as fine as prose.

There would be nothing in common between poetry of this sort and that of which we made a post-mortem examination just now. The distinction will be easy to point out if a certain man of talent, to whom the author of this book is under personal obligation, will allow us to borrow his clever phrase: the other poetry was descriptive, this would be picturesque.

Let us repeat, verse on the stage should lay aside all self-love, all exigence, all coquetry. It is simply a form, and a form which should admit everything, which has no laws to impose on the drama, but on the contrary should receive everything from it, to be transmitted to the spectator—French, Latin, texts of laws, royal oaths, popular phrases, comedy, tragedy, laughter, tears, prose and poetry. Woe to the poet whose verse does not speak out! But this form is a form of bronze which encases the thought in its meter, beneath which the drama is indestructible, which engraves it more deeply on the actor's mind, warns him of what he omits and of what he adds, prevents him from changing his rôle, from substituting himself for the author, makes each word sacred, and causes what the poet has said to remain vivid a long while in the hearer's memory. The idea, when steeped in verse, suddenly assumes a more incisive, more brilliant quality.

One feels that prose, which is necessarily more timid, obliged to wean the drama from anything like epic or lyric poetry, reduced to dialogue and to matter-of-fact, is a long way from possessing these resources. It has much narrower wings. And then, too, it is much more easy of access; mediocrity is at its ease in prose; and for the sake of a few works of distinction such as have appeared of late, the art would very soon be overloaded with abortions and embryos. Another faction of the reformers incline to drama written in both prose and verse, as Shakespeare com-

posed it. This method has its advantages. There might, however, be some incongruity in the transitions from one form to the other; and when a tissue is homogeneous it is much stouter. However, whether the drama should be written in prose is only a secondary question. The rank of a work is certain to be fixed, not according to its form, but according to its intrinsic value. In questions of this sort, there is only one solution. There is but one weight that can turn the scale in the balance of art—that is genius.

Meanwhile, the first, the indispensable merit of a dramatic writer, whether he write in prose or verse, is correctness. Not a mere superficial correctness, the merit or defect of the descriptive school, which makes Lhomond and Restaut the two wings of its Pegasus; but that intimate, deep-rooted, deliberate correctness, which is permeated with the genius of a language, which has sounded its roots and searched its etymology; always unfettered, because it is sure of its footing, and always more in harmony with the logic of the language. Our Lady Grammar leads the former in leading-strings; the other holds grammar in leash. It can venture anything, can create or invent its style; it has a right to do so. For, whatever certain men may have said who did not think what they were saying, and among whom we must place, notably, him who writes these lines, the French tongue is not fixed and never will be. A language does not become fixed. The human intellect is always on the march, or, if you prefer, in movement, and languages with it. Things are made so. When the body changes, how could the coat not change? The French of the nineteenth century can no more be the French of the eighteenth, than that is the French of the seventeenth, or than the French of the seventeenth is that of the sixteenth. Montaigne's language is not Rabelais's, Pascal's is not Montaigne's, Montesquieu's is not Pascal's. Each of the four languages, taken by itself, is admirable because it is original. Every age has its own ideas; it must have also words adapted to those ideas. Languages are like the sea, they move to and fro incessantly. At certain times they leave one shore of the world of thought and overflow another. All that their waves thus abandon dries up and vanishes. It is in this wise that ideas vanish, that words disappear. It is the same with human tongues as with everything. Each age adds and takes away something. What can be done? It is the decree of fate. In vain, therefore, should we seek to petrify the mobile physiognomy of our idiom in a fixed form. In vain do our literary Joshuas cry out to the language to stand still; languages and the sun do not stand still. The day when they become fixed they are dead. That is why the French of a certain contemporary school is a dead language.

THE TWO ISLANDS

From *Odes and Ballads*

I

There are two Isles, whose oceans wide
  A spacious world doth separate,
And which from far frown o'er the tide,
  Like heads of Giants, gaunt and great;
And looking on their summits steep,
You guess God called them from the deep,
For some mysterious dread design.
  Their brows with bolts of thunder smoke,
  Their bare sides foam with ocean's stroke,
Their breasts volcanic groans confine.

These Isles, where Ocean's shattered spray
  Upon the ruthless rocks is cast,
Seem like two treacherous ships of prey,
  Made by eternal anchors fast,

The hand that settled bleak and black
Those shores on their unpeopled track,
And clad in fear and mystery,
  Perchance thus made them tempest-torn,
  That Bonaparte might there be born,
And that Napoleon there might die.

There was his cradle, there his Tomb,
  'Tis for all time enough to say:
A world to life or death may come;
  These words shall never fade away.
Upon those Isles, that dismal coast,
Shall come, at summons of his ghost,
All peoples of futurity.
  Thunders that blast their rugged forms,
  And all their rocks, and all their storms,
Nought but of him a record be.

Far from our shores, which rocked amain
  The tempests of his lot beneath,
Upon these lonely Islands twain,
  God placed his birth, and placed his death,
So that he might to life awake,
Nor conscious earth too deeply quake,
To tell the world his earliest day;
  And that upon his warrior bed,
  While stood the solid earth unswayed,
His soul might gently pass away.

II

How did he dream when first his dawn arose!
How mused in sorrow at his journey's close!
  'Twas that his frantic dream he had enjoyed.
Of Thrones and Glory now he knew the lies,
The dream's true worth lay bare before his eyes,
  And all the nothingness of hope when tried.

E'en as a child, in Corsica were shown
Ambitious visions of his short-lived throne;
  The Imperial Eagle on his flag waved out,
He heard beforehand, with prophetic pride,
The hymn that in all tongues his tent beside,
  Sang subject nations with united shout.

III

Fame to Napoleon! Fame be to the Lord supreme!
God's self upon his brow has placed the diadem!
  From Nile to Dneiper he, triumphant, reigns alone;
Kings sprung from hundred kings before him shroud their face,
And Rome itself he reckons fitting place
  But for his new-born Infant's throne.

To bear his thunderbolt to many a trembling land
His Eagles, without pause, their dreadful wings expand.
  The conclave, the Divan he doth in bondage hold,
And mingles with his flags, where blood for ever bides,
Crescents ta'en from the Pyramids,
  And mighty Ivan's cross of gold.

The Mameluke bronzed, the Goth, unknowing flight and fear,
The valiant Pole, who bears a flame upon his spear,
  Lend their blind strength to form his wild ambition's aid—
His will their only law, his fame their only faith;
And march his banner's shade beneath
  Armies, by hundred nations made.

And when his end is gained, he throws, with hasty palms,
To some successful chief a kingdom for an alms.
  To guard his palace gates he subject monarchs sets,
So that awhile he may, when war and banquets cease,
Among his conquests sleep at peace,
  As fisherman among his nets.

He his imperial nest hath built so far and high,
He seems to us to dwell within that tranquil sky,
  Where you shall never see the angry tempest break.
'Tis but beneath his feet the growling storms are sped,
And thunders to assault his head
  Must to their highest source go back.

IV

The bolt flew upwards: from his eyrie riven,
Blazing he falls beneath the stroke of heaven;
  Then kings their tyrant foe reward—
They chain him, living, on that lonely shore;
And earth the captive giant handed o'er
  To ocean's more resistless guard.

At St. Helena how he scorned his life!
When gazed his eye at eve, with envy rife,
  Upon the sun's declining track;
And when, with lonely steps, he trod the sand,
Till breaks his dream some jailer's stern command,
  Who cites him to his prison back.

With what despairing wrath this Lord of War
Heard himself blamed by those who just before
  Worshiped, as though divine his art;
The cry of Nations for revenge combined
Echoes the constant ruthless voice, confined
  Within his self-accusing heart.

V

Shame, hate, misfortune, vengeance, curses sore,
On him let heaven and earth together pour:
  Now, see we dashed the vast Colossus low.
May he for ever rue, alive and dead,
All tears he caused mankind to shed,
  And all the blood he caused to flow.

May at his name the Volga, Tiber, Seine,
Alhambra's walls, the ditch that girds Vincennes,
  Jaffa, the Kremlin, burnt without remorse,

Carnage and conquest from their fields exclaim
(In thunder echoing back his fatal fame),
'Him do the slaughtered nations curse.'

Around him may he see his victims press,
And crowds on crowds 'scaped from the dark abyss
Countless describe the secrets of the tomb;
Mangled and maimed by gun and saber stroke,
Hurtling their bones, all black with powderous smoke,
Make a foul Hinnom of his prison home.

Let him live! dying every day and hour,
His tear-stained eyes let the proud victor lower,
His right deposed, e'en his renown scarce known;
His jailers, with their icy fetters weigh
That hand grown weary many a day
With dragging kings from off their throne.

His conquering fate, he thought, would leave behind,
The memory of the race that ruled mankind:
God came, and quenched his flambeau with a breath,
And to eternal Rome's mock rival leaves
Only the time, the space each man receives,
To fill the narrow room of death.

The seas shall lave his grave, and men forget!
Within St. Denis did he vainly set
A marble tomb with gold and sculpture brave;—
God chose not that the shades of Royalty,
While weeping, 'neath those somber walls should see
His tainting body sleep within their grave.

VI

How sad the empty cup, how sad the dream begun
In rapturous joy, but changed to terror e'er 'tis done!
Young, we our reason yield to all our hopes allege;
Older, we loathe the joys which then the spirit sate,
And scan our life, alas! too late,
From the horizon's further edge.

Thus at the mountain's foot, its vast and towering height
Fills the adventurous heart with triumph and delight;
Nor less the aspiring peaks, that time shall ne'er bring low—
The woods that, like a cloak, its rocky desert shroud,
And all its circling crown of cloud,
That rolls in heaps about its brow.

Climb upwards and those zones yet unattempted try,
Mid clouds and mists you stray, who thought to find the sky—
All changed beneath your eye the mountain aspect seems:
'Tis now a gulf obscured by pine woods old and black,
Where torrents and the thunder's track
Spring from the lightning and the streams.

VII

Glory's true image here we trace:
  First, like a prism bright and fair,
Then, like an expiatory glass,
  Its purple hues like blood appear
Now raised on high, now shattered low,
His life a twofold form doth show.
If we his youth and age recall,
  Two records for his life should be—
  When young he fashioned victory,
When old he mused upon his fall.

In both these Isles, by fear beguiled,
  The fisherman on winter night,
When storm-bred meteors, strange and wild,
  O'er the black rocks display their light,
Thinks that he sees the lengthened shade,
By the dark warrior captain made,
With its arms crossed, unmoved remain;
  And fables that the unquiet soul
  Will now the dreadful storms control,
As erst he ruled the battle plain.

VIII

If he an empire lost, two countries he shall own,
Glorious and shameful made, by his repute alone:—
  One, where his breath he drew, the other, where he died;
And none shall speak the name which shall illustrious make
The age, but with the word he must two echoes wake,
  Which half the earth's globe doth divide.

Thus charged with hundred deaths, what time the fiery shell
On the black sky describes its blazing course and fell,
  And balanced in the air, hangs o'er the frighted walls;
And then, to vulture dread with cruel talons like,
That with its mighty wing upon the earth does strike—
  With wreck and ruin loud it falls.

After its fall long time we see dark vapors still,
The loud black throat of its vast mortar fill
  (Whence mounted but to fall the globe of ponderous flight);
And where at last the shell in fragments dashed about,
Died while disgorging death from its dark entrails out,
  And belching flames sank into night.

July, 1825

TO A YOUNG GIRL

From *Odes and Ballads*

You, who not yet can childhood's beauty tell—
  Child! envy not our grief-encumbered years,
When hearts are now enslaved, and now rebel,
  When laughter oft is sadder than your tears.

So sweet your careless age—its memories fade,
  It passes like a breath upon the breeze,
Like a glad voice by distance weaker made,
  Or like a halcyon on the seas.

O hasten not to force your artless mind;
  Enjoy the morn, enjoy life's vernal prime;
Your days are flowers, one to the other twined—
  Pluck not the leaves before the hand of Time.

Let the years flow—like ours will be your lot,
  To know regrets and friendship's hollow ties,
Grief without hope that pride avouches not,
  And pleasures we despise.

Yes, laugh, unknowing that your mirth will cease;
  Laugh, nor your lovely brow with sorrow shade
Your blue eyes, glass of innocence and peace,
  Where beams your soul with heavenly radiance glad.

February, 1825

ECSTASY

From *Songs of the Orient*

I was alone beside the sea, upon a starry night,
And not a cloud was in the sky, and not a sail in sight;
  Beyond the limits of the world far stretched my raptured eye,
And the forests and the mountains, and nature all around,
Seemed to unite in questioning, in vast and mingled sound,
  The billows of the ocean, and the splendor of the sky.

And the golden stars of heaven, in their unnumbered crowd,
With harmonies ten thousand, with voices clear and loud,
  Replied, as low they bended down their radiant crowns of flame—
And the blue floods that nought has power to govern or arrest,
Replied, as low they bended down, the foam upon their crest—
  'The Lord, our great Creator, His glory we proclaim!'

November, 1828

CHILDREN

From *Autumn Leaves*

How beautiful the child! its smile how sweet!
Its trust unshaken, voice with charms replete,
  Brief tears soon changed to bliss;
Gazing around with wondering raptured sight,
The young soul reaching out to life and light,
  The lips to meet our kiss.

O Lord, preserve me, and preserve all those
I love—friends, brothers, kin, and e'en my foes
  On whom blind fate has smiled—
From seeing summer without flowers arrive,
Cage with no bird, and without bees the hive,
  The house without the child.

May, 1830

TO A LADY

From *Autumn Leaves*

Maiden, were I a king, the monarchy
  And subject millions I would all resign;
Power, pomp, and state, and purple luxury,
Armies unmatched, and fleets that sway the sea,
  For one kind look of thine.

And were I Jove, I would Olympus' height
  Forego, with its eternity of bliss,
My reign o'er gods and men, my thunder's might
Through earth and heaven, Maiden, wouldst thou requite
  My passion with a kiss.

TO THE COLUMN

From *Songs of Twilight*

Alas! alas! keep thy lone tomb,
  And keep thy barren sea-splashed rock,
Where thou didst dash thee like a bomb,
  To fall with fiery smoking shock!
Thy rugged St. Helena keep,
Where, of thy fortune's proudest steep,
The dazed eye sees the sad reverse;
  Keep the still shade thy grave receives,
  Beneath thy willow tree, whose leaves,
Are scattered through the universe.

There, free from outrage, dost thou sleep,
  And, oft aroused thou near dost feel
Those who from rage and sorrow weep—
  The red-clad soldiers o'er thee kneel.
There thou, if e'er thou earth reseek,
Shalt see from some commanding peak,
Upon the world of waters pale,
  Bound for the rocky sea-girt hearth,
  As the true center of the earth,
Ships of each clime, and realm, and sail.

October 9, 1830

THE TOMB SAID TO THE ROSE

From *Inner Voices*

The Tomb said to the Rose,
  With the dews thy leaves enclose
What dost thou, Love's own flower?
The Rose said to the Tomb,
Tell me what is the doom
  Of hosts thy depths devour?

Said the Rose, of every drop
That in my blooms doth stop
  Sweet perfume I distil.
Said the Tomb, I make the souls
My dreaded reign controls,
  Angels that heaven fill.

ALL THE WINGED CREATURES I HAVE LOVED

From *Sunbeams and Shadows*

All the winged creatures I have ever loved!
And when, a child, I 'neath the thicket roved,
I from their nests the little birds conveyed—
At first, of reeds I cages for them made,
Where, mid green mosses, I to tame them tried.
Later, I used to leave the windows wide:
They flew not off, or if the woods their choice,
Still they returned whene'er they heard my voice.
A dove and I long lived in friendliness!
Now I the art of taming souls possess.

April, 1840

SINCE SUNK THE JUST WITHIN THE ABYSS

From *Chastisements*

Since sunk the just within the abyss,
The crown to crime delivered is;
Since right and law they all efface,
  Since now the boldest silent stand,
  Since the dishonor of the land,
In placards, on the walls they place:

Republic! by our fathers wrought,
Pantheon vast with glories fraught,
Thou golden dome in freedom's blue,
  Great temple of immortal shades,
  Since villainy now escalades
Thy walls the Empire there to glue;

Since all with weakness are beset,
Since they can cringe, since they forget
The true, the pure, the great, the brave,
  The indignant voice of history,
  Honor, fame, right, nobility,
And those now resting in the grave:

Grief, Exile!—yes I cherish them.
Mourning be thou my diadem;
Proud poverty my humor fits.
  I love my door, which tempests smite,
  And that grave statue, sorrow hight,
Which haunts my steps, and by me sits.

I cling to my unhappiness—
The gloom wherein I repossess
You, whom my heart and spirit prize—
  Honor, faith, virtue unavowed,
  Thou! liberty! the exile proud;
Thou! great proscribed, self-sacrifice.

I love this island, lone and wild,
Jersey, where England, freedom's child,
'Neath its old flag doth right maintain;
  The gloomy billows, spreading far,
  The ships, that wandering chariots are,
The ocean, that mysterious plain.

Thy gulls, O thou deep sea! I like,
Who, with their sad-hued pinions, strike
Thy waves, and briny pearl-drops throw;
  Who plunge beneath thy giant surge,
  And from the yawning jaws emerge,
As a soul issues from its woe.

I like that solemn rock and drear
Whence the eternal plaint I hear,
Like vain regrets, for aye re-born:
  That each successive night awakes,
  As on the rock the billow breaks,
As mothers for their children mourn.

Jersey, December, 1852

THE WORST TREASON

From *Chastisements*

The deepest infamy man can attain,
Is or to strangle Rome, or France enchain;
Whate'er the place, the land, the city be,
'Tis to rob man of soul and liberty—
'Tis with drawn sword the senate to invade,
And murder law, in its own court betrayed.
To enslave the land is guilt of such black dye,
It is ne'er quitted by God's vengeful eye;
The crime once done, the day of grace expires,
Heaven's punishment, which, howe'er slow, ne'er tires,
Begins to march, and comes serene and calm,
With her steel knotted whip beneath her arm.

Jersey, November, 1852

OUR LIFE TOGETHER

From *Contemplations*

When we our life together led
  On the hill-side, now long ago
Where waved the trees, and waters sped,
  Where the house hugged the wood below—

She was ten years—thrice ten was I,
I was the universe to her.
How sweet the grass, how clear the sky
Beneath the thick green woods of fir.

My lot she glad and happy made,
My labors light, and blue my sky;
When she 'My father!' to me said,
My full heart would 'My God!' reply.

'Mid thousand dreams, by fancy wrought,
I heard her prattle, fond and bright;
My forehead shadowed o'er with thought,
Her merry glance o'erflowed with light.

And when her little hand I took,
Like a princess she proudly trod,
And always would for flowers look
And for the poor upon the road.

As others steal she gave her store,
Then would from observation flit.
O! the fine little frock she wore!
Ah, me! do you remember it?

Each evening she beside my light
Prattled in low melodious strain,
While out of doors the moths of night
Struck up against the window-pane.

She was like angels of the skies—
How charmingly she greeted you!
Heaven's grace had placed within her eyes
The look that could not be untrue.

I was so young when she was born
To shine upon my destiny;
She was the child of my glad morn,
The star of dawn that lit my sky.

And when the moon shone calm and clear
In Heaven, in those past days so good,
How did we wander far and near,
Or in the plain or in the wood!

Then toward the isolated light,
Which, star-like, in our cottage burned,
By the vale hastening through the night,
The corner of the wall we turned.

When home regained, with hearts inflamed,
We told heaven's glories o'er and o'er:
I that young spirit shaped and framed,
As bees concoct their honey store.

And then how glad she was—how gay,
Sweet angel, with unspotted mind!
But all these things are passed away—
Gone like a shadow, or the wind!

Villequier, September 4, 1844

VENI, VIDI, VICI

From *Contemplations*

I have lived long enough, since in my grief
  I walk, nor any arm to help is found;
  Since I scarce laugh at the dear children round,
Since flowers, henceforth, can give me no relief.

Since in the Spring, when God makes Nature brave,
  I see with joyless soul that love so bright;
  Since reached the hour when man avoids the light,
And knows the bitterness that all things have.

Since from my soul all hope has passed away;
  Since, in this month of fragrance and the rose,
  My child! I wish to share thy dark repose;
Since, dead my heart, too long in life I stay.

From earth's set task I never sought to fly:
  Plowed is my furrow, and my harvest o'er.
  Cheerful I lived, and gentle more and more—
Erect, yet prone to bow toward mystery.

I've done my best: with work and watching worn,
  I've seen that many mocked my grieving state;
  And I have wondered at their causeless hate,
Having much sorrow and much labor borne.

In this world's jail, where all escape is vain,
  Unmurmuring, bleeding, prostrate 'neath the shock,
  Silent, exhausted, jeered by felon mock,
I've dragged my link of the eternal chain.

Now my tired eyes are but half open kept,
  To turn when I am called is all I can,
  Wearied and stupefied, and like a man
Who rises e'er the morn, and ne'er has slept.

Idle through grief, I neither deign nor care
  Notice to take of envy's noisome spite.
  O Lord! now open me the gates of night,
That I may get me gone, and disappear.

April, 1848

DEATH

From *Contemplations*

I saw the reaper toiling far and wide,
Reaping his field with long and speedy stride.
Black skeleton! Night followed on his track,
While in that shade all trembled and drew back.
The sickle's flash, man followed with his eye;
The victors 'neath the arch of victory
Fell; now to a waste he changes Babylon—
Thrones into scaffolds, scaffold into throne,

Makes roses refuse, children, birds or dreams,
Gold turns to cinders, mothers' eyes to streams.
'Give back that little child!' the mothers cry—
'Why make him born, so over soon to die!'
Earth was one sob—high, low, 'twas all the same.
Those bony hands from endless pallets came;
Cold shivery winds the shrouds unnumbered shook;
Dazed seemed the people 'neath that fatal hook—
A trembling flock, that in the shade took flight.
All 'neath his feet was mourning, fear, and flight.
Behind, his brow with gentle flames bathed o'er,
His sheaf of souls a smiling angel bore.

March, 1854

POOR FOLK

From *The Legend of the Centuries*

'Tis night, the hut, though poor, keeps out the wind;
The room is dark, yet something there you find
Which like a ray amid the twilight falls;
The fishing-nets are hung about the walls,
And in a nook, where pots and plates in line
Upon a cupboard shelf obscurely shine,
Stands a large bed, with curtains hung around,
Hard by a mattress spread upon the ground,
Where, like a nest of souls, five children sleep;
The hearth, where ashes still some fire keep,
On bed and ceiling casts a reddish ray;
A woman, thoughtful, pale, kneels down to pray:
Their mother. She's alone; and out of doors
The ocean, white with foam, its wailing pours
To sky, night, rock, to howling winds and wild.

The man's at sea; a sailor from a child,
With gloomy chance doth a fierce war sustain:
For he must be afloat in squall and rain.
The children cry for food, and off he hies
At eve, when billows to the gunwale rise.
Unhelped, alone, his bark he steers and tends.
Meanwhile, the wife at home the canvas mends,
Fits on the hooks, the broken nets repairs,
And for the fish-soup in the cauldron cares.
Then prays to God, while the five children sleep.
He, tossed upon the ever-rolling deep,
Fares on the boundless main, and through the night
Hard toil, in cold and blackness, void of light,
Mid breakers, where the frantic billows race.
In the broad sea is the best fishing place,
Uncertain, dark, capricious, apt to change,
Where fish with silver fins delight to range.
This spot, as their own room scarce twice as wide,
In a December night, mid fog and tide,
Upon the shifting wilderness to find
How must he currents calculate and wind!
What plans—what skilful reckonings it takes!
The waves glide by his boat like glassy snakes,

The gulf rolls on, and bursts its mighty folds,
The rigging creaks, and strains, and barely holds.
He thinks of Jeanne while icy billows toss—
She weeps and calls on him. So speed and cross
Each night their thoughts, those soul birds through the skies.

She prays. The gull, with its harsh, mocking cries,
Scares her; and 'mid the rocks, shattered by storms,
The ocean fills her with dismay. Strange forms
Pass through her mind. The sailors on the sea
Who swept across the furious billows be,
And in its case, like blood in th' artery,
The cold clock ticks, casting in mystery
Drop after drop, time, winter, summer's heat,
And in the boundless world each several beat
Opens to souls, that hawks or doves become,
On either side the cradle and the tomb.
She thinks and dreams. 'What poverty we know!
Barefoot the children e'en in winter go!
Black bread alone and never white we taste!
O God!' The wind roars like a furnace blast.
The coast sounds like an anvil and you see
In the black storm the constellations flee,
Like clouds of sparks that from the hearth arise.
It is the hour, midnight (gay dancer) plies
Folly's wild game, with mask and glances glad;
It is the hour, midnight (dark brigand) clad
In shade and rain, and in the stormy north,
Takes the poor shivering sailor, and hurls forth
And breaks on monstrous rocks that ocean crown.
Horror! the man whose voice the waters drown
Feels rent and wrecked his vessel as it sinks;
Feels 'neath him gape th' abyss and night; and thinks
On the old iron ring, of the safe quay.
These, gloomy visions wring her heart, and she
Trembles, dismayed, and weeps.

O wretched wives
Of sailors! Dreadful 'tis to say, 'My lives—
Father, Sons, Brothers, Lover—all most dear
My heart, blood, flesh, are in that chaos there.'
Waves like wild beasts devour their human prey.
O God, that waves with such dear heads should play!
With husband, master, and the shipboy child.
That the wan wind, blowing its clarions wild,
Unknits above them his long, haggard hair;
And that, perhaps, e'en now such woes they bear,
And that one ne'er is sure how they may be,
And that for guard against the boundless sea,
Against the gulf of night, where shines no star,
A plank, a sail, their sole protections are.
Dark Care! They run across the shingly track;
The tide mounts, and they cry, 'Give me them back.'
Vain words, alas! What answer can be brought,
From the storm-tumbled sea, to anxious thought.

Jeanne's heart is torn.—Her husband helped by none
In that fierce night; 'neath that black shroud alone!

Too young the boys to help. 'Would strong they were,'
The mother cries, 'their father's toil to share;'
One day, when with their father, you will plain,
Weeping fast tears, 'Would they were young again.'

Lantern and cloak she takes: 'tis time to learn
If the sea calms—if yet he may return—
If breaks the dawn—and if the signal shows.
She starts! not yet the breeze of morning blows;
Nought can be seen, no single line of white,
In all the gathered blackness of the night.
It rains—nothing more black than morning rain;
'Tis as though day with trembling doubt was ta'en,
And dawn, like infants, weeps and wails at birth,
No light from any window shines, or hearth.

Struck all at once her eyes, that seek the way,
A sight that presaged undefined dismay—
A gloomy hovel, ruined all, and waste;
No light! no fire! the door sways in the blast;
The roof hung tottering on the moldy walls,
And rent the hideous thatch by northern squalls—
The straw foul, yellow, as when waters rot.
'Hold! this poor widow I had clean forgot!
Ill and alone,' she cries, 'my husband late
Found her. I needs must go and see her state.'
She raps and listens, but none answers there,
And Jeanette shivers in the cold sea air.
'Sick, and her hungry children! What distress!
She has but two, but she is husbandless.'
She raps again.—'Ho! neighbor! answer me.'
The house is silent still.—'Ah God,' says she,
'How sound she sleeps—in vain I knock and cry.'
But then the door, by some deep mystery,
As though inanimate things could pity feel,
Opened itself, its secret to reveal.

She entered; then her lamp its light shed o'er
The dark dumb house, beside the sounding shore.
Rain torrents through the ceiling forced their way.

At the room's end a dreadful object lay—
A woman, ghastly, still, stretched out, who had
Bare feet, glazed sightless eyes, and scarce was clad—
A corpse, once a strong happy mother—now
Disheveled specter of dead want and woe—
All the poor leave, after their long hard fight.
Half hid upon the straw, and half in sight,
Her livid arm, her hand already green,
Hung down and horror sped those lips between
Whence had the fleeting soul that bitter cry
Of death thrown forth—heard by eternity.

Close to the bed their mother lay upon,
Two babes, a little daughter and a son,
In the same cot slumbered with peaceful smile.
The mother, feeling death's approach the while,

Her shawl, her gown, upon the children flings,
That in the shadow which death's presence brings,
Decay of heat she might from them withhold,
And they be warm, while she herself grew cold.

How in their cradle sleep they both; and how
Their breathing peaceful is, and calm their brow.
Seems it as nought those orphans' sleep could fray—
Not e'en the trumpet of the judgment day;
For, blameless, they dare stand the Judge before.

The rain abroad does like a deluge pour:
From the rent ceiling, which admits the squall,
At times a drop does on that dead brow fall,
And gliding to the cheek, becomes a tear.
The surge like an alarum clock you hear.—
Listens the dead, as if of sense bereft;
For bodies, when the radiant soul has left,
Seem the departed one to seek and reach;—
You think to hear the interchange of speech
Twixt the pale mouth and eyes that sightless stare;
Where is my breath, and thou, thy glances where?

Live, love, and pick the primroses. Alas!
Dance, laugh, inflame your heart, and drain your glass.
As every brook to the dark ocean flows,
One end to feast and cradle, fate bestows,
For mother's worshiping their children's bloom,
To kisses which the raptured heart consume,
To songs, to smiles, to love so fair and brave—
The melancholy chilling of the grave.

What is Jeanne doing in that house of death?
What in her cloak's wide folds hides she beneath?
What, as she goes away, does Jeanette take?
Why beats her heart, and steps unsteady quake?
Why hurry thus, and running like the wind,
Seeks her own cot, and dares not look behind?
What with so scared a look does she conceal,
In darkness on her bed? What does she steal?

When reached her house, the cliffs more white appear,
And close beside her bed she took a chair.
Pale she sat down, self-blamed you would have said,
To see her in the pillow hide her head.
At times her lips uttered some broken speech—
Afar the fierce sea roars upon the beach.

'My poor, good man! O God! what will he say?
So full of cares! What have I done today?
Five children on his hands—and labors so!
Had he not toil enough, that I must go
And add all this? 'Tis he.—My fault I own,
And if he beat me, it were rightly done.
'Tis he! No! Well! Yet seemed to move the door,
As though he came. See! what ne'er was before—
I fear to see my good man come again.'
Thus did she saddened and in thought remain,

Plunging more deep in grief, and anguish tossed,
In endless cares as in abysses lost.
She now not even hears the noise without,
Of cormorants, that like black criers shout,
And fury of the winds, and waves, and tide.

With sudden clasp the door flies open wide,
And rays of light within the cabin lets;
The fisherman, hauling in his dripping nets,
Appeared, right glad, and said, 'Your sailor's here.'
''Tis thou,' cried Jeanne. And to her breast as near
Her husband clasped as lovers wont to strain;
And warmly kissed, all soaked with seas and rain,
The while he said—'Yes, wife, I'm here!' and showed,
In his frank brow, on which the embers glowed,
How pleased he was that safe with Jeanne he stood.
'I'm robbed,' he cried; 'the sea's a brigand wooed.'
'What weather was it?' 'Bad!' 'What fishing?'
'Bad!
But now I kiss you, and that makes me glad.
I've nothing caught at all, my net is torn;—
The devil surely in the wind was borne.
What night!—in such a storm I could but think,
As snapped my cable, that the boat would sink.
And thou, what wast thou doing all the while?'
Jeanne shuddered—at a loss—unused to guile.
'I,' said she; 'just as usual—nothing more;
I sewed, and heard the sea like thunder roar.
I feared—the winter's cold—'tis all the same.'
She trembled like to one who feels to blame;
Then added—'By-the-bye, our neighbor's dead.
She died—no matter—yesterday, 'tis said,
At eve—after you started for the night
She leaves behind two children—babies quite.
One is called William, and one Madeleine;
He cannot walk, she scarcely prattles plain.
The poor good soul great want had struggled through.'

The man looked grave, and in the corner threw
His navy cap, all drenched; and, as he sat,
'The devil!' twice exclaimed—and scratched his pate.
'We had five children; this will seven make:
Already in bad times we'd nought to take
For supper, now and then: what to do now?
Worse luck, 'tis not my fault! and, anyhow,
'Tis the good God's concern. These be strange haps.
Why did He take the mother from these scraps,
No bigger than my fist?—such haps be rude,
And need book-learning to be understood.
So small, you cannot say—"To work betake."
Wife, go and fetch them—if they're now awake,
Alone and with the dead—how great their fear!
Their mother rapping at the door we hear.
Let's open to her babes—we'll mix them all;
Upon our knees, at even, shall they crawl,
Brother and sister to our other five;
And when He sees we must for all contrive—

For the small girl, and this small boy as well—
Kind God with larger draughts my nets will swell.
For me I'll doubly work—and water drink.—
'Tis said: go fetch them;—but you're loth, I think.
In general you run more quickly far.'—

She drew the curtain—'Husband! here they are.'

FOR JEANNE ALONE

From *Songs of the Streets*

I care nothing, well I ween,
For the belfry or the bell,
I know nothing of the queen,
Of the king can nothing tell.

I my ignorance confess,
Whether proud the lord or meek;
If the curate says the mass
Or in Latin or in Greek.

If 'tis best to dance or cry,
What birds chatter in the grove;
But of one thing sure am I,
That with all my heart I love.

Know you, Jeanne, of what I dream?
'Tis the movement of your feet;
When you trip across the stream,
Like a bird so light and fleet.

Know you wherefore I complain?
'Tis that, Jeanne, across the moor
An unseen, compelling chain,
Ever draws me to your door.

Know you, Jeanne, what hard I take?
'Tis the charm, the conquering art,
With which, either gloom you make,
Or else sunshine in my heart.

Knowst what thoughts my head possess?
'Tis that I more dearly prize
The least flower upon your dress
Than all the stars that deck the skies.

BEFORE THE CONCLUSION OF THE TREATY

From *The Terrible Year*

If this foul war we ended see,
And grant all Prussia longs to get,
Then, like a glass our France would be,
Upon a pothouse table set:—

You empty it, and then you break!
  Our haughty country is no more.
O grief, that shame should overtake
  Where only honor lived of yore!

Black morrow, with dismay for text;
  All dregs we drink—on ashes feed;
The eagles gone; there follow next
  The vultures, these do hawks succeed.

Two provinces now torn away—
  Metz poisoned, Strasburg crucified;
Sedan, deserter in the fray,
  A brand on France that will abide.

There lives in souls degenerate
  Base love of loathly happiness—
Pride cast away; they cultivate
  The growth, the increase of disgrace.

Our ancient splendor stained, belied,
  Our mighty wars dishonored now,
The country mazed and stupefied,
  Unused to live with lowered brow.

The foeman, in our citadels;
  Attila's shadow o'er us thrown;
The swallow to its fellow tells,
  This is not France that we have known.

Her mouth full of the foul Bazaine!
  Renown, with slow and broken wing,
Does with unwholesome slaver stain
  The trump that erst did nobly ring.

Brethren alone they dare to fight,
  Bayard! thy name no longer lives;
They murder now, to hide from sight
  That lately they were fugitives.

Black night mounts up on every brow,
  And not a soul dares soar on high;
Heaven does itself our shame avow,
  Since we refuse to seek the sky.

Chill hearts are here, and darkness deep—
  People from people separate
All wide apart and hostile keep,
  And love is dead and turned to hate.

Prussia and France are foemen sworn;
  That host is all with hatred fired;
Our dark eclipse their joyful morn—
  Our tomb, by all of them desired.

Shipwreck! To mighty deeds goodbye!
  Deceived, deceiving all is made;
'The cowards!' to our flag they cry—
  And to our cannon, 'They're afraid.'

Our pride, our hopes, departed all,
A shroud on history fallen is—
O God! permit not France to fall
In gulf of such a peace as this.

POOR CHILDREN

Translated by Swinburne

From *How to be a Grandfather*

Take heed of this small child of earth;
He is great: he hath in him God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light bitter world of wrong
They come; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongue,
And His forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.
Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs,

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged babes that weep!

DRY BREAD

From *How to be a Grandfather*

Jeanne to dry bread and the dark room consigned
For some misdeed: I to my duty blind
Visit the prisoner—traitor that I am!
And in the dark slip her a pot of jam.
Those in my realm, on whose authority
Depends the welfare of society,
Were outraged. Jeanne's soft little voice arose—
'I'll put no more my thumb up to my nose;
No more I'll let the puss my fingers tear.'
But they all cry—'That child is well aware
How weak and mean you are. She knows of old
You always take to laughing when we scold;
No government can stand; at every hour
Rule you upset. There is an end of power.
No laws exist. Nought keeps the child in bound.
You ruin all.' I bow my head to ground,

And say—'Your grievous charge I can't oppose.
I'm wrong. Yes, by indulgences like those
The people's ruin has been always wrought;
Put me upon dry bread.' 'I'm sure we ought,
And will!' Then Jeanne, from her dark corner, cries,
But low to me, raising her beauteous eyes—
(Love gives the lion's courage to the lamb!)
'And I will go and bring you pots of jam!'

TO MY DAUGHTER ADÈLE

From *Four Winds*

Near me you slept, a fresh and rosy child,
Cradled, the infant Jesus thus had smiled.
So calm, so soft your sleep of purity;
You could not hear the birds sing in the shade,
And I inhaled all the sad sweetness made
By the mysterious sky.

I heard the angels round your pillow meet;
And as I watched your slumbers, on your sheet
Jasmine and pinks I strewed silent and still.
Marking your lids fast closed in sleep, I prayed,
And my eyes filled with tears, while I portrayed
What might the future fill.

My turn will come for sleeping, and my bed
Of darkness formed will be so drear and dread,
That song of birds my ears shall waken not;
In that bleak night, you will pour, O my Dove!
The prayers, the tears, the flowers my grave above,
Which I poured o'er your cot.

TO GARIBALDI

From *Four Winds*

Friend, though oppressed alike—we still are strong.
We to each other will our stories tell,
You how beneath your sword the Bourbon fell,
I in your ears Paris's dark fate will pour,
Or Homer read beside the sounding shore.
Then you pursue your course, so stern and strange—
There too shall glare to conflagration change.

O men of Italy, he was your stay.
People! through him Rome had been yours today;
His warrior arm, his great prophetic soul
Had made it yours, then raised by wise control.

Yes, calm—inspired with loftiness so vast
That he was kin to all the heroic past.
Rome he had forged anew, the pattern shown
Of all its ancient worth, its old renown.

All your conflicting states he had combined;
The North and South in strength harmonious joined—
Joined Dante's soul to Juvenal's fierce zeal,
And steeped your liberated hearts in steel.
The Titan's steps he showed, and bade you come.
Weep, Italy! He would have made you Rome.

BAUDELAIRE (1821–1867)

Pierre Charles Baudelaire won for a while a somewhat sinister reputation with his *Fleurs du Mal,* for he succeeded only too well in the favorite French occupation of shocking the respectable middle class; but he has now come to be recognized as the most important influence in French poetry since Victor Hugo. The fiftieth anniversary of his death was made the occasion for a monumental edition of his works and for tributes to his significance from various points of view. A devout Catholic, he celebrated neither the Greek Aphrodite nor the creative Venus of the modern scientific school, but the Lilith who symbolizes to the middle ages and to the romantic revival the sinful lusts of the flesh. He made important contributions to metrical technique and it is the perfection of his verse which makes his poetry almost impossible for even the most gifted translator, but Arthur Symons undoubtedly achieved a most brilliant success in his renderings of the *Petits Poemes en Prose,* a few of which are given below. Baudelaire was aiming in these at 'a poetic prose, musical without rhythm and without rhyme, subtle and staccato enough to follow the lyric motions of the soul, the wavering outlines of meditation, the sudden starts of the conscience.'

WHICH IS TRUE?

I knew one Benedicta who filled earth and air with the ideal; and from whose eyes men learned the desire of greatness, of beauty, of glory, and of all whereby we believe in immortality.

But this miraculous child was too beautiful to live long; and she died only a few days after I had come to know her, and I buried her with my own hands, one day when Spring shook out her censer in the graveyards. I buried her with my own hands, shut down into a coffin of wood, perfumed and incorruptible like Indian caskets.

And as I still gazed at the place where I had laid away my treasure, I saw all at once a little person singularly like the deceased, who trampled on the fresh soil with a strange and hysterical violence, and said, shrieking with laughter: 'Look at me! I am the real Benedicta! A pretty sort of baggage I am! And to punish you for your blindness and folly you shall love me just as I am!'

But I was furious, and I answered: 'No! no! no!' And to add more emphasis to my refusal I stamped on the ground so violently with my foot that my leg sank up to the knee in the earth of the new grave; and now, like a wolf caught in a trap, I remained fastened, perhaps forever, to the grave of the ideal.

THE EYES OF THE POOR

Ah! you want to know why I hate you today. It will probably be less easy for you to understand than for me to explain it to you; for you are, I think, the most perfect example of feminine impenetrability that could possibly be found.

We had spent a long day together, and it had seemed to me short. We had promised one another that we would think the same thoughts and that our two souls should become one soul; a dream which is not original, after all, except that, dreamed by all men, it has been realized by none.

In the evening you were a little tired, and you sat down outside a new café at the corner of a new boulevard, still littered with plaster and already displaying proudly its unfinished splendors. The café glittered. The very gas put on all the fervency of a fresh start, and lighted up with its full force the blinding whiteness of the walls, the dazzling sheets of glass in the mirrors, the gilt of cornices and moldings, the chubby-cheeked pages straining back from hounds in leash, the ladies laughing at the falcons on their wrists, the nymphs and goddesses carrying fruits and pies and game on their heads, the Hebes and Ganymedes holding out at arm's length little jars of syrups or parti-colored obelisks of ices; the whole of history and of mythology brought together to make a paradise for

gluttons. Exactly opposite to us, in the roadway, stood a man of about forty years of age, with a weary face and a greyish beard, holding a little boy by one hand and carrying on the other arm a little fellow too weak to walk. He was taking the nurse-maid's place, and had brought his children out for a walk in the evening. All were in rags. The three faces were extraordinarily serious, and the six eyes stared fixedly at the new café with an equal admiration, differentiated in each according to age.

The father's eyes said: 'How beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! One would think that all the gold of the poor world had found its way to these walls.' The boy's eyes said: 'How beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! But that is a house which only people who are not like us can enter.' As for the little one's eyes, they were too fascinated to express anything but stupid and utter joy.

Song-writers say that pleasure ennobles the soul and softens the heart. The song was right that evening, so far as I was concerned. Not only was I touched by this family of eyes, but I felt rather ashamed of our glasses and decanters, so much too much for our thirst. I turned to look at you, dear love, that I might read my own thought in you; I gazed deep into your eyes, so beautiful and so strangely sweet, your green eyes that are the home of caprice and under the sovereignty of the Moon; and you said to me: 'Those people are insupportable to me with their staring saucer-eyes! Couldn't you tell the head waiter to send them away?' So hard is it to understand one another, dearest, and so incommunicable is thought, even between people who are in love!

CROWDS

It is not given to every man to take a bath of multitude: to play upon crowds is an art; and he alone can plunge, at the expense of humankind, into a debauch of vitality, to whom a fairy has bequeathed in his cradle the love of masks and disguises, the hate of home and the passion of travel.

Multitude, solitude: equal terms mutually convertible by the active and begetting poet. He who does not know how to people his solitude, does not know either how to be alone in a busy crowd.

The poet enjoys this incomparable privilege, to be at once himself and others. Like those wandering souls that go about seeking bodies, he enters at will the personality of every man. For him alone, every place is vacant; and if certain places seem to be closed against him, that is because in his eyes they are not worth the trouble of visiting.

The solitary and thoughtful walker derives a singular intoxication from this universal communion. He who mates easily with the crowd knows feverish joys that must be forever unknown to the egoist, shut up like a coffer, and to the sluggard, imprisoned like a shell-fish. He adopts for his own all the occupations, all the joys and all the sorrows that circumstance sets before him.

What men call love is small indeed, narrow and weak indeed, compared with this ineffable orgie, this sacred prostitution of the soul which gives itself up wholly (poetry and charity!) to the unexpected which happens, to the stranger as he passes.

It is good sometimes that the happy of this world should learn, were it only to humble their foolish pride for an instant, that there are higher, wider, and rarer joys than theirs. The founders of colonies, the shepherds of nations, the missionary priests, exiled to the ends of the earth, doubtless know something of these mysterious intoxications; and, in the midst of the vast family that their genius has raised about them, they must sometimes laugh at the thought of those who pity them for their chaste lives and troubled fortunes.

THE CAKE

I was traveling. The landscape in the midst of which I was seated was of an irresistible grandeur and sublimity. Something no doubt at that moment passed from it into my soul. My thoughts fluttered with a lightness like that of the atmosphere; vulgar passions, such as hate and profane love, seemed to me now as far away as the clouds that floated in the gulfs beneath my feet; my soul seemed to me as vast and pure as the dome of the sky that enveloped me; the remembrance of earthly things came as faintly to my heart as the thin tinkle of the bells of unseen herds, browsing far, far away, on the slope of another mountain. Across the little

motionless lake, black with the darkness of its immense depth, there passed from time to time the shadow of a cloud, like the shadow of an airy giant's cloak, flying through heaven. And I remember that this rare and solemn sensation, caused by a vast and perfectly silent movement, filled me with mingled joy and fear. In a word, thanks to the enrapturing beauty about me, I felt that I was at perfect peace with myself and with the universe; I even believe that, in my complete forgetfulness of all earthly evil, I had come to think the newspapers are right after all, and man was born good; when, incorrigible matter renewing its exigences, I sought to refresh the fatigue and satisfy the appetite caused by so lengthy a climb, I took from my pocket a large piece of bread, a leathern cup, and a small bottle of a certain elixir which the chemists at that time sold to tourists, to be mixed, on occasion, with liquid snow.

I was quietly cutting my bread when a slight noise made me look up. I saw in front of me a little ragged urchin, dark and disheveled, whose hollow eyes, wild and supplicating, devoured the piece of bread. And I heard him gasp, in a low, hoarse voice, the word: 'Cake!' I could not help laughing at the appellation with which he thought fit to honor my nearly white bread, and I cut off a big slice and offered it to him. Slowly he came up to me, not taking his eyes from the coveted object; then, snatching it out of my hand, he stepped quickly back, as if he feared that my offer was not sincere, or that I had already repented of it.

But at the same instant he was knocked over by another little savage, who had sprung from I know not where, and who was so precisely like the first that one might have taken them for twin brothers. They rolled over on the ground together, struggling for the possession of the precious booty, neither willing to share it with his brother. The first, exasperated, clutched the second by the hair; and the second seized one of the ears of the first between his teeth, and spat out a little bleeding morsel with a fine oath in dialect. The legitimate proprietor of the cake tried to hook his little claws into the usurper's eyes; the latter did his best to throttle his adversary with one hand, while with the other he endeavored to slip the prize of war into his pocket. But, heartened by despair, the loser pulled himself together, and sent the victor sprawling with a blow of the head in his stomach. Why describe a hideous fight which indeed lasted longer than their childish strength seemed to promise? The cake traveled from hand to hand, and changed from pocket to pocket, at every moment; but, alas, it changed also in size; and when at length, exhausted, panting and bleeding, they stopped from the sheer impossibility of going on, there was no longer any cause of feud; the slice of bread had disappeared, and lay scattered in crumbs like the grains of sand with which it was mingled.

The sight had darkened the landscape for me, and dispelled the joyous calm in which my soul had lain basking; I remained saddened for quite a long time, saying over and over to myself: 'There is then a wonderful country in which bread is called cake, and is so rare a delicacy that it is enough in itself to give rise to a war literally fratricidal!'

TWILIGHT

The day is over. A great restfulness descends into poor minds that the day's work has wearied; and thoughts take on the tender and dim colors of twilight.

Nevertheless, from the mountain peak there comes to my balcony, through the transparent clouds of evening, a great clamor, made up of a crowd of discordant cries, dulled by distance into a mournful harmony, like that of the rising tide or of a storm brewing.

Who are the hapless ones to whom evening brings no calm; to whom, as to the owls, the coming of night is the signal for a witches' sabbath? The sinister ululation comes to me from the hospital on the mountain; and, in the evening, as I smoke, and look down on the quiet of the immense valley, bristling with houses, each of whose windows seems to say, 'Here is peace, here is domestic happiness!' I can, when the wind blows from the heights, lull my astonished thought with this imitation of the harmonies of hell.

Twilight excites madmen. I remember I had two friends whom twilight made quite ill. One of them lost all sense of social and friendly amenities, and flew at the first-comer like a savage. I have seen him throw at the waiter's head an excellent

chicken, in which he imagined he had discovered some insulting hieroglyph. Evening, harbinger of profound delights, spoilt for him the most succulent things.

The other, a prey to disappointed ambition, turned gradually, as the daylight dwindled, sourer, more gloomy, more nettlesome. Indulgent and sociable during the day, he was pitiless in the evening; and it was not only on others, but on himself, that he vented the rage of his twilight mania.

The former died mad, unable to recognize his wife and child; the latter still keeps the restlessness of a perpetual disquietude; and, if all the honors that republics and princes can confer were heaped upon him, I believe that the twilight would still quicken in him the burning envy of imaginary distinctions. Night, which put its own darkness into their minds, brings light to mine: and, though it is by no means rare for the same cause to bring about opposite results, I am always as it were perplexed and alarmed by it. O night! O refreshing dark! for me you are the summons to an inner feast, you are the deliverer from anguish! In the solitude of the plains, in the stony labyrinths of a city, scintillation of stars, outburst of gaslamps, you are the fireworks of the goddess Liberty!

Twilight, how gentle you are and how tender! The rosy lights that still linger on the horizon, like the last agony of day under the conquering might of its night; the flaring candleflames that stain with dull red the last glories of the sunset; the heavy draperies that an invisible hand draws out of the depths of the East, mimic all those complex feelings that war on one another in the heart of man at the solemn moments of life. Would you not say that it was one of those strange costumes worn by dancers, in which the tempered splendors of a shining skirt show through a dark and transparent gauze, as, through the darkness of the present, pierces the delicious past? And the wavering stars of gold and silver with which it is shot, are they not those fires of fancy which take light never so well as under the deep mourning of the night?

A HEROIC DEATH

Fancioulle was an admirable buffoon, and almost one of the friends of the Prince. But for persons professionally devoted to the comic, serious things have a fatal attraction, and, strange as it may seem that ideas of patriotism and liberty should seize despotically upon the brain of the player, one day Fancioulle joined in a conspiracy formed by some discontented nobles.

There exist everywhere sensible men to dénounce those individuals of atrabiliar disposition who seek to depose princes, and, without consulting it, to reconstitute society. The lords in question were arrested, together with Fancioulle, and condemned to death.

I would readily believe that the Prince was almost sorry to find his favorite actor among the rebels. The Prince was neither better nor worse than any other Prince; but an excessive sensibility rendered him, in many cases, more cruel and more despotic than all his fellows. Passionately enamored of the fine arts, an excellent connoisseur as well, he was truly insatiable of pleasures. Indifferent enough in regard to men and morals, himself a real artist, he feared no enemy but Ennui, and the extravagant efforts that he made to fly or to vanquish this tyrant of the world would certainly have brought upon him, on the part of a severe historian, the epithet of 'monster,' had it been permitted, in his dominions, to write anything whatever which did not tend exclusively to pleasure, or to astonishment, which is one of the most delicate forms of pleasure. The great misfortune of the Prince was that he had no theater vast enough for his genius. There are young Neros who are stifled within too narrow limits, and whose names and whose intentions will never be known to future ages. An unforeseeing Providence had given to this man faculties greater than his dominions.

Suddenly the rumor spread that the sovereign had decided to pardon all the conspirators; and the origin of this rumor was the announcement of a special performance in which Fancioulle would play one of his best rôles, and at which even the condemned nobles, it was said, were to be present, an evident sign, added superficial minds, of the generous tendencies of the Prince.

On the part of a man so naturally and deliberately eccentric, anything was possible, even virtue, even mercy, especially if he could hope to find in it unexpected pleasures. But to those who, like myself, had succeeded in penetrating

further into the depths of this sick and curious soul, it was infinitely more probable that the Prince was wishful to estimate the quality of the scenic talents of a man condemned to death. He would profit by the occasion to obtain a physiological experience of a capital interest, and to verify to what extent the habitual faculties of an artist would be altered or modified by the extraordinary situation in which he found himself. Beyond this, did there exist in his mind an intention, more or less defined, of mercy? It is a point that has never been solved.

At last, the great day having come, the little court displayed all its pomps, and it would be difficult to realize, without having seen it, what splendor the privileged classes of a little state with limited resources can show forth, on a really solemn occasion. This was a doubly solemn one, both from the wonder of its display and from the mysterious moral interest attaching to it.

The Sieur Fancioulle excelled especially in parts either silent or little burdened with words, such as are often the principal ones in those fairy plays whose object is to represent symbolically the mystery of life. He came upon the stage lightly and with a perfect ease, which in itself lent some support, in the minds of the noble public, to the idea of kindness and forgiveness.

When we say of an actor, 'This is a good actor,' we make use of a formula which implies that under the personage we can still distinguish the actor, that is to say, art, effort, will. Now, if an actor should succeed in being, in relation to the personage whom he is appointed to express, precisely what the finest statues of antiquity, miraculously animated, living, walking, seeing, would be in relation to the confused general idea of beauty, this would be, undoubtedly, a singular and unheard of case. Fancioulle was, that evening, a perfect idealization, which it was impossible not to suppose living, possible, real. The buffoon came and went, he laughed, wept, was convulsed, with an indestructible aureole about his head, an aureole invisible to all, but visible to me, and in which were blended, in a strange amalgam, the rays of Art and the martyr's glory. Fancioulle brought, by I know not what special grace, something divine and supernatural into even the most extravagant buffooneries. My pen trembles, and the tears of an emotion which I cannot forget rise to my eyes, as I try to describe to you this never-to-be-forgotten evening. Fancioulle proved to me, in a peremptory, an irrefutable way, that the intoxication of Art is surer than all others to veil the terrors of the gulf; that genius can act a comedy on the threshold of the grave with a joy that hinders it from seeing the grave, lost, as it is, in a Paradise shutting out all thought of the grave and of destruction.

The whole audience, blasé and frivolous as it was, soon fell under the all-powerful sway of the artist. Not a thought was left of death, of mourning, or of punishment. All gave themselves up, without disquietude, to the manifold delights caused by the sight of a masterpiece of living art. Explosions of joy and admiration again and again shook the dome of the edifice with the energy of a continuous thunder. The Prince himself, in an ecstasy, joined in the applause of his court.

Nevertheless, to a discerning eye, his emotion was not unmixed. Did he feel himself conquered in his power as despot? humiliated in his art as the striker of terror into hearts, of chill into souls? Such suppositions, not exactly justified, but not absolutely unjustifiable, passed through my mind as I contemplated the face of the Prince, on which a new pallor gradually overspread its habitual paleness, as snow overspreads snow. His lips compressed themselves tighter and tighter, and his eyes lighted up with an inner fire like that of jealousy or of spite, even while he applauded the talents of his old friend, the strange buffoon, who played the buffoon so well in the face of death. At a certain moment, I saw his Highness lean towards a little page, stationed behind him, and whisper in his ear. The roguish face of the pretty child lit up with a smile, and he briskly quitted the Prince's box as if to execute some urgent commission.

A few minutes later a shrill and prolonged hiss interrupted Fancioulle in one of his finest moments, and rent alike every ear and heart. And from the part of the house from whence this unexpected note of disapproval had sounded, a child darted into a corridor with stifled laughter.

Fancioulle, shaken, roused out of his dream, closed his eyes, then re-opened them, almost at once, extraordinarily wide, opened his mouth as if to breathe convulsively, staggered a little forward, a little

backward, and then fell stark dead on the boards.

Had the hiss, swift as a sword, really frustrated the hangman? Had the Prince himself divined all the homicidal efficacy of his ruse? It is permitted to doubt it. Did he regret his dear and inimitable Fancioulle? It is sweet and legitimate to believe it.

The guilty nobles had enjoyed the performance of comedy for the last time. They were effaced from life.

Since then, many mimes, justly appreciated in different countries, have played before the court of ——; but none of them have ever been able to recall the marvelous talents of Fancioulle, or to rise to the same favor.

NIETZSCHE (1844–1900)

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century the newly-founded German Empire made remarkable progress in political influence, commercial and colonial expansion and scientific investigation, but in literature the one figure that commanded the attention of other nations (not counting Wagner, who belongs chiefly to music) was Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, whose ideas were in direct antagonism to all that modern Germany stood for. Educated at Bonn and Leipsic, Nietzsche in 1869 obtained a professorship of classical philology at Basel, but was compelled through brain and eye troubles to retire in 1879. The next ten years, spent at various health resorts until his complete breakdown in 1888, were extraordinarily productive from the literary point of view, but he was always much more of a poet than a philosopher. He made no attempt to work out a complete or logical system, but uttered his thought in disconnected aphorisms and paradoxes, remarkable alike for their brilliance of phrasing and their revolutionary spirit. Of his numerous works the most finished and the most significant are *Thus Spake Zarathustra* (1883-4) and *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886). On account of the cryptic and paradoxical strain in his writings, he has been much misunderstood and held responsible for ideas he would have disowned. His idea of the 'Superman' who should be evolved as the next stage in human development has often been misrepresented, and nothing could be further from his thought than the 'Deutschland über Alles' cry, which is frequently ridiculed in his writings. He was anti-Nationalist, anti-Christian, anti-democratic, a strong individualist and violently opposed to centralized government. His criticism of established institutions and accepted beliefs is often suggestive as well as keen, though its extravagance of statement is perhaps more likely to shock the ordinary reader than to awaken him to reconsider the traditional view.

His acceptance by English-speaking readers has been slow. The first translation into English, issued in the early years of the present century, had little sale, and a complete issue of his works in English was not achieved for some years. As edited by Dr. Oscar Levy, it is now being republished in this country in eighteen volumes by the Macmillan Company, to whom we are indebted for permission to republish the following chapters from *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and *Beyond Good and Evil.*

ZARATHUSTRA'S PROLOGUE

When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his heart changed,—and rising one morning with the rosy dawn, he went before the sun, and spake thus unto it:

'Thou great star! What would be thy happiness if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest!

'For ten years hast thou climbed hither unto my cave: thou wouldst have wearied of thy light and of the journey, had it not been for me, mine eagle, and my serpent.

'But we awaited thee every morning, took from thee thine overflow, and blessed thee for it.

'Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath gathered too much honey; I need hands outstretched to take it.

'I would fain bestow and distribute, until the wise have once more become joyous in their folly, and the poor happy in their riches.

'Therefore must I descend into the deep: as thou doest in the evening, when thou goest behind the sea, and givest light also to the nether-world, thou exuberant star!

'Like thee must I go down, as men say, to whom I shall descend.

'Bless me, then, thou tranquil eye, that canst behold even the greatest happiness without envy!

'Bless the cup that is about to overflow, that the water may flow golden out of it, and carry everywhere the reflection of thy bliss!

'Lo! This cup is again going to empty itself, and Zarathustra is again going to be a man.'

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

Zarathustra went down the mountain alone, no one meeting him. When he entered the forest, however, there suddenly stood before him an old man, who had left his holy cot to seek roots. And thus spake the old man to Zarathustra:

'No stranger to me is this wanderer: many years ago passed he by. Zarathustra he was called; but he hath altered.

'Then thou carriedst thine ashes into the mountains: wilt thou now carry thy fire into the valleys? Fearest thou not the incendiary's doom?

'Yea, I recognize Zarathustra. Pure is his eye, and no loathing lurketh about his mouth. Goeth he not along like a dancer? Altered is Zarathustra; a child hath Zarathustra become; an awakened one is Zarathustra: what wilt thou do in the land of the sleepers?

'As in the sea hast thou lived in solitude, and it hath borne thee up. Alas, wilt thou now go ashore? Alas, wilt thou again drag thy body thyself?'

Zarathustra answered: 'I love mankind.'

'Why,' said the saint, 'did I go into the forest and the desert? Was it not because I loved men far too well?

'Now I love God: men, I do not love. Man is a thing too imperfect for me. Love to man would be fatal to me.'

Zarathustra answered: 'What spake I of love! I am bringing gifts unto men.'

'Give them nothing,' said the saint. 'Take rather part of their load, and carry it along with them—that will be most agreeable unto them: if only it be agreeable unto thee!

'If, however, thou wilt give unto them, give them no more than an alms, and let them also beg for it!'

'No,' replied Zarathustra, 'I give no alms. I am not poor enough for that.'

The saint laughed at Zarathustra, and spake thus: 'Then see to it that they accept thy treasures! They are distrustful of anchorites, and do not believe that we come with gifts.

'The fall of our footsteps ringeth too hollow through their streets. And just as at night, when they are in bed and hear a man abroad long before sunrise, so they ask themselves concerning us: where goeth the thief?

'Go not to men, but stay in the forest! Go rather to the animals! Why not be like me—a bear amongst bears, a bird amongst birds?'

'And what doeth the saint in the forest?' asked Zarathustra.

The saint answered: 'I make hymns and sing them; and in making hymns I laugh and weep and mumble: thus do I praise God.

'With singing, weeping, laughing, and mumbling do I praise the God who is my God. But what dost thou bring us as a gift?'

When Zarathustra had heard these words, he bowed to the saint and said: 'What should I have to give thee? Let me rather hurry hence lest I take aught away from thee!' And thus they parted from one another, the old man and Zarathustra, laughing like schoolboys.

When Zarathustra was alone, however, he said to his heart: 'Could it be possible! This old saint in the forest hath not yet heard of it, that God is dead!'

When Zarathustra arrived at the nearest town which adjoineth the forest, he found many people assembled in the market-place; for it had been announced that a rope-dancer would give a performance. And Zarathustra spake thus unto the people:

'I teach you the Superman. Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass man?

'All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast than surpass man?

'What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock, a thing of shame. And just the same shall man be to the Superman: a laughing-stock, a thing of shame.

'Ye have made your way from the worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

'Even the wisest among you is only a disharmony and hybrid of plant and phantom. But do I bid you become phantoms or plants?

'Lo, I teach you the superman!

'The Superman is the meaning of the

earth. Let your will say: The Superman shall be the meaning of the earth!

'I conjure you, my brethren, remain true to the earth, and believe not those who speak unto you of superearthly hopes! Poisoners are they, whether they know it or not.

'Despisers of life are they, decaying ones and poisoned ones themselves, of whom the earth is weary: so away with them!

'Once blasphemy against God was the greatest blasphemy; but God died, and therewith also those blasphemers. To blaspheme the earth is now the dreadfulest sin, and to rate the heart of the unknowable higher than the meaning of the earth!

'Once the soul looked contemptuously on the body, and then that contempt was the supreme thing:—the soul wished the body meager, ghastly, and famished. Thus it thought to escape from the body and the earth.

'Oh, that soul was itself meager, ghastly, and famished; and cruelty was the delight of that soul!

'But ye, also, my brethren, tell me: What doth your body say about your soul? Is your soul not poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency?

'Verily, a polluted stream is man. One must be a sea, to receive a polluted stream without becoming impure.

'Lo, I teach you the Superman: he is that sea; in him can your great contempt be submerged.

'What is the greatest thing ye can experience? It is the hour of great contempt. The hour in which even your happiness becometh loathsome unto you, and so also your reason and virtue.

'The hour when ye say: "What good is my happiness! It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency. But my happiness should justify existence itself!"

'The hour when ye say: "What good is my reason! Doth it long for knowledge as the lion for his food? It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!"

'The hour when ye say: "What good is my virtue! As yet it hath not made me passionate. How weary I am of my good and my bad! It is all poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!"

'The hour when ye say: "What good is my justice! I do not see that I am fervor and fuel. The just, however, are fervor and fuel!"

'The hour when we say: "What good is my pity! Is not pity the cross on which he is nailed who loveth man? But my pity is not a crucifixion."

'Have ye ever spoken thus? Have ye ever cried thus? Ah! would that I had heard you crying thus! It is not your sin —it is your self-satisfaction that crieth unto heaven; your very sparingness in sin crieth unto heaven!

'Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue? Where is the frenzy with which ye should be inoculated?

'Lo, I teach you the Superman: he is that lightning, he is that frenzy!

When Zarathustra had thus spoken, one of the people called out: 'We have now heard enough of the rope-dancer; it is time now for us to see him!' And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. But the rope-dancer, who thought the words applied to him, began his performance.

Zarathustra, however, looked at the people and wondered. Then he spake thus:

'Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman—a rope over an abyss.

'A dangerous crossing, a dangerous wayfaring, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous trembling and halting.

'What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal: what is lovable in man is that he is an over-going and a down-going.

'I love those that know not how to live except as down-goers, for they are the over-goers.

'I love the great despisers, because they are the great adorers, and arrows of longing for the other shore.

'I love those who do not first seek a reason beyond the stars for going down and being sacrifices, but sacrifice themselves to the earth, that the earth of the Superman may hereafter arrive.

'I love him who liveth in order to know, and seeketh to know in order that the Superman may hereafter live. Thus seeketh he his own down-going.

'I love him who laboreth and inventeth, that he may build the house for the Superman, and prepare for him earth, animal, and plant: for thus seeketh he his own down-going.

'I love him who loveth his virtue: for virtue is the will to down-going, and an arrow of longing.

'I love him who reserveth no share of

spirit for himself, but wanteth to be wholly the spirit of his virtue: thus walketh he as spirit over the bridge.

'I love him who maketh his virtue his inclination and destiny: thus, for the sake of his virtue, he is willing to live on, or live no more.

'I love him who desireth not too many virtues. One virtue is more of a virtue than two, because it is more of a knot for one's destiny to cling to.

'I love him whose soul is lavish, who wanteth no thanks and doth not give back: for he always bestoweth, and desireth not to keep for himself.

'I love him who is ashamed when the dice fall in his favor and who then asketh: "Am I a dishonest player?"—for he is willing to succumb.

'I love him who scattereth golden words in advance of his deeds, and always doeth more than he promiseth: for he seeketh his own down-going.

'I love him who justifieth the future ones, and redeemeth the past ones: for he is willing to succumb through the present ones.

'I love him who chasteneth his God, because he loveth his God: for he must succumb through the wrath of his God.

'I love him whose soul is deep even in the wounding, and may succumb through a small matter: thus goeth he willingly over the bridge.

'I love him whose soul is so overfull that he forgetteth himself, and all things are in him: thus all things become his down-going.

'I love him who is of a free spirit and a free heart: thus is his head only the bowels of his heart; his heart, however, causeth his down-going.

'I love all who are like heavy drops falling one by one out of the dark cloud that lowereth over man: they herald the coming of lightning, and succumb as heralds.

'Lo, I am a herald of the lightning, and a heavy drop out of the cloud: the lightning, however, is the Superman.'

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, he again looked at the people, and was silent. 'There they stand,' said he to his heart; 'there they laugh: they understand me not; I am not the mouth for these ears.

'Must one first batter their ears, that they may learn to hear with their eyes? Must one clatter like kettledrums and penitential preachers? Or do they only believe the stammerer?

'They have something whereof they are proud. What do they call it, that which maketh them proud? Culture, they call it; it distinguisheth them from the goatherds.

'They dislike, therefore, to hear of "contempt" of themselves. So I will appeal to their pride.

'I will speak unto them of the most contemptible thing: that, however, is the last man!'

And thus spake Zarathustra unto the people:

'It is time for man to fix his goal. It is time for man to plant the germ of his highest hope.

'Still is his soil rich enough for it. But that soil will one day be poor and exhausted, and no lofty tree will any longer be able to grow thereon.

'Alas! there cometh the time when man will no longer launch the arrow of his longing beyond man—and the string of his bow will have unlearned to whizz!

'I tell you: one must still have chaos in one, to give birth to a dancing star. I tell you: ye have still chaos in you.

'Alas! There cometh the time when man will no longer give birth to any star. Alas! There cometh the time of the most despicable man, who can no longer despise himself.

'Lo! I show you the last man.

'"What is love? What is creation? What is longing? What is a star?"—so asketh the last man and blinketh.

'The earth hath then become small, and on it there hoppeth the last man who maketh everything small. His species is ineradicable like that of the ground-flea; the last man liveth longest.

'"We have discovered happiness"—say the last men, and blink thereby.

'They have left the regions where it is hard to live; for they need warmth. One still loveth one's neighbor and rubbeth against him; for one needeth warmth.

'Turning ill and being distrustful, they consider sinful: they walk warily. He is a fool who still stumbleth over stones or men!

'A little poison now and then: that maketh pleasant dreams. And much poison at last for a pleasant death.

'One still worketh, for work is a pastime.

But one is careful lest the pastime should hurt one.

'One no longer becometh poor or rich; both are too burdensome. Who still wanteth to rule? Who still wanteth to obey? Both are too burdensome.

'No shepherd, and one herd! Everyone wanteth the same; everyone is equal: he who hath other sentiments goeth voluntarily into the madhouse.

'"Formerly all the world was insane,"—say the subtlest of them, and blink thereby.

'They are clever and know all that hath happened: so there is no end to their raillery. People still fall out, but are soon reconciled—otherwise it spoileth their stomachs.

'They have their little pleasures for the day, and their little pleasures for the night: but they have a regard for health.

'"We have discovered happiness,"—say the last men, and blink thereby.'

And here ended the first discourse of Zarathustra, which is also called 'The Prologue': for at this point the shouting and mirth of the multitude interrupted him. 'Give us this last man, O Zarathustra,'—they called out—'make us into these last men! Then will we make thee a present of the Superman!' And all the people exulted and smacked their lips. Zarathustra, however, turned sad, and said to his heart:

'They understand me not: I am not the mouth for these ears.

'Too long, perhaps, have I lived in the mountains; too much have I harkened unto the brooks and trees: now do I speak unto them as unto the goatherds.

'Calm is my soul, and clear, like the mountains in the morning. But they think me cold, and a mocker with terrible jests.

'And now do they look at me and laugh: and while they laugh they hate me too. There is ice in their laughter.'

Then, however, something happened which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed. In the meantime, of course, the rope-dancer had commenced his performance: he had come out at a little door, and was going along the rope which was stretched between two towers, so that it hung above the market-place and the people. When he was just midway across, the little door opened once more, and a gaudily-dressed fellow like a buffoon sprang out, and went rapidly after the first one.

'Go on, halt-foot,' cried his frightful voice, 'go on, lazy-bones, interloper, sallow-face!—lest I tickle thee with my heel! What dost thou here between the towers? In the tower is the place for thee, thou shouldst be locked up; to one better than thyself thou blockest the way!'

And with every word he came nearer and nearer the first one. When, however, he was but a step behind, there happened the frightful thing which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed:—he uttered a yell like the devil, and jumped over the other who was in his way. The latter, however, when he thus saw his rival triumph, lost at the same time his head and his footing on the rope; he threw his pole away, and shot downwards faster than it, like an eddy of arms and legs, into the depth. The market-place and the people were like the sea when the storm cometh on: they all flew apart and in disorder, especially where the body was about to fall.

Zarathustra, however, remained standing, and just beside him fell the body, badly injured and disfigured, but not yet dead. After a while consciousness returned to the shattered man, and he saw Zarathustra kneeling beside him. 'What art thou doing there?' said he at last. 'I knew long ago that the devil would trip me up. Now he draggeth me to hell: wilt thou prevent him?'

'On mine honor, my friend,' answered Zarathustra, 'there is nothing of all that whereof thou speakest: there is no devil and no hell. Thy soul will be dead even sooner than thy body: fear, therefore, nothing any more!'

The man looked up distrustfully. 'If thou speakest the truth,' said he, 'I lose nothing when I lose my life. I am not much more than an animal which hath been taught to dance by blows and scanty fare.'

'Not at all,' said Zarathustra, 'thou hast made danger thy calling; therein there is nothing contemptible. Now thou perishest by thy calling: therefore I will bury thee with my own hands.'

When Zarathustra had said this, the dying one did not reply further; but he moved his hand as if he sought the hand of Zarathustra in gratitude.

Meanwhile, the evening came on, and the market-place veiled itself in gloom. Then

the people dispersed, for even curiosity and terror become fatigued. Zarathustra, however, still sat beside the dead man on the ground, absorbed in thought: so he forgot the time. But at last it became night, and a cold wind blew upon the lonely one. Then arose Zarathustra and said to his heart:

'Verily, a fine catch of fish hath Zarathustra made today! It is not a man he hath caught, but a corpse.

'Somber is human life, and as yet without meaning: a buffoon may be fateful to it.

'I want to teach men the sense of their existence, which is the Superman, the lightning out of the dark cloud—man.

'But still am I far from them, and my sense speaketh not unto their sense. To men I am still something between a fool and a corpse.

'Gloomy is the night, gloomy are the ways of Zarathustra. Come, thou cold and stiff companion! I carry thee to the place where I shall bury thee with mine own hands.'

When Zarathustra had said this to his heart, he put the corpse upon his shoulders and set out on his way. Yet had he not gone a hundred steps, when there stole a man up to him and whispered in his ear—and lo! he that spake was the buffoon from the tower. 'Leave this town, O Zarathustra,' said he, 'there are too many here who hate thee. The good and just hate thee, and call thee their enemy and despiser; the believers in the orthodox belief hate thee, and call thee a danger to the multitude. It was thy good fortune to be laughed at: and verily thou spakest like a buffoon. It was thy good fortune to associate with the dead dog; by so humiliating thyself thou hast saved thy life today. Depart, however, from this town,—or tomorrow I shall jump over thee, a living man over a dead one.' And when he had said this, the buffoon vanished; Zarathustra, however, went on through the dark streets.

At the gate of the town the gravediggers met him: they shone their torch on his face, and recognizing Zarathustra, they sorely derided him. 'Zarathustra is carrying away the dead dog: a fine thing that Zarathustra hath turned a gravedigger! For our hands are too cleanly for that roast. Will Zarathustra steal the bite from the devil? Well then, good luck to the repast! If only the devil is not a better thief than Zarathustra!—he will steal them both, he will eat them both!' And they laughed among themselves, and put their heads together.

Zarathustra made no answer thereto, but went on his way. When he had gone on for two hours, past forests and swamps, he had heard too much of the hungry howling of the wolves, and he himself became a-hungry. So he halted at a lonely house in which a light was burning.

'Hunger attacketh me,' said Zarathustra, 'like a robber. Among forests and swamps my hunger attacketh me, and late in the night.

'Strange humors hath my hunger. Often it cometh to me only after a repast, and all day it hath failed to come: where hath it been?'

And thereupon Zarathustra knocked at the door of the house. An old man appeared, who carried a light, and asked: 'Who cometh unto me and my bad sleep?'

'A living man and a dead one,' said Zarathustra. 'Give me something to eat and drink, I forgot it during the day. He that feedeth the hungry refresheth his own soul, saith wisdom.'

The old man withdrew, but came back immediately and offered Zarathustra bread and wine. 'A bad country for the hungry,' said he; 'that is why I live here. Animal and man come unto me, the anchorite. But bid thy companion eat and drink also, he is wearier than thou.' Zarathustra answered: 'My companion is dead; I shall hardly be able to persuade him to eat.' 'That doth not concern me,' said the old man sullenly; 'he that knocketh at my door must take what I offer him. Eat, and fare ye well!'

Thereafter Zarathustra again went on for two hours, trusting to the path and the light of the stars: for he was an experienced night-walker, and liked to look into the face of all that slept. When the morning dawned, however, Zarathustra found himself in a thick forest, and no path was any longer visible. He then put the dead man in a hollow tree at his head—for he wanted to protect him from the wolves—and laid himself down on the ground and moss. And immediately he fell asleep, tired in body, but with a tranquil soul.

Long slept Zarathustra; and not only the rosy dawn passed over his head, but also the morning. At last, however, his eyes opened, and amazedly he gazed into the forest and stillness, amazedly he gazed into himself. Then he arose quickly, like a seafarer who all at once seeth the land; and he shouted for joy: for he saw a new truth. And he spake thus to his heart:

'A light hath dawned upon me: I need companions—living ones; not dead companions and corpses, which I carry with me where I will.

'But I need living companions, who will follow me because they want to follow themselves—and to the place where I will.

'A light hath dawned upon me. Not to the people is Zarathustra to speak, but to companions! Zarathustra shall not be the herd's herdsman and hound!

'To allure many from the herd—for that purpose have I come. The people and the herd must be angry with me: a robber shall Zarathustra be called by the herdsmen.

'Herdsmen, I say, but they call themselves the good and just. Herdsmen, I say, but they call themselves the believers in the orthodox belief.

'Behold the good and just! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaketh up their tables of values, the breaker, the law-breaker:—he, however, is the creator.

'Behold the believers of all beliefs! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaketh up their tables of values, the breaker, the law-breaker: he, however, is the creator.

'Companions, the creator seeketh, not corpses—and not herds or believers either. Fellow-creatures the creator seeketh—those who grave new values on new tables.

'Companions, the creator seeketh and fellow-reapers: for everything is ripe for the harvest with him. But he lacketh the hundred sickles: so he plucketh the ears of corn and is vexed.

'Companions, the creator seeketh, and such as know how to whet their sickles. Destroyers, will they be called, and despisers of good and evil. But they are the reapers and rejoicers.

'Fellow-creators, Zarathustra seeketh; fellow-reapers and fellow-rejoicers, Zarathustra seeketh; what hath he to do with herds and herdsmen and corpses!

'And thou, my first companion, rest in peace! Well have I buried thee in thy hollow tree; well have I hid thee from the wolves.

'But I part from thee; the time hath arrived. 'Twixt rosy dawn and rosy dawn there came unto me a new truth.

'I am not to be a herdsman, I am not to be a gravedigger. Not any more will I discourse unto the people; for the last time have I spoken unto the dead.

'With the creators, the reapers, and the rejoicers will I associate: the rainbow will I show them, and all the stairs to the Superman.

'To the lone-dwellers will I sing my song, and to the twain-dwellers; and unto him who hath still ears for the unheard, will I make the heart heavy with my happiness.

'I make for my goal, I follow my course; over the loitering and tardy will I leap. Thus let my on-going be their down-going!'

This had Zarathustra said to his heart when the sun stood at noon-tide. Then he looked inquiringly aloft,—for he heard above him the sharp call of a bird. And behold! An eagle swept through the air in wide circles, and on it hung a serpent, not like a prey, but like a friend: for it kept itself coiled around the eagle's neck.

'They are mine animals,' said Zarathustra, and rejoiced in his heart.

'The proudest animal under the sun, and the wisest animal under the sun,—they have come out to reconnoiter.

'They want to know whether Zarathustra still liveth. Verily, do I still live?

'More dangerous have I found it among men than among animals; in dangerous paths goeth Zarathustra. Let mine animals lead me!'

When Zarathustra had said this, he remembered the words of the saint in the forest. Then he sighed and spake thus to his heart:

'Would that I were wiser! Would that I were wise from the very heart, like my serpent!

'But I am asking the impossible. Therefore do I ask my pride to go always with my wisdom!

'And if my wisdom should some day forsake me:—alas! it loveth to fly away!—may my pride then fly with my folly!'

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

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I heard, once again for the first time, Richard Wagner's overture to the *Mastersingers:* it is a piece of magnificent, gorgeous, heavy, latter-day art, which has the pride to presuppose two centuries of music as still living, in order that it may be understood: it is an honor to Germans that such a pride did not miscalculate! What flavors and forces, what seasons and climes do we not find mingled in it! It impresses us at one time as ancient, at another time as foreign, bitter, and too modern, it is as arbitrary as it is pompously traditional, it is not infrequently roguish, still oftener rough and coarse—it has fire and courage, and at the same time the loose, dun-colored skin of fruits which ripen too late. It flows broad and full: and suddenly there is a moment of inexplicable hesitation, like a gap that opens between cause and effect, an oppression that makes us dream, almost a nightmare; but already it broadens and widens anew, the old stream of delight—the most manifold delight—of old and new happiness; including especially the joy of the artist in himself, which he refuses to conceal, his astonished, happy cognizance of his mastery of the expedients here employed, the new, newly acquired, imperfectly tested expedients of art which he apparently betrays to us. All in all, however, no beauty, no South, nothing of the delicate southern cleanness of the sky, nothing of grace, no dance, hardly a will to logic; a certain clumsiness even, which is also emphasized, as though the artist wished to say to us: 'It is part of my intention'; a cumbersome drapery, something arbitrarily barbaric and ceremonious, a flirring of learned and venerable conceits and witticisms; something German in the best and worst sense of the word, something in the German style, manifold, formless, and inexhaustible; a certain German potency and superplenitude of soul, which is not afraid to hide itself under the *raffinements* of decadence—which, perhaps, feels itself most at ease there; a real, genuine token of the German soul, which is at the same time young and aged, too ripe and yet still too rich in futurity. This kind of music expresses best what I think of the Germans; they belong to the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow—they have as yet no today.

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We 'good Europeans,' we also have hours when we allow ourselves a warm-hearted patriotism, a plunge and relapse into old loves and narrow views—I have just given an example of it—hours of national excitement, of patriotic anguish, and all other sorts of old-fashioned floods of sentiment. Duller spirits may perhaps only get done with what confines its operations in us to hours and plays itself out in hours—in a considerable time: some in half a year, others in half a lifetime, according to the speed and strength with which they digest and 'change their material.' Indeed, I could think of sluggish, hesitating races, which, even in our rapidly moving Europe, would require half a century ere they could surmount such atavistic attacks of patriotism and soil attachment, and return once more to reason, that is to say, to 'good Europeanism.' And while digressing on this possibility, I happen to become an earwitness of a conversation between two old patriots—they were evidently both hard of hearing and consequently spoke all the louder.

'He has as much, and knows as much, philosophy as a peasant or a corps-student,' said the one—'he is still innocent. But what does that matters nowadays! It is the age of the masses: they lie on their belly before everything that is massive. And so also *in politicis* [in political affairs]. A statesman who rears up for them a new Tower of Babel, some monstrosity of empire and power, they call "great"—what does it matter that we more prudent and conservative ones do not meanwhile give up the old belief that it is only the great thought that gives greatness to an action or affair. Supposing a statesman were to bring his people into the position of being obliged henceforth to practise "high politics," for which they were by nature badly endowed and prepared, so that they would have to sacrifice their old and reliable virtues, out of love to a new and doubtful mediocrity;—supposing a statesman were to condemn his people generally to "practise politics," when they have hitherto had something better to do and think about, and when in the depths of their souls they have been unable to free themselves from a prudent loathing of the restlessness, emptiness, and noisy wranglings of the essentially politics-practising

nations;—supposing such a statesman were to stimulate the slumbering passions and avidities of his people, were to make a stigma out of their former diffidence and delight in aloofness, an offense out of their exoticism and hidden permanency, were to depreciate their most radical proclivities, subvert their consciences, make their minds narrow, and their tastes "national"—what! a statesman who should do all this, which his people would have to do penance for throughout their whole future, if they had a future, such a statesman would be *great,* would he?'

'Undoubtedly!' replied the other old patriot vehemently; 'otherwise he could not have done it! It was mad perhaps to wish such a thing! But perhaps everything great has just been mad at its commencement!'

'Misuse of words!' cried his interlocutor, contradictorily—'Strong! Strong! Strong and mad! Not great!'

The old men had obviously become heated as they thus shouted their 'truths' in each other's faces; but I, in my happiness and apartness, considered how soon a stronger one may become master of the strong; and also that there is a compensation for the intellectual superficializing of a nation—namely, in the deepening of another.

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Whether we call it 'civilization,' or 'humanizing,' or 'progress,' which now distinguishes the European; whether we call it simply, without praise or blame, by the political formula: the democratic movement in Europe—behind all the moral and political foregrounds pointed to by such formulas, an immense physiological process goes on, which is ever extending: the process of the assimilation of Europeans; their increasing detachment from the conditions under which, climatically and hereditarily, united races originate; their increasing independence of every definite *milieu,* that for centuries would fain inscribe itself with equal demands on soul and body;—that is to say, the slow emergence of an essentially *super-national* and nomadic species of man, who possesses, physiologically speaking, a maximum of the art and power of adaptation as his typical distinction. This process of the evolving European, which can be retarded in its tempo by great relapses, but will perhaps just gain and grow thereby in vehemence and depth—the still raging storm and stress of 'national sentiment' pertains to it, and also the anarchism which is appearing at present—this process will probably arrive at results on which its naïve propagators and panegyrists, the apostles of 'modern ideas,' would least care to reckon. The same new conditions under which on an average a leveling and mediocrizing of man will take place—a useful, industrious, variously serviceable and clever, gregarious man—are in the highest degree suitable to give rise to exceptional men of the most dangerous and attractive qualities. For, while the capacity for adaptation, which is ever trying changing conditions, and begins a new work with every generation, almost with every decade, makes the powerfulness of the type impossible; while the collective impression of such future Europeans will probably be that of numerous, talkative, weak-willed, and very handy workmen who require a master, a commander, as they require their daily bread; while, therefore, the democratizing of Europe will tend to the production of a type prepared for slavery in the most subtle sense of the term: the strong man will necessarily, in individual and exceptional cases, become stronger and richer than he has perhaps ever been before—owing to the unprejudicedness of his schooling, owing to the immense variety of practise, art, and disguise. I meant to say that the democratizing of Europe is at the same time an involuntary arrangement for the rearing of tyrants—taking the word in all its meanings, even in its most spiritual sense.

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I hear with pleasure that our sun is moving rapidly toward the constellation Hercules: and I hope that the men on this earth will do like the sun. And we foremost, we good Europeans!

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There was a time when it was customary to call Germans 'deep' by way of distinction; but now that the most successful type of new Germanism is covetous of quite other honors, and perhaps misses 'smartness' in all that has depth, it is almost

opportune and patriotic to doubt whether we did not formerly deceive ourselves with that commendation: in short, whether German depth is not at bottom something different and worse—and something from which, thank God, we are on the point of successfully ridding ourselves. Let us try, then, to relearn with regard to German depth; the only thing necessary for the purpose is a little vivisection of the German soul.

The German soul is above all manifold, varied in its source, aggregated and superimposed, rather than actually built: this is owing to its origin. A German who would embolden himself to assert: 'Two souls, alas, dwell in my breast,' would make a bad guess at the truth, or, more correctly, he would come far short of the truth about the number of souls. As a people made up of the most extraordinary mixing and mingling of races, perhaps even with a preponderance of the pre-Aryan element, as the 'people of the center' in every sense of the term, the Germans are more intangible, more ample, more contradictory, more unknown, more incalculable, more surprising, and even more terrifying than other peoples are to themselves:—they escape definition, and are thereby alone the despair of the French. It is characteristic of the Germans that the question: 'What is German?' never dies out among them. Kotzebue certainly knew his Germans well enough: 'We are known,' they cried jubilantly to him—but Sand also thought he knew them. Jean Paul knew what he was doing when he declared himself incensed at Fichte's lying but patriotic flatteries and exaggerations,—but it is probable that Goethe thought differently about Germans from Jean Paul, even though he acknowledged him to be right with regard to Fichte. It is a question what Goethe really thought about the Germans? But about many things around him he never spoke explicitly, and all his life he knew how to keep an astute silence—probably he had good reason for it. It is certain that it was not the 'Wars of Independence' that made him look up more joyfully, any more than it was the French Revolution,—the event on account of which he reconstructed his *Faust,* and indeed the whole problem of 'man,' was the appearance of Napoleon. There are words of Goethe in which he condemns with impatient severity, as from a foreign land, that which Germans take pride in: he once defined the famous German turn of mind as 'indulgence toward its own and others' weaknesses.' Was he wrong? It is characteristic of Germans that one is seldom entirely wrong about them. The German soul has passages and galleries in it, there are caves, hiding-places, and dungeons therein; its disorder has much of the charm of the mysterious; the German is well acquainted with the bypaths to chaos. And as everything loves its symbol, so the German loves the clouds and all that is obscure, evolving, crepuscular, damp, and shrouded: it seems to him that everything uncertain, undeveloped, self-displacing, and growing is 'deep.' The German himself does not *exist:* he is *becoming,* he is 'developing himself.' 'Development' is therefore the essentially German discovery and hit in the great domain of philosophical formulas,—a ruling idea, which, together with German beer and German music is laboring to Germanize all Europe. Foreigners are astonished and attracted by the riddles which the conflicting nature at the basis of the German soul propounds to them (riddles which Hegel systematized and Richard Wagner has in the end set to music). 'Good-natured and spiteful'—such a juxtaposition, preposterous in the case of every other people, is unfortunately only too often justified in Germany: one has only to live for a while among Swabians to know this! The clumsiness of the German scholar and his social distastefulness agree alarmingly well with his psychical rope-dancing and nimble boldness, of which all the Gods have learnt to be afraid. If anyone wishes to see the 'German soul' demonstrated *ad oculos* [before his eyes], let him only look at German taste, at German arts and manners: what boorish indifference to 'taste'! How the noblest and the commonest stand there in juxtaposition! How disorderly and how rich is the whole constitution of this soul! The German drags at his soul, he drags at everything he experiences. He digests his events badly; he never gets 'done' with them; and German depth is often only a difficult, hesitating 'digestion.' And just as all chronic invalids, all dyspeptics, like what is convenient, so the German loves 'frankness' and 'honesty'; it is so convenient to be frank and honest!

This confidingness, this complaisance, this showing-the-cards of German honesty, is probably the most dangerous and most

successful disguise which the German is up to nowadays: it is his proper Mephistophelean art; with this he can 'still achieve much'! The German lets himself go, and thereby gazes with faithful, blue, empty German eyes—and other countries immediately confound him with his dressing-gown!

I meant to say that let 'German depth' be what it will—among ourselves alone we perhaps take the liberty to laugh at it—we shall do well to continue henceforth to honor its appearance and good name, and not barter away too cheaply our old reputation as a people of depth for Prussian 'smartness,' and Berlin wit and sand. It is wise for a people to pose and let itself be regarded as profound, clumsy, good-natured, honest, and foolish: it might even be—profound to do so! Finally, we should do honor to our name—we are not called the 'tiusche Volk' (deceptive people) for nothing.

245

The 'good old' time is past, it sang itself out in Mozart—how happy are we that his rococo still speaks to us, that his 'good company,' his tender enthusiasm, his childish delight in the Chinese and in flourishes, his courtesy of heart, his longing for the elegant, the amorous, the tripping, the tearful, and his belief in the South, can still appeal to something left in us! Ah, some time or other it will be over with it! —but who can doubt that it will be over still sooner with the intelligence and taste for Beethoven! For he was only the last echo of a break and transition in style, and not, like Mozart, the last echo of a great European taste which had existed for centuries. Beethoven is the intermediate event between an old mellow soul that is constantly breaking down, and a future over-young soul that is always coming; there is spread over his music the twilight of eternal loss and eternal extravagant hope,—the same light in which Europe was bathed when it dreamed with Rousseau, when it danced round the Tree of Liberty of the Revolution, and finally almost fell down in adoration before Napoleon. But how rapidly does this very sentiment now pale, how difficult nowadays is even the apprehension of this sentiment, how strangely does the language of Rousseau, Schiller, Shelley, and Byron sound to our ear, in whom collectively the same fate of Europe was able to speak, which knew how to sing in Beethoven!

Whatever German music came afterwards, belongs to Romanticism, that is to say, to a movement which, historically considered, was still shorter, more fleeting, and more superficial than that great interlude, the transition of Europe from Rousseau to Napoleon, and to the rise of democracy. Weber—but what do we care nowadays for *Freischutz* and *Oberon!* Or Marschner's *Hans Heiling* and *Vampyre!* Or even Wagner's *Tannhäuser!* That is extinct, although not yet forgotten music. This whole music of Romanticism, besides, was not noble enough, was not musical enough, to maintain its position anywhere but in the theater and before the masses; from the beginning it was second-rate music, which was little thought of by genuine musicians. It was different with Felix Mendelssohn, that halcyon master, who, on account of his lighter, purer, happier soul, quickly acquired admiration, and was equally quickly forgotten: as the beautiful episode of German music. But with regard to Robert Schumann, who took things seriously, and has been taken seriously from the first—he was the last that founded a school,—do we not now regard it as a satisfaction, a relief, a deliverance, that this very Romanticism of Schumann's has been surmounted? Schumann, fleeing into the 'Saxon Switzerland' of his soul, with a half Werther-like, half Jean-Paul-like nature (assuredly not like Beethoven! assuredly not like Byron!)—his *Manfred* music is a mistake and a misunderstanding to the extent of injustice; Schumann, with his taste, which was fundamentally a petty taste (that is to say, a dangerous propensity—doubly dangerous among Germans—for quiet lyricism and intoxication of the feelings), going constantly apart, timidly withdrawing and retiring, a noble weakling who reveled in nothing but anonymous joy and sorrow, from the beginning a sort of girl and *noli me tangere* [don't touch me] —this Schumann was already merely a German event in music, and no longer a European event, as Beethoven had been, as in a still greater degree Mozart had been; with Schumann German music was threatened with its greatest danger, that of losing the voice for the soul of Europe and sinking into a merely national affair.

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What a torture are books written in German to a reader who has a third ear! How indignantly he stands beside the slowly turning swamp of sounds without tune and rhythms without dance, which Germans call a 'book'! And even the German who reads books! How lazily, how reluctantly, how badly he reads! How many Germans know, and consider it obligatory to know, that there is art in every good sentence—art which must be divined, if the sentence is to be understood! If there is a misunderstanding about its tempo, for instance, the sentence itself is misunderstood! That one must not be doubtful about the rhythm-determining syllables, that one should feel the breaking of the too-rigid symmetry as intentional and as a charm, that one should lend a fine and patient ear to every staccato and every rubato, that one should divine the sense in the sequence of the vowels and diphthongs, and how delicately and richly they can be tinted and retinted in the order of their arrangement—who among book-reading Germans is complaisant enough to recognize such duties and requirements, and to listen to so much art and intention in language? After all, one just 'has no ear for it'; and so the most marked contrasts of style are not heard, and the most delicate artistry is as it were squandered on the deaf.

These were my thoughts when I noticed how clumsily and unintuitively two masters in the art of prose-writing have been confounded: one, whose words drop down hesitatingly and coldly, as from the roof of a damp cave—he counts on their dull sound and echo; and another who manipulates his language like a flexible sword, and from his arm down into his toes feels the dangerous bliss of the quivering, oversharp blade, which wishes to bite, hiss and cut.

247

How little the German style has to do with harmony and with the ear, is shown by the fact that precisely our good musicians themselves write badly. The German does not read aloud, he does not read for the ear, but only with his eyes; he has put his ears away in the drawer for the time. In antiquity when a man read—which was seldom enough—he read something to himself, and in a loud voice; they were surprised when anyone read silently, and sought secretly the reason of it. In a loud voice: that is to say, with all the swellings, inflections, and variations of key and changes of tempo, in which the ancient public world took delight. The laws of the written style were then the same as those of the spoken style; and these laws depended partly on the surprising development and refined requirements of the ear and larynx; partly on the strength, endurance, and power of the ancient lungs. In the ancient sense, a period is above all a physiological whole, inasmuch as it is comprised in one breath. Such periods as occur in Demosthenes and Cicero, swelling twice and sinking twice, and all in one breath, were pleasures to the men of antiquity, who knew by their own schooling how to appreciate the virtue therein, the rareness and the difficulty in the deliverance of such a period;—we have really no right to the big period, we modern men, who are short of breath in every sense! Those ancients, indeed, were all of them dilettanti in speaking, consequently connoisseurs, consequently critics—they thus brought their orators to the highest pitch; in the same manner as in the last century, when all Italian ladies and gentlemen knew how to sing, the virtuososhiip of song (and with it also the art of melody) reached its elevation. In Germany, however (until quite recently when a kind of platform eloquence began shyly and awkwardly enough to flutter its young wings), there was properly speaking only one kind of public and approximately artistical discourse—that delivered from the pulpit. The preacher was the only one in Germany who knew the weight of a syllable or a word, in what manner a sentence strikes, springs, rushes, flows, and comes to a close; he alone had a conscience in his ears, often enough a bad conscience: for reasons are not lacking why proficiency in oratory should be especially seldom attained by a German, or almost always too late. The masterpiece of German prose is therefore with good reason the masterpiece of its greatest preacher: the Bible has hitherto been the best German book. Compared with Luther's Bible, almost everything else is merely 'literature'—something which has not grown in Germany, and therefore has not taken and does not take

root in German hearts, as the Bible has done.

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There are two kinds of geniuses: one which above all engenders and seeks to engender, and another which willingly lets itself be fructified and brings forth. And similarly, among the gifted nations, there are those on whom the woman's problem of pregnancy has devolved, and the secret task of forming, maturing and perfecting —the Greeks, for instance, were a nation of this kind, and so are the French; and others which have to fructify and become the cause of new modes of life—like the Jews, the Romans, and, in all modesty be it asked: like the Germans?—nations tortured and enraptured by unknown fevers and irresistibly forced out of themselves, amorous and longing for foreign races (for such, as 'let themselves be fructified'), and withal imperious, like everything conscious of being full of generative force, and consequently empowered 'by the grace of God.' These two kinds of geniuses seek each other like man and woman; but they also misunderstand each other—like man and woman.

249

Every nation has its own 'tartuffery,' and calls that its virtue. One does not know—cannot know, the best that is in one.

250

What Europe owes to the Jews? Many things, good and bad, and above all one thing of the nature both of the best and the worst: the grand style in morality, the fearfulness and majesty of infinite demands, of infinite significations, the whole Romanticism and sublimity of moral questionableness—and consequently just the most attractive, ensnaring, and exquisite element in those iridescences and allurements to life, in the aftersheen of which the sky of our European culture, its evening sky, now glows—perhaps glows out. For this, we artists among the spectators and philosophers, are—grateful to the Jews.

251

It must be taken into the bargain, if various clouds and disturbances—in short, slight attacks of stupidity—pass over the spirit of a people that suffers and wants to suffer from national nervous fever and political ambition: for instance, among present-day Germans there is alternately the anti-French folly, the anti-Semitic folly, the anti-Polish folly, the Christian-romantic folly, the Wagnerian folly, the Teutonic folly, the Prussian folly (just look at those poor historians, the Sybels, and Treitschkes, and their closely bandaged heads), and whatever else these little obscurations of the German spirit and conscience may be called. May it be forgiven me that I, too, when on a short daring sojourn on very infected ground, did not remain wholly exempt from the disease, but like everyone else, began to entertain thoughts about matters which did not concern me—the first symptom of political infection.

About the Jews, for instance, listen to the following:—I have never yet met a German who was favorably inclined to the Jews; and however decided the repudiation of actual anti-Semitism may be on the part of all prudent and political men, this prudence and policy is not perhaps directed against the nature of the sentiment itself, but only against its dangerous excess, and especially against the distasteful and infamous expression of this excess of sentiment;—on this point we must not deceive ourselves. That Germany has amply sufficient Jews, that the German stomach, the German blood, has difficulty (and will long have difficulty) in disposing only of this quantity of 'Jew'—as the Italian, the Frenchman, and the Englishman have done by means of a stronger digestion:—that is the unmistakable declaration and language of a general instinct, to which one must listen and according to which one must act. 'Let no more Jews come in! And shut the doors, especially toward the East (also toward Austria)!'—thus commands the instinct of a people whose nature is still feeble and uncertain, so that it could be easily wiped out, easily extinguished by a stronger race. The Jews, however, are beyond all doubt the strongest, toughest, and purest race at present living in Europe; they know how to succeed even under the worst conditions (in fact, better than under favorable ones), by means of virtues of some sort, which one would like nowadays to label as vices—owing above all to a resolute faith which does not need to be ashamed before 'modern ideas'; they

alter only, when they do alter, in the same way that the Russian Empire makes its conquest—as an empire that has plenty of time and is not of yesterday—namely, according to the principle, 'as slowly as possible'! A thinker who has the future of Europe at heart, will, in all his perspectives concerning the future, calculate upon the Jews, as he will calculate upon the Russians, as above all the surest and likeliest factors in the great play and battle of forces. That which is at present called a 'nation' in Europe, and is really rather a *res facta* [a thing made] than *nata* [born] (indeed, sometimes confusingly similar to a *res ficta et picta* [a thing imagined and painted]), is in every case something evolving, young, easily displaced, and not yet a race, much less such a race *œre perennius* [more lasting than brass], as the Jews are: such 'nations' should most carefully avoid all hot-headed rivalry and hostility! It is certain that the Jews, if they desired—or if they were driven to it, as the anti-Semites seem to wish—could now have the ascendancy, nay, literally the supremacy, over Europe; that they are not working and planning for that end is equally certain. Meanwhile, they rather wish and desire, even somewhat importunately, to be insorbed and absorbed by Europe; they long to be finally settled, authorized, and respected somewhere, and wish to put an end to the nomadic life, to the 'wandering Jew';—and one should certainly take account of this impulse and tendency, and make advances to it (it possibly betokens a mitigation of the Jewish instincts): for which purpose it would perhaps be useful and fair to banish the anti-Semitic bawlers out of the country. One should make advances with all prudence, and with selection; pretty much as the English nobility do. It stands to reason that the more powerful and strongly marked types of new Germanism could enter into relation with the Jews with the least hesitation, for instance, the nobleman officer from the Prussian border: it would be interesting in many ways to see whether the genius for money and patience (and especially some intellect and intellectuality —sadly lacking in the place referred to) could not in addition be annexed and trained to the hereditary art of commanding and obeying—for both of which the country in question has now a classic reputation.

But here it is expedient to break off my festal discourse and my sprightly Teutonomania: for I have already reached my serious topic, the 'European problem,' as I understand it, the rearing of a new ruling caste for Europe.

252

They are not a philosophical race—the English; Bacon represents an attack on the philosophical spirit generally, Hobbes, Hume, and Locke, an abasement and a depreciation of the idea of a 'philosopher' for more than a century. It was against Hume that Kant uprose and raised himself; it was Locke of whom Schelling rightly said, *'Je méprise Locke'* [I despise Locke]; in the struggle against the English mechanical stultification of the world, Hegel and Schopenhauer (along with Goethe) were of one accord: the two hostile brother-geniuses in philosophy, who pushed in different directions toward the opposite poles of German thought, and thereby wronged each other as only brothers will do.

What is lacking in England, and has always been lacking, that half-actor and rhetorician knew well enough, the absurd muddle-head, Carlyle, who sought to conceal under passionate grimaces what he knew about himself; namely, what was lacking in Carlyle—real power of intellect, real depth of intellectual perception, in short, philosophy. It is characteristic of such an unphilosophical race to hold on firmly to Christianity—they need its discipline for 'moralizing' and humanizing. The Englishman, more gloomy, sensual, headstrong, and brutal than the German—is for that very reason, as the baser of the two, also the most pious: he has all the more need of Christianity. To finer nostrils, this Christianity itself has still a characteristic English taint of spleen and alcoholic excess, for which, owing to good reasons, it is used as an antidote—the finer poison to neutralize the coarser: a finer form of poisoning is in fact a step in advance with coarse-mannered people, a step towards spiritualization. The English coarseness and rustic demureness is still most satisfactorily disguised by Christian pantomime, and by praying and psalm-singing (or, more correctly, it is thereby explained and differently expressed); and for the herd of drunkards and rakes who

formerly learned moral grunting under the influence of Methodism (and more recently as the 'Salvation Army'), a penitential fit may really be the relatively highest manifestation of 'humanity' to which they can be elevated: so much may reasonably be admitted. That, however, which offends even in the humanest Englishman is his lack of music, to speak figuratively (and also literally): he has neither rhythm nor dance in the movements of his soul and body; indeed, not even the desire for rhythm and dance, for 'music.' Listen to him speaking; look at the most beautiful Englishwomen walking—in no country on earth are there more beautiful doves and swans; finally, listen to them singing! . . . But I ask too much . . .

There are truths which are best recognized by mediocre minds, because they are best adapted for them, there are truths which only possess charms and seductive power for mediocre spirits:—one is pushed to this probably unpleasant conclusion, now that the influence of respectable but mediocre Englishmen—I may mention Darwin, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer—begins to gain the ascendancy in the middle-class region of European taste. Indeed, who could doubt that it is a useful thing for such minds to have the ascendancy for a time? It would be an error to consider the highly developed and independently soaring minds as specially qualified for determining and collecting many little common facts, and deducing conclusions from them; as exceptions, they are rather from the first in no very favorable position toward those who are 'the rules.' After all, they have more to do than merely to perceive:—in effect, they have to be something new, they have to signify something new, they have to represent new values! The gulf between knowledge and capacity is perhaps greater, and also more mysterious, than one thinks: the capable man in the grand style, the creator, will possibly have to be an ignorant person;—while on the other hand, for scientific discoveries like those of Darwin, a certain narrowness, aridity, and industrious carefulness (in short, something English) may not be unfavorable for arriving at them.

Finally, let it not be forgotten that the English, with their profound mediocrity, brought about once before a general depression of European intelligence. What is called 'modern ideas,' or 'the ideas of the eighteenth century,' or 'French ideas'—that, consequently, against which the German mind rose up with profound disgust—is of English origin, there is no doubt about it. The French were only the apes and actors of these ideas, their best soldiers, and likewise, alas! their first and profoundest victims; for owing to the diabolical Anglomania of 'modern ideas,' the *âme française* [French soul] has in the end become so thin and emaciated that at present one recalls its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its profound, passionate strength, its inventive excellence, almost with disbelief. One must, however, maintain this verdict of historical justice in a determined manner, and defend it against present prejudices and appearances: the European noblesse—of sentiment, taste, and manners, taking the word in every high sense,—is the work and invention of France; the European ignobleness, the plebeianism of modern ideas—is England's work and invention.

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Even at present France is still the seat of the most intellectual and refined culture of Europe, it is still the high school of taste; but one must know how to find this 'France of taste.' He who belongs to it keeps himself well concealed:—they may be a small number in whom it lives and is embodied, beside perhaps being men who do not stand upon the strongest legs, in part fatalists, hypochondriacs, invalids, in part persons over-indulged, over-refined, such as have the ambition to conceal themselves. They have all something in common: they keep their ears closed in presence of the delirious folly and noisy spouting of the democratic bourgeois. In fact, a besotted and brutalized France at present sprawls in the foreground—it recently celebrated a veritable orgy of bad taste, and at the same time of self-admiration, at the funeral of Victor Hugo. There is also something else common to them: a predilection to resist intellectual Germanizing—and a still greater inability to do so! In this France of intellect, which is also a France of pessimism, Schopenhauer has perhaps become more at home, and more indigenous than he has ever been in Germany; not to speak of Heinrich Heine, who has long ago been re-incarnated in the

more refined and fastidious lyrists of Paris; or of Hegel, who at present, in the form of Taine—the first of living historians—exercises an almost tyrannical influence. As regards Richard Wagner, however, the more French music learns to adapt itself to the actual needs of the *âme moderne* [modern soul], the more will it 'Wagnerize'; one can safely predict that beforehand,—it is already taking place sufficiently!

There are, however, three things which the French can still boast of with pride as their heritage and possession, and as indelible tokens of their ancient intellectual superiority in Europe, in spite of all voluntary or involuntary Germanizing and vulgarizing of taste. First, the capacity for artistic emotion, for devotion to 'form,' for which the expression, *l'art pour l'art* [art for art's sake], along with numerous others, has been invented:—such capacity has not been lacking in France for three centuries; and owing to its reverence for the 'small number,' it has again and again made a sort of chamber music of literature possible, which is sought for in vain elsewhere in Europe.

The second thing whereby the French can lay claim to a superiority over Europe is their ancient, many-sided, moralistic culture, owing to which one finds on an average, even in the petty romanciers of the newspapers and chance boulevardiers de Paris, a psychological sensitiveness and curiosity, of which, for example, one has no conception (to say nothing of the thing itself!) in Germany. The Germans lack a couple of centuries of the moralistic work requisite thereto, which, as we have said, France has not grudged: those who call the Germans 'naïve' on that account give them commendation for a defect. (As the opposite of the German inexperience and innocence in *voluptate psychologica* [psychological delight], which is not too remotely associated with the tediousness of German intercourse,—and as the most successful expression of genuine French curiosity and inventive talent in this domain of delicate thrills, Henri Beyle may be noted; that remarkable anticipatory and fore-running man, who, with a Napoleonic tempo, traversed his Europe, in fact, several centuries of the European soul, as a surveyor and discoverer thereof:—it has required two generations to overtake him one way or other, to divine long afterwards some of the riddles that perplexed and enraptured him—this strange Epicurean and man of interrogation, the last great psychologist of France).

There is yet a third claim to superiority: in the French character there is a successful halfway synthesis of the North and South, which makes them comprehend many things, and enjoins upon them other things, which an Englishman can never comprehend. Their temperament, turned alternately to and from the South, in which from time to time the Provençal and Ligurian blood froths over, preserves them from the dreadful, northern gray-in-gray, from sunless conceptualspectrism and from poverty of blood—our German infirmity of taste, for the excessive prevalence of which at the present moment, blood and iron, that is to say 'high politics,' has with great resolution been prescribed (according to a dangerous healing art, which bids me wait and wait, but not yet hope).

There is also still in France a pre-understanding and ready welcome for those rarer and rarely gratified men, who are too comprehensive to find satisfaction in any kind of fatherlandism, and know how to love the South when in the North and the North when in the South—the born Midlanders, the 'good Europeans'. For them Bizet has made music, this latest genius, who has seen a new beauty and seduction,—who has discovered a piece of the South in music.

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I hold that many precautions should be taken against German music. Suppose a person loves the South as I love it—as a great school of recovery for the most spiritual and the most sensuous ills, as a boundless solar profusion and effulgence which o'erspreads a sovereign existence believing in itself—well, such a person will learn to be somewhat on his guard against German music, because, in injuring his taste anew, it will also injure his health anew. Such a Southerner, a Southerner not by origin but by belief, if he should dream of the future of music, must also dream of its being freed from the influence of the North; and must have in his ears the prelude to a deeper, mightier, and perhaps more perverse and mysterious music, a super-German music, which does not fade, pale, and die away, as all German music does, at the sight of the blue, wanton

sea and the Mediterranean clearness of sky —a super-European music, which holds its own even in presence of the brown sunsets of the desert, whose soul is akin to the palm-tree, and can be at home and can roam with big, beautiful, lonely beasts of prey. . . . I could imagine a music of which the rarest charm would be that it knew nothing more of good and evil; only that here and there perhaps some sailor's home-sickness, some golden shadows and tender weaknesses might sweep lightly over it; an art which, from far distance, would see the colors of a sinking and almost incomprehensible moral world fleeing toward it, and would be hospitable enough and profound enough to receive such belated fugitives.

Owing to the morbid estrangement which the nationality-craze has induced and still induces among the nations of Europe, owing also to the short-sighted and hasty-handed politicians, who, with the help of this craze, are at present in power, and do not suspect to what extent the disintegrating policy they pursue must necessarily be only an interlude policy—owing to all this, and much else that is altogether unmentionable at present, the most unmistakable signs that Europe wishes to be *one*, are now overlooked, or arbitrarily and falsely misinterpreted. With all the more profound and large-minded men of this century, the real general tendency of the mysterious labor of their souls was to prepare the way for that new synthesis, and tentatively to anticipate the European of the future; only in their simulations, or in their weaker moments, in old age perhaps, did they belong to the 'fatherlands'—they only rested from themselves when they became 'patriots.' I think of such men as Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer: it must not be taken amiss if I also count Richard Wagner among them, about whom one must not let one's self be deceived by his own misunderstandings (geniuses like him have seldom the right to understand themselves), still less, of course, by the unseemly noise with which he is now resisted and opposed in France; the fact remains, nevertheless, that Richard Wagner and the later French Romanticism of the forties, are most closely and intimately related to one another. They are akin, fundamentally akin, in all the heights and depths of their requirements; it is Europe, the *one* Europe, whose soul presses urgently and longingly outward and upward, in their multifarious and boisterous art—whither? Into a new light? Toward a new sun? But who would attempt to express accurately what all these masters of new modes of speech could not express distinctly? It is certain that the same storm and stress tormented them, that they sought in the same manner, these last great seekers! All of them steeped in literature to their eyes and ears—the first artists of universal literary culture—for the most part even themselves writers, poets, intermediaries and blenders of the arts and the senses (Wagner, as musician, is reckoned among painters, as poet among musicians, as artist generally among actors); all of them fanatics for expression 'at any cost'—I specially mention Delacroix, the nearest related to Wagner;—all of them great discoverers in the realm of the sublime, also of the loathsome and dreadful, still greater discoverers in effect, in display, in the art of the show-shop; all of them talented far beyond their genius, out and out *virtuosi*, with mysterious accesses to all that seduces, allures, constrains, and upsets; born enemies of logic and the straight line, hankering after the strange, the exotic, the monstrous, the crooked, and the self-contradictory; as men, Tantaluses of the will, plebeian parvenus, who knew themselves to be incapable of a noble *tempo* or of a *lento* in life and action—think of Balzac, for instance,—unrestrained workers, almost destroying themselves by work; antinomians and rebels in manners, ambitious and insatiable, without equilibrium and enjoyment; all of them finally shattering and sinking down at the Christian cross (and with right and reason, for who of them would have been sufficiently profound and sufficiently original for an Antichristian philosophy?);—on the whole, a boldly daring, splendidly overbearing, high-flying, and aloft-up-dragging class of higher men, who had first to teach their century—and it is the century of the masses—the conception 'higher man'. . . . Let the German friends of Richard Wagner advise together as to whether there is anything purely German in the Wagnerian art, or whether its distinction does not consist precisely in coming from super-German sources and impulses; in which connection it may not be underrated how indispensable Paris was to the development of his type, which the

strength of his instincts made him long to visit at the most decisive time—and how the whole style of his proceedings, of his self-apostolate, could only perfect itself in sight of the French socialistic original. On a more subtle comparison it will perhaps be found, to the honor of Richard Wagner's German nature, that he has acted in everything with more strength, daring, severity, and elevation than a nineteenth-century Frenchman could have done—owing to the circumstance that we Germans are as yet nearer to barbarism than the French;—perhaps even the most remarkable creation of Richard Wagner is not only at present, but forever inaccessible, incomprehensible, and inimitable to the whole latter-day Latin race: the figure of Siegfried, that very free man, who is probably far too free, too hard, too cheerful, too healthy, too anti-Catholic for the taste of old and mellow civilized nations. He may even have been a sin against Romanticism, this anti-Latin Siegfried: well, Wagner atoned amply for this sin in his old sad days, when—anticipating a taste which has meanwhile passed into politics—he began, with the religious vehemence peculiar to him, to preach, at least, the way to Rome, if not to walk therein.

That these last words may not be misunderstood, I will call to my aid a few powerful rimes, which will even betray to less delicate ears what I mean—what I mean counter to the 'last Wagner' and his Parsifal music:—

Is this our mode?
From German heart came this vexed ululating?
From German body, this self-lacerating?
Is ours this priestly hand-dilation,
This incense-fuming, exaltation?
Is ours this faltering, falling, shambling,
This quite uncertain ding-dong-dangling?
This sly nun-ogling, Ave-hour-bell ringing,
This wholly false enraptured heaven-o'erspringing?
Is this our mode?
Think well!—ye still wait for admission—
For what ye hear is Rome—Rome's faith by intuition!

VI

LITERARY THEORY AND CRITICISM

LITERARY THEORY AND CRITICISM

In the series of *Century Readings* no attempt has been made to include drama and the modern novel, on the ground that the masterpieces in these *genres* could be adequately studied only as wholes; and this rule, first established in *Century Readings in English Literature,* seems to hold good for even stronger reasons, as to limitations of space, in this volume of *European Literature.* In all the European literatures during the last century the novel has been the form of literary expression most practised, so that it seems now almost in danger of sinking under its own weight. Not only the English, French, Italians and Spanish, who were early in the field, but the Germans, the Scandinavians, and, above all, the Russians have published countless volumes of fiction which one cannot undertake even to discuss in the same book. In the theory of the novel, however, France has maintained a literary supremacy amounting almost to monopoly, and it has appeared worth while to include in this volume some of the more remarkable critical pronouncements which may fairly claim international significance.

Among the various schools of fiction which sprang up in France in the wake of the Romantic Revival, three tendencies may be clearly distinguished:—(1) The tendency toward realism, already to be discerned in the monumental work of Balzac (1799-1850), was developed by Flaubert, and carried by Zola and Maupassant to a conscious method founded on a theory. (2) The contrasted or idealistic method of Georges Sand was contemporaneous with the later work of Balzac and with that of Flaubert, and aroused at the time great enthusiasm both in France and abroad, but after her death fell rapidly in critical and popular esteem. (3) The analytic method, recommended and practised in the thirties by Henri Beyle ('Stendhal') without attracting much attention, was revived half a century later by Paul Bourget with a large measure of success.

Critical theory in the latter half of the nineteenth century was greatly influenced by the progress of science and especially of biological science. The discussion and establishment of the theory of evolution had remarkable reactions in the literary world. It was not merely that the principles of heredity and environment were applied to literary history and criticism; they became basic principles in the production of fiction. Taine adopted these biological principles, not unalloyed with critical imaginativeness, in his *History of English Literature;* and Zola, though he remained a confirmed romanticist in practise, advocated the application of scientific methods to the composition of the novel. The so-called experimental method, based mainly upon careful observation, became the watchword of the new Naturalism, which extended to all the other countries of Europe and America, and has not yet spent its force. As applied to external facts, it is now better known as realism; as applied, with equal objectivity, to the inner working of the intellect and the emotions, it has been strengthened by the recent theories of the psycho-analysts, whose results, as well as those of the earlier psychologists, had been to some extent anticipated by the novelists of the analytic school.

French preëminence in literary theory and criticism, so strongly marked in the nineteenth century, was shared in the twentieth by other nations. The Dane Brandes and the Belgian Maeterlinck owed much to French predecessors, but the Russian writers who have come into international prominence during the last few years are more independent. They are not so logical, and often, unfortunately, not so clear as the French critics, but their letters and occasional articles are frequently very suggestive as to literary methods, and their judgments acute and original. The most considerable contributor to æsthetic theory is an Italian, Benedetto Croce, whose essay at the close of this volume may be commended to the attention of those who have the intellectual energy to grapple with the fundamental questions of the philosophy of art.

STE. BEUVE (1804–1869)

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve spent nearly all his life at Paris, where he was one of the leading literary figures for nearly half a century, being elected a member of the Academy in 1845 and a Senator in 1865. He was the founder of that school of modern criticism which seeks to interpret an author rather than to judge him, to bring out his salient characteristics and opinions by allowing him to speak for himself, and at the same time to make of this task of elucidation and interpretation an original work of art. He is known to the world of French scholarship by important works of erudition, and to the larger public by some fifty volumes of criticism, begun as newspaper articles under the title of *Causeries du Lundi* in 1850 and continued up to the time of his death. As the friend of Victor Hugo, he gave the new romantic movement the support of his solid learning and it was largely to his influence that the revival of interest in French poetry of the sixteenth century was due. His literary articles of a more general character lifted the occasional essay to a new plane of excellence and gave to his new critical method a vogue which it has not ceased to enjoy, though not many who have practised it since Sainte-Beuve have brought to it his peculiar combination of scholarship, sympathy, intelligence, and charm.

WHAT IS A CLASSIC?

A delicate question, to which somewhat diverse solutions might be given according to times and seasons. An intelligent man suggests it to me, and I intend to try, if not to solve it, at least to examine and discuss it face to face with my readers, were it only to persuade them to answer it for themselves, and, if I can, to make their opinion and mine on the point clear. And why, in criticism, should we not, from time to time, venture to treat some of those subjects which are not personal, in which we no longer speak of some one but of some thing? Our neighbors, the English, have well succeeded in making of it a special division of literature under the modest title of 'Essays.' It is true that in writing of such subjects, always slightly abstract and moral, it is advisable to speak of them in a season of quiet, to make sure of our own attention and that of others, to seize one of those moments of calm moderation and leisure seldom granted our amiable France; even when she is desirous of being wise and is not making revolutions, her brilliant genius can scarcely tolerate them.

A classic, according to the usual definition, is an old author canonized by admiration, and an authority in his particular style. The word classic was first used in this sense by the Romans. With them not all the citizens of the different classes were properly called *classici,* but only those of the chief class, those who possessed an income of a certain fixed sum. Those who possessed a smaller income were described by the term *infra classem,* below the preëminent class. The word *classicus* was used in a figurative sense by Aulus Gellius, and applied to writers: a writer of worth and distinction, *classicus assiduusque scriptor,* a writer who is of account, has real property, and is not lost in the proletariat crowd. Such an expression implies an age sufficiently advanced to have already made some sort of valuation and classification of literature.

At first the only true classics for the moderns were the ancients. The Greeks, by peculiar good fortune and natural enlightenment of mind, had no classics but themselves. They were at first the only classical authors for the Romans, who strove and contrived to imitate them. After the great periods of Roman literature, after Cicero and Virgil, the Romans in their turn had their classics, who became almost exclusively the classical authors of the centuries which followed. The middle ages, which were less ignorant of Latin antiquity than is believed, but which lacked proportion and taste, confused the ranks and orders. Ovid was placed above Homer,

and Boethius seemed a classic equal to Plato. The revival of learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries helped to bring this long chaos to order, and then only was admiration rightly proportioned. Thenceforth the true classical authors of Greek and Latin antiquity stood out in a luminous background, and were harmoniously grouped on their two heights.

Meanwhile, modern literatures were born, and some of the more precocious, like the Italian, already possessed the style of antiquity. Dante appeared, and, from the very first, posterity greeted him as a classic. Italian poetry has since shrunk into far narrower bounds; but, whenever it desired to do so, it always found again and preserved the impulse and echo of its lofty origin. It is no indifferent matter for a poetry to derive its point of departure and classical source in high places; for example, to spring from Dante rather than to issue laboriously from Malherbe.

Modern Italy had her classical authors, and Spain had every right to believe that she also had hers at a time when France was yet seeking hers. A few talented writers endowed with originality and exceptional animation, a few brilliant efforts, isolated, without following, interrupted and recommenced, did not suffice to endow a nation with a solid and imposing basis of literary wealth. The idea of a classic implies something that has continuance and consistency, and which produces unity and tradition, fashions and transmits itself, and endures. It was only after the glorious years of Louis XIV that the nation felt with tremor and pride that such good fortune had happened to her. Every voice informed Louis XIV of it with flattery, exaggeration, and emphasis, yet with a certain sentiment of truth. Then arose a singular and striking contradiction: those men of whom Perrault was the chief, the men who were most smitten with the marvels of the age of Louis the Great, who even went the length of sacrificing the ancients to the moderns, aimed at exalting and canonizing even those whom they regarded as inveterate opponents and adversaries. Boileau avenged and angrily upheld the ancients against Perrault, who extolled the moderns—that is to say, Corneille, Molière, Pascal, and the eminent men of his age, Boileau, one of the first, included. Kindly La Fontaine, taking part in the dispute in behalf of the learned Huet, did not perceive that, in spite of his defects, he was in his turn on the point of being held as a classic himself.

Example is the best definition. From the time France possessed her age of Louis XIV and could contemplate it at a little distance, she knew, better than by any arguments, what to be classical meant. The eighteenth century, even in its medley of things, strengthened this idea through some fine works, due to its four great men. Read Voltaire's *Age of Louis XIV*, Montesquieu's *Greatness and Fall of the Romans*, Buffon's *Epochs of Nature*, the beautiful pages of reverie and natural description of Rousseau's *Savoyard Vicar*, and say if the eighteenth century, in these memorable works, did not understand how to reconcile tradition with freedom of development and independence. But at the beginning of the nineteenth century and under the Empire, in view of the first attempts of a decidedly new and somewhat adventurous literature, the idea of a classic in a few resisting minds, more sorrowful than severe, was strangely narrowed and contracted. The first Dictionary of the Academy (1694) merely defined a classical author as 'a much-approved ancient writer, who is an authority as regards the subject he treats.' The Dictionary of the Academy of 1835 narrows that definition still more, and gives precision and even limit to its rather vague form. It describes classical authors as those 'who have become models in any language whatever,' and in all the articles which follow, the expressions, models, fixed rules for composition and style, strict rules of art to which men must conform, continually recur. This definition of classic was evidently made by the respectable Academicians, our predecessors, in face and sight of what was then called romantic—that is to say, in sight of the enemy. It seems to me time to renounce these timid and restrictive definitions and to free our mind of them.

A true classic, as I should like to hear it defined, is an author who has enriched the human mind, increased its treasure, and caused it to advance a step; who has discovered some moral and not equivocal truth, or revealed some eternal passion in the heart where all seemed known and discovered; who has expressed his thought, observation, or invention, in no matter what form, only provided it be broad and great, refined and sensible, sane and beau-

tiful in itself; who has spoken to all in his own peculiar style, a style which is found to be also that of the whole world, a style new without neologism, new and old, easily contemporary with all time.

Such a classic may for a moment have been revolutionary; it may at least have seemed so, but it is not; it only lashed and subverted whatever prevented the restoration of the balance of order and beauty.

If it is desired, names may be applied to this definition which I wish to make purposely majestic and fluctuating, or in a word, all-embracing. I should first put there Corneille of the *Polyeucte, Cinna,* and *Horaces.* I should put Molière there, the fullest and most complete poetic genius we have ever had in France. Goethe, the king of critics, said:—'Molière is so great that he astonishes us afresh every time we read him. He is a man apart; his plays border on the tragic, and no one has the courage to try and imitate him. His *Avare,* where vice destroys all affection between father and son, is one of the most sublime works, and dramatic in the highest degree. In a drama every action ought to be important in itself, and to lead to an action greater still. In this respect *Tartuffe* is a model. What a piece of exposition the first scene is! From the beginning everything has an important meaning, and causes something much more important to be foreseen. The exposition in a certain play of Lessing that might be mentioned is very fine, but the world only sees that of *Tartuffe* once. It is the finest of the kind we possess. Every year I read a play of Molière, just as from time to time I contemplate some engraving after the great Italian masters.'

I do not conceal from myself that the definition of the classic I have just given somewhat exceeds the notion usually ascribed to the term. It should, above all, include conditions of uniformity, wisdom, moderation, and reason, which dominate and contain all the others. Having to praise M. Royer-Collard, M. de Remusat said—'If he derives purity of taste, propriety of terms, variety of expression, attentive care in suiting the diction to the thought, from our classics, he owes to himself alone the distinctive character he gives it all.' It is here evident that the part allotted to classical qualities seems mostly to depend on harmony and nuances of expression, on graceful and temperate style: such is also the most general opinion. In this sense the preëminent classics would be writers of a middling order, exact, sensible, elegant, always clear, yet of noble feeling and airily veiled strength. Marie-Joseph Chénier has described the poetics of these temperate and accomplished writers in lines where he shows himself their happy disciple:—'It is good sense, reason which does all,—virtue, genius, soul, talent, and taste. What is virtue? reason put in practise; talent? reason expressed with brilliance; soul? reason delicately put forth; and genius is sublime reason.'

While writing these lines he was evidently thinking of Pope, Boileau, and Horace, the master of them all. The peculiar characteristic of the theory which subordinated imagination and feeling itself to reason, of which Scaliger perhaps gave the first sign among the moderns, is, properly speaking, the Latin theory, and for a long time it was also by preference the French theory. If it is used appositely, if the term reason is not abused, this theory possesses some truth; but it is evident that if it is abused and that if, for instance, reason can be confounded with poetic genius and made one with it in a moral epistle, it cannot be the same thing as the genius, so varied and so diversely creative in its expression of the passions, of the drama or the epic. Where will you find reason in the fourth book of the Æneid and the transports of Dido? Be that as it may, the spirit which prompted the theory, caused writers who ruled their inspiration, rather than those who abandoned themselves to it, to be placed in the first rank of classics; put Virgil there more surely than Homer, Racine in preference to Corneille. The masterpiece to which the theory likes to point, which in fact brings together all conditions of prudence, strength, tempered boldness, moral elevation, and grandeur, is *Athalie.* Turenne in his two last campaigns and Racine in *Athalie* are the great examples of what wise and prudent men are capable of when they reach the maturity of their genius and attain their supremest boldness.

Buffon, in his *Discourse on Style,* insisting on the unity of design, arrangement, and execution, which are the stamps of true classical works, said:—'Every subject is one, and however vast it is, it can be comprised in a single treatise. Interrup-

tions, pauses, sub-divisions should only be used when many subjects are treated, when, having to speak of great, intricate, and dissimilar things, the march of genius is interrupted by the multiplicity of obstacles, and contracted by the necessity of circumstances: otherwise, far from making a work more solid, a great number of divisions destroys the unity of its parts; the book appears clearer to the view, but the author's design remains obscure.' And he continues his criticism, having in view Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws,* an excellent book at bottom, but sub-divided: the famous author, worn out before the end, was unable to infuse inspiration into all his ideas, and to arrange all his matter. However, I can scarcely believe that Buffon was not also thinking, by way of contrast, of Bossuet's *Discourse on Universal History,* a subject vast indeed, and yet of such unity that the great orator was able to comprise it in a single treatise. When we open the first edition, that of 1681, before the division into chapters, which was introduced later, passed from the margin into the text, everything is developed in a single series, almost in one breath. It might be said that the orator has here acted like the nature of which Buffon speaks, that 'he has worked on an eternal plan from which he has nowhere departed,' so deeply does he seem to have entered into the familiar counsels and designs of providence.

Are *Athalie* and the *Discourse on Universal History* the greatest masterpieces that the strict classical theory can present to its friends as well as to its enemies? In spite of the admirable simplicity and dignity in the achievement of such unique productions, we should like, nevertheless, in the interests of art, to expand that theory a little, and to show that it is possible to enlarge it without relaxing the tension. Goethe, whom I like to quote on such a subject, said:—'I call the classical healthy, and the romantic sickly. In my opinion the Nibelungen song is as much a classic as Homer. Both are healthy and vigorous. The works of the day are romantic, not because they are new, but because they are weak, ailing, or sickly. Ancient works are classical not because they are old, but because they are powerful, fresh and healthy. If we regarded romantic and classical from these two points of view we should soon all agree.'

Indeed, before determining and fixing one's opinions on this matter, I should like every unbiased mind to take a voyage round the world and devote itself to a survey of different literatures in their primitive vigor and infinite variety. What would be seen? Chief of all a Homer, the father of the classical world, less a single distinct individual than the vast living expression of a whole epoch and a semi-barbarous civilization. In order to make him a true classic, it was necessary to attribute to him later a design, a plan, literary invention, qualities of atticism and urbanity of which he had certainly never dreamed in the luxuriant development of his natural inspiration. And who appear by his side? August, venerable ancients, the Æschyluses and the Sophocles, mutilated, it is true, and only there to present us with a debris of themselves, the survivors of many others as worthy, doubtless, as they to survive, but who have succumbed to the injuries of time. This thought alone would teach a man of impartial mind not to look upon the whole of even classical literatures with a too narrow and restricted view; he would learn that the exact and well-proportioned order which has since so largely prevailed in our admiration of the past was only the outcome of artificial circumstances.

And in reaching the modern world, how would it be? The greatest names to be seen at the beginning of literatures are those which disturb and run counter to certain fixed ideas of what is beautiful and appropriate in poetry. For example, is Shakespeare a classic? Yes, now, for England and the world; but in the time of Pope he was not considered so. Pope and his friends were the only preëminent classics; directly after their death they seemed so forever. At the present time they are still classics, as they deserve to be, but they are only of the second order, and are forever subordinated and relegated to their rightful place by him who has again come to his own on the height of the horizon.

It is not, however, for me to speak ill of Pope or his great disciples, above all, when they possess pathos and naturalness like Goldsmith: after the greatest they are perhaps the most agreeable writers and the poets best fitted to add charm to life. Once when Lord Bolingbroke was writing to Swift, Pope added a postscript, in which

he said, 'I think some advantage would result to our age, if we three spent three years together.' Men who, without boasting, have the right to say such things must never be spoken of lightly: the fortunate ages, when men of talent could propose such things, then no chimera, are rather to be envied. The ages called by the name of Louis XIV or of Queen Anne are, in the dispassionate sense of the word, the only true classical ages, those which offer protection and a favorable climate to real talent. We know only too well how in our untrammeled times, through the instability and storminess of the age, talents are lost and dissipated. Nevertheless, let us acknowledge our age's part and superiority in greatness. True and sovereign genius triumphs over the very difficulties that cause others to fail: Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton were able to attain their height and produce their imperishable works in spite of obstacles, hardships and tempests. Byron's opinion of Pope has been much discussed, and the explanation of it sought in the kind of contradiction by which the singer of *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold* extolled the purely classical school and pronounced it the only good one, while himself acting so differently. Goethe spoke the truth on that point when he remarked that Byron, great by the flow and source of poetry, feared that Shakespeare was more powerful than himself in the creation and realization of his characters. 'He would have liked to deny it; the elevation so free from egoism irritated him; he felt when near it that he could not display himself at ease. He never denied Pope, because he did not fear him; he knew that Pope was only a low wall by his side.'

If, as Byron desired, Pope's school had kept the supremacy and a sort of honorary empire in the past, Byron would have been the first and only poet in his particular style; the height of Pope's wall shuts out Shakespeare's great figure from sight, whereas when Shakespeare reigns and rules in all his greatness, Byron is only second.

In France there was no great classic before the age of Louis XIV; the Dantes and Shakespeares, the early authorities to whom, in times of emancipation, men sooner or later return, were wanting. There were mere sketches of great poets, like Mathurin Regnier, like Rabelais, without any ideal, without the depth of emotion and the seriousness which canonizes. Montaigne was a kind of premature classic, of the family of Horace; but for want of worthy surroundings, like a spoiled child, he gave himself up to the unbridled fancies of his style and humor. Hence it happened that France, less than any other nation, found in her old authors a right to demand vehemently at a certain time literary liberty and freedom, and that it was more difficult for her, in enfranchising herself, to remain classical. However, with Molière and La Fontaine among her classics of the great period, nothing could justly be refused to those who possessed courage and ability.

The important point now seems to me to be to uphold, while extending, the idea and belief. There is no receipt for making classics; this point should be clearly recognized. To believe that an author will become a classic by imitating certain qualities of purity, moderation, accuracy, and elegance, independently of style and inspiration, is to believe that after Racine the father there is a place for Racine the son; dull and estimable rôle, the worst in poetry. Further, it is hazardous to take too quickly and without opposition the place of a classic in the sight of one's contemporaries; in that case there is a good chance of not retaining the position with posterity. Fontanes in his day was regarded by his friends as a pure classic; see how at twenty-five years' distance his star has set. How many of these precocious classics are there who do not endure, and who are so only for a while! We turn round one morning and are surprised not to find them standing behind us. Madame de Sevigné would wittily say they possessed but an evanescent color. With regard to classics, the least expected prove the best and greatest: seek them rather in the vigorous genius born immortal and flourishing forever. Apparently the least classical of the four great poets of the age of Louis XIV was Molière; he was then applauded far more than he was esteemed; men took delight in him without understanding his worth. After him, La Fontaine seemed the least classical; observe after two centuries what is the result for both. Far above Boileau, even above Racine, are they not now unanimously considered to possess in the highest degree the characteristics of an all-embracing morality?

Meanwhile there is no question of sacri-

ficing or depreciating anything. I believe the temple of taste is to be rebuilt; but its reconstruction is merely a matter of enlargement, so that it may become the home of all noble human beings, of all who have permanently increased the sum of the mind's delights and possessions. As for me, who cannot, obviously, in any degree pretend to be the architect or designer of such a temple, I shall confine myself to expressing a few earnest wishes, to submit, as it were, my designs for the edifice. Above all I should desire not to exclude any one among the worthy, each should be in his place there, from Shakespeare, the freest of creative geniuses and the greatest of classics without knowing it, to Andrieux, the last of classics in little. 'There is more than one chamber in the mansions of my Father;' that should be as true of the kingdom of the beautiful here below, as of the kingdom of Heaven. Homer, as always and everywhere, should be first, likest a god; but behind him, like the procession of the three wise kings of the East, would be seen the three great poets, the three Homers, so long ignored by us, who wrote epics for the use of the old peoples of Asia, the poets Valmiki, Vyasa of the Hindoos, and Firdusi of the Persians: in the domain of taste it is well to know that such men exist, and not to divide the human race. Our homage paid to what is recognized as soon as perceived, we must not stray further; the eye should delight in a thousand pleasing or majestic spectacles, should rejoice in a thousand varied and surprising combinations, whose apparent confusion would never be without concord and harmony. The oldest of the wise men and poets, those who put human morality into maxims, and those who in simple fashion sung it, would converse together in rare and gentle speech, and would not be surprised at understanding each other's meaning at the very first word. Solon, Hesiod, Theognis, Job, Solomon (and why not Confucius?) would welcome the cleverest moderns, La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère, who, when listening to them, would say 'they knew all that we know, and in repeating life's experiences, we have discovered nothing.' On the hill, most easily discernible, and of most accessible ascent, Virgil, surrounded by Menander, Tibullus, Terence, Fénelon, would occupy himself in discoursing with them with great charm and divine enchantment: his gentle countenance would shine with an inner light, and be tinged with modesty; as on the day when entering the theater at Rome, just as they finished reciting his verses, he saw the people rise with a unanimous movement and pay to him the same homage as to Augustus. Not far from him, regretting the separation from so dear a friend, Horace, in his turn, would preside (as far as so accomplished and wise a poet could preside) over the group of poets of social life who could talk although they sang,—Pope, Boileau, the one become less irritable, the other less faultfinding. Montaigne, a true poet, would be among them, and would give the finishing touch that should deprive that delightful corner of the air of a literary school. There would La Fontaine forget himself, and becoming less volatile would wander no more. Voltaire would be attracted by it, but while finding pleasure in it would not have patience to remain. A little lower down, on the same hill as Virgil, Xenophon, with simple bearing, looking in no way like a general but rather resembling a priest of the Muses, would be seen gathering round him the Attic writers of every tongue and of every nation, the Addisons, Pellissons, Vauvenargues—all who feel the value of an easy persuasiveness, an exquisite simplicity, and a gentle negligence mingled with ornament. In the center of the place, in the portico of the principal temple (for there would be several in the enclosure), three great men would like to meet often, and when they were together, no fourth, however great, would dream of joining their discourse or their silence. In them would be seen beauty, proportion in greatness, and that perfect harmony which appears but once in the full youth of the world. Their three names have become the ideal of art—Plato, Sophocles, and Demosthenes. These demi-gods honored, we see a numerous and familiar company of choice spirits who follow, the Cervantes and Molières, practical painters of life, indulgent friends who are still the first of benefactors, who laughingly embrace all mankind, turn man's experience to gaiety, and know the powerful workings of a sensible, hearty, and legitimate joy. I do not wish to make this description, which if complete would fill a volume, any longer. In the middle ages, believe me, Dante would occupy the sacred heights; at the feet of the singer of Paradise all Italy would be

spread out like a garden; Boccaccio and Ariosto would there disport themselves, and Tasso would find again the orange groves of Sorrento. Usually a corner would be reserved for each of the various nations, but the authors would take delight in leaving it, and in their travels would recognize, where we should least expect it, brothers or masters. Lucretius, for example, would enjoy discussing the origin of the world and the reducing of chaos to order with Milton. But both arguing from their own point of view, they would only agree as regards divine pictures of poetry and nature.

Such are our classics; each individual imagination may finish the sketch and choose the group preferred. For it is necessary to make a choice, and the first condition of taste, after obtaining knowledge of all, lies not in continual travel, but in rest and cessation from wandering. Nothing blunts and destroys taste so much as endless journeyings; the poetic spirit is not the Wandering Jew. However, when I speak of resting and making choice, my meaning is not that we are to imitate those who charm us most among our masters in the past. Let us be content to know them, to penetrate them, to admire them; but let us, the late-comers, endeavor to be ourselves. Let us have the sincerity and naturalness of our own thoughts, of our own feelings; so much is always possible. To this let us add what is more difficult, elevation, an aim, if possible, toward an exalted goal; and while speaking our own language, and submitting to the conditions of the times in which we live, whence we derive our strength and our defects, let us ask from time to time, our brows lifted toward the heights and our eyes fixed on the group of honored mortals: what would they say of us?

But why speak always of authors and writings? Maybe an age is coming when there will be no more writing. Happy those who read and read again, those who in their reading can follow their unrestrained inclination! There comes a time in life when, all our journeys over, our experiences ended, there is no enjoyment more delightful than to study and thoroughly examine the things we know, to take pleasure in what we feel, and in seeing and seeing again the people we love: the pure joys of our maturity. Then it is that the word classic takes its true meaning, and is defined for every man of taste by an irresistible choice. Then taste is formed, it is shaped and definite; then good sense, if we are to possess it at all, is perfected in us. We have neither more time for experiments, nor a desire to go forth in search of pastures new. We cling to our friends, to those proved by long intercourse. Old wine, old books, old friends. We say to ourselves with Voltaire in these delightful lines:—'Let us enjoy, let us write, let us live, my dear Horace! . . . I have lived longer than you: my verse will not last so long. But on the brink of the tomb I shall make it my chief care to follow the lessons of your philosophy, to despise death in enjoying life, to read your writings full of charm and good sense, as we drink an old wine which revives our senses.'

In fact, be it Horace or another who is the author preferred, who reflects our thoughts in all the wealth of their maturity, of some one of those excellent and antique minds shall we request an interview at every moment; of some one of them shall we ask a friendship which never deceives, which could not fail us; to some one of them shall we appeal for that sensation of serenity and amenity (we have often need of it) which reconciles us with mankind and with ourselves.

GEORGE SAND (1804–1876)—GUSTAVE FLAUBERT (1821–1880)

As we had already signalized these two as leaders of opposite schools of fiction the collocation of their names may cause surprise. But they were at one in their supreme devotion to literature as an art, and their remarkable friendship in the latter part of their lives has bequeathed to the world a correspondence which is all the more interesting because they were of very different points of view.

George Sand's ardent enthusiasm and somewhat facile gifts as a novel writer had won for her a world-wide reputation and great popular success. She was some years senior to Flaubert and his deferential attitude toward her in the correspondence would, at the time, have occasioned no surprise. He was already well known in literary circles in Paris, and was highly appreciated by the critics, but his importance as a figure in the world of letters was not so evident then as it is now. His reputation has gained during the last half-century, while that of George Sand has fallen off. She, on her part, writes with a distinct tone of authority, rather scolding Flaubert at times with the friendly urgency of an older friend, but writing always with the affectionate vivacity and lucid ease which are characteristic of her.

The correspondence has been translated by Aimée L. McKenzie, and we are indebted to her as well as to her publishers, Boni and Liveright, for the use of the following letters, which begin in 1875 when Flaubert had just published *l'Education sentimentale* and had been rather disappointed with its reception.

LETTERS ABOUT NOVEL-WRITING

SAND TO FLAUBERT

Nohant, November 18, 1875.

What's our next move? For you, of course, *desolation,* and, for me, *consolation.* I do not know on what our destinies depend; you see them pass, you criticize them, you abstain from a literary appreciation of them, you limit yourself to depicting them, with deliberate meticulous concealment of your personal feelings. However, one sees them very clearly through your narrative, and you make the people sadder who read you. As for me, I should like to make them less sad. I cannot forget that my personal victory over despair was the work of my will and of a new way of understanding which is entirely opposed to what I had before.

I know that you criticize the intervention of the personal doctrine in literature. Are you right? Isn't it rather a lack of conviction than a principle of æsthetics? One cannot have a philosophy in one's soul without its appearing. I have no literary advice to give you, I have no judgment to formulate on the author friends of whom you speak. I myself have told the Goncourts all my thought; as for the others, I firmly believe that they have more education and more talent than I have. Only I think that they, and you especially, lack a definite and extended vision of life. Art is not merely painting. True painting, moreover, is full of the soul that wields the brush. Art is not merely criticism and satire: criticism and satire depict only one side of the truth.

I want to see a man as he is; he is not good or bad, he is good and bad. But he is something more . . . *nuance. Nuance,* which is for me the purpose of art, being good and bad, he has an internal force which leads him to be very bad and slightly good,—or very good and slightly bad.

I think that your school is not concerned with the substance, and that it dwells too much on the surface. By virtue of seeking the form, it makes the substance too cheap! It addresses itself to the men of letters. But there are no men of letters, properly speaking. Before everything, one is a man. One wants to find man at the basis of every story and every deed. That was the defect of *l'Education sentimentale,* about which I have so often reflected since, asking myself why there was so general a dislike of a work that was so well done

and so solid. This defect was the absence of *action* of the characters on themselves. They submitted to the event and never mastered it. Well, I think that the chief interest in a story is what you did not want to do. If I were you, I would try the opposite; you are feeding on Shakespeare just now, and you are doing well! He is the author who puts men to grips with events; observe that by them, whether for good or for ill, the event is always conquered. In his works, it is crushed underfoot.

FLAUBERT TO SAND

December, 1875.

Your good letter of the 18th, so maternally tender, has made me reflect a great deal. I have reread it ten times, and I shall confess to you that I am not sure that I understand it. Briefly, what do you want me to do? Make your instructions exact.

I am constantly doing all that I can to enlarge my brain, and I work in the sincerity of my heart. The rest does not depend on me.

I do not enjoy making 'desolation,' believe me, but I cannot change my eyes! As for my 'lack of convictions,' alas! I choke with convictions. I am bursting with anger and restrained indignation. But according to the ideal of art that I have, I think that the artist should not manifest anything of his own feelings, and that the artist should not appear any more in his work than God in nature. The man is nothing, the work is everything! This method, perhaps mistakenly conceived, is not easy to follow. And for me, at least, it is a sort of permanent sacrifice that I am making to good taste. It would be agreeable to me to say what I think and to relieve M. Gustave Flaubert by words, but of what importance is the said gentleman?

I think as you do, dear master, that art is not merely criticism and satire; moreover, I have never tried to do intentionally the one or the other. I have always tried to go into the soul of things and to stick to the greatest generalities, and I have purposely turned aside from the accidental and the dramatic. No monsters and no heroes!

You say to me: 'I have no literary advice to give you; I have no judgments to formulate on the authors, your friends, etc.' Well? indeed! but I implore advice, and I am waiting for your judgments. Who, pray, should give them, and who, pray, should formulate them, if not you?

Speaking of my friends, you add 'my school.' But I am ruining my temperament in trying not to have a school! *A priori,* I spurn them, every one. The people whom I see often and whom you designate, cultivate all that I scorn and are indifferently disturbed about what torments me. I regard technical detail, local exactness, in short the historical and precise side of things, as very secondary. I am seeking above all for beauty, which my companions pursue but languidly. I see them insensible when I am ravaged with admiration or horror. Phrases make me swoon with pleasure which seem very ordinary to them. Goncourt is very happy when he has seized upon a word in the street that he can stick in a book, and I am well satisfied when I have written a page without assonances or repetitions. I would give all the legends of Gavarni for certain expressions and master strokes, such as 'the shade was nuptial, august and solemn!' from Victor Hugo, or this from Montesquieu: 'the vices of Alexander were extreme like his virtues. He was terrible in his wrath. It made him cruel.'

In short, I try to think well, *in order to* write well. But writing well is my aim, I do not deny it.

'I lack a well-defined and extended vision of life.' You are right a thousand times over, but by what means could it be otherwise? I ask you that. You do not enlighten my darkness with metaphysics, neither mine nor that of others. The words religion or Catholicism on the one hand; progress, fraternity, democracy on the other, do not correspond to the spiritual needs of the moment. The entirely new dogma of equality which radicalism praises is experimentally denied by physiology and history. I do not see the means of establishing today a new principle, any more than of respecting the old ones. Therefore I am hunting, without finding it, that idea on which all the rest should depend.

Meanwhile I repeat to myself what Littré said to me one day: 'Ah! my friend, man is an unstable compound, and the earth an inferior planet.'

Nothing sustains me better than the hope of leaving it soon, and of not going to another which might be worse. 'I would rather not die,' as Marat said. Ah! no! enough, enough weariness!

SAND TO FLAUBERT

Nohant, January 12, 1876.

I want to write to you every day; time is lacking absolutely. At last here is a free moment; we are buried under the snow; it is the sort of weather that I adore: this whiteness is like general purification, and the amusements of the house seem more intimate and sweeter. Can anyone hate the winter in the country? The snow is one of the most beautiful sights of the year!

It appears that I am not clear in my sermons; I have that much in common with the orthodox, but I am not of them; neither in my idea of equality, nor of authority, have I any fixed plan. You seem to think that I want to convert you to a doctrine. Not at all, I don't think of such a thing. Every one sets off from a point of view, the free choice of which I respect. In a few words, I can give a résumé of mine: not to place one's self behind an opaque glass through which one can see only the reflection of one's own nose. To see as far as possible the good, the bad, about, around, yonder, everywhere; to perceive the continual gravitation of all tangible and intangible things toward the necessity of the decent, the good, the true, the beautiful.

I don't say that humanity is on the way to the heights. I believe it in spite of everything; but I do not argue about it; it is useless because each one judges according to his own personal vision, and the general aspect is for the moment poor and ugly. Besides, I do not need to be sure of the safety of the planet and its inhabitants in order to believe in the necessity of the good and the beautiful; if the planet departs from that law, it will perish; if the inhabitants discard it, they will be destroyed. Other stars, other souls will pass over their bodies; so much the worse! But, as for me, I want to gravitate up to my last breath, not with the certitude or the need of finding elsewhere *a good place,* but because my sole joy is in keeping myself with my family on an upward road.

In other words, I am fleeing the sewer, and I am seeking the dry and the clean, certain that it is the law of my existence. Being a man amounts to little; we are still near the monkey from which they say we proceed. Very well! a further reason for separating ourselves still more from it and for being at least at the height of the relative truth that our race has been admitted to comprehend; a very poor truth, very limited, very humble! Well, let us possess it as much as we can and not permit any one to take it from us.

We are, I think, quite agreed; but I practise this simple religion and you do not practise it, since you let yourself become discouraged; your heart has not been penetrated with it since you curse life, and desire death like a Catholic who yearns for compensation, were it only the rest eternal. You are no surer than another of this compensation. Life is perhaps eternal, and therefore work is eternal. If this is so, let us do our day's work bravely. If it is otherwise, if the *moi* perishes entirely, let us have the honor of having done our stated task, it is our duty; for we have evident duties only toward ourselves and our equals. What we destroy in ourselves, we destroy in them. Our abasement lowers them, our falls drag them down; we owe it to them to remain erect so that they shall not fall. The desire for an early death, as that for a long life, is therefore a weakness, and I do not want you to admit any longer that it is a right. I thought that I had it once; I believed, however, what I believe today, but I lacked strength, and like you I said: 'I cannot help it.' I lied to myself. One can help everything. One has the strength that one thinks one has not, when one desires ardently to *gravitate,* to mount a step each day, to say to one's self: 'The Flaubert of tomorrow must be superior to the one of yesterday, and the one of day after tomorrow more steady and more lucid still.'

When you feel you are on the ladder, you will mount very quickly. You are about to enter gradually upon the happiest and most favorable time of life: old age. It is then that art reveals itself in its sweetness; as long as one is young, it manifests itself with anguish. You prefer a well-turned phrase to all metaphysics. I also, I love to see condensed into a few words what elsewhere fills volumes; but these volumes, one must have understood them completely (either to admit them or to reject them) in order to find the sublime résumé which becomes literary art in its fullest expression; that is why one should not scorn the efforts of the human mind to arrive at the truth.

I tell you that, because you have excessive prejudices *as to words.* In truth, you

read, you dig, you work much more than I and a crowd of others do. You have acquired learning that I shall never attain. Therefore you are a hundred times richer than all of us; you are a rich man, and you complain like a poor man. Be charitable to a beggar who has his mattress full of gold, but who wants to be nourished only on well-turned phrases and choice words. But, brute, ransack your own mattress and eat your gold. Nourish yourself with the ideas and feelings accumulated in your head and your heart; the words and the phrases, *the form* to which you attach so much importance, will issue by itself from your digestion. You consider it as an end, it is only an effect. Happy manifestations proceed only from an emotion, and an emotion proceeds only from a conviction. One is not moved at all by the things that one does not believe with all one's heart.

I do not say that you do not believe; on the contrary, all your life of affection, of protection, and of charming and simple goodness, proves that you are the most convinced individual in the world. But, as soon as you handle literature, you want, I don't know why, to be another man, one who should disappear, one who destroys himself, who does not exist! What an absurd creature man is! What a false rule of *good taste!* Our work is worth only what we are worth.

Who is talking about putting yourself on the stage? That, in truth, is of no use, unless it is done frankly by way of a chronicle. But to withdraw one's soul from what one does, what is that unhealthy fancy? To hide one's own opinion about the characters that one puts on the stage, to leave the reader therefore uncertain about the opinion that he should have of them, that is to desire not to be understood, and from that moment, the reader leaves you; for if he wants to understand the story that you are telling him, it is on the condition that you should show him plainly that this one is a strong character and that one weak.

L'Education sentimentale has been a misunderstood book, as I have told you repeatedly, but you have not listened to me. There should have been a short preface, or, at a good opportunity, an expression of blame, even if only a happy epithet to condemn the evil, to characterize the defect, to signalize the effort. All the characters in that book are feeble and come to nothing, except those with bad instincts; that is what you are reproached with, because people did not understand that you wanted precisely to depict a deplorable state of society that encourages these bad instincts and ruins noble efforts; when people do not understand us, it is always our fault. What the reader wants, first of all, is to penetrate into our thought, and that is what you deny him, arrogantly. He thinks that you scorn him and that you want to ridicule him. For my part, I understood you, for I knew you. If any one had brought me your book without its being signed, I should have asked myself if you were immoral, sceptical, indifferent or heart-broken. You say that it ought to be like that, and that M. Flaubert will violate the rules of good taste if he shows his thought and the aim of his literary enterprise. It is false in the highest degree. When M. Flaubert writes well and seriously, one attaches one's self to his personality. One wants to sink or swim with him. If he leaves you in doubt, you lose interest in his work, you neglect it, or you give it up.

I have already combated your favorite heresy, which is that one writes for twenty intelligent people and does not care a fig for the rest. It is not true, since the lack of success irritates you and troubles you. Besides, there have not been twenty critics favorable to this book which was so well written and so important. So one must not write for twenty persons any more than for three, or for a hundred thousand.

One must write for all those who have a thirst to read and who can profit by good reading. Then one must go straight to the most elevated morality within one's self, and not make a mystery of the moral and profitable meaning of one's book. People found that with *Madame Bovary*. If one part of the public cried scandal, the healthiest and the broadest part saw in it a severe and striking lesson given to a woman without conscience and without faith, to vanity, to ambition, to irrationality. They pitied her; art required that, but the lesson was clear, and it would have been more so, it would have been so for *everybody*, if you had wished it, if you had shown more clearly the opinion that you had, and that the public ought to have had, about the heroine, her husband, and her lovers.

That desire to depict things as they are, the adventures of life as they present them-

selves to the eye, is not well thought out, in my opinion. Depict inert things as a realist, as a poet, it's all the same to me, but, when one touches on the emotions of the human heart, it is another thing. You cannot abstract yourself from this contemplation; for man, that is yourself, and men, that is the reader. Whatever you do, your tale is a conversation between you and the reader. If you show him the evil coldly, without ever showing him the good, he is angry. He wonders if it is he that is bad, or if it is you. You work, however, to rouse him and to interest him; you will never succeed if you are not roused yourself, or if you hide it so well that he thinks you indifferent. He is right: supreme impartiality is an anti-human thing, and a novel ought to be human above everything. If it is not, the public is not pleased in its being well written, well composed and conscientious in every detail. The essential quality is not there: interest. The reader breaks away likewise from a book where all the characters are good without distinctions and without weaknesses; he sees clearly that that is not human either. I believe that art, this special art of narration, is only worth while through the opposition of characters; but, in their struggle, I prefer to see the right prevail. Let events overwhelm the honest man, I agree to that, but let him not be soiled or belittled by them, and let him go to the stake feeling that he is happier than his executioners.

FLAUBERT TO SAND

March 9, 1876.

You distress me a bit, dear master, by attributing æsthetic opinions to me which are not mine. I believe that the rounding of the phrase is nothing. But that *writing well* is everything, because 'writing well is at the same time perceiving well, thinking well, and saying well' (Buffon). The last term is then dependent on the other two, since one has to feel strongly, so as to think, and to think, so as to express.

All the bourgeois may have a great deal of heart and delicacy, be full of the best sentiments and the greatest virtues, without becoming for all that, artists. In short, I believe that the form and the matter are two subtleties, two entities, neither of which can exist without the other.

This anxiety for external beauty which you reproach me with is for me *a method.* When I discover a bad assonance or a repetition in one of my phrases, I am sure that I am floundering in error; by dint of searching, I find the exact expression which was the only one and is, at the same time, the harmonious one. The word is never lacking when one possesses the idea.

SAND TO FLAUBERT

Nohant, March 15, 1876.

I should have a good deal to say about the novels of M. Zola, and it would be better to say it in an article than in a letter, because there is a general question there which must be formulated with a refreshed brain. I should like to read M. Daudet's book first, the book you spoke of to me, but the title of which I cannot recall. Have the publisher send it to me collect, if he does not want to give it to me; that is very simple. On the whole, the thing that I shall not gainsay, meanwhile making a *philosophical* criticism of the method, is that *Rougon* is a *strong* book, as you say, and worthy of being placed in the first rank.

That does not change anything in my way of thinking, that art ought to be the search for the truth, and that truth is not the picture of evil. It ought to be the picture of good and evil. A painter who sees only one is as false as he who sees only the other. Life is not crammed with monsters only. Society is not formed of rascals and wretches only. The honest people are not the minority, since society exists in a certain order and without too many unpunished crimes. Imbeciles dominate, it is true, but there is a public conscience which weighs on them and obliges them to respect the right. Let people show up and chastise the rascals, that is good, it is even moral, but let them tell us and show us the opposite; otherwise the simple reader, who is the average reader, is discouraged, saddened, horrified, and contradicts you so as not to despair.

FLAUBERT TO SAND

April 3, 1876.

I do not share in Tourgueneff's severity as regards *Jack,* nor in the immensity of his admiration for *Rougon.* The one has charm, the other force. But neither one is concerned *above all* else with what is for me the end of art, namely, beauty. I re-

member having felt my heart beat violently, having felt a fierce pleasure in contemplating a wall of the Acropolis, a perfectly bare wall (the one on the left as you go up to the Propylæa). Well! I wonder if a book, independently of what it says, cannot produce the same effect! In the exactness of its assembling, the rarity of its elements, the polish of its surface, the harmony of its ensemble, is there not an intrinsic virtue, a sort of divine force, something eternal as a principle? (I speak as a Platonist). Thus, why is a relation necessary between the exact word and the musical word? Why does it happen that one always makes a verse when one restrains his thought too much? Does the law of numbers govern then the feelings and the images, and is what seems to be the exterior quite simply inside it? If I should continue a long time in this vein, I should blind myself entirely, for on the other side art has to be a good fellow; or rather art is what one can make it, we are not free. Each one follows his path, in spite of his own desire. In short, your Cruchard no longer knows where he stands.

But how difficult it is to understand one another! There are two men whom I admire a great deal and whom I consider real artists, Tourgueneff and Zola. Yet they do not admire the prose of Chateaubriand at all, and even less that of Gautier. Phrases which ravish me seem hollow to them. Who is wrong? And how please the public when one's nearest friends are so remote? All that saddens me very much. Do not laugh. . . .

(Later.) Well, dear master, and this is to answer your last letter, this is, I think, what separates us essentially. You, on the first bound, in everything, mount to heaven, and from there you descend to the earth. You start from *a priori,* from the theory, from the ideal. Thence your pity for life, your serenity, and, to speak truly, your greatness.—I, poor wretch, I am stuck on the earth as with soles of lead; everything disturbs me, tears me to pieces, ravages me, and I make efforts to rise. If I should take your manner of looking at the whole of life, I should become laughable, that is all. For you preach to me in vain. I cannot have another temperament than my own; nor another æsthetics than what is the consequence of it. You accuse me of not letting myself go, according to nature. Well, and that discipline? that virtue? what shall we do with it? I admire M. Buffon putting on cuffs when he wrote. This luxury is a symbol. In short I am trying simply to be as comprehensive as possible. What more can one exact?

As for letting my personal opinion be known about the people I put on the stage: no, no, a thousand times no! I do not recognize the right to that. If the reader does not draw from a book the moral that should be found there, the reader is an imbecile or the book is false from the point of view of accuracy. For, the moment that a thing is true, it is good. Obscene books likewise are immoral only because they lack truth. Things are not 'like that' in life.

And observe that I curse what they agree to call realism, although they make me one of its high priests; reconcile all that.

RENAN (1823–1892)

Ernest Renan was born at Tréguier of a devout Catholic family and was educated for the priesthood. An ardent student, he appeared to have before him a career of tranquil and scholarly usefulness in the service of the church of his fathers, but he was only 22 when the doubts and difficulties raised by his philological studies led to his quitting the seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris and beginning a life of arduous intellectual adventure. He won a high reputation as an Orientalist, and in 1860 was sent to do archeological work in Syria. He was accompanied by his devoted sister Henriette and together they worked on the *Life of Jesus* until at Byblos they were both struck down by fever, and on his recovery he found that all he could do was to dedicate the book to her memory. *The Life of Jesus* (published in 1863) aroused bitter controversy, and although Renan's eminence as a scholar secured his appointment about this time to the Chair of Semitic Philology at the Collège de France, he was afterwards removed from it by the Imperial Government. As the violence of feeling about the *Life of Jesus* died down, the book won recognition for the beauty of its style and the charm of its descriptions of scenery and life in Palestine, as well as for its erudition. It was, however, only a small part of the scholarly work undertaken by Renan, whose contributions to Oriental philology and the history of religion were the outcome of unceasing labor. His literary skill found expression in his *Remembrances of Childhood and Youth,* published in 1883, and in imaginative works such as *Caliban,* a fanciful continuation of Shakespeare's *Tempest* (in which Caliban figures as the villain-hero and the champion of democracy), and *The Abbess of Jouarre,* a romance of the French Revolution. His essay on *The Future of Science,* written in 1848-9, although not published till 1890, also made a great impression, and the latter part of his life he was recognized as one of the leading men of letters and most influential thinkers of his time. When in 1925 President Eliot, of Harvard, was asked to name ten writers of the last century who had most affected modern thought, the only French author he put on the list was Renan.

The following translation of Renan's inaugural lecture as Professor at the Collège de France was made by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, pastor of the third Unitarian Church of New York City.

THE SHARE OF THE SEMITIC PEOPLES IN THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION

I am proud to ascend this chair—the most ancient in the Collège de France—made illustrious in the sixteenth century by eminent men, and in our own generation occupied by a scholar of the merit of M. Quatremère. In creating in the Collège de France an asylum for liberal science, King Francis I laid down, as the constitutional law of this great foundation, the complete independence of criticism; the disinterested search for truth; impartial discussion, that knows no rules save those of good taste and sincerity. Precisely this is the spirit which I would fain bring to the instruction here. I know the difficulties that are inseparable from the chair which I have the honor to occupy. It is the privilege and the peril of Semitic studies that they touch on the most important problems in the history of mankind. The free mind knows no limits; but the human race at large is far from having reached that stage of serene contemplation in which it has no need of beholding God in this or that particular order of facts, for the very reason that it sees Him in everything. Liberty, had it been well understood, would have allowed these opposite claims to exist side by side. I hope that, by your favor, this course will prove that they can. As I shall bring to my instruction no dogmatism; as I shall confine myself always to appeals to your reason, to the statement of what I think most probable, leaving you full liberty of judgment, who can complain? Those only who believe they have a monopoly of the truth; but these must renounce the claim to be the

masters of the world. In our day Galileo would not go down on his knees to retract what he knew to be the truth.

You will permit me, in the fulfilment of my task, to descend even to the smallest details, and to be habitually technical and austere. Science reaches its holy end, which is the discovery of truth, only on the condition of being specific and rigorous. It is not every man's destiny to be a chemist, a naturalist, a philologist, to shut himself up in laboratories, to pursue for years an experiment or a calculation. All men, nevertheless, share in the great philosophical results of chemistry, physics, and philology. To present these results, disencumbered of the apparatus that has served to bring them out, is a useful labor, and one that science should not decline. Such, however, is not the purpose of the Collège de France. All the apparatus of the most special and minute science should be there displayed. Laborious demonstrations, patient analyses, not excluding, it is true, any general development, any legitimate digression—such is the programme of these courses. It is the very laboratory of philological science, which is open to the public in order that shape may be given to special vocations, and that people of the world may be able to form an idea of the methods that are employed in arriving at the truth.

Today I should depart from usage, and should disappoint your expectation, were I to begin with expositions of too technical a character. It would have given me pleasure to recall here the memory of the illustrious brother laborer whom I have the honor to succeed,—M. Etienne Quatremère. But this duty having been performed in this very place, and in a manner which forbids my recurring to it, I shall devote this first lecture to a colloquy with you on the general character of the peoples whose language and literatures we shall study together; to the part which they have played in history; to the contribution which they have made to the common work of civilization.

The most important result at which historical and philological science has arrived in the last half century has been to show, in the general development of humanity, two elements, which, mingled in unequal proportions, have made the woof of the web of history. As early as the sixteenth century, and almost as early as the middle age, it was discovered that the Hebrews, the Phenicians, the Carthaginians, the Syrians, the Babylonians, from a certain period, at least, the Arabs, the Abyssinians, spoke languages wholly cognate. Eichhorn, in the eighteenth century proposed to call these languages Semitic, and this name, inexact as it is, may as well be retained. In the first years of the nineteenth century a discovery, otherwise important, was made. Thanks to the knowledge of Sanskrit, due to the English scholars in Calcutta, the philologists of Germany, M. Bopp in particular, laid down sure principles, by means of which it was demonstrated that the ancient idioms of Brahmanic India, the different dialects of Persia, the Armenian, many dialects of the Caucasus, the Greek and Latin languages, with their derivatives, the Slavic languages, the Germanic, the Celtic formed a vast whole, radically distinct from the Semitic group, and this they called Indo-Germanic, or Indo-European.

The line of demarcation revealed by the comparative study of languages was soon fortified by the study of literatures, institutions, manners, religions. When one is capable of instituting delicate comparisons, he recognizes in the ancient literatures of India, of Greece, of Persia, of the Germanic nations, common types, rooted in a profound spiritual identity. The literature of the Hebrews and that of the Arabs have likewise a close relation to each other; on the other hand, they have the least possible relation with those I have just enumerated.

We should look in vain among the Semitic peoples for an epopee or a tragedy; we should seek in vain among the Indo-European nations for anything analogous to the *Kasida* of the Arabs and that species of eloquence which distinguishes the Jewish prophets and the Koran. The same may be said of institutions. The Indo-European nations had at their origin an old system of law, the remnants of which are found again in the Brahmanas of India, in the formulas of the Latins, in the Celtic, Slavic, and Germanic customs. Patriarchal life among the Hebrews and among the Arabs was subjected, undoubtedly, to entirely different laws.

Finally, the comparison of religions has come in to throw decisive light upon this question. By the side of comparative philology there was founded, a few years ago, in Germany, a comparative mythology,

which demonstrated that all the Indo-European nations had originally, with a similar language, a similar religion, of which each one, in departing from the common cradle, has carried away the scattered remnants. This religion is the worship of the powers and phenomena of Nature, tending by philosophical development to a species of pantheism. The religious developments of the Semitic races obeyed entirely different laws. Judaism, Christianity, Islamism show a dogmatic, absolute, severely monotheistic spirit, which distinguishes them fundamentally from the Indo-European religions, or, as we call them, the Pagan beliefs.

Here, then, are two entirely distinct individualities, which, between them, fill up, in a manner, almost the whole field of history, and which are, as it were, the two poles of movement for the human race. I say almost the whole field of history; for outside of these two great individualities there are yet two or three which are already traced clearly enough for science, and the action of which has been extensive. I set aside China, which constitutes a world apart, and the Tartar races, which have acted only as natural scourges to destroy the work of the others. Egypt has played a considerable part in the history of the world. Now, Egypt is neither Semitic nor Indo-European; nor is Babylon purely Semitic. There seems to have been in Babylon an original type of civilization analogous to that of Egypt. It may even be said, in general, that before the entrance of the Indo-European and the Semitic nations on the scene of history, the world held already very old civilizations, to which ours owe, if not moral, at least industrial elements, and a long experience of material life. But all this is still faintly outlined before the eyes of history; all this is, moreover, obscured by events, such as the mission of Moses, the invention of alphabetical writing, the conquests of Cyrus and of Alexander, the occupation of the world by Greek genius, Christianity, the Roman Empire, Islamism, the Germanic conquest, Charlemagne, the revival of learning, the Reformation, philosophy, the French Revolution, the conquest of the world by modern Europe. There is the great current of history, a current formed by the mingling of two rivers, compared with which all other confluents are but rivulets. Let us endeavor to distinguish, in this complex whole, the share of each of these two great races, which, by their combined action, and most frequently by their antagonism, have produced the condition of the world of which we ourselves are the final results.

At the outset an explanation is necessary. In speaking of the mingling of the two races, I refer simply to the blending of ideas, or if I may venture to say so, a sort of historic collaboration. The Indo-European and the Semitic peoples are, even in our days, entirely distinct. I do not speak of the Jews, whose peculiar and wonderful historic destiny has given them an exceptional place in humanity; and yet, if we except France, which has set up in the world the principle of a purely ideal civilization, discarding all notion of difference in races, the Jews almost everywhere form still a society by themselves. The Arab at least, and in a more general sense the Mussulman, are further removed from us today than they have ever been. The Mussulman (the Semitic mind is especially represented in our days by Islam) and the European are face to face like two beings of a different species, having nothing in common in their manner of thinking and feeling. But the march of humanity is advanced by the struggle of contrary tendencies, by a sort of polarization in virtue of which every idea has on earth its exclusive representatives. It is in the aggregate that all these contradictions harmonize, and that perfect peace results from the shock of elements apparently hostile.

So much granted, if we ask what the Semitic peoples have contributed to this organic and living whole which is called civilization, we shall find, in the first place, that, in polity, we owe them nothing at all. Political life is perhaps the most peculiar and native characteristic of the Indo-European nations. These nations are the only ones that have known liberty, that have reconciled the State with the independence of the individual. To be sure, they are far from having always equally well adjusted these two opposite necessities. But among them are never found those great unitary despotisms, crushing all individuality, reducing man to the condition of a kind of abstract nameless function, as is the case in Egypt, China, and the Mussulman and Tartar despotisms. Examine successively the small municipal republics of Greece and of Italy, the Germanic feudalisms, the grand centralized organiza-

tions of which Rome gave the first model and whose ideal reappeared in the French Revolution, you find always a vigorous moral element, a powerful idea of the public good, sacrifice for a general object. In Sparta, individuality was little protected; the petty democracies of Athens and of Italy in the Middle Ages were almost as ferocious as the most cruel tyrant: the Roman Empire became (in part, however, through the influence of the East) an intolerable despotism; feudalism in Germany resulted in regular brigandage; royalty in France under Louis XIV almost reached the excesses of the dynasties of Sassanidæ or the Mongols; the French Revolution, while establishing with incomparable energy the principle of unity in the State, often strongly compromised liberty. But swift reactions have always saved these nations from the consequences of their errors. Not so in the East. The East, especially the Semitic East, has known no medium between the utter anarchy of the nomadic Arabs and bloody unmitigated despotism. The idea of the commonweal, of the public welfare, is totally wanting among these nations. Liberty, true and entire, such liberty as the Anglo-Saxon peoples have realized, and grand State organizations, such as the Roman Empire and France have created, were equally unknown to them. The ancient Hebrews, the Arabs have been or are at times the freest of men, but on condition of having the next day a chief who cuts off heads at his own good pleasure. And when this happens, no one complains of violated right: David seizes the scepter by means of an energetic military campaign, which does not hinder his being a very religious man, a king after God's own heart; Solomon ascends the throne and maintains himself there by measures such as Sultans in all ages have used, but this does not prevent his being called the wisest of kings. When the prophets storm against royalty, it is not in the name of a political right, it is in the name of the theocracy. Theocracy, anarchy, despotism, such is a summary of the Semitic polity; happily it is not ours. The political principle drawn from the Holy Scriptures (very badly drawn, it is true) by Bossuet, is a detestable principle. In polity, as in poetry, religion, philosophy, the duty of the Indo-European nations is to seek after nice combinations, the harmony of opposite things, the complexity so totally unknown among the Semitic nations whose organization has always been of a disheartening and fatal simplicity.

In art and poetry, what do we owe to them? In art nothing. These tribes have but little of the artist; our art comes entirely from Greece. In poetry, nevertheless, without being their tributaries, we have with them more than one bond of union. The Psalms have become in some respects one of our sources of poetry. Hebrew poetry has taken a place with us beside Greek poetry, not as having furnished a distinct order of poetry, but as constituting a poetic ideal, a sort of Olympus where in consequence of an accepted prestige everything is suffused with a halo of light. Milton, Lamartine, Lamennais would not exist, or at least would not exist as they are, but for the psalms. Here again, however, all the shades of expression, all the delicacy, all the depth is our work. The thing essentially poetic is the destiny of man, his melancholy moods, his restless search after causes, his just complaint to heaven. There was no necessity for going to strangers to learn this. The eternal school here is each man's soul.

In science and philosophy we are exclusively Greek. The investigation of causes, knowledge for knowledge's own sake, is a thing of which there is no trace previous to Greece, a thing that we have learned from her alone. Babylon possessed a science, but it had not that preëminently scientific principle, the absolute fixedness of natural law. Egypt had some knowledge of geometry, but it did not originate the *Elements* of Euclid. As for the old Semitic spirit, it is by its nature anti-philosophic, anti-scientific. In *Job*, the investigation of causes is represented as almost an impiety. In *Ecclesiastes*, science is declared to be a vanity. The author, prematurely surfeited, boasts of having studied everything under the sun, and of having found nothing but vanity. Aristotle, who was almost his contemporary, and who might have said with more reason that he had exhausted the universe, never speaks of his weariness. The wisdom of the Semitic nations never got beyond parables and proverbs. We often hear of Arabian science and philosophy, and it is true that during one or two centuries in the Middle Ages, the Arabs were our masters, but only, however, until the discovery of the Greek originals. This

Arabian science and philosophy was but a poor translation of Greek science and philosophy. As soon as authentic Greece arises, these miserable translations become useless, and it is not without reason that all the philologists of the Renaissance undertake a veritable crusade against them. Moreover, on close examination, we find that this Arabian science had nothing of the Arab in it. Its foundation is purely Greek; among those who originated it, there is not one real Semite; they were Spaniards and Persians writing in Arabic. The Jews of the Middle Ages acted also as simple interpreters of philosophy. The Jewish philosophy of that epoch is unmodified Arabic. One page of Roger Bacon contains more of the true scientific spirit than does all that second-hand science, worthy of respect, certainly, as a link of tradition, but destitute of all noble originality.

If we examine the question with reference to moral and social ideas, we shall find that the Semitic ethics are occasionally very lofty and very pure. The code attributed to Moses contains elevated ideas of right. The prophets are at times very eloquent tribunes. The moralists, Jesus son of Sirach, and Hillel, reach a surprising grandeur. Let us not forget, finally, that the ethics of the Gospel were first preached in a Semitic tongue. On the other hand, the Semitic nature is in general hard, narrow, egotistical. This race possesses noble passions, complete self-devotions, matchless characters. But there is rarely that delicacy of moral sense which seems to be the especial endowment of the Germanic and Celtic races. Tender, profound, melancholy sentiments, those dreams of the Infinite in which all the faculties of the soul blend, that grand revelation of duty which alone gives a solid basis to our faith and our hopes, are the work of our race and of our climate. Here then the task is divided. The moral education of humanity is not the exclusive merit of any race. The reason is quite simple; morals are not taught any more than poetry; fine aphorisms do not make the honest man; each one finds goodness in the loftiness of his nature, in the immediate revelation of his heart.

In industrial pursuits, inventions, external civilization, we owe, certainly, much to the Semitic peoples. Our race did not set out with a taste for comfort and for business. It was a moral, brave, warlike race, jealous of liberty and honor, loving nature, capable of sacrifice, preferring many things to life. Trade, the arts of industry, were practised for the first time on a grand scale by the Semitic tribes, or at least by those speaking a Semitic language, the Phenicians. In the middle ages also, the Arabs and the Jews were our instructors in commercial affairs. All European luxury, from ancient times till the seventeenth century, came from the East. I say luxury, and not art; the distance from one to the other is infinite; Greece, which in point of art was immensely superior to the rest of mankind, was not a country of luxury; there the magnificence of the great king's palace was spoken of with disdain, and were it permitted to us to see the house of Pericles, we should probably find it hardly habitable. I do not insist on this point, for it would be necessary to consider whether this Asiatic luxury, that of Babylon, for instance, is really due to the Semites; I doubt it, for my part. But one gift they have incontestably made us, a gift of the highest order, and one which ought to place the Phenicians, in the history of progress, almost by the side of the Hebrews and the Arabs, their brothers,—Writing. You know that the characters we use at this day are, through a thousand transformations, those that the Semites used first to express the sounds of their language. The Greek and Latin alphabets, from which all our European alphabets are derived, are nothing else than the Phenician alphabet. Phonetics, that bright device for expressing each articulate sound by a sign and for reducing the articulate sounds to a small number (twenty-two), is a Semitic invention. But for them, we should perhaps be still dragging along painfully with hieroglyphics. In one sense we may say that the Phenicians, whose whole literature has so unfortunately disappeared, have thus laid down the essential condition of all vigorous and precise exercise of thought.

But I am eager to come at the prime service which the Semitic race has rendered to the world, its peculiar work, its providential mission, if I may so express myself. We owe to the Semitic race neither political life, art, poetry, philosophy, nor science. What then do we owe to them? We owe to them religion. The whole world, if we except India, China, Japan, and tribes altogether savage, has adopted the Semitic re-

ligions. The civilized world comprises only Jews, Christians, and Mussulmans. The Indo-European race in particular, excepting the Brahmanic family and the feeble relics of the Parsees, has gone over completely to the Semitic faiths. What has been the cause of this strange phenomenon? How happens it that the nations who hold the supremacy of the world have renounced their own creed to adopt that of the people they have conquered?

The primitive worship of the Indo-European race was charming and profound, like the imagination of the nations themselves. It was like an echo of nature, a sort of naturalistic hymn, in which the idea of one sole cause appears but occasionally and uncertainly. It was a child's religion, full of artlessness and poetry, but destined to crumble at the first demand of thought. Persia first effected its reform (that which is associated with the name of Zoroaster) under influences and at an epoch unknown to us. Greece, in the time of Pisistratus, was already dissatisfied with her religion, and was turning toward the East. In the Roman period, the old pagan worship had become utterly insufficient. It no longer addressed the imagination; it spoke feebly to the moral sense. The old myths on the forces of nature had become changed into fables, not unfrequently amusing and ingenious, but destitute of all religious value. It is precisely at this epoch that the civilized world finds itself face to face with the Jewish faith. Based upon the clear and simple dogma of the divine unity, discarding naturalism and pantheism by the marvelously terse phrase: 'In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth,' possessing a law, a book, the depository of grand moral precepts and of an elevated religious poetry, Judaism had an incontestable superiority, and it might have been foreseen then that some day the world would become Jewish, that is to say, would forsake the old mythology for Monotheism. An extraordinary movement which took place at this epoch in the heart of Judaism itself decided the victory. By the side of its grand and incomparable qualities Judaism contained the principle of a narrow formalism, of an exclusive and scornful fanaticism; this was the Pharisaic spirit which became later the Talmudic spirit. Had Judaism been merely Phariseeism it would have had no future. But this race had within itself a truly remarkable religious activity. Like all the noble races, moreover, it combined contrary elements; it knew how to react on itself, and to develop at need qualities the very opposite of its defects.

In the midst of the enormous ferment in which the Jewish nation was plunged under the last Asmoneans, there took place in Galilee the most wonderful moral event which history has ever recorded. A matchless man—so grand, that although here all must be judged from a purely scientific point of view, I would not gainsay those who, struck with the exceptional character of his work, call him God—effected a reform in Judaism, a reform so radical, so thorough, that it was in all respects a complete creation. Having reached a higher religious plane than ever man reached before, having attained the point of regarding himself, in his relation to God, as a son to his father, devoted to his work with a total forgetfulness of all else and a self-renunciation never so sublimely practised before, the victim at last of his idea and deified by death, Jesus founded the eternal religion of humanity, the religion of the soul, stripped of everything sacerdotal, of creed, of external ceremonies, accessible to every race, superior to all castes, in a word, absolute: 'Woman, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father; but when the true worshipers shall worship him in spirit and in truth.' The vital center was established to which humanity must for centuries refer its hopes, its consolations, its motives for well-doing. The most copious source of virtue that the sympathetic touch of a sublime conscience ever caused to well up in the heart of a man was opened. The lofty thought of Jesus, hardly comprehended by his disciples, suffered many lapses. Christianity, notwithstanding, prevailed from the very first, and prevailed supremely over other existing religions. These religions, which pretended to no absolute value, which had no strong organizations, and which represented no moral idea, offered but feeble resistance. Some attempts which were made to reform them, in accordance with the new needs of humanity, and to introduce into them an earnest moral element—the effort of Julian, for instance—failed completely. The Empire, which saw justly its principle threatened by the birth of a new power, the Church, resisted at first energetically.

It ended by adopting the faith it had opposed. All the nations that were under Greek and Latin influence became Christian; the Germanic and Slavic peoples came in a little later. Persia and India alone, of the Indo-European race, thanks to their very strong religious institutions, which are closely allied to their polity, preserved, though much modified, the ancient worship of their forefathers. The Brahmanic race, especially, rendered to the world a scientific service of the highest kind, by preserving, with a minute and touching excess of precaution, the oldest hymns of their faith, the Vedas.

But after this incomparable victory the religious fecundity of the Semitic race was not exhausted. Christianity, absorbed by Greek and Latin civilization, had become a Western institution. The East, its cradle, was precisely the land in which it encountered the most formidable obstacles. Arabia in particular, in the seventh century, could not make up its mind to become Christian. Hesitating between Judaism and Christianity, native superstitions and the remembrance of the old patriarchal faith, recoiling from the mythologic elements which the Indo-European race had introduced into the heart of Christianity, Arabia wished to return to the religion of Abraham; she founded Islamism. Islamism, in its turn, appeared immensely superior amidst the debased religions of Asia. With one breath it overturned Parseeism, which had been vigorous enough, under the Sassanidæ, to triumph over Christianity and reduce it to the condition of an insignificant sect. India, in its turn, saw, but without being converted, the divine unity proclaimed victoriously in the midst of its obsolete pantheon. Islamism, in a word, won over to Monotheism almost all the heathen whom Christianity had not yet converted. It is finishing its mission in our days by the conquest of Africa, which is becoming, at this time, almost wholly Mussulman. With a few exceptions, of secondary importance, the world has been thus conquered entire by the monotheistic apostleship of the Semites.

Do we mean to say that the Indo-European nations, in adopting the Semitic dogma, have completely given up their own individuality? No, indeed. In adopting the Semitic religion, we have modified it profoundly. Christianity, as popularly understood, is in reality, our work. Primitive Christianity, consisting essentially of the apocalyptic belief in a Kingdom of God which was about to come; Christianity, as it existed in the mind of a St. James, of a Papias, was very different from our Christianity, encumbered with metaphysics by the Greek Fathers and with scholasticism by the Middle Ages, and by the progress of modern times reduced to a teaching of morality and charity. The victory of Christianity was secured only when it broke completely its Jewish shell, when it became again what it had been in the lofty purpose of its founder, a creation released from the narrow trammels of the Semitic mind. This is so true, that the Jews and Mussulmans feel only aversion to this religion, the sister of their own, but which, in the hands of another race, has clothed itself with an exquisite poetry, with a delicious attire of romantic legends. Refined, sensitive, imaginative souls, such as the author of the *Imitation,* the mystics of the Middle Ages, and the saints in general, professed a religion, which had, indeed, sprung from the Semitic genius, but had been transformed from its very foundation by the genius of modern nations, especially of the Celts and Germans. That depth of sentimentalism, that species of religious languor of a Francis of Assisi, of a Fra Angelico, were the precise opposite of the Semitic genius, which is essentially hard and dry.

As regards the future, I see in it more and more the triumph of the Indo-European genius. Since the sixteenth century an immense event, until then undecided, has been coming out with striking vigor. It is the definitive victory of Europe, the accomplishment of this old Semitic proverb: 'Let God increase Japhet, and let him dwell in the tents of Shem, and let Ham be his servant.'

Till that time the Semitic spirit had been master on its soil. The Mussulman East defeated the West; had better arms and a better political system; sent it riches, knowledge, civilization. Henceforward the parts are changed. European genius rises with peerless grandeur; Islamism, on the contrary, is slowly decomposing,—in our days it is falling in with a crash. At the present time, the essential condition of a diffused civilization is the destruction of the peculiarly Semitic element, the destruction of the theocratic power of Islamism; consequently the destruction of Islamism

itself; for Islamism can exist only as an official religion; as soon as it shall be reduced to the state of a free, personal religion, it will perish. Islamism is not merely a state religion, as Catholicism was in France under Louis XIV—as it still is in Spain. It is religion excluding the state; it is an organization the type of which, in Europe, the Pontifical States alone exhibited. There is the endless strife, the strife which will cease only when the last son of Ishmael shall have died of misery, or shall have been driven by terror into the depths of the desert. Islam completely negatives Europe; Islam is fanaticism, such as Spain under Philip II and Italy under Pius V have scarcely known; Islam is contempt for science, suppression of civil society; it is the appalling simplicity of the Semitic spirit cramping the human intellect, closing it against every delicate thought, every fine feeling, every rational inquiry, to confront it with an eternal repetition: *God is God.*

The future belongs then to Europe, and to Europe alone; Europe will conquer the world, and spread through it her religion, which is law, liberty, respect for man, the belief that there is something divine in the heart of humanity. In all departments progress for the Indo-European people will consist in departing farther and farther from the Semitic spirit. Our religion will become less and less Jewish; more and more will it reject all political organizations as connected with the affairs of the soul. It will become the religion of the heart, the innermost poetry of every soul. In ethics we shall cultivate a refinement unknown to the austere natures of the Old Alliance; we shall become more and more Christian. In polity we shall reconcile two things which the Semitic nations have always ignored—liberty and a strong state organization. From poetry we shall demand expression for that instinct of the infinite which is at once our joy and our torment,—at all events our greatness. From philosophy, instead of the *absolute* of the scholastics, we shall demand delicate studies on the general system of the universe. In everything we shall seek after fine distinctions, subtlety instead of dogmatism, the relative in place of the absolute. There is the future, as I anticipate it, if the future is to belong to progress. Shall we attain a clearer view of the destiny of man and his relations with the infinite? Shall we know more surely the law of the origin of beings, the nature of conscience, what is life and personality? Without relapsing into credulity, and still persisting in its path of positive philosophy, will the world recover its joy, its ardor, its hope, its deeper thoughts? Will existence become again worth the possessing, and will the man who believes in duty find in duty his reward? This science to which we consecrate our life—will it render back to us what we sacrifice to it? I know not. But this is certain, that in seeking out truth by scientific methods we shall have done our duty. If truth be cheerless, we shall at least have the consolation of having honestly discovered it; we may say that we deserved to find it more consoling; still, we shall bear this witness in our hearts, that we have been thoroughly sincere.

To tell the truth, I cannot dwell on such thoughts. History demonstrates that there is in human nature a transcendent instinct that urges it toward a nobler aim. The development of man is inexplicable on the hypothesis that man is only a being with an already finished destiny, virtue only a refined egotism, religion but a chimera. Let us work on, then. Whatever the author of *Ecclesiastes* may say in a moment of discouragement, science is not 'the meanest occupation that God has given to the sons of men.' It is the best. If all be vanity, he who has consecrated his life to truth will be no more duped than others. If all the good and the true be real, and we are sure that they are, their seeker and lover will have unquestionably breathed the finest spirit.

We shall not meet again, gentlemen. At my next lecture I shall plunge into Hebraic philology, where the greater number of you will not follow me. But I pray those who are young, and to whom I may be allowed to offer a word of counsel, to favor me with their attention.

Direct your attention to solid studies; believe that the liberal thing *par excellence* is cultivation of mind, nobleness of heart, independence of judgment. Prepare for our country generations ripe for all that makes the glory and the ornament of life. Beware of rash enthusiasms, and remember that liberty is won only by earnestness, respect for ourselves and others, devotion to the commonweal and to the special work that each of us in this world is called upon to establish or to continue.

TAINE (1828–1893)

Hippolyte Adolphe Taine was well known to English and American students of the last generation through his *History of English Literature* (1863). French contemporary opinion regarded him as a philosopher as well as a historian and critic, and his life, though it was in the main the peaceful career of a scholar and professor, was diversified by some vehement debates. He aroused antagonism in the earlier part of his career by his attempt to introduce into literary criticism and morals the certitude established in physical science. 'Virtue and vice,' he said, 'are products like vitriol and sugar,' and he addressed his volumes of history and criticism to 'the lovers of moral zoology, the naturalists of the intellect.' To the present generation, scientific certitude seems to have narrower limits than were evident in the first flush of nineteenth century scientific enthusiasm, and Taine himself, before the end of his active and laborious career as a teacher and writer, did not press his theories so far or so hard as he did at the beginning. The scientific principles of heredity and environment—*'La race, le milieu, le moment'*—as Taine phrased them, have their uses in literary and artistic criticism, and Taine's wide learning and literary skill enabled him to employ them effectively. If he sometimes forces them further than seems justifiable, the modern student who believes in an irreducible minimum of human personality, which cannot be explained by any scientific method yet known, can guard himself from being misled. Taine had a very alert and penetrating mind, and in his later work was careful to guard himself against the excessive application of the theories he espoused in the enthusiasm of youth. The passages from *The Ideal in Art* given below are from the translation of J. Durand, and we are indebted to Henry Holt and Company for permission to reprint.

THE IDEAL IN ART

In the human kingdom, as in the animal or vegetable kingdom, the principle of the subordination of characters establishes the same hierarchy: the superior rank and the first importance belong to the most stable characters; and if these are more stable it is that, being more elementary, they are present on a much larger surface and are swept away only by a greater revolution.

To this scale of moral values corresponds, step by step, the scale of literary values. All things in other respects being equal, according as the character set forth in a book is more or less important, that is to say more or less elementary and stable, this book becomes more or less beautiful, and you will see the layers of the moral strata communicate, to the literary works which express them, their proper degree of power and duration.

There is, first, a literature of fashion which expresses the character in the fashion; it lasts, like that character, three or four years and sometimes less; it commonly blossoms and decays with the leaves of the year: it consists of the romance, the farce, the pamphlet, the novelty in vogue. Read, if you have the courage to do so, a vaudeville or a humorous piece of the year 1835,—you will let it drop out of your hand. Attempts are often made to reproduce it on the stage; twenty years ago it was the rage; today the audience yawn and the piece quickly disappears from the playbills. This or that romance, once sung at every piano, is now ludicrous; we find it insipid and discordant; it is at best only encountered in some remote and antiquated province; it expresses only some of those evanescent sentiments which a slight variation in customs suffices to do away with; it has become old-fashioned, and we are surprised at ourselves for having been pleased with such foolish things. Thus, from among the innumerable writings which see the light, time makes its selection; superficial and slightly persistent characters are borne away with the works which express them.

Other works correspond to characters somewhat more durable, and seem to be masterpieces to the generations which read them. Such was the famous *Astrée* which D'Urfé composed at the commencement

of the seventeenth century—a pastoral romance, of infinite length and yet greater dulness, a bower of foliage and flowers to which men, weary with the slaughter and brigandage of religious wars, betook themselves to listen to the sighs and sentimentalities of Celadon. Such were the romances of Mademoiselle de Scudéry—the *Grand Cyrus,* and *Clélie,*—in which the exaggerated, refined and measured gallantry introduced into France by the Spanish queens, the noble dissertation on the new language, the mysteries of the heart and the ceremonial of politeness, were displayed like the majestic robes and formal reverences of the Hotel de Rambouillet. Countless works had this kind of merit which today are nothing more than historical documents: for example, the *Euphues* of Lyly, the *Adonis* of Marini, the *Hudibras* of Butler, and the biblical pastorals of Gessner. We are not without such writings nowadays, but I prefer not to mention them; I will only remark that about 1806 M. Esmenard held at Paris the position of a great man, and enumerate the multitude of works which seemed sublime at the beginning of the literary revolution of which we now see the end—*Atala, The Last of the Abencerages,* the *Natchez* and many of Madame de Stäel's and Lord Byron's personages. At present the first stage of the journey has been passed over, and, stationed where we are, we detect without any difficulty the exaggeration and the affectation which contemporaries did not suspect. The celebrated elegy of Millevoye on the *Chute des Feuilles* leaves us as unmoved as the *Messéniennes* of Casimir Delavigne; it is because the two works, half classic and half romantic, corresponded by their mixed character to a generation placed on the frontier of two periods, and their success has had precisely the duration of the moral character which they manifested.

Many very remarkable cases show most clearly how the value of a work increases and decreases with the value of the character expressed. It seems that here nature yoked together experience and counter-experience with premeditated purpose. We might cite writers who have left one work of the first among twenty of the secondary order. In both cases the talent, the education, the preparation, the effort was all alike; nevertheless, in the first, there issued from the crucible an ordinary work; in the second, a masterpiece saw the light. This is due to the fact that in the first case the writer expressed only superficial and transitory characters, whilst in the second he seized upon enduring and profound characters. Lesage wrote twelve volumes of romances imitated from the Spanish, and the Abbé Prevost twenty volumes of tragic and pathetic novels; the curious alone seek these out, while everybody has read *Gil Blas* and *Manon Lescaut.* The reason of this is that a happy accident twice brought to the artist's hand a stable type of which every man encounters traits in the society around him or in the sentiments of his own breast. *Gil Blas* is a bourgeois with a classic education, having passed through all conditions of society and made a fortune, easy in his conscience, somewhat a valet his whole life, a little *picaro* in his youth, accommodating himself to the standard of worldly morality, by no means a stoic and still less a patriot, securing his own share of the cake and freely biting into that of the public, but gay, sympathetic, no hypocrite, capable occasionally of self-judgment, having fits of honesty with a substratum of honor and benevolence, and winding up with a well-regulated and straightforward life. A like character adopting the medium in all things, and a like destiny, so tangled and diversified, is daily encountered, and will be again tomorrow, as it was in the eighteenth century.

In a similar manner, in *Manon Lescaut,* the courtesan who is an amiable girl, immoral through the craving for luxury, but affectionate by instinct, and capable in the end of returning a love equal to the absolute love which made all sacrifices for her, is a type of so permanent a nature that George Sand in *Leone Leoni* and Victor Hugo in *Marion Delorme* have taken it up to put it again upon the stage, simply reversing the parts and changing the time.

De Foe wrote two hundred volumes, and Cervantes I know not how many dramas and romances, the former with the truthful detail, the minutiæ, the dry precision of a puritan business-man, and the latter with the invention, the glow, the insufficiency, the generosity of a Spanish cavalier and adventurer; of the one there remains *Robinson Crusoe,* and of the other *Don Quixote.* It is because Robinson Crusoe is, primarily, the genuine Englishman completely embodying the profound instincts

of the race still visible in the sailor and in the colonial squatter of his country, violent and savage in his resolutions, protestant and biblical at heart, with those silent fermentations of the imagination and of the conscience which lead to crises of conversion and of grace, energetic, obstinate, patient, indefatigable, born for labor, capable of clearing away and colonizing continents; it is because the same personage, apart from national character, presents to the eye the severest experience of human life and an abridgement of all human invention, showing the individual torn from civilized society and constrained to recover by his solitary effort so many arts and so many industries, of which the benefits surround him hourly and unconsciously as water surrounds the fish. In like manner, in Don Quixote we see at first the chivalrous and morbid Spaniard, such as eight centuries of crusades and of overcharged reveries had made him, but, beside this, one of the eternal prototypes of human history, the heroic, sublime, visionary, meager and broken-down idealist: in order to strengthen the impression, and by way of contrast, we see alongside of him the sage, matter-of-fact, vulgar and gross bumpkin.

May I cite to you still another of those immortal personages in which a race and an epoch are recognized, and whose name becomes one of the current terms of a language, the Figaro of Beaumarchais, a kind of Gil Blas more nervous and more revolutionary than the other? And yet the author was simply a man of talent; he was too sparkling with wit to create, like Molière, spirits that live; but, one day, drawing a picture of himself, with his gaiety, his expedients, his irreverence, his repartees, his courage, his natural good-heartedness, his inexhaustible vivacity, he had delineated, without so intending it, the portrait of the true Frenchman, and his talent rose to genius.

There occur counter verifications, and there are cases where genius descends to talent. Many a writer who knows how to mold and put in motion the greatest personages leaves in his group of figures a crowd of inanimate beings, who, at the end of a century, seem dead or repulsive, open to ridicule, whose whole interest belongs to antiquaries and historians. For example the lovers of Racine are all marquises; all their character is in their good behavior; their sentiments are so fashioned as to please dandies; he makes them gallants; in his hands they become court-puppets; even now intelligent foreigners cannot endure M. Hippolyte and M. Xiphares.

In the same way the clowns of Shakespeare amuse no more, and his young gentlemen appear extravagant; one must be a critic and an expert in order to place himself at the proper point of view; their play on words is offensive, and their metaphors are unintelligible; their pretentious jargon is a convention of the sixteenth century, as the refined tirade is one of the proprieties of the seventeenth century. There are also fashionable personages; the exterior and the effect of the hour are so predominant in them that the rest disappears.

You perceive, by this twofold experience, the importance of profound and enduring characters, since a lack of them degrades a great man's work to the second rank, and their presence exalts the work of a lesser talent to the first rank.

It is for this reason that if one goes through the great literary works, he will find that all manifest a profound and durable character, and that their rank is higher according as this character is more durable and more profound. They are generalizations which present to the mind under a sensible form at one time the principal traits of a historical period, at another the primordial instincts and faculties of a race, at another some fragment of the universal man and those elementary psychological forces which are the ultimate explanation of human events. In order to be convinced of this we need not pass in review the various literary works. It will be sufficient to note the use which is now made of literary works in history. It is through these that the deficiencies of memoirs, constitutions, and diplomatic documents are supplied; they show us, with an astonishing precision and clearness, the sentiments of diverse epochs, the instincts and aptitudes of diverse races, all the great secret springs whose equilibrium maintains societies and whose discords lead to revolutions. The positive history and chronology of ancient India are almost useless; but its heroic and sacred poems remain to us, and in these we see its spirit laid bare, that is to say, the order and condition of its imagination, the extent and connection of its dreams, the depth and disorder of its philosophical divinations and the inner

principle of its religion and of its institutions.

Let us consider Spain at the end of the sixteenth and at the beginning of the seventeenth century. If you read Lazarillo de Tormes and the *picaresque* romances, if you study the drama of Lope de Vega, of Calderon and other dramatists, you will see rising before you two living figures, the beggar and the cavalier, who will show you all the misery, all the grandeur and all the folly of this strange civilization.

The more perfect a work is the deeper are the characteristics portrayed in it. We might extract from Racine the whole system of the monarchical sentiments of our seventeenth century,—the portrait of the king, of the queen, of the children of France, of noble courtiers, ladies of honor, and prelates; all the dominant ideas of the time,—feudal fidelity, chivalric honor, servility of the ante-chamber, the decorum of the palace, the devotion of servants and subjects, the perfection of manners, the sway and tyranny of propriety, the natural and artificial niceties of language, of the heart, of Christianity, and of morality; in short, the habits and sentiments which make up the principal traits of the ancient regime.

Our greatest modern epics, *the Divine Comedy* and *Faust*, are summaries of two grand European historical epochs. One shows us the way in which the Middle Ages regarded life, and the other the way in which we regard it. Both of them express the highest truth to which two sovereign minds, each in its time, attained. Dante's poem depicts the man who, transported outside of this ephemeral world, traverses the supernatural, the sole definitive and subsisting world; he was conducted by two powers, the exalted love which then controled human life, and systematic theology which was then the queen of speculative thought; his poetic dream, by turns horrible and sublime, is the mystic reverie which then seemed the perfect state of the human mind. Goethe's poem depicts the man who, led through all the ways of science and of life, gets bruised and disgusted, wanders and gropes around, and finally settles down resignedly into practical life without, among so many painful experiences and unsatisfied questionings, ever ceasing to realize behind its legendary veil that superior realm of ideal forms and of incorporeal forces on the threshold of which thought is arrested, and to which alone the divinations of the heart can penetrate. Among so many finished works, which manifest the essential character of a race or an epoch, there are some which, by a singular chance, express, moreover, some sentiment, some type, common to almost all groups of humanity; such are the Hebrew Psalms that confront the monotheistic man with the Almighty Judge and Sovereign God; the *Imitation* which shows the communion of the tender soul with the loving and consoling Redeemer; the poems of Homer and the dialogues of Plato, which represent the heroic youth of the active man, or the charming adolescence of the reflective man; nearly all that Greek literature which possessed the privilege of representing healthy and simple sentiments; Shakespeare, in fine, the greatest in original creations, the deepest observer of man, the most clear-sighted of all those who have comprehended the mechanism of the human passions, the mute fermentations and the violent explosions of the imaginative brain, the unforeseen derangements of consciousness, the tyranny of the flesh and blood, the fatalities of character and the obscure causes of our sanity and insanity. *Don Quixote, Candide,* and *Robinson Crusoe* are books of a like scope. Works of this class survive the century and the people to whom they owe their origin. They pass beyond the ordinary limits of time and space; they are understood wherever we find a thinking mind; their popularity is indestructible and their duration infinite—a final proof of the connection between moral and literary values, and of the principle which arranges the works of art above or below each other, according to the importance, the stability and the depth of the historic or psychological character which they have expressed. . . .

MORAL AND LITERARY VALUES

To this classification of moral values corresponds, step by step, a classification of literary values. All things equal in other respects, the work which expresses a beneficent character is superior to the work which expresses a malevolent character. If, in two given works, both exhibit, with the same talent in execution, natural forces of like grandeur, that which represents to us a hero is better than that which represents to us a dolt; and in this gallery of

living works of art, which form the definitive museum of the human mind, you will see established, according to our new principle, a new order of ranks.

At the lowest step of all are the types preferred by the literature of realism and by the comic drama; that is to say, simpletons and egotists—limited, weak and inferior natures. They are those, in fact, encountered in ordinary life, or those that can be turned into ridicule. Nowhere will you find a more complete assemblage than in the *Scenes of Middle-class Life* of Henri Monnier. Almost all good romances thus recruit their secondary personages; such as the Sancho of *Don Quixote;* the seedy sharpers of the *picaresque* romances; Fielding's squires, parsons, and servants; and Walter Scott's shrewd lairds and rigid ministers; all of that lower class of figures, swarming in Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* and in contemporary English literature, will supply us with further examples. These writers, undertaking to depict men as they are, were obliged to portray them incomplete, mixed up and inferior, most of the time abortive in their character, or distorted by their condition. As to the comic drama it is sufficient to cite Turcaret, Basile, Organ, Arnolphe, Harpagon, Tartuffe, Georges Dandin, all of the marquises, valets, pedants, and doctors in Molière. It is the quality of the comic drama to lay bare human deficiencies. Great artists, however, on whom the exigences of their class of subjects, or a love of strict truth, imposed studies of this sad kind, have made use of two artifices to conceal the mediocrity and repulsiveness of the characters they have figured. They have either made of them accessories or contrasts, which serve to bring out some principal figure in stronger relief—the most frequent proceeding of novelists—and which you may study in the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, in Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet,* and in the *Madame Bovary* of Gustave Flaubert; or they have turned our sympathies against the personage, causing him to descend from one mishap to another, exciting against him the disapprobatory and vengeful laugh, purposely showing off the unlucky consequences of his inaptitude, and hunting out and expelling from life the defect which dominates in him. The spectator, become hostile, is satisfied; he experiences the same pleasure in seeing folly and egotism crushed, as he does in seeing an expansion of goodness and strength; the banishment of an evil is worth a triumph of the good. This is the great resource of comedians, but novelists likewise make use of it; and you may see its success not merely in the *Précieuses,* the *École des Femmes,* the *Femmes Savantes,* and numerous other pieces by Molière, but again in the *Tom Jones* of Fielding, Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit,* and in the *Vieille Fille* by Balzac. The spectacle, nevertheless, of these belittled or crippled spirits ends by leaving in the reader's mind a vague sentiment of weariness and disgust, and even irritation and bitterness. When they are very numerous in a work and occupy the prominent place, one is disheartened. Sterne, Swift, and the comic writers of the Restoration, many contemporary comedies and romances, the scenes of Henri Monnier, finally repel you; the admiration or approval of the reader gets to be mingled with repugnance; it is disagreeable to see vermin even when we kill it, and we demand that we be shown creations of a more vigorous birth and of loftier character. . . .

THE PRINCIPLE OF CONCENTRATION

After having considered characters in themselves it remains for us to examine them when incorporated in a work of art. Not only is it necessary that in themselves they should have the greatest possible value but likewise is it necessary that in a work of art they should become as paramount as possible. It is in this way that they become more manifest and hold a more prominent place; in this way only will they become more apparent than in nature. To this end it is evidently necessary that all parts of a work should contribute to their manifestation. No element should remain passive or divert the attention in another direction; it would be a force wasted or a force employed in a counter sense. In other words, in a picture, in a statue, in a poem, in an edifice, and in a symphony all the effects should converge to one point. The degree of this convergence marks the place of the work, and you will see a third scale erected alongside of the two first to measure the value of works of art.

Let us first take the arts which disclose the moral man, and above all literature. We will begin by distinguishing the diverse

elements which constitute a drama, an epic or a romance, in brief a work which places before us acting agents. In the first place there are agents in it, that is to say personages endowed, all of them, with a distinct character; and in a character we may recognize many parts. From the moment, says Homer, 'an infant first falls on the knees of a woman,' he possesses, at least in germ, faculties and instincts of a certain kind and to a certain degree; he is a compound of his father, of his mother, of his family and, in general, of his race; furthermore, inherited qualities, transmitted through the blood, take in him dimensions and proportions by which he is distinguished from his compatriots and from his relatives. This innate moral foundation is allied to a physical temperament, and the whole together forms the primitive combination which education, example, training, all subsequent events and actions of infancy and of youth are to oppose or to complete. When these different forces, instead of neutralizing, reënforce each other, this convergence of forces stamps itself deeply on man, and there appear strong and striking characters. This convergence is often wanting in nature; it never fails in the work of great artists; it is thus that their characters, although composed of the same elements as real characters are more powerful than real characters. They prepare their personages minutely and remotely; when they are presented to us we feel that they cannot be otherwise than they are. A vast framework supports them; a profound logic has built them up. Nobody has possessed this gift to the same extent as Shakespeare. If you attentively read each of his parts you will find at every step, in a word, in a gesture, in an outburst of the imagination, in a desultory flow of ideas, in the turn of a phrase, an echo and an index revealing to you the inward state, the entire past and the future of the personage before you.

These are his *substrata*. Organic temperament, original or acquired aptitudes and tendencies, the complex growth of ideas and of remote or recent habits, all the sap of human nature infinitely transformed from its most primitive roots to its latest offshoots have contributed to produce the actions and the expressions which form their terminal jet. This multitude of present forces and this concordance of concentrated effects were necessary in order to animate figures like Coriolanus, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Othello, and to form, nourish, and exalt the master-passion which is to nerve and to usher them forth. With Shakespeare may I name a modern, almost a contemporary, Balzac, the most gifted of all those who in our time have minted the treasures of our moral nature? No one has better shown the formation of man, the successive stages of his varied stratifications, the superposed and intersecting effects of relationship, of early impressions, of conversation, of studies, of friendships, of professions, of habitation, of the innumerable imprints which day after day come and stamp themselves on our soul in order to give to it its consistency and its form. He, however, is a novelist and a savant instead of being, like Shakespeare, a poet and dramatist; hence, instead of concealing his *substrata* he displays them; you will find them extensively enumerated in his infinite descriptions and dissertations, in his circumstantial portraits of a house, of a face, or of a costume, in his preparatory accounts of an infancy or an education, and in his technical explanations of an invention or of a process. But his art, substantially, is the same, and when he builds up personages, such as Hulot, Père Grandet, Philippe Brideau, the old maid, a spy, a courtesan, a great business-man, his talent always consists in accumulating an enormous quantity of formative elements and moral influences into one channel and in one direction, like so many streams which swell and precipitate the same current.

A second group of elements in the literary work consists of situations and events. The character conceived, it is necessary that the conflict to which it is subjected should be suitable for its manifestation. In this respect, art, again, is superior to nature, for in nature things do not always thus transpire. Some great and imposing character remains there buried and inert for lack either of opportunity or of temptation. If Cromwell had not happened to be in the midst of the English Revolution he would probably have kept up the same life he led for forty years in his own family and district, that of a rural proprietor, town-magistrate, and rigid puritan solely concerned with his manures, his animals, his children, and his scruples of conscience. Postpone the French Revolution three years and Mirabeau would have been

only a gentleman without social position, an adventurer and man of pleasure. On the other hand, a mediocre or feeble character who was not equal to tragic events might have been equal to ordinary events. Suppose Louis XVI to have been born in a middle-class family, and to have been an employee or a proprietor with a moderate fortune: he might have lived tranquilly and highly esteemed; he might have honestly fulfilled his daily task; we might have seen him attentive to his business, gentle with his wife, a good father to his children; in the evening by his fireside he might have taught them geography, and on Sunday, after the service, he would have amused them with his locksmith's tools. The organized being whom nature subjects to the struggle for existence is like a ship which has just glided from the stocks into the water; it requires a strong wind or a light breeze according as it is either a frigate or a skiff; the gale which impels the frigate founders the skiff, and the light breeze which makes the skiff dance lets the frigate remain motionless in port. It is accordingly necessary that the artist should adapt his situations to his characters. You have here a second concordance, and there is no necessity to show you that great artists never fail to establish it. What we call intrigue or action among them is simply a series of events and an order of situations arranged with a view to manifest characters, to probe natures to their depths, to bring up to the surface profound instincts and unknown faculties which the monotonous current of habit prevents from emerging into day, in order to measure, as in Corneille, the force of their will and the grandeur of their heroism, in order to expose, as in Shakespeare, the lusts, madness, and fury, the strange devouring monsters which blindly rage and roar in the depths of our hearts. These experiences are varied relatively to the same personage; they can accordingly be so disposed as to always render them effective: this is the *crescendo* of all writers; they make use of it in each petty action as in the entire conception, and thus culminate in some supreme victory or in some supreme defeat. You perceive that the law is as applicable in the details as in the masses. Portions of a scene are grouped together in view of a certain effect; all effects are combined in view of a dénouement; the entire story is constructed in view of the natures which we wish to bring upon the stage. The noteworthy class and the visible character are due to the qualities which converge or persist in them; this convergence of the entire character and of its successive situations manifests the essence of the character, and even its elements in drawing it out to a definite success or to a final overthrow.

One last element remains, that of style. It is in fact, the sole apparent one; the other two are simply its *substrata;* it is a dress for them and it appears only on the surface. A book is merely a set of phrases which the author utters or makes his personages utter; our exterior eyes and ears lay hold of nothing more, and whatever else is perceived by hearing and sight is conveyed to them only through the medium of these same phrases. Hence there is a third element of superior importance, the effect of which must accord with the effect of others in order that the total impression may be the greatest possible. But a phrase taken in itself is capable of diverse forms and, consequently, of diverse effects. It may be one verse followed by other verses; it may comprise several verses of equal or unequal length, of rhythms and rhymes diversely arranged, enabling you to appreciate the full wealth of meter. On the other hand, it may form one line of prose followed by other lines of prose; and these lines are at one time linked together in a period, at another are cut up into little isolated phrases, at another they are composed in turn of short periods and phrases, enabling you to perceive the full wealth of syntax.

Finally the words which compose the phrases have a character of their own; according to their origin and their ordinary use they are noble and generous, or dry and technical, or familiar and striking, or abstract and dull, or brilliant and picturesque. In short, a phrase uttered is a combination of forces which at once awaken in the reader the logical instinct, the musical aptitude, the acquisitions of memory, and the fires of the imagination, and thrills the whole man through the nerves, the senses, and the habits. It is necessary therefore that the style should be in keeping with the rest of the work; there is therein a final convergence, and on this domain the art of the great writers is without limit; their tact is of extraor-

dinary delicacy and their invention is of inexhaustible fertility; we do not find in them a rhythm, a turn, a construction, a word, a sound or a combination of words, sounds, and phrases whose value is not felt and whose use is not intentional. Here again art is superior to nature; for through this choice, this transformation, and this use of style the imaginary personage speaks better and more conformably to his character than the real personage. Without here entering into the subtleties of art, and without going into the detail of processes, we easily perceive that verse is a sort of song and prose a sort of conversation; that the stately alexandrine line raises the voice up to a sustained and noble accent, and that the short lyrical strophe is still more musical and still more exalted; that the clear short phrase has the imperious or tripping tone; that the long period has the oratorical inspiration and the majestic emphasis; in short, that every form of style determines a state of the soul, either expansion or tension, transport or indifference, order or disorder, and that therefore the effects of situations and of characters are diminished or heightened according as the effects of style follow in the contrary sense or in the same sense. Suppose that Racine should adopt the style of Shakespeare, and Shakespeare that of Racine, their work would be absurd or rather they would not be able to write; the seventeenth century phrase, so clear, so well-proportioned, so purified, so well put together, so well adapted to a palace discourse, is incapable of expressing the crude passions and imaginative sallies, the inward and irresistible tempest which vents itself in the English drama. On the other hand, the sixteenth century phrase, at one time familiar and at another lyrical, venturesome, harsh and disjointed, would be a blemish if put in the mouths of the polished, well-educated, and accomplished personages of French tragedy. Instead of a Racine and a Shakespeare you would have Drydens and Otways and a Ducis and Casimir Delavigne. Such is the power and such the conditions of style. The characters which situations unfold to the mind are manifested to the senses only through language, and the convergence of the three forces gives to the character all its prominence. The more the artist has discriminated and made converge in his work numerous elements and capable of effect, the more the character which he wishes to place in light becomes prominent. The whole of art lies in two words, *concentration* in *manifestation.*

According to this principle we may class once more various literary works. All things equal in other respects, they will be more or less beautiful according to the greater or less completeness of the convergence of effects in them; and, through a singular coincidence, this rule applied to the schools, establishes, between the successive stages of the same art, the divisions which history and experience have already introduced into them.

At the commencement of every literary age we remark a period of gestation; art is weak and infantile; it is because the convergence of effects is insufficient there, and the fault is due to the ignorance of the writer. He is not wanting in inspiration; he has it and often in a natural and vigorous way; talent abounds at this moment; noble forms flit obscurely through the depths of the soul; but processes are not known; people do not know how to write, how to distribute the parts of a subject, how to employ literary resources. Such is the defect of early French literature in the middle-ages. In reading the *Chanson de Roland, Renaud de Montauban, Ogier le Danois,* you quickly perceive that the men of this age entertained grand and original sentiments; a new society had been organized; the crusades were in progress; the proud independence of the baron, the indomitable fidelity of the vassal, military and heroic habits, strength of body and simplicity of heart provided poesy with characters equal to those of Homer. It only half profited by them; it has felt their beauty without being able to render it. The *trouvère* was a layman and French, that is to say, born of a race ever prosaic and at that day so situated as to be deprived of superior culture by clerical monopoly. He narrates in a dry and coarse manner; he has not the broad and brilliant imagery of Homer and of antique Greece; his story is tame; his monorhythmic stanza repeats thirty times in succession the same monotonous stroke of the bell. He is not master of his subject; he does not know how to curtail, develop and proportion, to prepare a scene and strengthen an effect. His work takes no place in the literature of all time; it disappears from the world, and only engages the attention of anti-

quaries. If it is successful it is through isolated works, through a *Niebelungen* in Germany, where the old national foundation has not been upturned by the ecclesiastical establishment; through the *Divine Comedy* in Italy, where Dante, by a supreme effort of labor, enthusiasm and genius finds, in a mystic and learned poem, the unlooked-for union of lay sentiments and theological theories. When art revives in the sixteenth century other examples show us the same want of convergence, resulting, at first, in the same insufficiency. Marlowe, the early English dramatist, is a man of genius; he felt, like Shakespeare, the fury of violent passions, the somber grandeur of northern melancholy, the tragic poesy of contemporary history; but he did not know how to manage dialogue, vary circumstances, graduate situations and contrast characters; his process is only continuous murder and speechless death; his drama is powerful, but rusted out, and only known to the curious. In order that his tragic conception of life may bloom out before all eyes and in full daylight, it is necessary that a greater genius after him, furnished with accumulated experience, should brood a second time over the same spirits; it is necessary that Shakespeare, after having himself groped his way more than once, should imbue the crude sketches of his precursor with the varied, full and profound life for which primitive art had proved inadequate.

On the other hand, at the end of every literary era we remark a period of decadence; art here becomes corrupt, worn out, and stiffened through routine and conventionalism. Here also the convergence of effects is wanting, but the fault is not due to ignorance. On the contrary, people have never been so cultivated; all methods have been perfected and refined; they have even become common property; whoever desires to make use of them can avail himself of them. The language of poetry is complete; the feeblest writer knows how a phrase is constructed, how rhymes are coupled together, and how to bring about a catastrophe. It is feeble sentiment which lowers art. The great conception which formed and sustained the works of the masters, droops and perishes; it is preserved only through reminiscences and tradition. It is no longer pursued to the end; changes are effected in it by introducing into it another spirit; it is supposed to be perfected by incongruities. Such was the situation of the Grecian drama in the time of Euripides, and of the French drama in the time of Voltaire. The outward form remained the same as before; but the spirit that animated it was transformed, and the contrast is disagreeable. Euripides retains the accessories, the choruses, the meter and the heroic and divine personages of Æschylus and of Sophocles. But he degrades them down to the level of the sentiments and the plottings of ordinary life; he makes them discourse like lawyers and sophists; he delights in exposing their misfortunes, weaknesses and lamentations. Voltaire accepts or takes upon himself the proprieties and the mechanism of Racine and of Corneille, the confidants, high-priests, princes and princesses, chivalric and graceful love-making, alexandrine stanzas—a recognized and noble style—dreams, oracles and divinities. But he adds an exciting intrigue borrowed from the English stage; he attempts, moreover, to give it historic varnish; he forces into it philosophical and humanitarian intentions; he insinuates attacks against kings and priests; he is the innovator and the thinker out of season and out of place. With both of them the various elements of the work no longer concur to the same result. Antique drapery is foreign to modern sentiments; modern sentiments do violence to antique drapery. The personages are nonplused between two rôles; those of Voltaire are princes, enlightened by the *Encyclopédie;* those of Euripides are heroes, polished in the schools of the rhetorician. Under this double mask their figure flickers; we no longer see it; or rather, they do not live except by fits and starts, and at rare intervals. Here the reader abandons this world, which is self-destructive, and seeks works in which, according to the model of living creatures, all the parts are organs which conspire to the same result.

We find them at the central point of literary ages, at the moment when art is in flower; previously it is in germ, a little later it becomes faded. At this moment the convergence of effects is complete, and an admirable harmony equalizes amongst them characters, style and action. This moment is encountered in Greece in the time of Sophocles and, if I am not mistaken, still better in the time of Æschylus

when tragedy, true to its origins, is yet a dithyrambic chant, when the religious sentiment of the initiated is thoroughly infused into it, when the gigantic forms of heroic or divine legend possess their full stature, when fatality, arbiter of human life, and justice, custodian of social life, spin and cut the threads of destiny, to the sounds of a poesy obscure like an oracle, terrible as a prophecy, and sublime as a vision. You may see in Racine the perfect concordance of oratorical skill, of pure and noble diction, of learned composition, of well-planned dénouement, of dramatic decorum, of princely politeness, and of the delicacies and proprieties of the court and the drawing-room. You will find a like concordance in the complex and composite work of Shakespeare if you observe that, depicting man intact and complete, he has had to employ the most poetic verses side by side with the most familiar prose, every contrast of style in order to manifest in turn the heights and the depths of human nature, the exquisite delicacy of female characters and the uncontrollable violence of men's characters, the crude coarseness of popular manners and the over-refined polish of worldly ceremonial, the gossip of current conversation and the enthusiasm of extreme emotion, the surprises of petty vulgar occurrences and the fatality of unrestrained passions. However different the methods may be they always, with great writers, converge; they converge in the fables of La Fontaine as in the funeral orations of Bossuet, in Voltaire's tales as in the stanzas of Dante, in Byron's *Don Juan* as in Plato's Dialogues, among the ancients as among the moderns, among the romanticists as among the classicists.

It must not be supposed that the example of the masters imposes any fixed form, style or arrangement on their successors. If one succeeds in one way, another succeeds in an opposite way; one point only is essential, which is that his whole work should move forward on the same line; it is necessary that it should direct all its forces toward a given end. Art, like nature, casts its objects in every mold; only, in order that the object be viable it is necessary, in art as in nature, that the parts should constitute a whole, and that the least part of the least element should be subordinate to the whole.

ZOLA (1840–1902)

Emile Zola was the inventor of the naturalistic formula in fiction and the author of a score of novels made according to that formula, so far as his romantic temperament and tradition permitted him to adhere to it. The novels are no longer held in such high esteem or such violent detestation as they enjoyed when the controversy about Naturalism was at its height, but Zola's essay on *The Experimental Novel* still remains one of the most notable literary documents of the nineteenth century. It was issued in 1880, when the Rougon-Macquart series of novels was about half way through its course. The translation is that of Belle M. Sherman, revised.

THE EXPERIMENTAL NOVEL

Chapters III and IV

The object of the experimental method in physiology and in medicine is to study phenomena in order to become their master. Claude Bernard in each page of his *Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine* comes back to this idea. He declares: 'All natural philosophy is summed up in this: To know the laws which govern phenomena. The experimental problem reduces itself to this: To foresee and direct phenomena.' Farther on he gives an example: 'It will not satisfy the experimental doctor, though it may the merely empirical one, to know that quinine cures fever; the essential thing is to know what fever is, and to understand the mechanism by which quinine cures. All this is of the greatest importance to the experimental doctor; for as soon as he knows it positively, the fact that quinine cures fever will no longer be an isolated and empirical fact, but a scientific fact. This fact will be connected then with the conditions which bind it to other phenomena, and we shall be thus led to the knowledge of the laws of the organism, and to the possibility of regulating their manifestations.' A striking example can be quoted in the case of scabies. 'Today the cause of this disease is known and determined experimentally: the whole subject has become scientific, and empiricism has disappeared. A cure is surely and without exception effected when you place yourself in the conditions known by experiment to produce this end.'

This, then, is the end, this is the purpose in physiology and in experimental medicine: to make one's self master of life in order to be able to direct it. Let us suppose that science advances and that the conquest of the unknown is finally completed; the scientific age which Claude Bernard saw in his dreams will then be realized. When that time comes the doctor will be the master of maladies; he will cure without fail; his influence upon the human body will conduce to the welfare and strength of the species. We shall enter upon a century in which man, grown more powerful, will make use of nature and will utilize its laws to produce upon the earth the greatest possible amount of justice and freedom. There is no nobler, higher, or grander end. Here is our rôle as intelligent beings: to penetrate to the wherefore of things, to become superior to these things, and to reduce them to a condition of subservient machinery.

Well, this dream of the physiologist and the experimental doctor is also that of the novelist who employs the experimental method in his study of man as a simple individual and as a social animal. Their object is ours; we also desire to master certain phenomena of an intellectual and personal order, to be able to direct them. We are, in a word, experimental moralists, showing by experiment in what way a passion acts in a certain social condition. The day in which we gain control of the mechanism of this passion we can treat it and reduce it, or at least make it as inoffensive as possible. And in this consists the practical utility and high morality of our naturalistic works, which experiment on man, and which dissect piece by piece this human machinery in order to set it

going through the influence of the environment. When things have advanced further, when we are in possession of the different laws, it will only be necessary to work upon the individuals and the surroundings if we wish to find the best social condition. In this way we shall construct a practical sociology, and our work will be a help to political and economical sciences. I do not know, I repeat, of a more noble work, nor of a grander application. To be the master of good and evil, to regulate life, to regulate society, to solve in time all the problems of socialism, above all, to give justice a solid foundation by solving through experiment the questions of criminality—is not this being the most useful and the most moral workers in the human workshop?

Let us compare, for one instant, the work of the idealistic novelists to ours; and here this word idealistic refers to writers who cast aside observation and experiment, and base their works on the supernatural and the irrational, who admit, in a word, the power of mysterious forces outside of the determinism of the phenomena. Claude Bernard shall reply to this for me: 'What distinguishes experimental reasoning from scholastic is the fecundity of the one and the sterility of the other. It is precisely the scholastic who believes he has absolute certitude, who attains to no results. This is easily understood, since by his belief in an absolute principle he puts himself outside of nature, in which everything is relative. It is, on the contrary, the experimenter, who is always in doubt, who does not think he possesses absolute certainty about anything, who succeeds in mastering the phenomena which surround him, and in increasing his power over nature.' By and by I shall return to this question of the ideal, which is in truth but the question of indeterminism. Claude Bernard says truly: 'The intellectual conquest of man consists in diminishing and driving back indeterminism, and so, gradually, by the aid of the experimental method, gaining ground for determinism.' We experimental novelists have the same task; our work is to go from the known to the unknown, to make ourselves masters of nature; while the idealistic novelists deliberately remain in the unknown, through all sorts of religious and philosophical prejudices, under the astounding pretense that the unknown is nobler and more beautiful than the known. If our work, often cruel, if our terrible pictures needed justification, I should find, indeed, with Claude Bernard this argument conclusive: 'You will never reach really fruitful and luminous generalizations on the phenomena of life until you have experimented yourself and stirred up in the hospital, the amphitheater, and the laboratory the fetid or palpitating sources of life. If it were necessary for me to give a comparison which would explain my sentiments on the science of life, I should say that it is a superb salon, flooded with light, which you can only reach by passing through a long and nauseating kitchen.'

I insist upon the word which I have employed, that of experimental novelists as applied to naturalistic novelists. One page of the *Introduction* struck me as being very forcible, that in which the author speaks of the vital *circulus*. 'The muscular and nervous organs preserve the activity of the organs which make the blood; but the blood, in its turn, nourishes the organs which produce it. There is in this a social or organic solidarity, which keeps up a perpetual movement, until the derangement or cessation of the action of a necessary and vital element has broken the equilibrium or brought about some trouble or stoppage in the play of the animal machinery. The problem of the experimentalist doctor consists in finding the cause of any organic disarrangement, that is to say, in seizing the initial phenomenon. We shall see how a dislocation of the organism, or a disarrangement the most complex in appearance, can be traced to a simple initial cause, which calls forth immediately the most complex effects.' All that is necessary here is to change the words experimental doctor to experimental novelist, and this passage is exactly applicable to our naturalistic literature. The social *circulus* is identical with the vital *circulus;* in society, as in human beings, a solidarity exists which unites the different members and the different organisms in such a way that if one organ becomes rotten many others are tainted and a very complicated disease results. Hence, in our novels, when we experiment on a dangerous wound which poisons society, we proceed in the same way as the experimentalist doctor; we try to find the simple initial cause in order to reach the complex causes of which the action is the result.

Go back once more to the example of

Baron Hulot in *Cousine Bette*. See the final result, the dénouement of the novel: an entire family is destroyed, all sorts of secondary dramas are produced, under the action of Hulot's amorous temperament. It is there, in this temperament, that the initial cause is found. One member, Hulot, becomes rotten, and immediately all around him are tainted, the social *circulus* is interrupted, the health of that society is compromised. What emphasis Balzac lays on the character of Baron Hulot; with what scrupulous care he analyzes him! The experiment deals with him chiefly, because its object is to master the symptoms of this passion in order to govern it. Suppose that Hulot is cured, or at least restrained and rendered inoffensive, immediately the drama ceases to have any longer any *raison d'être;* the equilibrium, or more truly the health, of the social body is again established. Thus the naturalistic novelists are really experimental moralists.

And I reach thus the great reproach with which they think to crush the naturalistic novelists, by treating them as fatalists. How many times have they wished to prove to us that as soon as we did not accept free will, that as soon as man was no more to us than a living machine, acting under the influence of heredity and surroundings, we should fall into gross fatalism, we should debase humanity to the rank of a troop marching under the baton of destiny. It is necessary to define our terms: we are not fatalists, we are determinists, which is not at all the same thing. Claude Bernard explains the two terms very plainly: 'We have given the name of determinism to the nearest or determining cause of phenomena. We never act upon the essence of phenomena in nature, but only on their determinism, and by this very fact, that we act upon it, determinism differs from fatalism, upon which we could not act at all. Fatalism assumes that the appearance of any phenomenon is necessary apart from its conditions, while determinism is just the conditions essential for the appearance of any phenomenon, and such appearance is never forced. Once the search for the determinism of phenomena is placed as a fundamental principle of the experimental method, there is no longer either materialism, or spiritualism, or inanimate matter, or living matter; there remain but phenomena of which it is necessary to determine the conditions, that is to say, the circumstances which play, by their proximity to these phenomena, the rôle of nearest cause.' This is decisive. All we do is to apply this method in our novels, and we are the determinists who experimentally try to determine the condition of the phenomena, without departing in our investigations from the laws of nature. As Claude Bernard very truly says, the moment that we can act, and that we do act, on the determining cause of phenomena—by modifying their surroundings, for example—we cease to be fatalists.

Here you have, then, the moral purpose of the experimental novelist clearly defined. I have often said that we do not have to draw a conclusion from our works; and this means that our works carry their conclusion with them. An experimentalist has no need to conclude, because, in truth, experiment concludes for him. A hundred times, if necessary, he will repeat the experiment before the public; he will explain it; but he need neither become indignant nor approve of it personally; such is the truth, such is the way phenomena work; it is for society to produce or not to produce these phenomena, according as the result is useful or dangerous. You cannot imagine, as I have said elsewhere, a savant being provoked with nitrogen because it is dangerous to life; he suppresses nitrogen when it is harmful, and not otherwise. As our power is not the same as that of a savant, as we are experimentalists without being practitioners, we ought to content ourselves with searching out the determinism of social phenomena, and leaving to legislators and to men of affairs the care of controlling sooner or later these phenomena in such a way as to develop the good and reject the bad, from the point of view of their utility to man.

In our rôle as experimental moralists we show the mechanism of the useful and the useless, we disengage the determinism of the human and social phenomena so that, in their turn, the legislators may one day dominate and control these phenomena. In a word, we are working with the whole country toward that great object, the conquest of nature and the increase of man's power a hundredfold. Compare with ours the work of the idealistic writers, who rely upon the irrational and the supernatural, and whose every flight upward is followed

by a deeper fall into metaphysical chaos. We are the ones who possess strength and morality.

I have said before that I chose the *Introduction* because medicine is still looked upon by many as an art. Claude Bernard proves that it ought to be a science, and in his book we see the birth of a science, a very instructive spectacle in itself, and which shows us that the scientific domain is extending and conquering all the manifestations of human intelligence. Since medicine, which was an art, is becoming a science, why should not literature also become a science by means of the experimental method?

It must be remarked that all things hang together. If the territory of the experimental doctor is the body of man, as shown in the phenomena of his different organs both in their normal and pathological condition, our territory is equally the body of man, as shown by his sensory and cerebral phenomena, both in their normal and pathological condition. If we are not satisfied with the metaphysical man of the classical age we must, perforce, take into consideration the new ideas on nature and on life, with which our age has become imbued. We continue necessarily, I repeat, the work of the physiologist and the doctor, who have continued, in their turn, that of the physicist and the chemist. Hence we enter into the domain of science. I will not touch on the question of sentiment and form, but will reserve that for another time.

Let us see first what Claude Bernard says about medicine: 'Certain doctors contend that medicine can only be conjectural, and they conclude that a doctor is an artist, who ought to make up for the indeterminism in particular cases by his genius and his personal tact. All sciences have necessarily commenced by being conjectural; there are still today in every science conjectural parts. Medicine is still nearly all conjecture, I do not deny that; but I only want to say that modern science should make an effort to come out of this provisional state, which does not constitute a definite scientific condition—not any more for medicine than for the other sciences. The scientific condition will be longer in taking shape and more difficult to obtain in medicine by reason of the complexities of its phenomena; but the end of the medical savant is to reduce in his science, as in all the others, the indeterminate to the determinate.' The mechanism of the birth and the development of a science is here clearly defined. Men still look upon the doctor as an artist, because there is in medicine an enormous place still left to conjecture. Naturally, the novelist merits still more the name of artist, as he finds himself buried still deeper in the indeterminate. If Claude Bernard confesses that the complexity of its phenomena will prevent medicine, for a long time yet, from arriving at a scientific state, what shall we say of the experimental novel, in which the phenomena are more complicated still? But this does not prevent the novel from entering upon the scientific pathway, obedient to the general evolution of the century.

Moreover, Claude Bernard himself has indicated the evolutions of the human mind. 'The human mind,' he says, 'at various periods of its progress has passed successively through feeling, reason, and experiment. First, feeling alone, dominating reason, created the truths of faith, that is to say, theology. Reason, or philosophy, becoming afterward the mistress, brought forth scholasticism. Finally, experiment, that is to say, the study of natural phenomena, taught man that the truths of the exterior world were to be found formulated, in the first place, neither in reason nor in feeling. These last are, indeed, our indispensable guides, but to obtain the truth it is necessary to descend into the objective reality of things, where they lie concealed under their phenomenal form. Thus it is that in the natural progress of things the experimental method appears, which sums up the whole, and which supports itself successfully on the three branches of this immovable tripod: feeling, reason, and experiment. In the search after truth by means of this method, feeling has always the initiative; it engenders the idea *a priori*, or intuition; reason, or the reasoning power, immediately develops the idea and deduces its logical consequences. But if feeling must be guided by the light of reason, reason in its turn must be guided by experiment.'

I have given this passage entire, as it is of the greatest importance. It shows clearly the rôle that the personality of the novelist should play, apart from the style. Since feeling is the starting point of the experimental method, since reason subse-

quently intervenes to end in experiment and to be controlled by it, the genius of the experimentalist dominates everything, and this is what has made the experimental method, so inert in other hands, such a powerful tool in the hands of Claude Bernard. I have said the word; method is but the tool; it is the workman, it is the idea which he brings, which makes the masterpiece. I have already quoted these lines: 'It is a particular feeling, a *quid proprium,* which constitutes the originality, the invention, or the genius of each one.' This, then, is the part taken by genius in the experimental novel. As Claude Bernard says again: 'The idea is the seed; the method is the soil which furnishes the conditions for developing and prospering it, and bringing forth its best fruits, according to nature.' Thus everything is reduced to a question of method. If you are content to remain in the *a priori* idea, and enjoy your own feelings without finding any basis for it in reason or any verification in experiment, you are a poet; you venture upon hypotheses which you cannot prove; you are struggling vainly in a painful indeterminism, and in a way that is often injurious. Listen to these lines of the *Introduction:* 'Man is naturally a metaphysician and proud; he believes that the idealistic creations of his brain, which coincide with his feelings, represent the reality. Thus it follows that the experimental method is not innate and natural to man, for it is only after having wandered for a long time among theological and scholastic discussions that he ends by recognizing the sterility of his efforts in this path. Man then perceives that he cannot dictate laws to nature, because he does not possess in himself the knowledge and the criterion of exterior things; he realizes that, in order to arrive at the truth, he must, on the contrary, study the natural laws and submit his ideas, if not his reason, to experiment, that is to say, to the criterion of facts.' What becomes of the genius of the experimental novelist? The genius, the idea *a priori,* remains, only it is controlled by experiment. The experiment naturally cannot destroy his genius; on the contrary, it confirms it. To take the case of a poet, for example. To show he has genius, is it necessary that his feeling, his idea, *a priori,* should be false? Evidently not, for the genius of a man will be so much the greater when experiment has proved the truth of his personal idea. Our age of lyricism, our romantic disease, was alone capable of measuring a man's genius by the quantity of nonsense and folly which he put in circulation. I conclude by saying that in our scientific century experiment must prove genius.

This is the drift of our quarrel with the idealistic writers. They always start out from an irrational source of some kind, such as a revelation, a tradition, or conventional authority. As Claude Bernard declares: 'We must admit nothing occult; there are but phenomena and the conditions of phenomena.' We naturalistic novelists submit each fact to the test of observation and experiment, while the idealistic writers admit mysterious elements which escape analysis, and therefore remain in the unknown, outside of the influence of the laws governing nature. This question of the ideal, from the scientific point of view, reduces itself to a question of indeterminate or determinate. All that we do not know, all that escapes us still, that is truly the ideal, and the aim of our human efforts is each day to reduce the ideal, to conquer truth from the unknown. We are all idealists, if we mean by this that we busy ourselves with the ideal. But I dub those idealists who take refuge in the unknown for the pleasure of being there, who have a taste but for the most risky hypotheses, who disdain to submit them to the test of experiment under the pretext that the truth is in themselves and not in the things. These writers, I repeat, accomplish a vain and harmful task, while the observer and the experimentalist are the only ones who work for the strength and happiness of man, making him more and more the master of nature. There is neither nobility, nor dignity, nor beauty, nor morality in not knowing, in lying, in pretending that you are greater according as you advance in error and confusion. The only great and moral works are those of truth.

What we alone must accept is what I will call the stimulus of the ideal. Certainly our science is very limited as yet beside the enormous mass of things of which we are ignorant. This great unknown which surrounds ought to inspire us with the desire to pierce it, to explain it by means of scientific methods. And this does not refer only to scientific men; all the manifestations of human intelligence are connected

together, all our efforts have their birth in the need we feel of making ourselves masters of the truth. Claude Bernard explains this very clearly when he writes: 'The sciences each possess, if not a special method, at least special processes, and moreover, they reciprocally serve as tools for one another. Mathematics serves as a tool to physics, to chemistry and to biology in very different measure; physics and chemistry serve as powerful tools to physiology and medicine. In this mutual help which the sciences are to each other, you must distinguish clearly the savant who advances each science and him who makes use of it. The physicist and the chemist are not mathematicians because they employ calculation; the physiologist is not a chemist or a physicist because he uses chemical reactions or instruments of physics, any more than the chemist and the physicist are physiologists because they study the compositions or the properties of certain liquids and certain animal or vegetable tissues.' This is the reply which Claude Bernard can be said to make for us naturalists to the critics who taunt us with making pretensions to science. We are neither chemists nor physicists nor physiologists; we are simply novelists who depend upon the sciences for support. We certainly do not pretend to have made discoveries in physiology which we do not practise; only, being obliged to make a study of man, we feel we cannot deny the efficacy of the new physiological truths. And I will add that the novelists are certainly the workers who rely at once upon the greatest number of sciences, for they treat of them all and must know them all, as the novel has become a general inquiry on nature and on man. This is why we have been led to apply to our work the experimental method, as soon as this method had become the most powerful tool of investigation. We sum up investigation, we throw ourselves anew into the conquest of the ideal, employing all forms of knowledge.

Let it be well understood that I am speaking of the 'how' of things and not of the 'why.' For an experimental savant, the ideal which he is endeavoring to reduce, the indeterminate, is always restricted to the 'how.' He leaves to philosophers the other ideal, that of the 'why,' which he despairs of determining. I think that the experimental novelists equally ought not to occupy themselves with this unknown quality, unless they wish to lose themselves in the follies of the poets and the philosophers. It is surely an object large enough to try to know the entire mechanism of nature, without troubling one's self for the time being with the origin of the mechanism. If we some day succeed in knowing it, we shall doubtless owe our knowledge to method, and it is better then to begin at the beginning with the study of phenomena, instead of hoping that a sudden revelation will reveal to us the secret of the world. We are the workmen; we will leave to the metaphysicians this great unknown of the 'why' they have struggled with so vainly for centuries, in order to confine our efforts to that other unknown of the 'how,' which is cleared away more and more every day by our investigation. The only ideal which ought to exist for us, the naturalistic novelists, should be one which we can conquer.

Besides, in the slow conquest which we can make over this unknown which surrounds us, we humbly confess the ignorant condition in which we are. We are beginning to march forward, nothing more; and our only real strength lies in our method. Claude Bernard, after acknowledging that experimental medicine is in its infancy still, does not hesitate to give great credit to empirical medicine. 'In reality,' he says, 'empiricism, that is to say, observation or accidental experiment, has been the origin of all science. In the complex sciences dealing with man empiricism necessarily governs practise much longer than in the case of the more simple sciences.' And he is willing to admit that at the crisis of a disease, when the determinism or nearest cause of the pathological phenomena has not been found, the best thing to do is to act empirically; as, moreover, happens in the growth of knowledge, since empiricism invariably precedes the scientific condition of any branch of knowledge.

Certainly if doctors must have recourse to empiricism in nearly every case, we have much greater reasons for using it, we novelists whose science is more complicated and less determined. I say once more, it is not a question of creating the science of man, as an individual and as a social being, out of whole cloth; it is only a question of emerging little by little and with all the inevitable struggles from the

obscurity in which we lie concerning our own natures, happy if, amid so many errors we can determine one truth. We experiment, that is to say that, for a long time still, we must use the false to reach the true.

Such is the feeling among strong men. Claude Bernard argues fiercely against those who persist in seeing only an artist in a doctor. He knows the habitual objection of those who look upon experimental medicine 'as a theoretical conception of which nothing for the moment justifies the practical reality, because no fact demonstrates the attainment in medicine of the scientific precision of the experimental sciences.' But he does not let this worry him; he shows that 'experimental medicine is but the natural outcome of practical medical investigation directed by a scientific mind.' And here is his conclusion: 'Without doubt it will be a long time before medicine becomes truly scientific; but that does not prevent us from conceiving the possibility of such a thing, and doing all we can to help it by trying daily to introduce into medicine the method which is to lead us to it.'

All this, which I will not tire you by repeating, applies perfectly to the experimental novel. Put the word 'novel' in place of 'medicine,' and the passage remains equally true.

I will address to the young literary generation which is growing up around me these grand and strong words of Claude Bernard. I know none more manly. 'Medicine is destined to escape little by little from empiricism, and she will escape, as have all the other sciences, by the experimental method. This profound conviction sustains and controls my scientific life. I am deaf to the voices of those doctors who demand that the causes of scarlatina and measles shall be experimentally shown to them, and who think by that to draw forth an argument against the use of the experimental method in medicine. These discouraging objections and denials generally come from systematic or lazy minds, those who prefer to rest on their systems or to sleep in darkness instead of making an effort to become enlightened. The experimental direction which medicine is taking today is definitely defined. And it is no longer the ephemeral influence of a personal system of any kind; it is the result of the scientific evolution of medicine itself. My convictions in this respect are so strong that I endeavor to impress them clearly upon the minds of the young medical students who are following my course at the Collège de France. The students must be inspired before all else with the scientific spirit, and initiated into the ideas and the tendencies of modern science.'

Though I have frequently written the same words and given the same advice, I will repeat them here: The experimental method alone can bring the novel out of the atmosphere of lies and errors in which it is plunged. All my literary life has been controlled by this conviction. I am deaf to the voices of the critics who demand that I shall formulate the laws of heredity and the influence of surroundings in my characters; those who make these discouraging objections and denials but speak from slothfulness of mind, from an infatuation for tradition, from an attachment more or less conscious to philosophical and religious beliefs. The experimental direction which the novel is taking today is a definite one. And it is no longer the ephemeral influence of a personal system of any kind, it is the result of the scientific evolution, of the study of man himself. My convictions in this respect are so strong that I endeavor to impress them clearly upon the minds of the young writers who read my works; for I think it necessary, above all things else, to inspire them with the scientific spirit, and to initiate them into the ideas and the tendencies of modern science.

MAUPASSANT (1850–1893)

Guy de Maupassant's fame as the creator of the typical short story of our own day has rather overshadowed his achievements as a novelist, which were hardly less notable. *Une Vie* was the acknowledged model of Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale,* and both these gave suggestions for the studies of American small-town life which have been a remarkable feature of recent fiction. Unlike most of his contemporaries, Maupassant was more interested in writing novels than in theorizing about the art of fiction; but his one considerable contribution to theory, the essay printed below, is a classic. We are indebted for it to the excellent set of translations of *The Collected Novels and Stories* of Maupassant now being issued under the editorship of Ernest Boyd, published by Alfred A. Knopf. The translation is revised from an earlier rendering by Clara Bell.

THE NOVEL

I am not the only writer who finds himself taken to task in the same terms each time he brings out a new book. Among many laudatory phrases, I invariably meet with this observation, penned by the same critics: 'The greatest fault of this book is that it is not, strictly speaking, a novel.'

The same form might be adopted in reply:

'The greatest fault of the writer who does me the honor to review me is that he is not a critic.'

For what are, in fact, the essential characteristics of a critic?

It is necessary that, without preconceived notions, prejudices of 'school,' or partisanship for any class of artists, he should appreciate, distinguish, and explain the most antagonistic tendencies and the most dissimilar temperaments, recognizing and accepting the most varied efforts of art.

Now the critic who, after reading *Manon Lescaut, Paul and Virginia, Don Quixote, Les Liaisons dangereuses, Werther, Elective Affinities* (*Wahlverwandtschaften*), *Clarissa Harlowe, Emile, Candide, Cinq-Mars, René, Les Trois Mousquetaires, Mauprat, Le Père Goriot, La Cousine Bette, Colomba, Le Rouge et le Noir, Mademoiselle de Maupin, Notre Dame de Paris, Salammbó, Madame Bovary, Adolphe, Monsieur de Camors, L'Assommoir, Sapho,* etc., still can be so bold as to write: 'This or that is, or is not, a novel,' seems to me to be gifted with a perspicacity strangely akin to incompetence. Such a critic commonly understands by a novel a more or less improbable narrative of adventure, elaborated after the fashion of a piece for the stage, in three acts, of which the first contains the exposition, the second the action, and the third the catastrophe or dénouement.

And this method of construction is perfectly admissible, but on condition that all others are accepted on equal terms.

Are there any rules for the making of a novel, which, if we neglect, the tale must be called by another name? If *Don Quixote* is a novel, then is *Le Rouge et le Noir* a novel? If *Monte Christo* is a novel, is *L'Assommoir?* Can any conclusive comparison be drawn between Goethe's *Elective Affinities, The Three Musketeers,* by Dumas, Flaubert's *Madame Bovary, Monsieur de Camors,* by Octave Feuillet, and *Germinal,* by Zola? Which of them all is The Novel? What are these famous rules? Where did they originate? Who laid them down? And in virtue of what principle, of whose authority, and of what reasoning?

And yet, as it would appear, these critics know in some positive and indisputable way what constitutes a novel, and what distinguishes it from other tales which are not novels. What this amounts to is that without being producers themselves they are enrolled under a school, and that, like the writers of novels, they reject all work which is conceived and executed outside the pale of their æsthetics. An intelligent critic ought, on the contrary, to seek out everything which least resembles

the novels already written, and urge young authors as much as possible to try fresh paths.

All writers, Victor Hugo as much as Zola, have insistently claimed the absolute and incontrovertible right to compose—that is to say, to imagine or observe—in accordance with their individual conception of originality, and that is a special manner of thinking, seeing, understanding, and judging. Now the critic who assumes that 'the novel' can be defined in conformity with the ideas he has based on the novels he prefers, and that certain immutable rules of construction can be laid down, will always find himself at war with the artistic temperament of a writer who introduces a new manner of work. A critic really worthy of the name ought to be an analyst, devoid of preferences or passions; like an expert in pictures, he should simply estimate the artistic value of the object of art submitted to him. His intelligence, open to everything, must so far supersede his individuality as to leave him free to discover and praise books which as a man he may not like, but which as a judge he must duly appreciate.

But critics, for the most part, are only readers; whence it comes that they almost always find fault with us on wrong grounds, or compliment us without reserve or measure.

The reader, who looks for no more in a book than that it should satisfy the natural tendencies of his own mind, wants the writer to respond to his predominant taste, and he invariably praises a work or a passage which appeals to his imagination, whether idealistic, gay, licentious, melancholy, dreamy, or positive, as 'striking' or 'well written.'

The public as a whole is composed of various groups, whose cry to us writers is:

'Comfort me.'
'Amuse me.'
'Touch me.'
'Make me dream.'
'Make me laugh.'
'Make me shudder.'
'Make me weep.'
'Make me think.'

And only a few chosen spirits say to the artist:

'Give me something fine in any form which may suit you best, according to your own temperament.'

The artist makes the attempt; succeeds or fails.

The critic ought to judge the result only in relation to the nature of the attempt; he has no right to concern himself about tendencies. This had been said a thousand times already: it will always need repeating.

Thus, after a succession of literary schools which have given us deformed, superhuman, poetical, pathetic, charming, or magnificent pictures of life, a realistic or naturalistic school has arisen, which asserts that it shows us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

We must accept with equal interest these different theories of art, and we must judge the works which are their outcome solely from the point of view of artistic value, with an *a priori* acceptance of the general notions which gave birth to each. To dispute the author's right to produce a poetical work or a realistic work, is to endeavor to coerce his temperament, to take exception to his originality, to forbid his using the eyes and wits bestowed on him by Nature. To blame him for seeing things as beautiful or ugly, as mean or epic, as gracious or sinister, is to reproach him for not being made on this or that pattern, and for having eyes which do not see exactly as ours see.

Let him be free by all means to conceive of things as he pleases, provided he is an artist. Let us rise to poetic heights to judge an idealist, and then prove to him that his dream is commonplace, ordinary, not mad or magnificent enough. But if we judge a materialistic writer, let us show him wherein the truth of life differs from the truth in his book.

It is self-evident that schools so widely different must have adopted diametrically opposite processes in composition.

The novelist who transforms truth—immutable, uncompromising, and displeasing as it is—to extract from it an exceptional and delightful adventure, must necessarily manipulate events without an exaggerated respect for probability, molding them to his will, dressing and arranging them so as to attract, excite, or affect the reader. The scheme of his novel is no more than a series of ingenious combinations, skilfully leading to the issue. The incidents are planned and graduated up to the culminating point and effect of the conclusion, which is the crowning and

fatal result, satisfying the curiosity aroused from the first, closing the interest, and ending the story so completely that we have no further wish to know what happened on the morrow to the most engaging actors in it.

The novelist who, on the other hand, proposes to give us an accurate picture of life, must carefully eschew any concatenation of events which might seem exceptional. His aim is not to tell a story to amuse us, or to appeal to our feelings, but to compel us to reflect, and to understand the occult and deeper meaning of events. By dint of seeing and meditating, he has come to regard the world, facts, men, and things in a way peculiar to himself, which is the outcome of the sum total of his studious observation. It is this personal view of the world which he strives to communicate to us by reproducing it in a book. To make the spectacle of life as moving to us as it has been to him, he must bring it before our eyes with scrupulous exactitude. Hence he must construct his work with such skill, it must be so artful under so simple a guise, that it is impossible to detect and sketch the plan, or discern the writer's purpose.

Instead of manipulating an adventure and working it out in such a way as to make it interesting to the last, he will take his actor or actors at a certain period of their lives, and lead them by natural stages to the next. In this way he will show either how men's minds are modified by the influence of their environment, or how their passions and sentiments are evolved; how they love or hate, how they struggle in every sphere of society, and how their interests clash—social interests, pecuniary interests, family interests, political interests. The skill of his plan will not consist in emotional power or charm, in an attractive opening or a stirring catastrophe, but in the happy grouping of small but constant facts from which the final purpose of the work may be discerned. If within three hundred pages he depicts ten years of a life so as to show what its individual and characteristic significance may have been in the midst of all the other human beings which surrounded it, he ought to know how to eliminate from among the numberless trivial incidents of daily life all which do not serve his end, and how to set in a special light all those which might have remained invisible to less clear-sighted observers, and which give his book significance and value as a whole.

It is intelligible that this method of construction, so unlike the old manner which was patent to all, must often mislead the critics, and that they will not all detect the subtle and secret wires—almost invisibly fine—which certain modern artists use instead of the one string formerly known as the 'plot.'

In a word, while the novelist of yesterday preferred to relate the crises of life, the acute phases of the mind and heart, the novelist of today writes the history of the heart, soul, and intellect in their normal condition. To achieve the effect he aims at —that is to say, the sense of simple reality—and to point the artistic lesson he endeavors to draw from it—that is to say, a revelation of what his contemporary man is before his very eyes—he must bring forward no facts that are not irrefragable and invariable.

But even when we place ourselves at the same point of view as these realistic artists, we may discuss and dispute their theory, which seems to be comprehensively stated in these words: 'The whole truth and nothing but the truth.' Since the end they have in view is to bring out the philosophy of certain constant and current facts, they must often correct events in favor of probability and to the detriment of truth; but *le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas le vraisemblable.* [Truth may sometimes not seem probable.]

The realist, if he is an artist, will endeavor not to show us a commonplace photograph of life, but to give us a presentment of it which shall be more complete, more striking, more cogent than reality itself. To tell everything is out of the question; it would require at least a volume for each day to enumerate the endless, insignificant incidents which crowd our existence. A choice must be made—and this is the first blow to the theory of 'the whole truth.'

Life, moreover, is composed of the most dissimilar things, the most unforeseen, the most contradictory, the most incongruous: it is merciless, without sequence or connection, full of inexplicable, illogical, and contradictory catastrophes, such as can only be classed as miscellaneous facts. This is why the artist, having chosen his subject, can select only such characteristic details as are of use to it, from this life

overladen with chances and trifles, and reject everything else, everything by the way.

To give an instance from among a thousand: The number of persons who, every day, meet with an accidental death, all over the world, is very considerable. But how can we bring a tile on to the head of an important character, or fling him under the wheels of a vehicle in the middle of a story, under the pretext that accident must have its due?

Again, in life there is no difference of foreground and distance, and events are sometimes hurried on, sometimes left to linger indefinitely. Art, on the contrary, consists in the employment of foresight and elaboration in arranging skilful and ingenious transitions, in setting essential events in a strong light, simply by the craft of composition, and giving all else the degree of relief, in proportion to their importance, requisite to produce a convincing sense of the special truth to be conveyed.

'Truth' in such work consists in producing a complete illusion by following the common logic of facts and not by transcribing them pell-mell, as they succeed each other.

Whence I conclude that the higher order of Realists should rather call themselves Illusionists.

How childish it is, indeed, to believe in this reality, since to each of us the truth is in his own mind, his own organs! Our own eyes and ears, taste and smell, create as many different truths as there are human beings on earth. And our brains, duly and differently informed by these organs, apprehend, analyse, and decide as differently as if each of us were a being of an alien race. Each of us, then, has simply his own illusion of the world—poetical, sentimental, cheerful, melancholy, foul, or gloomy, according to his nature. And the writer has no other mission than faithfully to reproduce this illusion, with all the elaborations of art which he may have learned and have at his command. The illusion of beauty—which is merely a conventional term invented by man! The illusion of ugliness—which is a matter of varying opinion! The illusion of truth—never immutable! The illusion of depravity—which fascinates so many minds! All the great artists are those who can make other men see their own particular illusion.

Then we must not be wroth with any theory, since each is simply the outcome. in generalizations, of a special temperament analyzing itself.

Two of these theories have more particularly been the subject of discussion, and set up in opposition to each other instead of being admitted on an equal footing; that of the purely analytical novel, and that of the objective novel.

The partisans of analysis require the writer to devote himself to indicating the smallest evolutions of a soul, and all the most secret motives of our every action, giving but a quite secondary importance to the act and fact in itself. It is but the goal, a simple milestone, the excuse for the book. According to them, these works, at once exact and visionary, in which imagination merges into observation, are to be written after the fashion in which a philosopher composes a treatise on psychology, seeking out causes in their remotest origin, telling the why and wherefore of every impulse, and detecting every reaction of the soul's movements under the promptings of interests, passion, or instinct.

The partisans of objectivity—odious word—aiming, on the contrary, at giving us an exact presentment of all that happens in life, carefully avoid all complicated explanations, all disquisitions on motive, and confine themselves to letting persons and events pass before our eyes. In their opinion, psychology should be concealed in the book, as it is in reality, under the facts of existence.

The novel as conceived of on these lines gains in interest; there is more movement in the narrative, more color, more of the stir of life.

Hence, instead of giving long explanations of the state of mind of an actor in the tale, the objective writer tries to discover the action or gesture which that state of mind must inevitably lead to in that personage, under certain given circumstances. And he makes him so demean himself from one end of the volume to the other that all his actions, all his movements, shall be the expression of his inmost nature, of all his thoughts, and all his impulses or hesitancies. Thus they conceal psychology instead of flaunting it; they use it as the skeleton of the work, just as the invisible bony framework is the skeleton of the human body. The artist who paints our portrait does not display our bones.

To me it seems that the novel executed on this principle gains also in sincerity. It

is, in the first place, more probable, for the persons we see moving about us do not divulge to us the motives from which they act.

We must also take into account the fact that even if by close observation of men and women we can so exactly ascertain their characters as to predict their behavior under almost any circumstances, if we can say decisively: 'Such a man, of such a temperament, in such a case, will do this or that,' yet it does not follow that we could lay a finger, one by one, on all the secret evolutions of his mind—which is not our own; all the mysterious pleadings of his instincts—which are not the same as ours; all the mingled promptings of his nature—in which the organs, nerves, blood, and flesh are different from ours.

However great the genius of the gentle, delicate man, guileless of passions and devoted to science and work, he never can so completely transfuse himself into the body of a dashing, sensual, and violent man, of exuberant vitality, torn by every desire or even by every vice, as to understand and delineate the inmost impulses and sensations of a being so unlike himself, even though he may very adequately foresee and relate all the actions of his life.

In short, the man who writes pure psychology can do no more than put himself in the place of all his puppets in the various situations in which he places them. It is impossible that he should change his organs, which are the sole intermediary between external life and ourselves, which constrain us by their perceptions, circumscribe our sensibilities, and create in each of us a soul essentially dissimilar to all those about us. Our view and knowledge of the world, and our ideas of life, are acquired by the aid of our senses, and we cannot help transferring them, in some degree, to all the personages whose secret and unknown nature we propose to reveal. Thus, it is always ourselves that we disclose in the body of a king or an assassin, a robber or an honest man, a courtesan, a nun, a young girl, or a coarse market-woman; for we are compelled to put the problem in this personal form: 'If *I* were a king, a murderer, a prostitute, a nun, or a market-woman, what should *I* do, what should *I* think, how should *I* act?' We can vary our characters only by altering the age, the sex, the social position, and all the circumstances of life, of that *ego* which nature has in fact enclosed in an insurmountable barrier of organs of sense. Skill consists in not betraying this *ego* to the reader, under the various masks which we employ to cover it.

Still, though on the point of absolute exactitude pure psychological analysis is impregnable, it can nevertheless produce works of art as fine as any other method of work.

Here, for instance, we have the Symbolists. And why not? Their artistic dream is a worthy one; and they have this especially interesting feature: that they know and proclaim the extreme difficulty of art.

And, indeed, a man must be very daring or foolish to write at all nowadays. Amid so many and such various masters of the craft, of such multifarious genius—what remains to be done that has not been done, or what to say that has not been said? Which of us all can boast of having written a page, a phrase, which is not to be found—or something very like it—in some other book? When we read, we who are so soaked in French literature, that our whole body seems as it were, a mere compound of words, do we ever light on a line, a thought, which is not familiar to us, or of which we have not had at least some vague forecast?

The man who only tries to amuse his public by familiar methods, writes confidently, in his candid mediocrity, works intended only for the ignorant and idle crowd. But those who are conscious of the weight of centuries of past literature, whom nothing satisfies, whom everything disgusts because they dream of something better, to whom the bloom is off everything, and who always are impressed with the uselessness, the commonness of their own achievements—these come to regard literary art as a thing unattainable and mysterious, scarcely to be detected save in a few pages by the greatest masters.

A score of verses, a score of phrases suddenly discovered thrill us to the heart like a startling revelation; but the lines which follow are just like all other verse, the further flow of prose is like all other prose.

Men of genius, no doubt, escape this anguish and torment because they bear within themselves an irresistible creative power. They do not sit in judgment on themselves. The rest of us, who are no more than persevering and conscious

workers, can only contend against invincible discouragement by unremitting effort.

Two men, by their simple and lucid teaching, give me the strength to try again and again: Louis Bouilhet and Gustave Flaubert.

If I here speak of myself in connection with them, it is because their counsels, as summed up in a few lines, may prove useful to some young writers who may be less self-confident than most are when they make their debut in print. Bouilhet, whom I first came to know somewhat intimately about two years before I gained the friendship of Flaubert, by dint of telling me that a hundred lines—or less—if they are without a flaw and contain the very essence of the talent and originality of even a second-rate man, are enough to establish an artist's reputation, made me understand that persistent toil and a thorough knowledge of the craft might, in some happy hour of lucidity, power, and enthusiasm, by the fortunate occurrence of a subject in perfect concord with the tendency of our mind, lead to the production of a single work, short but as perfect as we can make it. Then I learned to see that the best-known writers have hardly ever left us more than one such volume; and that needful above all else is the good fortune which leads us to hit upon and discern, amid the multifarious matter which offers itself for selection, the subject which will absorb all our faculties, all that is of worth in us, all our artistic power.

At a later date, Flaubert, whom I had occasionally met, took a fancy to me. I ventured to show him a few attempts. He read them kindly and replied: 'I cannot tell whether you will have any talent. What you have brought me proves a certain intelligence; but never forget this, young man: talent—as Buffon says—is nothing but long patience. Go and work.'

I worked; and I often went to see him, feeling that he liked me, for he had taken to calling me, in jest, his disciple. For seven years I wrote verses, I wrote tales, I even wrote a villainous play. Nothing of all this remains. The master read it all; then, the next Sunday while we lunched together, he would give me his criticisms, driving into me by degrees two or three principles which sum up the drift of his long and patient exhortations: 'If you have any originality,' said he, 'you must, above all things, bring it out; if you have not, you must acquire it.'

Talent is long patience.

Everything you want to express must be considered so long, and so attentively, as to enable you to find some aspect of it which no one has yet seen and expressed. There is an unexplored side to everything, because we are wont never to use our eyes but with the memory of what others before us have thought of the things we see. The smallest thing has something unknown in it; we must find it. To describe a blazing fire, a tree in a plain, we must stand face to face with that fire or that tree, till to us they are wholly unlike any other fire or tree.

Thus we may become original.

Then, having established the truth that there are not in the whole world two grains of sand, two flies, two hands, or two noses absolutely alike, he would make me describe in a few sentences some person or object, in such a way as to define it exactly, and distinguish it from every other of the same race or species.

'When you pass a grocer sitting in his doorway,' he would say, 'a concierge smoking his pipe, or a cab-stand, show me that grocer and that concierge, their attitude and their whole physical aspect, including, as indicated by the skill of the portrait, their whole moral nature, in such a way that I could never mistake them for any other grocer or concierge; and by a single word give me to understand wherein one cab-horse differs from fifty others before or behind it.'

I have explained his notions of style at greater length in another place; they bear a marked relation to the theory of observation I have just laid down. Whatever the thing we wish to say, there is but one word to express it, but one verb to give it movement, but one adjective to qualify it. We must seek till we find this noun, this verb, and this adjective, and never be content with getting very near it, never allow ourselves to play tricks, even happy ones, or have recourse to sleights of language to avoid a difficulty. The subtlest things may be rendered and suggested by applying the hint conveyed in Boileau's line: *'D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir.'* [He taught the power of a word put in the right place.]

There is no need for an eccentric vocabulary to formulate every shade of thought

—the complicated, multifarious, and outlandish words which are put upon us nowadays in the name of artistic writing; but every modification of the value of a word by the place it fills must be distinguished with extreme clearness. Give us fewer nouns, verbs, and adjectives, with almost inscrutable shades of meaning, and let us have a greater variety of phrases, more variously constructed, ingeniously divided, full of sonority and learned rhythm. Let us strive to be admirable in style rather than curious in collecting rare words.

It is in fact more difficult to bend a sentence to one's will and make it express everything—even what it does not say—to fill it full of implications of covert and inexplicit suggestions, than to invest new expressions, or seek out in old and forgotten books all those which have fallen into disuse and lost their meaning, so that to us they are as a dead language.

The French tongue, to be sure, is a pure stream, which affected writers never have and never can trouble. Each age has flung into the limpid waters its pretentious archaisms and euphuisms, but nothing has remained on the surface to perpetuate these futile attempts and impotent efforts. It is the nature of the language to be clear, logical, and vigorous. It does not lend itself to weakness, obscurity, or corruption.

Those who write descriptions without duly heeding abstract terms, those who make rain and hail fall on the *cleanliness* of the window-panes, may throw stones at the simplicity of their brothers of the pen. The stones may indeed hit their brothers, who have a body, but will never hurt simplicity—which has none.

BRUNETIÈRE (1849–1906)

Ferdinand Brunetière occupied a commanding position in French criticism during the period following the death of Ste. Beuve. Professor of French Literature in the Ecole Normale Supérieure, a member of the French Academy, and, for ten years before his death, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* he had all the solid learning which these distinctions imply, and his natural inclination to assume an authoritative position was backed by knowledge and sincerity. His sympathies were with the classical and scientific point of view, and he made weighty contributions to the history of French literature treated on the basis of the evolutionary theory then in its first vogue. But he is now chiefly remembered for his clash with the impressionistic school of criticism, of which the leading representative was Anatole France. Brunetière brought to his side of the debate, which was one of the famous pitched battles of literary history, profound erudition and a vigorous mind; but he lacked the grace and charm and skill of fence displayed by his more gifted adversary. Both Brunetière's attack and Anatole France's reply are printed below, and the student may derive amusement as well as instruction from the varied powers brought to bear by two redoubtable antagonists on a literary issue of first-class importance. Brunetière, it will be remarked, takes more space to say what he has to say, and says it more elaborately as well as more solemnly; Anatole France appears frivolous by contrast, but he is no less serious, in his own wicked way, in searching for the weak points in his opponent's armor.

IMPRESSIONIST CRITICISM

When a man himself follows the profession or business of criticism, it is always easy—and sometimes tempting—to oppose his opinion to that of his colleagues, to praise the novel they condemn, and find fault with the writer they admire; but it is not so easy to assume the airs of judging them themselves and to affect in this way a sort of superiority over them. This smacks, as the phrase goes, of the pedantry of the schools. But what is more difficult still, and may reasonably appear rather presumptuous, is to reproach them with understanding their science or their art badly because they understand it differently from us, to dare to tell them so, and to claim, in short, that their way of thinking should yield to and coincide with ours. Yet we must do so: in the first place, that we may not be imposed upon—the most unpardonable thing in the world in this age of Americanism; and further, because in this kind of quarrel, as we shall see immediately, questions of persons include questions of principles. Born before us and destined to survive us, criticism would have been dead long ago, had it not an object, a rôle, and a function, exterior and superior to the idea formed of it by M. Anatole France, M. Jules Lemaître, M. Paul Desjardins, and some others whom I could mention—and myself.

Need I say that I have the greatest respect for M. Anatole France, for his kindly, ironical, and dainty manner, where such subtle thoughts are so prettily veiled, with such elegance, indifference, and sometimes even negligence? I have hardly less respect for M. Jules Lemaître; and, with all Paris, I enjoy, as I well may, his learned pranks, where so much simplicity, and ingenuousness even, is always allied to so much wit, and sometimes so much sense. His masterpiece is perhaps the funeral oration on Victorine Demay of the 'Concert d'Horloge' or the 'Ambassadeurs' and the account he has left us of the interview of the popular singer with the learned author of the *General and Comparative History of Semitic Languages.* Nobody, moreover, writes better than he does, in a style more lively, more supple, and more full of surprises. He plays with words, he does what he likes with them, he juggles with them. And I esteem also M. Paul Desjardins for his anxious care, his good will, his studied endeavor to be agreeable to those he likes, for the touching sadness

with which he tells them the most unpleasant things. But, with all their talent, I am afraid they may manage to lead criticism into a grievous path, and if I see great difficulties in it, why should I not point them out? I like all three very much, but I still prefer criticism; and I do not think they will be annoyed at it, and the reader will commend me for it.

M. Paul Desjardins said this just the other day, in reference to M. Taine; and M. Jules Lemaître has said this twenty times if he has said it once; but it is perhaps M. Anatole France, in an article on M. Jules Lemaître, who has most energetically claimed for criticism the right of being henceforth only personal, impressionist, and, as is said, subjective. 'Objective criticism does not exist any more than objective art, and all those who are pleased to think they put something else than themselves into their work are dupes of the most fallacious philosophy. The truth is we can never come out of ourselves. It is one of our greatest misfortunes. What would we not give to see, for one minute, the skies and the earth with the facet-eye of a fly, or to understand nature with the rude and simple brain of an orang-outang? But this is quite forbidden us. We are shut up in our personality as in a perpetual prison. The best thing we can do, it seems to me, is to recognize this sorry condition with a good grace and to admit that we speak of ourselves every time we have not the strength to hold our tongue.' It would really be impossible to insinuate more cleverly anything more 'fallacious,' to confuse with greater adroitness ideas which are more distinct, and, in short, to affirm with greater assurance that there is nothing assured.

That this manner of understanding criticism has, moreover, great advantages, I do not deny. It allows, or rather it authorizes, every compliance, every contradiction. The 'relativity' of changing impressions explains everything and answers everything. In giving us its opinions not as true, but as 'its own,' impressionist criticism provides itself with a means of changing them, which we know it does not abstain from using. It dispenses accordingly with studying the books it talks about or the subjects those books treat, and this is sometimes a considerable gain. 'Need I endeavor to tell you the impression I felt on first reading the second volume of the *History of the People of Israel?*' asked M. Anatole France a short time ago. 'Need I show you the state of my mind when I dreamt between its pages?' And, without awaiting our reply—for, after all, we others, officers of the 199th infantry, or merchants of the Rue du Sentier, I suppose, and good people of Carpentras or Landernau, why should we be so curious of M. France's state of mind?—M. France tells us that while he was a child he had among his toys 'a Noah's Ark, painted red, with all the animals in pairs, and Noah and his children most beautifully shaped.' If the process is ingenious, it is apparently eminently convenient. Thanks to his Noah's Ark, M. Anatole France found it quite unnecessary to read the *History of the People of Israel;* he dreamt *between* the pages of the book; and, as he is M. France, he spoke of it none the less pleasantly.

A little less pleasantly, if we must be sincere, but in the same manner did M. Paul Desjardins speak the other day about the fifth volume of the *Origins of Contemporary France.* He said that M. Taine saw Bonaparte and the Revolution with the eyes of M. Taine, and he added, or at least gave us to understand, that his—Desjardins'—eyes were not those of M. Taine, and he described another Revolution and another Bonaparte. But which Bonaparte and which Revolution? He took care not to tell us; and, after all, why did he not, since every Revolution and every Bonaparte is equally legitimate, I mean to say equally true? Would it not be amusing if M. Paul Desjardins has an opinion on Bonaparte or the Revolution which the labors of M. Taine aimed at obliging him to change? But if he has no opinion, shall we require that he should find one before speaking of M. Taine or his book? This is yet another advantage in impressionist criticism: it dispenses with conclusions. *Quot capita, tot sensus,* so said the rudiments: since we can never be freed from ourselves, what is the good of trying? What more useless and more fatiguing? What more fatiguing, since it is undoubtedly no small matter to form a reasoned opinion on the Revolution: what more useless, since M. Paul Desjardins, M. Jules Lemaître, and M. Anatole France think so, and since we disguise ourselves to no purpose, for we can never express anything but our 'personal preferences.'

But I should have liked them not to be content with thinking it and saying it, I should have liked them to endeavor to prove it: for this they have forgotten to do. Metaphors are not reasons. Assuredly if we had the 'facet-eye of a fly' or 'the rude and simple brain of an orang-outang,' our vision of the world would be different, and it would be above all less complex and less contradictory; it does not seem to be proved that it would be so different as it appears to be laid down in theory, and we know, for example, that in many animals the sensations of form and color are similar enough to ours. But what is more certain still is that we are neither flies nor orang-outangs; we are men, and we are so chiefly from the power we have of going out of ourselves to seek and find and recognize ourselves in others. Impressionist or subjective, when criticism borrows arguments from metaphysics, without even taking the trouble to consider their bearing, it forgets that the value of these arguments is purely metaphysical. I mean to say that we may well discuss whether color is a quality of colored objects or a mere sensation of the eyes; but, sensation of the eyes or quality of the objects, it is all one to us, and of no importance; and, in one case as in the other, things happen in the same way. Red is always red, and green is always green. Similarly, if what is square is not round, what is round is not square. Although we can speak of the relativity of our impressions or the subjectivity of our sensations, the capacity of feeling and experiencing them, which is alike in every one of us if not always the same, and of the same nature if not the same degree, is one of the characteristics of the species, not to say a part of the definition of man. So let us leave the flies and the orang-outangs: we have nothing to do with them; and they only cause confusion. What is fallacious, let us say so in our turn, is to misuse words so as to throw us off the scent as to the real meaning of things. The deception, if there must be deception, is to believe and teach that we cannot come out of ourselves, when, on the contrary, life is taken up with nothing else. And the reason will doubtless appear strong enough if we take into account that otherwise there would be neither society, language, literature, nor art.

We are asked, it is true, where then arise the difficulties in agreement, and how does it come about that in matters of art and literature opinions are so varied? For they seem at least to be so: and, to say nothing of our contemporaries—whom we agree we do not see from a sufficient distance or height,—how many judgments, how many diverse judgments, have been given, for the last three or four hundred years, on a Corneille or a Shakespeare, a Cervantes or a Rabelais, a Raphael or a Michael Angelo! Just as there is no extravagant or absurd opinion that some philosopher or other has not held, so there is none that is scandalous, or hostile to genius, that cannot find authority in the name of some critic. Poets and novelists, moreover, have not been treated any better by themselves: Ronsard abused Rabelais, and Corneille, we know, never understood Racine: he even openly declared his preference for Boursault. What does this mean but that we are shut up in our personality as in a 'perpetual prison,' and whatever effort we make to escape from it wearies us and confines us the more closely?

It is this I take the liberty of denying; and our impressionist critics here think themselves too original. It is not true that opinions are so diverse, nor differences so deep. 'Among true mandarins of letters' —the phrase is M. Jules Lemaître's—'it is agreed that such writers, whatever may be their faults or their manias, exist, as is said, and are worth the trouble of being closely examined.' Here is the first point: Racine exists, Voltaire exists, I mean the author of *Zaïre, Alzire,* or *Tancrède;* Campistron does not exist, nor the Abbé Leblanc, nor M. de Jouy. And here is a second: there are degrees between Campistron and Voltaire, there are other degrees between *Zaïre* and *Bajazet,* there are degrees everywhere, and there is nobody who will not admit it. We may not agree as to the degrees. We may scoff at those who 'fix the rank.' We cannot refuse to put Victor Hugo above M. Vacquerie, Lamartine above Madame Desbordes-Valmore, Balzac above Charles de Bernard; and neither M. France, nor M. Lemaître, nor M. Desjardins has ever tried it, or ever will try it. And to these two points I add a third: 'faults' or 'manias,' they are just what some will like in Balzac or Hugo, what others will like less, what others still will censure, but which all will recognize. And, even when it is a contemporary writer, look at what M. France in the

Temps, M. Lemaître in the *Revue bleue,* and M. Desjardins in the *Journal des Débats* have said of the author of the *Rêve* and the *Bête humaine;* the whole difference lies in what they have unduly infused of their personality, of the expression of their personal sympathies, in what they considered they had to say of M. Zola: there is only a change of words.

But I am wrong in saying 'unduly.' We are not capable of divesting ourselves so completely of our own personality, that nothing, absolutely nothing, of ourselves mingles with our judgments. We are too fond of ourselves for that! In literature, as in everything, we go to those who flatter us, or who we believe will help us. I wish to make a larger allowance still for our impressionists. Literary opinion is the complex product of three unequal terms. In a literary work, poem, drama, or novel, we find in the first place what we bring to it of ourselves, what we put into it of our inmost personality; and, in this sense, as has been said, we make its beauty. Some take greater pleasure in *Candide,* and others prefer *Paul et Virginie.* We find, next, what their admirers or critics have put into it, the good qualities or faults which time, alone, in its imperceptible course, has added, and which were not for contemporaries. Contemporaries did not see in the *École des Femmes* or *Tartufe* what we see, and with good reason, for Molière did not think of it. No more did they see in *Cléopâtre* or the *Grand Cyrus* the tediousness, the dulness, the insipidity which we do, for they did not think so quickly, they read more slowly, and they were less refined. But, lastly, must we not find in *Cléopâtre* and *Tartufe* and *Candide* something also that La Calprenède and Molière and Voltaire did put into them? No matter what we be who can arouse in ourselves fixed impressions, must there not be in *Candide* and *Tartufe* some qualities to fix them or arouse them? And is it not true that these qualities, whatever they be of themselves, are not to be found in a novel of the younger Crébillon or in a comedy of Poisson or Montfleury?

This is all that is necessary to establish objective criticism. When we have got a clear idea of the true nature of our impressions—which is not always easy, and which is always a slow matter: when we have made allowance, which is much more difficult still, for prejudice, for education, for the age, for example or authority in our impressions, there remains a work, a man, and a date. This is enough. We can try to fix this date exactly, and determine consequently in what time, at what moment of literary history, in what social surroundings, amid what circumstances the man lived and the work appeared. We can try to say what the man was, what kind of a man, sad or gay, humble or of high rank, worthy of hate or admiration. For generations inherit more than they believe from everything that has preceded them: Nisard loved to say that the most living thing in the present, at all times, is the past. And we can then try, after such an explanation, to classify and judge this work. This is the whole object of criticism. What do we see there that is not objective, and that is not or cannot be independent of personal tastes, of the private sympathies of him who tries to explain, classify, and judge? And if this is not to be seen, or if it cannot be mentioned, what remains of the insinuating paradoxes of M. Anatole France, the sparkling paradoxes of M. Jules Lemaître, and the peevish paradoxes of M. Paul Desjardins?

Shall I here insist on the obligation of judging? Shall I remind them that it is as much as implied in the very etymology of the word criticism? Or shall I show that few judges at this very day are more resolute judges than our impressionists? The *Contemporains* of M. Jules Lemaître is nothing but a collection of judgments—on men, it is true, rather than on works—and its 'impressionism,' after all, consists almost only in the malice or whimsicality of the motives which influence them. Who then has been severer and harder—on M. George Ohnet, for example, or M. Emile Zola—than the sceptical, indulgent, and cheerful M. France? 'Extravagance,' 'platitude,' 'tediousness,' 'wretched rhapsodies,' 'abominable insipidities,' M. France lost that day even his Attic—or rather Alexandrian—style, on which he usually piques himself. And could I not cite judgments of M. Desjardins, which, though less brilliant, are no less decisive? Heaven protect me from reproaching them for these judgments! I do not dislike a rhapsody being called by its proper name, or a thought being freely uttered. In literature, as elsewhere, it would only be for the better if this were done oftener, and more boldly. But what is this affectation

of pretending not to judge when one really does judge, of giving us as 'impressions' judgments which our conscience tells us we regard as such, and, when one thing is done, of trying to persuade us it is another?

In truth I well know that if they undergo, whether they will or not, the obligation of judging, for that is in the nature of things, our impressionists flatter themselves, on the other hand, on escaping from the necessity of classifying. To classify they say is to fix the rank, to distribute prizes, to put Balzac above Flaubert, or a tragedy of Racine above a vaudeville of Labiche; and this work is in their eyes just the very acme of absurdity. Don't speak to them only of comparing men and works! Is every pleasure not as good as another? I mean those which are called æsthetic. What is the use of comparing the *Fleurs du mal* with the *Méditations?* The *Cid* is a fine thing; *Andromaque* is another; is that any reason why *Ruy Blas* should not be a third? If I prefer *Valentine* to the *Cousine Bette,* what ground and what right has anyone to try to make me change or reverse the order of my preferences? Is each one of us not a little universe for himself alone? Is variety not a necessary condition of pleasure? For of what do we not weary? What then more barbarous or more inhuman, say they, than thus to try to place on every head, in the name of theoretic principle and abstract ideal, the heavy level of the same definitions, the same rules, or the same laws? So let the world go its own way, and let each one of us appear just as he is. If he discovers in himself some curious failing, or the germ of some hidden flaw, let him, instead of destroying it, cultivate it; and let him make with it, if he can, a means of literary existence, a reputation, and an income.

In opposition to these theories, I cannot discuss the principles of the classification of literary forms: it would take up too much space and time. But I shall be content to reply to our impressionists that they have perhaps not sufficiently considered either the nature of classification or of comparison. Would it not really be very extraordinary that, in an age like ours, where the comparative method has renewed almost everything, criticism alone should refuse its assistance, so as not to expose itself to the witticisms of certain philologers or certain anatomists who live in their seminaries or their laboratories only to compare old texts or old bones? Why, this would be a useful, interesting, and fruitful work, to compare the calcaneum or the navicular of the Lemuridæ with that of the Simiadæ, or the meter and the assonances of the *Chanson de Roland* with the assonances of the *Chanson d'Aïol;* but it would be a waste of time to compare the tragedy of Racine with the drama of Shakespeare, or the novel of Fielding with that of Balzac. And as to the 'relativity' of things, what comes of that now? A man is neither big, nor small, nor thin, nor stout, nor beautiful, nor ugly; he is only more ugly or more beautiful, more stout or more thin, more small or more big than another, than the others, than the average of his race or species. So also a work of art is what it is, succeeds in being so, and is so fully and decidedly, only in so far as it is compared with another. *Zaïre* would be a beautiful tragedy if there were no *Bajazet,* and we would doubtless still read the *Doyen de Killerine* or *Cleveland* with avidity, if we did not know the novels of George Sand and Balzac. All the progress that criticism can flatter itself on having accomplished during this century is due to this kind of comparison; and it is possible that this mania of comparing, if it is persisted in, may be a sign of slowness or narrowness of spirit: but in the meantime I recommend it none the less to all those who believe they should place truth above themselves and the interests of their own particular talent.

As to the power and, if I may say so, the virtue of classification, so many philosophers, so many scholars have spoken of it so well, that I hardly know whom I should here call to my aid, a Haeckel or an Agassiz, a Stuart Mill or an Auguste Comte. I could add also the Darwins and Huxleys. The fine *Essay on Classification* by Agassiz is a book which our impressionists cannot be too strongly advised to read. But if they prefer to have a Frenchman cited, Auguste Comte has shown quite as well, in his *Positivist Philosophy,* that 'in whatever kind of intellectual work, be it scientific, literary, artistic, as well as in natural history, a methodical classification is not only the indispensable summary of the actual system of our knowledge, but also the chief logical instrument of its subsequent perfection.' And how, in the

hierarchy of the forms, could we place tragedy, for example, above melodrama, *Polyeucte* above the *Tour de Nesle,* or, in the novel, *Père Goriot* above the *Exploits de Rocambole,* without giving our reasons? How could we give these without penetrating further into the knowledge of the history, the evolution, and the essence of the form? And the further we penetrated, how could these very reasons, whether 'subjective' or personal, fail to become more and more general, and properly 'objective?' After the obligation of judging, the necessity of classifying thus seems strictly inherent in the very notion of criticism.

It is not then classifying or comparing that is old and superannuated, but, on the contrary, abstaining from doing so; and what is arbitrary is not to 'distribute prizes' but to wish to be the sole judge, the infallible judge, and the judge beyond appeal of the prizes we award. So act the 'people of society' whose 'taste' takes the place of competence and study, and whom we see deciding on the play or the novel of the day by the prettiness of the things they find to say about it. But Boileau, Boileau himself was even then looking to something more. He knew well that if his taste was good, it was not because it was his own, but on the contrary because it was exterior and superior to his own, and that the object of criticism is to teach men to judge often against their own taste. Do not morality and education also consist, like criticism, in substituting in ourselves other motives of judgment and action than those suggested to us by temperament, instinct, and nature? There is one other observation which I submit to our impressionists. If each of us had the pretension to concede or yield nothing to others, life would be unbearable; and, similarly, if a work of art were merely the expression of the individuality of the artist, not only criticism but art itself would perish.

Yet judging and classifying are only a beginning, and we must then explain. As to this obligation of criticism, or this function, if you will, which was for Sainte-Beuve the whole of criticism, and which must remain one of its essential parts, shall I say that impressionist criticism does not submit to it any more than to the others? In reality, impressionist criticism does not explain, it states; and it describes, or it comments, but it does not interpret. I rather fear I know at least one of its motives. It is that if we wished to distinguish what each book and author owe to all those who have preceded them and 'caused' them, so to speak, we should be startled at the smallness of the originality of mankind. We all write, say, a poem, a play, a novel, or an article: and how much do we put into it of ourselves, which is of ourselves and from ourselves, and only of and from ourselves? The explanation, then, is first to be found, or at least to be sought for, everywhere but in ourselves; and too happy are those whose originality has not disappeared in this very search! There is another proof, if that is needed, of the existence of objective criticism. The originality of a writer—of M. Zola, for example, or M. Henri Becque—is not defined by reference to himself, which would imply a contradiction; it is not defined by reference to me, who am doubtless less original than they are; it is defined by reference to the dramatists or novelists who have preceded them, who have their place in history, and it is defined by reference to the laws they have themselves made of their literary form, which likewise has its place in history.

The foundation of objective criticism is therefore really the same as that of history. Just as there can be no possible doubt or allowable hesitation about the military genius of Napoleon or the political genius of Richelieu, so too there can be none about the unique originality of the comedy of Molière or the tragedy of Racine; and whoever will treat as a 'scamp' the author of *Andromaque* will act like the simple Lanfrey when he gave lessons on retrospective tactics to the victor of Austerlitz: it is himself he will have judged. But whoever says that one is at liberty to prefer Regnard's comedy to Molière's, the *Distrait* to the *École des Femmes,* and the *Folies amoureuses* to *Tartufe,* does something much worse still, for he might as well say that there is no reason for placing a living being below or above another in the order of species; and, along with the foundations of objective criticism, he destroys with the same blow those of natural history. A literary form is, indeed, superior to another, and, in the same form,—drama, ode or novel,—a work is nearer or farther away from the perfection of its form, only from reasons analogous to those which, in the hierarchy of organisms, raise vertebrates above molluscs, for example, and,

among the vertebrates, the dog and cat above the ornithorhynchus. Such is the true way of understanding the 'relativity of knowledge'; such is the real way; such is the only way that is not sophistry or pure word-splitting. Had we the 'facet-eye of a fly' or the 'rude and simple brain of an orang-outang,' things might change for us in appearance and meaning; but the relations which would still continue to unite them, and the system formed by these relations, in whatever way, yet always connected, would not suffer change. And hence, since laws are nothing else than the expression of these relations, the result follows that to deny the possibility of objective criticism is to deny the possibility of any science whatever. If there is no objective criticism, no more is there objective natural history, chemistry or physics. This does not mean that criticism is a science, but that they are connected; and, as it has, like science, a precise object, it can borrow from science methods, processes, and directions.

How then can they have failed to recognize this? There are many reasons, of which I would choose, for the present occasion, only the least unkind, or even the most flattering to our impressionist critics. It is no use for them to write critiques; they all nourish, in their inmost heart, the secret ambition of novelist, dramatist, or poet. So too did Sainte-Beuve, who well knew, since he himself confessed it in so many words, that 'the true condition of the critical spirit is to have no art of its own,' but who could not refrain, as often as he had to speak of Balzac or Hugo, from considering them from the point of view of *Joseph Delorme* or *Volupté*. It is the same with M. France, M. Lemaître, and M. Paul Desjardins. Even if M. Desjardins, the youngest of the three, were not the author of some novels, his critical articles, the form he habitually gives them, the pleasure he takes in mingling traits which describe or deal with himself but are equally foreign to his subject, would still proclaim the novelist which lies dormant in him. As for M. Lemaître, after having made practically his first appearance with his *Petites Orientales*, if I remember rightly, and after having written some *Contes*, of which there are at least two or three that are charming, he is now attracted by the drama, as all those know who lately applauded his *Révoltée*, and, more recently, his *Député Leveau*. Lastly, to say nothing of the *Noces corinthiennes* or the *Poèmes dorés*, it is not in his criticism, it is in the *Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, or still more in *Thaïs*, that M. France has put his best. Evidently, if criticism interests all of them, it has never been, and never will be, their principal business; or rather they use it only to experiment with ideas, until they can give them a different and still more personal form, which will some day be the soul of their dramas, poems, or novels.

There is nothing more natural. Poet or novelist, what makes the originality of the artist is his impressionist, subjective, or truly personal way of seeing and feeling. Add something to the knowledge we have of common life; discover in it some unexplored province, if such still exists; complete, correct, or modify the idea which we have of it, such is the work of the poet, in the most general sense of the term. And here is the work of the artist: he enlarges, develops, perfects the means of his art; he finds means to render what his art had not yet expressed; and he adds to it the individuality of his own sensations. The only precaution which, I believe, must then be taken, is, in perfecting the means of the art, not to reduce it entirely to the perfection of the form, as our Parnassians have done, nor to begin by mutilating and calumniating life in some way or other before imitating it, as our Naturalists have done. But if the object of criticism is entirely different, do not the merits of the poet and the novelist become for it as many faults? This fashion of intervening in person may greatly assist the novelty of impressions, but does it not affect justice and truth? This is what all those believe who—like Villemain and Guizot formerly, like Littré, like Scherer nearer our time, and lastly like M. Taine, who were much more convinced of the relativity of things than our impressionists themselves, and who understood it as it should be understood—have believed no less thoroughly in the existence of objective criticism; and we believe in it along with them.

I do not know, indeed, if the disadvantages, or even the dangers of this impressionism are evident, and that, in the first place, it would break the bonds which closely unite criticism and history. M. Anatole France, M. Jules Lemaître, M. Paul Desjardins are not merely talented

writers. They are also scholars, mandarins, as M. Lemaître says, whose impressions, whatever they be, are determined and caused, more often than they believe, by the literary education they have received. They readily reproach objective criticism that its 'dogmatism' is only the form which it gives to its 'personal preferences.' Yet, among their 'personal preferences,' or what they take for such, there is quite a part of 'dogmatism' which is neither theirs nor of them. It is what they 'know'; and their knowledge preserves them from the trap which impressionism keeps always laid for ignorance. They may therefore prefer *Madame Bovary* to Racine's *Athalie*. In reality, their paradox amuses them; they admit it in spite of themselves; and the proof is that they cannot keep from letting something of the truth slip into the development of their paradox, and this truth ruins it. But smaller scholars will come in their turn, (they have come already), who will know nothing, who will abstain from reading anything, from fear that their impressions will be taken from them beforehand, and who will constitute themselves, none the less, by right of their impressionism, partial judges of matters of intellect. I know more than twenty whom I could name. Literary history would perish first; tradition next, with literary history; and finally, with tradition, the sentiment of solidarity which binds the generations together.

One consequence would follow from this, that criticism, now thus cut off from its connection with history, would lose, at the same time as the notion of its object, the knowledge of its rôle or function. For to say that it has no function or rôle is another error, just as we saw that it was wrong, in order to deny its purpose, to exaggerate gratuitously the number, the nature, and the bearing of its contradictions. Its province is to give direction to art; and this may be noted several times in history. With a little exaggeration, but not without some truth, has it not been claimed that modern German literature is the work or the creation of Lessing's criticism? And with us, three times at least within three hundred years, has not criticism directed the evolution of our poetry? DuBellay, Ronsard himself, and Baïf above all began by being critics as much as poets; Boileau was only that; and who now does not know that romanticism was already clearly present in the *Génie du Christianisme?* If nobody can flatter himself on ever being either Chateaubriand, Boileau, or Ronsard, nobody is forbidden, I think, from trying to follow them: and, in any case, their example is enough to show what services, and what kind of services, criticism can render. Infatuated as authors are today with themselves and their *sens propre,* as used to be said, if criticism cannot immediately act on them, it can act, and acts to some purpose every day, on opinion, of which they are only the expression, when they are not its humble servants. It can take away from them their public, and, by modifying the *milieu,* it can make even the most stubborn change his manner.

Are examples necessary? Has not one of our impressionists, M. Paul Desjardins, somewhere defined naturalism as 'the application of the processes of criticism to the literature of the imagination;' and though it is a little narrow, the definition is none the less ingenious and happy. But what I hold as absolutely true in it, is that, without criticism, naturalism would never have had the success it has had. It would be easily proved that the author of *La Bête humaine* and *L'Assommoir* owes almost everything, not to Balzac, nor even to Flaubert, but to M. Taine, to M. Taine's essay *On Balzac,* and to the *History of English Literature.* So, too, how many times, in his earliest work, when he was as yet the author only of the *Fortune des Rougon* or the *Conquête de Plassans,* did he not complain that M. Taine had abandoned him! *Quare me dereliquisti!* If M. Taine had laid down, in his *History of English Literature,* the principles of naturalism, he had been careful to mark, in his *Philosophy of Art,* the limits which naturalism could not pass without departing from the conditions of art itself. So criticism has not only determined, as we said, the direction of contemporary naturalism, but has also protected it from its own excesses; and so what is best in naturalism—and nobody, I know, denies that there is much good in it —must be laid to the credit of criticism.

The same thing is to be said of the drama. For the last twenty-five or thirty years no work has appeared on the stage which marks an epoch in the history of the art, which is capable of forming a school and inspiring successful imitators. Yet the æsthetics of the drama have completely changed. If there are some of us

still who used to praise the ingeniousness, the abundance of resource, the very real ability of Eugène Scribe, how many are we? And what is there, in the eyes of young people, more out of fashion, more artificial, and more false, than *Une Chaîne*, for example, if not *Bertrand et Raton?* There is no more desire for these preparations, these conventions, this confusion or medley of styles. Criticism alone has accomplished this work. It is criticism which asked itself why the drama had remained for thirty or forty years in arrear of the novel. It is criticism which showed the good points in the conventions which the school of Scribe had constituted as so many articles of faith. Better still: among these conventions, it is criticism which labors to separate the necessary from the arbitrary. And, should M. Becque, or someone else, give us one day or other this comedy, doubtless not entirely new, but yet freer and franker, of which we must admit that *La Parisienne* or *Les Corbeaux* are little more than the promise, it is still criticism to which the twentieth century will be indebted.

There, in the present as in all time, is the true function of criticism, which it can evidently fulfil only by escaping from impressionism. If criticism means to act, it must be something else, and something more interesting, than the manifestation of our tastes and preferences, for these, to tell the truth, usually interest only ourselves. Do not M. Lemaître and M. France know that the remnant of authority which it still preserves in the provinces is due to the presence, in their judgments, of reasons which are not theirs but everybody's? In the same way, when reading the Memoirs or Confessions of others, we think we like what we find similar or applicable to ourselves, while in reality what we seek is a wider, more varied, and deeper knowledge of man in general. So let us admit it with a good grace: let us put something above our tastes; and since there must be criticism, let us say that there cannot be any that is not objective. This is all that I have endeavored to show in these pages: and I think that to have shown it successfully would not be a matter of indifference, either to the idea which we must hold of criticism, or to the education of the mind, or perhaps to the very future of literature —or to the literature of the future.

Now, as for some dilettanti who ask what is the good of criticism and why we do not do without it, we may be content to reply by asking another question: what is the good also of art, of history, of science? And, indeed, the world would not be changed if the Comédie-Française were to give us this year at least a masterpiece; and since we live very comfortably in an entire ignorance of the nature of Merovingian institutions, we may with stronger reason do without knowing what must be thought of the works of those who have studied them. But I shall add that if criticism is inferior to history and art in so many other respects, it has this advantage or this superiority over art and history that it alone can prevent the world, according to M. Renan's expression, from 'being devoured by charlatanism.' Too occupied, too diligent, too much a slave to the labor of daily life, unable to analyse its pleasure and recognize the quality of it, the crowd always runs at the call of those who flatter; and the charlatans of art or literature know this well. It is precisely the business of criticism to think and to judge for the crowd. In fixing the rank and distributing its prizes, it is possible it may give certain little philosophers something to laugh at, but it does work doubly useful: it teaches the crowd that there is some difference between Ponson du Terrail and Balzac, which it is doubtless well to know; and it avenges talent for the successes of mediocrity, which are humiliating some way or other to everybody. Why, alas, must we end by saying that, if the task has never been more urgent, these latter words make no pretense to perform it; and that as our fathers might have used them, those who come after us will use them in their turn? And they will be always true.

ANATOLE FRANCE (1844–1924)

Jacques Anatole Thibault was born in Paris on the left of the Seine, where his father kept a book-shop on the Quai-Voltaire and passed on to his son the name of 'France,' which, used first merely as a bibliographical signature, has become one of the most famous names of the pen. France's literary career, extending from the publication of an essay on Alfred de Vigny in 1868 to a volume of reminiscences of childhood, *La Vie en Fleur,* in 1922, covers more than half a century of varied achievement. Known first as an epicurean philosopher, a retiring scholar, and a detached critic who had gradually obtained the mastery of a style of remarkable ease, lucidity and charm, he became involved in politics at the time of the Dreyfus agitation, and so developed into a leader of international radicalism and a bitter satirist of modern civilization. His main contributions to literary criticism were made in the late eighties and early nineties, before he became involved in political issues; in this earlier period he wrote for the conservative *Temps* a series of articles afterwards published in four volumes under the title *La Vie Littéraire.* It is to the translation of these by D. B. Stewart, entitled *Life and Letters,* that we are indebted for the following selections, reproduced here with the permission of Dodd, Mead and Co., the American publishers of the admirable version of France's works in English started by John Lane.

SUBJECTIVE AND OBJECTIVE CRITICISM

M. Ferdinand Brunetière, of whom I am very fond, is extremely angry with me. He charges me with misunderstanding the very laws of criticism, of having no standard by which to judge the things of the mind, of floating according to my instincts among contradictions, of not emerging from myself, and of being enclosed in my own subjectivity, as in a dark prison.

Far from complaining of being thus attacked, I rejoice in this honorable dispute, which is entirely flattering to myself when one considers the merit of my adversary, the severity of a censure which conceals much indulgence, the greatness of the interests concerned, for according to M. Brunetière it is a matter of no less than the intellectual future of our country, and, to conclude, the choice of my accomplices, M. Jules Lemaître and M. Paul Desjardins being denounced along with me as guilty of subjective and personal criticism, and as corrupters of youth. I have an old and ever fresh affection for the wit of M. Lemaître, for his quick intelligence, his winged poetry, and his delightful lucidity. M. Paul Desjardins interests me by reason of the tremulous gleams of his delicate imagination. If I were in the slightest degree cunning, I should be careful to refrain from separating my cause from theirs.

But truth compels me to declare that I do not see in what way my crimes are their crimes, or my iniquities their iniquities. M. Lemaître divides himself with a marvelous agility; he sees the for and against; he places himself successively at the most opposite points of view; he displays by turns the refinements of an ingenious mind and the goodwill of an ingenuous soul. He engages in dialogue with himself, and makes the most diverse individuals speak in turn. He has widely exercised the faculty of understanding. He is a modern, and a humanist. He respects the traditions and loves novelty. He has an open mind, with a taste for beliefs. His criticism, indulgent as it is, even when he is employing irony, is, if correctly assessed, objective enough. And if, when he has said all there is to say, he adds, 'What do I know?,' is not that a gentle philosophy? I cannot quite understand what it is that annoys M. Brunetière in his manner, unless it is, perhaps, a certain restless gaiety, as of a young fawn.

As for M. Paul Desjardins, with whatever he may be reproached, it certainly cannot be with a too frolicsome gaiety. I do not think I shall displease him by saying that he poses rather as an apostle than as a critic. His is a distinguished mind, but above all it is that of a prophet. He

is severe, and does not like people to write. For him, literature is the Beast of the Apocalypse. A well-turned phrase strikes him as a public danger. He reminds me of the dismal Tertullian, who stated that the Holy Virgin could not have been beautiful, otherwise she would have been desired, which is unimaginable. According to M. Paul Desjardins, style is evil. Yet M. Paul Desjardins himself has style; so true it is that the human soul is full of contradictions. His humor being what it is, his advice must not be asked on subjects so frivolous and profane as literature. He does not criticize; he anathematizes without hatred. Pale and melancholy, he goes his way scattering compassionate maledictions. By what turn of Fortune's wheel does he find himself burdened with a share of the charges that are heaped upon me, precisely when he declares, in his articles, and his lectures, that I am the barren fig-tree of Holy Writ? With what shuddering horror must he appeal to the man who brackets us: *'Judica me, et discerne causam meam de gente non sancta?'*

It is therefore only right that I should defend myself singly. I shall attempt so to do, but not without first doing homage to the courage of my adversary. M. Brunetière is a warrior critic of rare intrepidity. In polemics, he is of the school of Napoleon and the great captains who know that one can defend oneself victoriously only by taking the offensive, and that to await attack is to be already half defeated. He has come to attack me in my little wood, beside my limpid stream. He is a tough customer. He sets to with teeth and nails, to say nothing of feints and tricks. I understand thereby that he has many methods in polemics, and that when the deductive fails he does not despise the intuitive. I never muddied his stream. But he is tetchy, and even rather quarrelsome. It is a defect of the brave. I much like him thus. Was it not Nicolas, his master and mine, who said: 'Achilles would displease were he less heated and less quick.'

If it is absolutely necessary for me to fight M. Brunetière, I suffer under many disadvantages. I will not point out the too evident inequalities. I will merely indicate one, which is of a private nature; it is that, whilst he finds my criticism annoying, I find his excellent. I am thereby reduced to that defensive position, which, as we said but now, is considered bad by tacticians. I hold M. Brunetière's strong constructive criticism in high regard. I admire the strength of the materials and the grandeur of the plan. I have just read this clever professor's lectures at the Ecole Normale, on the subject of the evolution of criticism from the Renaissance down to our own time, and I experience no displeasure in stating, for all to hear, that the ideas therein are developed with much method, and placed in a pleasing, imposing and novel order. Their heavy but certain advance recalls the famous manœuvre of the legionaries marching shoulder to shoulder, protected by their shields, to the assault of a town. It was called the Tortoise, and it was a formidable device. There is, perhaps, some surprise mingled with my admiration, when I see whither this army of ideas leads. M. Ferdinand Brunetière proposes to apply the theory of evolution to criticism. And while the enterprise in itself appears interesting and praiseworthy, we have not forgotten the energy recently employed by the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* in subordinating science to morality and invalidating the authority of all doctrine founded on the natural sciences. It was employed in connection with *The Disciple,* and we know whether M. Brunetière was then niggardly of his remonstrances against those who presumed to introduce theories of transformation into the province of psychology or sociology. He repelled the Darwinian ideas in the name of unchangeable morality.

He expressly states, 'These ideas must be false, since they are dangerous.'

And now he founds the new criticism on the hypothesis of evolution. 'Our proposal,' he says, 'is none other than to borrow from Darwin and Haeckel the assistance which M. Taine obtained from Geoffroy St. Hilaire and Cuvier.' I am well aware that it is one thing to profess, as does M. Sixte, the irresponsibility of criminals and absolute indifference in the matter of morality, and quite another matter to apply to literary questions the laws which preside over the evolution of animal and vegetable species. I do not for one moment affirm that M. Brunetière belies and contradicts himself. I note a peculiarity of his nature, a twist of character, which is, notwithstanding his appreciation of logical sequence, voluntarily to deviate into the unexpected and unforeseen.

It was once said that he was paradoxical, and it seemed very much like irony, so strongly established was his reputation as a sound logician. But after reflection one sees that his manner is really somewhat paradoxical. He is extraordinarily clever at demonstration; he must always be demonstrating, and he dearly loves stoutly to maintain extraordinary and even staggering opinions.

By what unhappy chance was I compelled to love and admire a critic who so little returns my affection? There are for M. Brunetière only two sorts of criticism, the subjective, which is bad, and the objective, which is good. According to him, M. Jules Lemaître, M. Paul Desjardins and I are all tainted by subjectivity, the worst of evils; for from subjectivity one sinks into illusion, sensuality and concupiscence, and one judges human work by the pleasure received therefrom, which is an abomination, because one must not derive pleasure from any intellectual work without knowing whether one is right to be pleased; because man, being a reasoning animal, must first of all reason; for it is necessary to be right, and not necessary to find gratification; because it is man's business to seek instruction by means of dialectic, which is infallible; because one must always put a truth at the end of a chain of reasoning, like a knot at the end of a thread, since otherwise the reasoning would not hold, and it is necessary that it should, because one attaches thereto several further reasons so as to form an indestructible system, which lasts ten years or so. And that is why objective criticism is the only criticism worth having. M. Ferdinand Brunetière holds the other method to be fallacious and full of deception. He gives several reasons. But I must first reproduce the text of the incriminated passage. It occurs in the *Vie littéraire* and reads as follows: There exists no objective criticism, any more than there is objective art, and all those who flatter themselves that they put anything else but themselves into their books are the dupes of the most fallacious philosophy. The truth is that one never emerges from one's self. It is one of our greatest misfortunes. What would we not give to contemplate, just for one moment, the earth and sky with the faceted eye of the fly, or understand Nature with the simple, elementary mind of an orang-outang? But that is forbidden us. We are restricted to our personalities, as to a perpetual prison. It appears that the best thing we can do is to recognize this horrible situation gracefully, and to admit that we are speaking of ourselves whenever we have not the strength to keep silence. (*Life and Letters,* 1st series, Preface.)

Quoting the above, M. Brunetière remarks that 'it is impossible to state with greater assurance that nothing is assured.'

I might perhaps reply that there is no contradiction and no novelty in stating that we are condemned to know things only by the impression they make on us. This truth is capable of establishment by observation, and so obvious that it strikes everyone. It is a commonplace of natural philosophy. One must not pay too much attention to it, and one must perceive therein a doctrinal Pyrrhonism. I admit that I have more than once glanced in the direction of absolute scepticism. But I never entered; I feared to place my foot on a basis which engulfs all that steps thereon. I have feared those two words, full of a formidable sterility, 'I doubt.' So powerful are they that the mouth that has once pronounced them truly is forever sealed, and can never reopen. If one doubts, one must keep silent; for, whatever one may discourse about, to speak is to affirm. Since I had not the courage for silence and renunciation, I willed to believe and did so. I at least believed in the relativity of things and the succession of phenomena.

As a matter of fact, appearance and reality are the same thing. In order to love and suffer in this world, images suffice; there is no need for their objectivity to be demonstrated. In whatever manner one conceives Life, even as the dream of a dream, one lives. Naught else is required for the foundation of art, science, morality, and impressionist criticism, and, if you will, of objective criticism.

M. Brunetière is of opinion that we can emerge from ourselves by our own volition like the old Nuremberg professor, whose amazing adventure has been related to us by M. Joséphin Péladan, a magian. This professor, who was much absorbed in æsthetics, used by night to exchange his visible body for an astral one, in order to compare the legs of beautiful sleepers with those of the Venus of Praxiteles.

'The fraud,' states M. Brunetière, 'if there must be a fraud, is to believe and to

teach that we cannot emerge from ourselves, while, on the contrary, Life does nothing else. And the reason, doubtless, will appear sufficiently good, if we realize that otherwise there would be neither society, language, literature nor art.' And he adds, 'We are men . . . and we are supremely so because of the power enabling us to come out of ourselves, in order that we may seek, find, and recognize ourselves in others.'

To come out of ourselves; that is to say a great deal. We are in a cavern, and we see the phantoms in the cavern. Without that, Life would be too sad. It has neither charm nor value, save in the shadows passing along the surface of the walls within which we are enclosed, shadows which resemble us, which we strive to know in passing, and sometimes to love.

In reality, we know the world only through our senses, which alter and color it at their will; M. Brunetière does not contest it. On the contrary, he relies on these conditions of knowledge to find a basis for his objective criticism. Considering that the senses convey practically similar impressions of nature to all men, so that what is round for one man would not be square for another, and that the functions of understanding operate in the same manner, if not in the same degree, in all minds, which is the origin of common sense, he bases his criticism on universal consent. But he himself sees that it has an uneasy seat. For this consent, although sufficient to form and maintain society, is not sufficient if it is a question of establishing the superiority of one poet over another. It is beyond doubt that men resemble each other sufficiently for them all to find the requirements of their existence in the markets and bazaars of a great town; but nothing is less probable than that two men in the same country have an absolutely similar impression of a particular line of Virgil.

There is in mathematics a sort of higher truth, which we all accept, every one of us, for the very reason that it is not obvious to the senses. But physicists are obliged to reckon with what is called, in the sciences of observation, the personal equation. Two observers never perceive a phenomenon in absolutely the same manner.

It is impossible for M. Brunetière to conceal from himself that the personal equation enters more freely than anywhere into the illusive domains of art and literature.

In that province there is never unanimous consent, nor stable opinion. To this he agrees, or begins by agreeing to it: 'To say nothing of our contemporaries, whom it is admitted we do not see from a great enough distance, nor from a sufficiently lofty standpoint, how many varying judgments have been passed, during the last three or four hundred years, on Corneille, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Rabelais, Raphael, and Michael Angelo! There is no opinion, however extravagant and absurd, that has not been upheld by some philosopher; no scandal or outrageous attack on genius that has not had the authority of some critic behind it.' And to prove that great men never obtain justice from their peers, he shows us Rabelais insulted by Ronsard, and Corneille publicly preferring Boursault to Racine. He should also have shown us Lamartine despising La Fontaine. He could also have exhibited Victor Hugo contemptuous of all our classics, except Boileau, for whom, as he grew old, he nourished a certain affection.

In short, M. Brunetière recognizes the fact that in the republic of letters there are many warring opinions. It is in vain that he immediately corrects himself, and declares with assurance that 'it is not true that there is so much diversity of opinion, or such deep divisions.' It is in vain that he fortifies himself with an opinion of M. Jules Lemaître in order to affirm that it is admitted by all literary authorities that certain writers exist, in spite of their defects, whilst others do not exist. For instance, that the tragic Voltaire exists, and that Campistron, the Abbé Leblanc, and M. de Jouy do not exist. It is a first point which he wishes us to grant, but we shall not do so, for if it came to drawing up the two lists there would hardly be any agreement.

The second point upon which he insists is that there are degrees which are properly the grades conferred on genius in the faculties of grammarians and the universities of rhetoricians. It is conceivable that such diplomas might be of advantage in the ordering and regulation of fame. Unfortunately human contradictions cause them to lose much of their value; and these doctors' degrees, these diplomas, which M. Brunetière regards as universally recog-

nized, have little authority save for those who confer them.

In pure theory one can conceive a system of criticism which, proceeding from science, partakes of its certainty. It is possible that our opinion on M. Maurice Barrès' æsthetics and M. Jean Moréas' prosody depends on our ideas of the cosmic forces and the heavenly mechanism. The universe is interlinked throughout. But in reality the links are here and there so involved that the devil himself would be unable to disentangle them, logician though he be. Further, we must admit with a good grace that, unlike Petit Jean, what Humanity knows least about is its beginning. We lack principles in everything, particularly in knowledge of the creations of the mind. Whatever anyone may say, it is impossible today to foresee the time when criticism will have the rigidity of an exact science, and one may reasonably believe that that time will never come. For all that, the great philosophers of antiquity crowned their world system with poetry, and they acted wisely. It is better to speak with an uncertain voice of beautiful thoughts and forms than forever to hold one's peace. Few objects in this world are so absolutely subject to science as to admit of their being produced or predicted thereby. It is a certainty that neither a poem nor a poet will ever be thus subject. The things which touch us most, which appear the most beautiful and most desirable, are precisely those which appear vague, and in some degree mysterious. Beauty, virtue, and genius will forever keep their secrets. Neither the charm of Cleopatra, the sweetness of St. Francis of Assisi, nor the poetry of Racine can be reduced to formulæ, and if these things spring from science, it is from some science mingled with art, intuitive, restless, and always incomplete. This science, or rather this art, exists: it is philosophy, morality, history, criticism; in short, the whole beautiful romance of Humanity.

All works of art or poetry have for all time been the subject of dispute, and it is one of the great attractions of beautiful things to remain thus doubtful, for it is impossible to deny that they are so. M. Brunetière is unwilling altogether to admit this fatal and universal uncertainty. It is too repugnant to his authoritative and methodical mind, which always wishes to judge and classify everything. As he is judicially minded, let him sit in the seat of judgment! And as he is a warlike critic, let him advance his close-packed arguments in tortoise formation!

But can he not forgive a simple soul for concerning himself less severely with art matters, and for displaying fewer reasons, and particularly fewer arguments? —for restricting criticism to the familiar style of conversation and the idle pace of the saunter; for stopping where he chooses, and indulging in an occasional confidence; for following his tastes, fancies, and even caprices, on condition of being always honest, sincere, and benevolent; for not being all-knowing, and not explaining everything; for believing in the irremediable diversity of opinions and ideas, and for speaking more unconstrainedly of what one should admire?

JULES LEMAÎTRE (1853–1914)

Jules Lemaître was included with Anatole France in Brunetière's onslaught upon the subjective or impressionistic school of criticism, and he did not fail to respond to the attack. In his *Contemporaries* (seven volumes of essays, originally contributed to newspapers and periodicals), and *Impressions of the Theater* (ten volumes), which practically cover the whole period from the early eighties to the end of the century, Lemaître professed to treat criticism as a representation of the world, like any other branch of literature, and hence by its nature, 'as personal, as relative, as vain, and therefore as interesting as the rest.' Like Anatole France, Lemaître commanded a much more flexible and lively style than his erudite antagonist, and he turned on Brunetière the piercing shafts of his wit in the preface to the sixth volume of the *Contemporaries* series, originally published in September 1892:—

'M. Brunetière is incapable, it seems to me, of considering any work, whatever it be, great or small, except in its relations with a group of other works, whose relations with other groups, throughout time and space, are immediately evident to him; and so on. A whole philosophy of literary history and at the same time a whole system of æsthetics and a whole system of ethics are visibly implied in the least of his judgments. Marvelous gift! When he is reading a book, he is thinking, one may say, of all the books that have been written since the beginning of the world. He touches nothing which he does not class, and that for eternity. I admire the majesty of such criticism. . . . But look at what it costs. How sad it must be not to be able to open a book without remembering others and without comparing it with them! To judge always is perhaps never to enjoy. I should not be astonished if M. Brunetière had become really incapable of "reading for his own pleasure." He would be afraid of being a dupe, he would even be afraid of committing a sin. For us, it matters not if we make a mistake in liking what pleases us or amuses us, or if we have to smile tomorrow at our admirations of today. Our errors are without consequence; they only concern particular cases. If M. Brunetière, on the other hand, made a mistake, it would be frightful; for beside the fact that he would have had no pleasure in his error, it would be without help or remedy; it would be total and irreparable; it would be the wreck of his whole being.'

The above passage is quoted from the volume of essays from *Les Contemporains,* selected and translated by A. W. Evans, entitled *Literary Impressions by Jules Lemaître,* to which we are also indebted for the article on Bourget which follows:

PAUL BOURGET

I do not remember ever to have felt an embarrassment comparable with that which I feel in speaking of the work and literary personality of M. Paul Bourget. Its richness, its apparent complexity, bewilder me. I see him in one fashion; but immediately afterwards I see him in another. The idea most commonly formed of him is that of an affected, subtle, feminine person, of a sort of dandy of letters, very elegant, very refined, very cajoling. But this is far from being the complete man. For, on the contrary, several of the pages he has written (perhaps the greater number) are especially remarkable for the virile vigor and fine lucidity of an essentially philosophical intelligence. And, in the same way, he can appear in many passages as a pure dilettante, a dilettante of the decadence, full of affectation and artifice, of an unwholesome sensuality and an ambiguous mysticism; but suddenly one discovers in him a very grave spirit, with the gravity of a priest, very much preoccupied with the moral life, serious to the point of taking everything tragically.

His style presents the same contrasts; he is affected and he is forcible; he is pedantic and he is simple; frozen by abstractions, stiff and stilted, and then suddenly graceful and languishing, or full, colored and robust. He is excellent, and he is little short of detestable. And one is astonished that the cruel opening of

Cruelle Énigme, and the adorable account of the meetings of the lovers at Folkestone, or the powerful picture of the duel of the sexes in love, in the style of the plays of the younger Dumas, have come from the same hand. And as I turn over those latter beautiful pages, I am imperatively arrested by brilliant phrases like this, which ends a paragraph about the part played by love in the development of our moral being: 'All through our years thus there is enriched or impoverished, at the hazard of this sovereignly beneficent or destructive power, the treasure of acquired morality of which we are the depositories; faithless depositories so often, preparing, amid caresses and smiles, the bankruptcy of our successors.' Or this passage dazzles me like a magnificent flash of lightning: 'Love alone has remained irreducible, like death, to human conventions. It is untamed and free, in spite of codes and fashions. The woman who undresses in order to give herself to a man, rids herself with her clothing of her whole social personality; she becomes again for him whom she loves what he becomes again for her, a natural and solitary creature whose happiness is guaranteed by no protection, whose unhappiness can be removed by no decree.' I am delighted with this beauty of thought and form; but I turn over the page and I find a 'flowering time,' or an 'abortion' which is 'derived' from a certain quality of love. I find there that 'the Lady' is a superior and charming being, 'made of unshaken security,' as if the security was in the lady and not in the adorer. Or there are gasping mannerisms of language: 'What to do against that? To kneel before the dolorous sister and adore her for being dolorous.'

These things grieve me, and my embarrassment redoubles. . . . The most penetrating and most vigorous intelligence, and with it a morbid debility, pedantry also, and certain intellectual predilections that resemble superstition, and a taste for certain elegances which one might almost take for snobbishness—how is one to see clearly in all this?

Add that M. Paul Bourget is doubtless a poet and a novelist, but is perhaps above all a critic—and not a critic who judges and relates, but a critic who understands and feels, who has especially striven to picture to himself different states of soul, to make them his own. Among so many souls which he penetrates and assimilates, where is his own?

It seems at first sight that the more a critic had breadth of mind and power of sympathy, the fewer individual traits he would present to the writer who desired to define and to paint him. The most marked, the most original, not only among men, but among writers, are those who do not understand at all, who do not feel at all, who do not love at all, whose knowledge, intelligence, and tastes are clearly bounded. The ideal man who will come at the end of time, as he will know and conceive equally of all things, will doubtless have hardly any intellectual personality; and he will only have very attenuated passions, vices and eccentricities. The members of the small philosophical oligarchy who, according to M. Renan, will perhaps one day govern the world, delivered by omniscience from inferior passions, should resemble one another to such a degree that they will be almost indistinguishable from each other. They will approximate to God, the great scholar and the great critic; and God has no individuality. This very day the critic who would form an entire and thorough notion of all the aspects under which the world has been reflected in men's minds, could hardly be defined except by that very aptitude for penetrating and embracing everything.

We have not yet reached that point. In reality there are as many ways of understanding criticism as there are of understanding fiction, drama or poetry; the personality of the writer—when he has one—can therefore be equally strongly impressed upon his criticism. Only a little more care is sometimes needed in order to detach it.

It is too evident (I have need of these truisms in order that I may recover confidence) that, like any other writer, a critic necessarily puts into his writings his own temperament and his own conception of life, since it is with his own mind that he describes other minds; that the differences are as profound between M. Taine, M. Nisard, and Sainte-Beuve, as between—let us say, between Corneille, Racine, and Molière,—and, finally, that criticism is a representation of the world as personal, as relative, as vain, and consequently as interesting, as those which constitute the other literary forms.

Criticism varies infinitely according to

the object studied, according to the mind which studies it, according to the point of view in which that mind places itself. It can consider works, men, or ideas. And it can judge or merely define. At first dogmatic, it has become historical and scientific; but to all appearance its evolution has not ended. Vain as a doctrine, necessarily incomplete as a science, it tends perhaps to become simply the art of enjoying books, and of enriching and refining its impressions by means of them.

M. Nisard begins by forming a general and, as it were, purified idea of the French genius. He has deduced this idea from a first glance at the whole of our literature. He makes the beliefs of spiritual philosophy enter into it as an integral part. With the ideal thus conceived, he compares the works of writers, and extols or maltreats them as they approach it more or less closely. For the rest, he isolates those works, most often neglects the persons of the writers; or, if he speaks of them, it is in order to attribute to them, in the name of free-will, the merit or the dishonor of having served or betrayed the ideal which he has defined in the beginning. He does not grasp any necessary bond between the works and their producers, between the latter and their social environment, or between successive epochs. And yet his *History* unrolls according to an inexorable plan, and the French spirit in his writings resembles a moral personality who develops and then declines throughout the ages. Hence his *History* possesses a rigorous unity. It is very systematic and singularly partial and incomplete; but how interesting is M. Nisard's mind! How subtle, delicate, and contemptuous it is!

M. Taine, in his *History of English Literature,* does the direct contrary and yet does the same thing. Whilst M. Nisard only considers the actual books, M. Taine affects especially to consider the near or distant causes of which they are the result; and whilst M. Nisard cuts off the books from their roots, M. Taine studies these roots down to their utmost ramifications and the very soil in which they are buried. But this explanation of the books by the men, and of the men by the race and the environment, is often only a snare. For the critic has first of all formed, without saying so, by a first rapid review of English literature, an idea of the English genius (as M. Nisard did of the genius of France), and it is from this that he deduces the conditions and the environment in which works that are specifically English could be produced. And then, all those which this environment does not explain, he affects to lay aside. He thus reaches by another road an exclusiveness as narrow as that of M. Nisard. The spiritualism of the one, the positivism of the other, end therefore in an analogous result. And we can say, as we said just now: M. Taine's *History* is singularly systematic, partial, and incomplete; but how interesting is M. Taine's genius! What a power of generalization, and, at the same time, what magic of color in the work of this poet-logician!

Thus, whether dogmatic or scientific, literary criticism is never, in the end, more than the personal and decrepit work of a miserable human being. Sainte-Beuve blends the two methods with much grace, sometimes appreciates, but more often describes, still judges works in accordance with tradition, and in the classic taste, but enlarges that tradition, applies himself more readily, by wandering over the whole field of literature, to the construction of moral portraits and biographies, and furnishes I don't know how many scattered but exquisite fragments toward what he called the natural history of men's minds.

I pass over the various combinations of doctrine, history, and psychology proper to MM. Scherer, Montégut, and Brunetière. But either I am greatly mistaken or M. Paul Bourget has imagined an almost new form of criticism. Criticism becomes for M. Bourget the history of his own intellectual and moral formation. It is, so to say, egotist criticism. His mind being eminently and almost uniquely a product of this century's end (the influence of the Græco-Latin tradition is little marked in his case), he confines himself to the writers of the last thirty years, and chooses from among them those with whom he finds himself in conformity of head and heart. And he does not paint their portraits or write their biographies: he does not analyse their works and study their methods of procedure; he does not define the impression that their books have made upon him considered as works of art. He only seeks to explain and describe such of their states of conscience and such of their ideas as he has best appropriated by imitation and sympathy. And thus, whilst at

bottom only writing the history of his own soul, at the same time he writes the history of the most original sentiments of his generation, and thus constructs a considerable —and definitive—fragment of the moral history of our epoch.

One means of knowing M. Paul Bourget would be to do for him what he has done for the ten writers who figure in his *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*. It would be a question of seeking, to use his own expression, 'what ways of feeling and tasting life he proposes to those who are younger than he is'—or to those of his own generation. For it seems that M. Paul Bourget has a rather great influence on the young people of the present day, not perhaps on those who have carried classical studies to some length, and who are fortified and defended by the Latin and Gallic tradition, but on the more restless, the more nervous, the more ignorant section of the young people who write. In vain has the Academy honored him publicly; this does not prevent the more adventurous among the younger school of writers and those with the most troubled brains, the symbolists, æsthetes, Wagnerians, and Mallarmists, from being full of respect for him, from regarding him as a master. And, besides, he has all the young women on his side. Perhaps no one, at the present moment, inspires a more tender devotion in certain souls. He is, for many, the preëminent poet, the friend, the consoler, almost the spiritual director. On the other hand, many ripe men, especially among old-fashioned folk and among those who are deeply impregnated with classical letters, cannot endure him. But, whether one likes him or not, it must be admitted that his mind is one of the richest and most distinguished results of the literary and moral culture of the second half of the century.

What is first of all eminent in him is precisely this intellectual and sentimental curiosity, this aptitude and also this effort to know, to experience, and to understand the most recent states of soul as they manifest themselves in the books of our most original writers. He himself thus sums up the precious contents of his *Essais:* 'In reference to M. Renan and the Goncourt brothers, I have indicated the germ of melancholy that is enveloped in dilettantism. I have attempted to show, in reference to Stendhal, Tourgeniev, and Amiel, some of the fatal consequences of cosmopolitan life. The poems of Baudelaire and the comedies of M. Dumas have furnished me with a pretext for analysing several fine shades of modern love and for indicating the perversions or the incapacities of that love under the pressure of the spirit of analysis. Gustave Flaubert and MM. Leconte de Lisle and Taine have permitted me to show some examples of the effects produced by science on various imaginations and sensibilities. I have been able, in reference also to M. Renan, the Goncourts, M. Taine, and Flaubert, to study several cases of conflict between democracy and the higher culture.'

There, in fact, is the complete inventory of the sentiments, the anxieties, and the torments imagined and experienced by the modern soul.

M. Bourget prides himself on comprehending the soul, of loving it in its entirety, even in its most morbid and most ephemeral manifestations. He has strange partialities for the obscure and mystic poetry of the latest little coteries (and this has gained him their veneration). He will not have it said that any mental predilection of his time has been alien from him or has not been understood by him. This is a rare critical scruple. Similarly, as cosmopolitanism appears to him to be one of the signs of our age, he has been a cosmopolitan, he has set himself to be one. He has lived in London and in Florence as much as in Paris. He has even stayed in Spain and Morocco, and, I ask you, what could Morocco say to him, to him the meditative philosopher, the man of inner dreams?

Similarly, he affects to know and to love the latest refinements of contemporary luxury; he would be angry with himself for having been ignorant of a single detail of the most elegant manner of living invented by the latest products of civilization. This belongs to him, this is his province in the same manner as is dilettantism or cosmopolitanism. And this is why this psychologist, who is but rarely and feebly a landscape artist, is often enough an upholsterer.

However, among the sentiments which M. Paul Bourget defines and explains with a like precision, we distinguish those which he experiences naturally and which he prefers, and those which he makes some effort to appropriate, and we can discover, among

the writers that engage his attention, which are they whom he most esteems.

From Baudelaire, for whom his predilection is very marked, he seems to have taken a singular mixture of sensuality and mysticism, a sort of rather depraved Catholicism. This sentiment is very peculiar to our age. It is a hundred miles away from the classical eroticism. It presupposes a somewhat debilitated race, a diminution of muscular force and a refinement of the nervous system, the persistence of the spirit of analysis even in the midst of sensations best calculated to make you lose your head, and consequently a certain incapacity for full and tranquil enjoyment of the pleasures of the body, the feeling of this incapacity, a paradoxical return, at the height of debauch, to contempt for the flesh, and even in pollution, a half-feigned and half-sincere aspiration towards purity which sharpens the savor of sin and transforms it into an intellectual sin, into a sin of malice.

From M. Renan he takes aristocratic disdain and especially dilettantism, 'that disposition of mind, at once very intelligent and very voluptuous, which in turn inclines us towards the various forms of life, and leads us to lend ourselves to all of those forms without giving ourselves to any of them'; from M. Taine he takes the scientific temper, certain habits of composition and of language, and a fondness for large generalizations; from M. Dumas the younger (an unexpected thing) he takes a tragic preoccupation with the moral questions in the dramas of love.

From Flaubert, the Goncourts, M. Leconte de Lisle, and in general, from all purely 'artistic' writers (however modern, moreover, may be their basis of latent philosophy) it does not seem that M. Paul Bourget takes much, although he understands them marvelously.

But Stendhal has his whole affection. Stendhal is his passion, his vice, and sometimes his prejudice. Stendhal is the only writer anterior to the generation of 1850 whom he has admitted to his gallery. He always utters his name with a little mystery, like that of the god of a secret religion. 'Henri Beyle,' the name takes on for him the sweetness of a pet name—or the importance of a sacred and hidden name that is revealed only to adepts. He says 'Henri Beyle' as a devotee of Molière says 'Poquelin.' This cult is here very legitimate, Stendhal having employed, with more sureness, subtlety, boldness, and connection than any other writer, the instrument which M. Bourget has himself used to probe the most characteristic sentiments of his generation or to make them live in himself—analysis.

Thus we are led to notice two other characteristics of M. Paul Bourget's mind. This inquisitive person is an analyst and a pessimist (a 'melancholiac' if you prefer it). Let us not separate the two things for in him they are closely bound together. M. Bourget is very clearly one of those who are less preoccupied with the external world than with the world of the soul; less sensitive to the pleasures of seeing and rendering the forms of things or the various aspects of the human scramble than to that of decomposing sentiments and ideas into their primitive elements and of tracing one moral phenomenon to another until he finds one that is irreducible. Now, the spirit of analysis ends naturally in a great sadness. Why? Because this last irreducible element is always a fatal instinct or an unsatisfied desire. What M. Bourget ends by reaching in the depth of the souls he studies is always (whatever be the form it assumes and with whatever shades it may embellish itself on the surface) the feeling of the necessity of things—or of the disproportion between the ideal and the real, between our dream and our destiny. And that is sad.

There are, if I may so express myself, two degrees of this sadness. M. Paul Bourget tells us that all the sentimental states which he has analysed lead to pessimism. It is the specter of pessimism which he sees standing at the end of all the paths he has traced out in what Shakespeare calls the forest of souls. For Baudelairism, even in its accommodations with the flesh, implies consciousness of its indignity, and a vision of universal sin. Dilettantism, that gift of imagining the most diverse moral lives with precision and sympathy, implies the impossibility of resting in any of them. Intellectual aristocracy has to pay for its existence by a painful sensitiveness in regard to all the vulgarities of real life. Cosmopolitanism, which shows you the immensity and the variety of the world, almost at the same moment makes you feel its monotony and its uselessness; the planet appears smaller to him who knows it better. Look at the

state to which exoticism, which is the picturesque form of cosmopolitanism, has led Pierre Loti. The scientific spirit condemns you to the spirit of a world governed by blind forces and which lacks goodness. And so on.—And if those various forms of seeing and feeling are very melancholy in themselves, the analysis of each of them doubles their sadness by showing us that they are incurable.—In brief, to know is to be sad, because all knowledge ends in the recognition of the unknowable and in that of the vanity of human beings. Judge, then, if M. Bourget can be light-hearted, not having to console himself the violent distractions, the life of action, and the robust temperament of his master, Stendhal.

M. Bourget has, however, denied that he is a pessimist. He is wrong! A pessimist is not necessarily a man who affirms the predominance of evil over good in the universe, nor a misanthrope, nor a hypochondriac, nor a man who has given up hope. Every man who reflects on human destiny and finds it unintelligible, and has neither Christian faith nor simple-minded belief in progress to comfort him, can be called a pessimist. The bare fact of understanding nothing in the world and of seeing no explanation of it is, when one thinks of it, sad enough. This does not prevent one from living like other people, from enjoying, when the chance offers, the sunshine, pure air, or even the society of men and women; but, during the moments when one thinks, it is hardly possible, without a positive faith, to be an optimist: there are too many absurd and useless sufferings, and on all sides, too thick a wall of night. M. Bourget denies in vain. His very style has a tone which one does not mistake; it gives forth a plaintive, lamenting, weeping sound. . . .

Doubtless the absence of positive belief and the spirit of analysis can turn into heedlessness in some people (look at Montaigne), but not in those whose sensibility to moral good and evil is exceptionally developed. Now M. Paul Bourget has one of these latter consciences. And that, I believe, is his last and most intimate characteristic. He himself defines and distinguishes between the moralist and the psychologist somewhere or other with much force: 'The moralist,' he says, 'is very close to the psychologist in the object of his study, for both are curious to reach the secret depths of the soul and desire to know the springs of men's actions. But to the psychologist this curiosity suffices. This knowledge has its end in itself. He sees the birth of ideas, their development, their combination, impressions of the senses resulting in emotions and in reasonings, states of conscience always in process of being made and unmade, a complex and changing vegetation of the mind and of the heart. Vainly does the moralist declare some of these states of conscience criminal, some of those complications contemptible, some of those changes hateful. The psychologist hardly understands what is meant by crime or contempt or indignation. . . . He even delights in the description of dangerous states of the soul which revolt the moralist; he takes pleasure in understanding base actions if those actions reveal an energetic nature, and if the profound labor which they manifest appears singular to him. In a word, the psychologist analyses solely in order to analyse, and the moralist analyses so as to judge.'

Well, then, whatever be the abyss M. Bourget pleases to dig between these two species of minds, if one cannot say that he himself is truly a moralist, he is not a pure psychologist either. At least he is a psychologist who is very much tormented by moral questions, very much moved, very anxious, sometimes frightened. He is habitually uneasy as to the consequences which the ideas he expounds may have on the happiness and moral well-being of humanity. He often exclaims (in more distinguished terms and without throwing up his arms, but rather with his hands over his eyes): 'Whither are we going?' All his inquiries into the original sentiments of his contemporaries serve him at the same time for his researches into the meaning and end of life. He takes it very seriously indeed. He is never humorous, nor even ironical or flippant. He ignores the smile. He is anti-Pagan and anti-Gallic. He has, what is almost always the mark of a Christian education, a liking for chastity. You will find often enough in him a vivid recollection of the Catholic faith of his childhood. He is, as I have said, as grave in the presence of love and its dramas as M. Dumas the younger. And that is why this disciple of Stendhal, that is to say of the most detached of analysts, once expressed in the most eloquent of his studies such an ardent sympathy for the

author of *Visite de Noces*. On the whole, Baudelairism, Renanism and Beylism are habits and tastes of his mind, perhaps also, premeditated acquisitions of an artist who has made it his task to reflect and carry within himself the soul of a certain literary epoch. But in the depths of his heart and of his being there is, I think, a very painful concern about the moral life, an impossibility of confining himself to curiosity and speculation. Armand de Querne after his 'crime of love' is precisely M. Paul Bourget; and de Querne is the Ryons of M. Dumas the younger—with his wit left out.

You will find all these characteristics of his criticism in M. Paul Bourget's novels, perhaps with something added.

First of all, there is that particular form of curiosity, that desire to have lived the most elegant life (morally and physically) that is known in his time, sometimes a certain dandyism, something also of a rather narrow and feminine delicacy. He loves 'modernity,' but only when it is aristocratic. As a matter of fact, it is neither among the people nor among the lower middle classes, but only among the idle classes whose sensibilities are still refined by all the delicate things of life that there could be found a species of love complex enough and rich enough in the finer shades to offer him material suited to his analytical faculties. Moreover, an innate taste led him toward this world, toward the life that is lived around the Arc de Triomphe, and toward the souls and bodies of the women who dwell there. Perhaps he has only confessed this taste with a touch of complacence. Some of his pages seem written by a novelist who has a weakness for London. There is a little fashionable Anglomania in his case. He has a very marked weakness for the fair foreigners who spend their winters in Paris. One of his first books, *Edel,* a melancholy and rather ingenuous poem, is above all a very modish poem. But it would be unjust and puerile to insist on this point.

The power of analysis, so remarkable in the *Essais,* is not less so in the novels. Nobody, I believe, since Madame de La Fayette, since Racine, since Marivaux, since Laclos, since Benjamin Constant, since Stendhal, has inferred with greater happiness, described with more exactness, linked together with more probability, or expounded with greater detail the feelings that a given person should experience in a given moral situation. At certain moments, and outside of the emotion which the drama itself can inspire, this assumes something of the special interest and appropriate beauty of a lesson in anatomy. The pages in which M. Paul Bourget explains to us why the heroine of *Deuxième Amour* refuses a new experience, or describes the pure adolescent love with which Hubert Liauran loves Madame de Sauves, and how by a delightful reversal of parts Thérèse treats him as if it were he who was yielding himself (*Cruelle Énigme*), or how in *Crime d'Amour,* the frankness and innocence of Hélène Chazel turn against her and only provoke the distrust of Armand de Querne, or by what sentimental logic Hélène comes to stain herself in order to be avenged on the man who has not believed her and in order that he may believe in her at last . . . all those pages—and how many others!—are accomplished examples of living psychology. In truth, I do not believe that any writer, not even Stendhal, has shown superior penetration in the study of 'the passions of love.'

Let us quote a little, at hazard, and for the pleasure of doing so: 'Like all romantic women, Hélène occupied herself with the delicacy of the pleasures common to herself and her lover as with a sentimental anxiety. What renders a woman of this class completely unintelligible to a libertine is that he is accustomed to separate the things of pleasure from those of the heart, and to enjoy pleasure under humiliating conditions; instead of which the romantic woman who is in love, not having known pleasure except when associated with the noblest exaltation, brings to her enjoyment the worship which she has for her moral emotions. Hélène came with an amorous piety, almost with a mystic idolatry, to the world of wild caresses and embraces.'

There are a hundred pages as good as this in M. Paul Bourget's three rather short novels and in his tales. That is a solid foundation for fame.

BRANDES (1842–)

Georg Morris Cohen Brandes was a brilliant student in his youth, but his race and his advanced opinions alike aroused prejudice in his native Denmark, and he spent long periods of his early manhood abroad, first in Paris and London, and afterwards in Berlin. Lacking academic recognition in Denmark, he became a free lance in criticism with a world-wide reputation, and this independent position in the upshot brought advantages which more than compensated for the bitter struggles of his earlier career. 'Literary criticism and literary history were for him, from the first, no academic studies, but instruments of intellectual emancipation; and his application of these instruments in his first public lectures, during the later sixties, to the petrified orthodoxy and conservatism of Copenhagen provoked the outbursts of contending anger and delight in which his stormy fame was born. He had learnt from Taine and Sainte-Beuve to trace the affinities between the individual writer of genius and his social *milieu;* but he added to all that they could teach him a vast command of the modern thought and culture of Germany, England, and Scandinavia, and the passion for individuality, the demand that a writer should be, before all things, himself, which he shared with his friend Ibsen.' So writes Professor C. H. Herford, of the University of Manchester, in a recent tribute to the influence of Dr. Brandes upon 'the whole cultivated world.' His *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature* has become a well established classic of modern criticism.

MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE

Introduction to Vol. I

It is my intention in the present work to trace the outlines of a psychology of the first half of the nineteenth century by means of the study of certain main groups and movements in European literature. The stormy year 1848, a historical turning-point, and hence a break, is the limit to which I purpose following the process of development. The period between the beginning and the middle of the century presents the spectacle of many scattered and apparently disconnected literary efforts and phenomena. But he who carefully observes the main currents of literature perceives that their movements are all conditioned by one great leading movement with its ebb and flow, namely, the gradual fading away and disappearance of the ideas and feelings of the preceding century, and the return of the idea of progress in new, ever higher-mounting waves.

The central subject of this work is, then, the reaction in the first decades of the nineteenth century against the literature of the eighteenth, and the vanquishment of that reaction. This historic incident is of European interest, and can only be understood by a comparative study of European literature. Such a study I purpose attempting by simultaneously tracing the course of the most important movements in French, German, and English literature. The comparative view possesses the double advantage of bringing foreign literature so near to us that we can assimilate it, and of removing our own until we are enabled to see it in its true perspective. We neither see what is too near the eye nor what is too far away from it. The scientific view of literature provides us with a telescope of which the one end magnifies and the other diminishes; it must be so focussed as to remedy the illusions of unassisted eyesight. The different nations have hitherto stood so remote from each other, as far as literature is concerned, that they have only to a very limited extent been able to benefit by each other's productions. For an image of the position as it is, or was, we must go back to the old fable of the fox and the stork. Everyone knows that the fox, having invited the stork to dinner, arranged all his dainties upon a flat dish from which the stork with his long bill could pick up little or nothing. We also know how the stork revenged himself. He served his delicacies in a tall vase with a long and

slender neck, down which it was easy for him to thrust his bill, but which made it impossible for the fox, with his sharp muzzle, to get anything. The various nations have long played fox and stork in this fashion. It has been and is a great literary problem how to place the contents of the stork's larder upon the fox's table, and *vice versa*.

Literary history is, in its profoundest significance, psychology, the study, the history of the soul. A book which belongs to the literature of a nation, be it romance, drama, or historical work, is a gallery of character portraits, a storehouse of feelings and thoughts. The more momentous the feelings, the greater, clearer, and wider the thoughts. The more remarkable and at the same time representative the characters, so much the greater is the historical value of the book, so much the more clearly does it reveal to us what was really happening in men's minds in a given country at a given period.

Regarded from the merely æsthetic point of view as a work of art, a book is a self-contained, self-existent whole, without any connection with the surrounding world. But looked at from the historical point of view, a book, even though it may be a perfect, complete work of art, is only a piece cut out of an endlessly continuous web. Æsthetically considered, its idea, the main thought inspiring it, may satisfactorily explain it, without any cognizance taken of its author or its environment as an organism; but historically considered, it implies, as the effect implies the cause, the intellectual idiosyncrasy of its author, which asserts itself in all his productions, which conditions this particular book, and some understanding of which is indispensable to its comprehension. The intellectual idiosyncrasy of the author, again, we cannot comprehend without some acquaintance with the intellects which influenced his development, the spiritual atmosphere which he breathed.

The intellectual phenomena which condition, elucidate, and explain each other, fall of themselves into natural groups.

What I shall describe is a historical movement partaking of the form and character of a drama. The six different literary groups it is my intention to represent may be looked on as six acts of a great play. In the first group, the French Emigrant Literature inspired by Rousseau, the reaction begins; but here the reactionary are still everywhere mingled with the revolutionary currents. In the second group, the semi-Catholic Romantic school of Germany, the reaction is on the increase; it is more vigorous and holds itself more aloof from the contemporary struggle for progress and liberty. The third group, consisting of such men as Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais in his strictly orthodox period, Lamartine and Victor Hugo when they (after the restoration of the monarchy) were still mainstays of the Legitimist and clerical party, represents the militant, triumphant reaction. Byron and his English contemporaries form the fourth group. It is this one man, Byron, who produces the revulsion in the great drama. The Greek war of liberation breaks out, a revivifying breeze blows over Europe, Byron falls like a hero in the cause of Greece, and his death makes a tremendous impression on all the productive minds of the Continent. Shortly before the Revolution of July a change of front occurs among the great authors of France; they form the French Romantic school, which is our fifth group, a new liberal movement on the roll of whose adherents we find such names as Lamennais, Hugo, Lamartine, Musset, Georges Sand, etc. The movement passes from France into Germany, and in that country also liberal ideas are victorious. The writers forming the sixth and last group which I shall depict, Young Germany, are inspired by the ideas of the Greek war of liberation and the Revolution of July, and, like the French authors, see in Byron's great shade the leader of the liberal movement. The authors of Young Germany, Heine, Börne, Gutzkow, Ruge, Feuerbach, etc., prepare, together with the contemporary French writers, the great upheaval of 1848.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL IN GERMANY

Introduction to Vol. II

There are many works to be criticized and classified, many personalities to describe. My aim will be to present these personalities and works in as firm and sharp outline as possible, and, without giving undue attention to detail, to throw light upon the whole in such a manner that

its principal features will stand out and arrest the eye. I shall endeavor, on the one hand, to treat the history of literature as humanly as possible, to go as deep down as I can, to seize upon the remotest, innermost psychological movements which prepared for and produced the various literary phenomena; and on the other hand, I shall try to present the result in as plastic and tangible a form as possible. If I can succeed in giving shape, clear and accurate, to the hidden feeling, the idea, which everywhere underlies the literary phenomenon, my task will be accomplished. By preference, I shall always, when possible, embody the abstract in the personal.

First and foremost, therefore, I everywhere trace the connection between literature and life. This is at once proved by the fact that, whereas earlier Danish literary controversies (that between Heiberg and Hauch, for example, or even the famous one between Baggesen and Oehlenschläger) were kept entirely within the domain of literature and dealt exclusively with literary principles, the controversy aroused by the first volume of this work has entailed, quite as much from the nature of the work as from the irrationality of its opponents, the discussion of a multitude of moral, social and religious questions. The Danish reaction, feeling itself to be akin to the one I am about to depict and unmask, has attempted to suppress the movement which it recognized to be antagonistic to itself—but so far with little prospect of success. A French proverb says: *Nul prince n'a tué son successeur.* [No prince has slain his successor.]

When, however, the connection between literature and life is thus emphasized, the delineations and interpretations of men and their books by no means produce what we may call drawing-room history of literature. I go down to the foundations of real life, and show how the emotions which find their expression in literature arise in the human heart. And this same human heart is no still pool, no idyllic mountain lake. It is an ocean, with submarine vegetation and terrible inhabitants. Drawing-room history of literature, like drawing-room poetry, sees in human life a drawing-room, a decorated ballroom—the furniture and the people alike polished, the brilliant illumination excluding all possibility of dark corners. Let those who choose to do so look at things thus; it is not my point of view. Just as the botanist must handle nettles as well as roses, so the student of literature must accustom himself to look, with the unflinching gaze of the naturalist or the physician, upon all the forms taken by human nature, in their diversity and their inward affinity. It makes the plant neither more nor less interesting that it smells sweet or stings; but the dispassionate interest of the botanist is often accompanied by the purely human pleasure in the beauty of the flower.

As I follow the more important literary movements from country to country, studying their psychology, I attempt to condense the fluid material by showing how, from time to time, it crystallizes into one or other definite and intelligible type. The attempt is attended with extraordinary difficulty in this particular period of German literature, from the fact that the chief characteristic of the period is an absence of distinctly typical forms. This literature is not plastic; it is musical. French Romanticism produces clearly defined figures; the ideal of German Romanticism is not a figure, but a melody, not definite form, but infinite aspiration. Is it obliged to name the object of its longing? It designates it by such terms as *ein geheimes Wort, eine blaue Blume, der Zauber der Waldeinsamkeit* (a mystic word—a blue flower—the magic of the lonely woods). These expressions are, however, definitions of moods, and each mood has a corresponding psychological condition; my task is to trace back each mood, emotion, or longing to the group of psychological conditions to which it belongs. This group in combination constitutes a soul; and such a soul, with strongly marked individuality, represents in literature the many who were unable to depict their own character, but who recognized it when thus placed before them. I may possibly succeed in proving that the type does not escape us because the author may have chosen to paint landscape after landscape in place of delineating characteristic personalities, or because he confounds literature with music to the extent of at last entitling his poems simply *Allegro* or *Rondo;* but that, on the contrary, the distinctly peculiar qualities of these landscapes and the character of this word-music are symptomatic of a psychological condition which may be determined with considerable accuracy.

In the general introduction to this work

I have sketched the plan which I have proposed to myself. It is my intention to describe the first great literary movement of the century, the germinating and growing reaction, first elucidating its nature, then following it to its climax. Afterwards I shall show how this reaction was met by a breeze of liberalism blowing from the eighteenth century, which swells into a gale and sweeps away all opposition. Not that the liberal views of the nineteenth century are ever identical with those of the eighteenth, or that its literary forms or scientific ideas ever bear the eighteenth century stamp. Neither Voltaire, nor Rousseau, nor Diderot, neither Lessing nor Schiller, neither Hume nor Godwin rise from the dead; but they are one and all avenged upon their enemies.

Regarded as a whole, German Romanticism is reaction. Nevertheless, as an intellectual, poetico-philosophical reaction, it contains many germs of new development, unmistakable productions of that spirit of progress which, by remolding the old, creates the new, and by altering boundaries gains territory.

The older Romanticists begin, without exception, as the apostles of 'enlightenment.' They introduce a new tone into German poetry, give their works a new color, and, in addition to this, revive both the spirit and the substance of the old fairy-tale, Volkslied, and legend. They exercise at first a fertilizing influence upon German science; research in the domains of history, ethnography, and jurisprudence, the study of German antiquity, Indian and Greek-Latin philology, and the systems and dreams of the *Naturphilosophie* all receive their first impulse from Romanticism. They widened the emotional range of German poetry, though the emotions to which they gave expression were more frequently morbid than healthy. As critics, they originally, and with success, aimed at enlarging the spiritual horizon. In their social capacity they vowed undying hatred to all dead conventionality in the relations between the sexes. The best among them in their youth labored ardently for the intensification of that spiritual life which is based upon a belief in the supernatural. In politics, when not indifferent, they generally began as very theoretical republicans, who, however, in spite of their cosmopolitanism, strove to elevate and strengthen German patriotism.

Unfortunately, their pursuit of all these worthy aims ended in comparative failure. Of all that the German Romanticists produced, little will endure—some masterly translations by A. W. Schlegel, a few of Tieck's productions, a handful of Hardenberg's and another of Eichendorff's lyrics some of Friedrich Schlegel's essays, a few of Arnim's and Brentano's smaller works, a select number of Hoffmann's tales, and some very remarkable dramas and tales from the pen of that eccentric but real genius, Heinrich von Kleist. The rest of the life-work of the Romanticists has disappeared from the memory of the present generation. Looking back on it from this distance, most of their endeavor seems to have ended in smoke. In the matter of language, with their intangible imagery, their misuse of words in expressing the strange, weird and mysterious, their archaisms and their determination to be unintelligible to the ordinary reader, they rather diminished than enriched the poetic vocabulary, rather corrupted than improved literary style. In the domain of poetry, Romanticism ended in hysterical piety and vaporing. In the social domain it occupied itself with only one question, that of the relations between the sexes; and its ideas on this subject were, for the most part, so abnormal and morbidly unhealthy, that most of its passionate blows were dealt in the air. In dealing them, it was not humanity at large that the Romanticists had in view, but a few favored, aristocratic, artistic natures. In religious matters, these men, whose moral and poetical theories were at first so revolutionary, bowed their necks to the yoke the moment they saw it. And in politics it was they who directed the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna and prepared its manifestoes, abolishing liberty of thought in the interval between a religious festival in St. Stephen's and an oyster supper with Fanny Elsler. . . .

Friedrich Schlegel, the author of *Lucinde,* the free-thinking admirer of Fichte, who, in his *Essay on the Idea of Republicanism,* called the democratic republic, with female suffrage, the only reasonable form of government, is converted to Catholicism, becomes a mystic and a faithful servant of the Church, and in his later writings endeavors to promote the cause of reactionary absolutism. Novalis and Schleiermacher, who in their early writings display a mixture of pantheism and

pietism, of Spinoza and Zinzendorf, steadily drift away from Spinoza and approach orthodoxy. In this later life Schleiermacher recants those *Letters on Lucinde* which he had written in a spirit of the purest youthful enthusiasm. Novalis, who in his youthful letters declares himself 'prepared for any sort of enlightenment,' and hopes that he may live to see 'a new massacre of St. Bartholomew, a wholesale destruction of despotisms and prisons,' who desires a republic, and who, at the time when Fichte is prosecuted for atheism, remarks, 'Brave Fichte is really fighting for us all,'—this same Novalis ends by looking on the king in the light of an earthly Providence, condemning Protestantism as revolutionary, defending the temporal power of the Pope, and extoling the spirit of Jesuitism. Fouqué, the knight without fear and without reproach, becomes in the end a pietist Don Quixote, whose great desire is a return to the conditions of feudalism. Clemens Brentano, in his youth the most mettlesome of poets, who both in life and literature made war upon every species of convention, becomes the credulous secretary of a nun, a hysterical visionary; does nothing for the space of five years but fill volume after volume with the sayings of Anna Katherina Emmerich. Zacharias Werner is a variant of the same Romantic type. He starts in his career as a friend of 'enlightenment'; but soon a process of moral dissolution begins; he first extols Luther, then turns Roman Catholic and recants his eulogy; in the end he becomes a priest, and as such displays, both in his life and in his sentimentally gross writings and sermons, a combination of coarse sensuality and priestly unction.

And Steffens—he who stormed the heaven of German Romanticism, carried the sacred fire to Denmark, and set men's minds in such violent uproar that he was compelled to leave his country—what of him? what was he? An upright, weak character, with a brain charged with confused enthusiasms; all feeling and imitative fancy; no lucidity of thought or pregnant concision of style. It is literally impossible to read the so-called scientific writings of his later period; one runs the risk of being drowned in watery sentimentality or smothered by ennui. 'When,' says Julian Schmidt, 'he expounded the *Naturphilosophie* in his broken German from the professorial chair, his mathematical calculations came out wrong and his experiments failed, but his audience was carried away by his earnestness, his almost religious solemnity, his naïve, child-like enthusiasm.' Naïveté was a quality that the Northerner of those days seldom lacked. In his best days, Steffens, captivated by the theories of the *Naturphilosophie*, took an innocent pleasure in tracing the attributes of the human mind in minerals, in humanizing geology and botany. But the Revolution of July turned his head. Inflamed by pietism, that elderly lady who for the last thirteen years had been the object of his affections, and for whose sake he had already more than once entered the lists, he closed his literary career with a series of feeble attacks upon the young writers of post-revolutionary Germany.

In this he was only following in the footsteps of his master, Schelling. Schelling, who, in marked contrast to Fichte with his clear doctrine of the Ego, dwells upon the mysterious nature of the mind, and bases not only philosophy, but also art and religion, upon the perception of genius, the so-called 'intellectual intuition,' displays both in his doctrine and in his want of method the arbitrariness, the lawlessness, which is the kernel of Romanticism. As early as 1802, in his *Bruno*, he used the significant expression and future catchword, 'Christian philosophy,' though he still maintained that, in genuine religious value, the Bible is not to be compared with the sacred books of India—a theory which even Görres champions in the early stage of his literary career. Having, like Novalis, at Tieck's instigation, made a close study of Jakob Böhme and the other mystics, Schelling began to philosophize mystically on the subject of 'Nature in God,' an expression appropriated by Martensen in his *Spekulative Dogmatik*. But when, shortly afterwards, a patent of nobility was conferred on him (as professor at the University of Munich), and he was made President of the Academy of Science in Catholic and clerical Bavaria, the famous 'Philosophy of Revelation' commenced to germinate in his mind. Soon the transformation was complete; the fiery enthusiast had become a courtier, the prophet a charlatan. With his mysteries, his announcements of a marvelous science, 'which had hitherto been considered impossible,' his refusal to print his wisdom, to do anything but communicate it verbally, and even

then not in its entirety, he qualified himself for being called, after Hegel's death, to Berlin, to lend a helping hand to State religion in the 'Christian-Germanic' police-governed Prussia of the day, and to teach a State philosophy, for which, as he himself said, the only suitable name is Christology. Here it was that the young generation, the Hegelians of the Left, fell upon him and tore his mystic cobweb into a thousand pieces.

Yet Schelling is the least irrational of the Romantic philosophers. He is vehemently accused of heresy by Franz Baader, the reincarnated Jakob Böhme, the object of Kierkegaard's admiration, who reproaches him with setting the Trinity upon a logical balance-pole, and, still worse, with daring to deny the existence of a personal devil. The utterances of the others are in keeping with this. Schubert writes *The Symbolism of Dreams*—was not the dream the ideal of Romanticism?—occupies himself in all seriousness with interpreting them, happy in his persuasion that clairvoyance and visions are the highest sources of knowledge. The visionseer of Prevorst, whom Strauss, characteristically enough, began his public career by exposing, plays an important part in those days. Then there is Görres, who at the time of the great Revolution was 'inspired to triumphal song by the fall of Rome and the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire,' and who afterwards took an active and honorable part in rousing German patriotic spirit during the struggle against Napoleon; this same Görres becomes the author of Christian Mysticism (a book which Kierkegaard read with shudders of awe), revels in the blood of martyrs, gloats over the agonies and ecstasies of the saints, enumerates the different aureoles, nail-prints, and wounds in the side by which they are distinguished, and prostrates himself in the dust, he, the old Jacobin, before the one true Catholic Church, chanting the praises of the Holy Alliance. To these add the politicians: Adam Müller, who, as Gottschall has aptly said, pursues in politics the quest of Novalis's 'blue flower,' who would fain fuse State, Science, Church, and Stage into one marvelous unit; Haller, who concealed his conversion to Catholicism in order to retain his appointments, and who, in his *Revival of the Science of Statesmanship,* bases this science upon theocracy; Leo (scathingly criticized by Ruge), who, in the same spirit, inveighs against the humanity of the age and its reluctance to shed the blood of Radicals; and Stahl, who, in his *Philosophy of Law,* compares marriage to the relation between Christ and the Church, the family to the Trinity, and the earthly right of succession to man's right to the heavenly inheritance. Taking all this together, one feels as if Romanticism ended in a sort of witches' Sabbath, in which the philosophers play the part of the old crones, amidst the thunders of the obscurantists, the insane yells of the mystics, and the shouts of the politicians for temporal and ecclesiastical despotism, while theology and theosophy fall upon the sciences and suffocate them with their caresses.

TOLSTOY (1828–1910)

Leo Tolstoy's literary career, which extended over the second half of the nineteenth century and overlapped into the twentieth, divides itself into three distinct periods: (1) his youth and early manhood as a dashing young artillery officer who attracted attention by his lively accounts of his campaigns in the Caucasus and the Crimea; (2) his happy middle years on his family estate at Yasnaya Polyana, where, with the help of his wife, he wrote the novels which won for him a world-wide reputation—*War and Peace* (1865-1868) and *Anna Karenina* (1875-1878); (3) the last thirty years of his life following the spiritual crisis of the early eighties, which culminated in his flight from home at the age of 82 and his death at a wayside railroad station (Astapovo). This last period is one of vehement religious, moral, and social propaganda, including his novel *Resurrection* (1899) and the treatise *What is Art?*, which after some twenty years' labor was published in 1898 and created a great sensation. Its point of view, though familiar enough in the middle ages, was a curious novelty in modern times. The chapters of it reprinted below are from the admirable translation of Tolstoy's friend Aylmer Maude and are taken from the volume edited by him entitled *Tolstoy on Art*, published in 1924 by Small, Maynard and Co., to whom we are indebted for permission to reprint.

WHAT IS ART?

Art is one of two organs of human progress. By words man interchanges thoughts, by the forms of art he interchanges feelings, and this with all men not only of the present time but also of the past and the future. It is natural to human beings to employ both these organs of intercommunication and therefore the perversion of either of them must cause evil results to the society in which it occurs. And these results will be of two kinds: first, the absence in that society of the work which should be performed by the organ, and secondly, the harmful activity of the perverted organ. And just these results have shown themselves in our society. The organ of art has been perverted, and therefore the upper classes of society have to a great extent been deprived of the effect that it should have produced. The diffusion in our society of enormous quantities, on the one hand, of those counterfeits of art which only serve to amuse and corrupt people, and on the other hand, of works of insignificant exclusive art, mistaken for the highest art, have perverted most men's capacity to be infected by true works of art, and have thus deprived them of the possibility of experiencing the highest feelings to which mankind has attained, which can only be transmitted from man to man by art.

All the best that has been done in art by man remains strange to people who lack the capacity to be infected by art, and is replaced either by spurious counterfeits of art or by insignificant art, which they mistake for real art. People of our time and of our society are delighted with Baudelaires, Verlaines, Moréases, Ibsens, Maeterlincks, in poetry; with Monets, Manets, Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Joneses, Stucks, and Böcklins, in painting; with Wagners, Liszts, Richard Strausses, in music; and they are no longer capable of comprehending either the highest or the simplest art.

In the upper classes, in consequence of this loss of capacity to be infected by works of art, people grow up, are educated and live, lacking the fertilizing, improving influence of art, and therefore not only do not advance towards perfection, do not become kinder, but, on the contrary, possessing highly-developed external means of civilization, they yet tend to become continually more savage, more coarse, and more cruel.

Such is the result of the absence from our society of the activity of that essential organ—art. But the consequences of the perverted activity of that organ are yet more harmful. And they are numerous.

The first consequence, plain for all to see, is the enormous expenditure of the labor of working people on things which are not only useless, but, for the most part, are harmful; and more than that, the waste of priceless human lives on this unnecessary and harmful business. It is terrible to consider with what intensity and amid what privations, millions of people—who lack time and opportunity to attend to what they and their families urgently require—labor for ten, twelve, or fourteen hours on end, and even at night, setting the type for pseudo-artistic books which spread vice among mankind, or working for theaters, concerts, exhibitions, and picture galleries, which for the most part also serve vice; but it is yet more terrible to reflect that lively, kindly children, capable of all that is good, are devoted from their early years to such tasks as these: that for six, eight, or ten hours a day, and for ten or fifteen years, some of them should play scales and exercises; others should twist their limbs, walk on their toes and lift their legs above their heads; a third set should sing solfeggios; a fourth set, showing themselves off in all manner of ways, should recite verses; a fifth set should draw from busts or from nude models and paint studies; a sixth set should write compositions according to the rules of certain periods; and that in these occupations, unworthy of a human being, which are often continued long after full maturity, they should waste their physical and mental strength and lose all perception of the meaning of life. It is often said that it is horrible and pitiful to see little acrobats putting their legs over their necks, but it is not less pitiful to see children of ten giving concerts, and it is still worse to see schoolboys of ten who as a preparation for literary work have learned by heart the exceptions to the Latin grammar. These people not only grow physically and mentally deformed but also morally deformed, and become incapable of doing anything really needed by man. Occupying in society the rôle of amusers of the rich, they lose their sense of human dignity and develop in themselves such a passion for public applause that they are always a prey to an inflated and unsatisfied vanity which grows in them to diseased dimensions, and they expend their mental strength in efforts to obtain satisfaction for this passion. And what is most tragic of all is that these people, who for the sake of art are spoiled for life, not only do not render service to this art, but on the contrary inflict the greatest harm on it. They are taught in academies, schools, and conservatoires how to counterfeit art, and by learning this they so pervert themselves that they quite lose the capacity to produce works of real art, and become purveyors of that counterfeit, or trivial, or depraved art which floods our society. This is the first obvious consequence of the perversion of the organ of art.

The second consequence is that the productions of amusement-art, which are prepared in such terrific quantities by the armies of professional artists, enable the rich people of our time to live the lives they do, lives not only unnatural, but in contradiction to the humane principles these people themselves profess. To live as do the idle rich people, especially the women, far from nature and from animals, in artificial conditions, with muscles atrophied or misdeveloped by gymnastics, and with enfeebled vital energy, would be impossible were it not for what is called art—for this occupation and amusement which hides from them the meaninglessness of their lives, and saves them from the dullness that oppresses them. Take from all these people the theaters, concerts, exhibitions, piano-playing, songs and novels, with which they now fill their time in full confidence that occupation with these things is a very refined, æsthetic, and therefore good occupation; take from the patrons of art who buy pictures, assist musicians, and are acquainted with writers, their rôle of protectors of that important matter art, and they will not be able to continue such a life, but will all be eaten up by ennui and spleen, and will become conscious of the meaninglessness and wrongfulness of their present mode of life. Only occupation with what among them is considered art renders it possible for them to continue to live on, infringing all natural conditions, without perceiving the emptiness and cruelty of their lives. And this support afforded to the false manner of life pursued by the rich is the second consequence, and a serious one, of the perversion of art.

The third consequence of the perversion of art is the perplexity produced in the minds of children and plain folk. Among people not perverted by the false theories of our society, among workers and chil-

dren, there exists a very definite conception of why people should be respected and praised. In the minds of peasants and children the ground for praise or eulogy can only be either physical strength: Hercules, the heroes and conquerors; or moral, spiritual strength: Sakya Muni giving up a beautiful wife and a kingdom to save mankind, Christ going to the cross for the truth he professed, and all the martyrs and the saints. Both are understood by peasants and children. They understand that physical strength must be respected, for it compels respect; and the moral strength of goodness an unperverted man cannot fail to respect, because his whole spiritual being draws him toward it. But these people, children and peasants, suddenly perceive that beside those praised, respected, and rewarded for physical or moral strength, there are others who are praised, extoled and rewarded much more than the heroes of strength and virtue, merely because they sing well, compose verses or dance. They see that singers, composers, painters, ballet-dancers earn millions of roubles and receive more honor than the saints do: and peasants and children are perplexed.

When fifty years had elapsed after Púshkin's death and, simultaneously, the cheap editions of his works began to circulate among the people and a monument was erected to him in Moscow, I received more than a dozen letters from different peasants asking why Púshkin was raised to such dignity? And only the other day a literate man from Sarátov called on me who had evidently gone out of his mind over this very question. He was on his way to Moscow to expose the clergy for having taken part in raising a monument to Mr. Púshkin.

Indeed, one need only imagine to one's self what the state of mind of such a man of the people must be when he learns from such rumors and newspapers as reach him, that the clergy, Government officials, and all of the best people in Russia, are triumphantly unveiling a statue to a great man, the benefactor, the pride of Russia—Púshkin, of whom till then he had never heard. On all sides he reads or hears about this, and he naturally supposes that if such honors are rendered to anyone, then without doubt he must have done something extraordinary—either some feat of strength or of goodness. He tries to learn who Púshkin was, and having discovered that Púshkin was neither a hero nor a general but a private person and a writer, he comes to the conclusion that Púshkin must have been a holy man and a teacher of goodness, and he hastens to read or to hear of his life and works. But what must be his perplexity when he learns that Púshkin was a man of more than easy morals, who was killed in a duel when attempting to murder another man, and that all his service consisted in writing verses about love, which were often very indecent.

That a hero, or Alexander the Great, or Genghis Khan, or Napoleon was great, he understands, because any one of them could have crushed him and a thousand like him; that Buddha, Socrates, and Christ were great he also understands, for he knows and feels that he and all men should be such as they were; but why a man should be great because he wrote verses about the love of women he cannot make out.

A similar perplexity must trouble the brain of a Breton or Normandy peasant who hears that a monument, *une statue* (as to the Madonna), is being erected to Baudelaire, and reads, or is told, what the contents of his *Fleurs du Mal* are; or, more amazing still, to Verlaine, when he learns the story of that man's wretched, vicious life, and reads his verses. And what confusion it must cause in the brains of peasants when they learn that some Patti or Taglioni is paid £10,000 for a season, or that a painter gets as much for a picture, or that authors of novels describing love-scenes have received even more than that.

And it is the same with children. I remember how I passed through this stage of amazement and stupefaction and only reconciled myself to this exaltation of artists to the level of heroes and saints by lowering in my own estimation the importance of moral excellence and by attributing a false, unnatural meaning to works of art. And a similar confusion must occur in the soul of each child and each man of the people when he learns of the strange honors and rewards that are lavished on artists. This is the third consequence of the false relation in which our society stands towards art.

The fourth consequence is that people of the upper classes, more and more fre-

quently encountering the contradictions between beauty and goodness, put the ideal of beauty first, thus freeing themselves from the demands of morality. These people, reversing the rôles, instead of admitting, as is really the case, that the art they serve is an antiquated affair, allege that morality is an antiquated affair and assert that it can have no importance for people situated on that high plane of development which they opine that they occupy.

This result of the false relation to art showed itself in our society long ago; but recently, with its prophet Nietzsche and his adherents, and with the decadents and certain English æsthetes who coincide with him, it is being expressed with especial impudence. The Decadents, and æsthetes of the type at one time represented by Oscar Wilde, select as a theme for their productions the denial of morality and the laudation of vice.

This art has partly generated and partly coincides with a similar philosophic theory. I recently received from America a book entitled *The Survival of the Fittest: Philosophy of Power,* 1896, by Ragner Redbeard, Chicago. The substance of this book, as it is expressed in the editor's preface, is that to measure right by the false philosophy of the Hebrew prophets and weepful Messiahs is madness. Right is not the offspring of doctrine but of power. All laws, commandments, or doctrines as to not doing to another what you do not wish done to you, have no inherent authority whatever, but receive it only from the club, the gallows, and the sword. A man truly free is under no obligation to obey any injunction, human or divine. Obedience is the sign of the degenerate. Disobedience is the stamp of the hero. Men should not be bound by moral rules invented by their foes. The whole world is a slippery battlefield. Ideal justice demands that the vanquished should be exploited, emasculated, and scorned. The free and brave may seize the world. And therefore there should be eternal war for life, for land, for love, for women, for power, and for gold. (Something similar was said a few years ago by the celebrated and refined academician, de Vogüé). The earth with its treasures is booty for the bold.

The author has evidently by himself, independently of Nietzsche, come to the same conclusions which are professed by the new artists.

Expressed in the form of a doctrine these positions startle us. In reality they are implied in the ideal of art serving beauty. The art of our upper classes had educated people in this ideal of the superman,—which is in reality the old ideal of Nero, Sténka Rázin, Genghis Khan, Robert Macaire, or Napoleon, and all their accomplices, assistants, and adulators,—and it supports this ideal with all its might.

It is this supplanting of the ideal of what is right by the ideal of what is beautiful, that is, of what is pleasant, that is the fourth consequence, and a terrible one, of the perversion of art in our society. It is fearful to think of what would befall humanity were such art to spread among the masses of the people. And it already begins to spread.

Finally, the fifth and chief result is that the art which flourishes in the upper classes of European society has a directly vitiating influence, infecting people with the worst feelings and with those most harmful to humanity—superstition, patriotism, and, above all, sensuality.

Look carefully into the causes of the ignorance of the masses and you may see that the chief cause does not at all lie in the lack of schools and libraries, as we are accustomed to suppose, but in those superstitions, both ecclesiastical and patriotic, with which the people are saturated and which are unceasingly generated by all the methods of art. Church superstitions are supported and produced by the poetry of prayers, hymns, paintings, by the sculpture of images and of statues, by singing, by organs, by music, by architecture, and even by dramatic art in religious ceremonies. Patriotic superstitions are supported and produced by verses and stories (which are supplied even in schools), by music, by songs, by triumphal processions, by royal meetings, by martial pictures, and by monuments.

Were it not for this continual activity in all departments of art, perpetuating the ecclesiastical and patriotic intoxication and embitterment of the people, the masses would long ere this have attained to true enlightenment.

But it is not only in Church matters and patriotic matters that art depraves; it is art in our time that serves as the chief cause of the perversion of people in the

most important question of social life—in their sexual relations. We nearly all know by our own experience, and those who are fathers and mothers know in the case of their grown-up children also, what fearful mental and physical suffering, what useless waste of strength, people suffer merely as a consequence of dissoluteness in sexual desire.

Since the world began, since the Trojan war, which sprang from that same sexual dissoluteness, down to and including the suicides and murders of lovers described in almost every newspaper, a great proportion of the sufferings of the human race have come from this source.

And what is art doing? All art, real and counterfeit, with very few exceptions, is devoted to describing, depicting, and inflaming, sexual love in every shape and form. If one remembers all those novels and their lust-kindling descriptions of love, from the most refined to the grossest, with which the literature of our society overflows; if one only remembers all those pictures and statues representing women's naked bodies, and all sorts of abominations, which are reproduced in illustrations and advertisements; if one only remembers all the filthy operas and operettas, songs and ballads, with which our world teems, involuntarily it seems as if existing art had but one definite aim—to disseminate vice as widely as possible.

Such are the most direct though not all the consequences of that perversion of art which has occurred in our society. So that what in our society is called art not only does not conduce to the progress of mankind, but more than almost anything else hinders the attainment of goodness in our lives.

And therefore the question which involuntarily presents itself to every man free from artistic activity and not bound to existing art by self-interest, the question asked by me at the beginning of this work: 'Is it just that to what we call art, to a something possessed by but a small section of society, should be offered up such sacrifices of human labor, of human lives, and of goodness, as are now being offered up?' receives the natural reply: 'No; it is unjust, and these things should not be!' Such is also the answer of sound sense and unperverted moral feeling. Not only should these things not be, not only should no sacrifices be offered up to what among us is called art, but on the contrary, the efforts of those who wish to live rightly should be directed toward the destruction of this art, for it is one of the most cruel of the evils that harass our section of humanity. So that were the question put: Would it be preferable for our Christian world to be deprived of all that is now esteemed to be art, and together with the false to lose all that is good in it? I think that every reasonable and moral man would again decide the question as Plato decided it for his *Republic,* and as all the early Church-Christian and Mahomedan teachers of mankind decided it, that is, would say, Rather let there be no art at all than continue the depraving art, or simulation of art, which now exists. Happily no one has to face this question and no one need adopt either solution. All that man can do, and that we—the so-called educated people who are so placed that we have the possibility of understanding the meaning of the phenomena of our life—can and should do, is to understand the error we are involved in, and not harden our hearts in it, but seek for a way of escape.

THE PROSTITUTION OF ART

The cause of the lie into which the art of our society has fallen was that people of the upper classes, having ceased to believe in the Church teaching (called Christian), did not resolve to accept true Christian teaching in its real and fundamental principles of sonship to God and brotherhood to man, but continued to live on without any belief, endeavoring to make up for the absence of belief—some by hypocrisy, pretending still to believe in the nonsense of the Church creeds; others by boldly asserting their disbelief; others by refined agnosticism; and others, again, by returning to the Greek worship of beauty, proclaiming egotism to be right, and elevating it to the rank of a religious doctrine.

The cause of the malady was the non-acceptance of Christ's teaching in its real, that is, its full, meaning. And the only cure lies in acknowledging that teaching in its full meaning. Such acknowledgment in our time is not only possible but inevitable. Already today a man standing on the height of the knowledge of our age, whether he be nominally a Catholic or a Protestant, cannot say that he really be-

lieves in the dogmas of the Church: in God being a Trinity, in Christ being God, in the scheme of Redemption, and so forth; nor can he satisfy himself by proclaiming his unbelief or scepticism, nor by relapsing into the worship of beauty and egotism. Above all he can no longer say that we do not know the real meaning of Christ's teaching. That meaning has not only become accessible to all men of our times, but the whole life of man today is permeated by the spirit of that teaching and consciously or unconsciously is guided by it.

However differently in form people belonging to our Christian world may define the destiny of man: whether they see it in human progress (in whatever sense of the words), in the union of all men in a socialistic realm, or in the establishment of a commune; whether they look forward to the union of mankind under the guidance of one universal Church, or to the federation of the world—however various in form their definitions of the destination of human life may be, all men in our times already admit that the highest well-being attainable by men is to be reached by their union with one another.

However people of our upper classes (feeling that their ascendancy can only be maintained as long as they separate themselves—the rich and learned—from the laborers, the poor and unlearned) may seek to devise new conceptions of life, by which their privileges may be perpetuated—now the ideal of returning to antiquity, now mysticism, now Hellenism, now the cult of the superior person (supermanism)—they have, willingly or unwillingly, to admit the truth which is becoming clear upon all sides voluntarily and involuntarily, namely, that our welfare lies only in the union and brotherhood of man.

Unconsciously this truth is confirmed by the construction of means of communication—telegraphs, telephones, the press, and the ever-increasing attainability of material well-being for everyone—and consciously it is affirmed by the destruction of superstitions which divide men, by the diffusion of the truths of knowledge, and by the expression of the ideal of the brotherhood of man in the best works of art of our time.

Art is a spiritual organ of human life which cannot be destroyed, and therefore, notwithstanding all the efforts made by people of the upper classes to conceal the religious ideal by which humanity lives, that ideal is more and more clearly recognized by man, and even in our perverted society is more and more often partially expressed by science and by art. During the present century works of the higher kind of religious art, permeated by a truly Christian spirit, have appeared more and more frequently both in literature and in painting, as also works of the universal art of common life accessible to all. So that even art knows the true ideal of our times and tends towards it. On the one hand, the best works of art of our time transmit religious feelings urging toward the union and the brotherhood of man (such are the works of Dickens, Hugo, Dostoevski; and, in painting, of Millet, Bastien Lepage, Jules Breton, Lhermitte, and others); on the other hand, they strive toward the transmission, not of feelings which are natural to people of the upper classes only, but of such feelings as may unite everyone without exception. There are as yet few such works, but the need of them is already acknowledged. In recent times we also meet more and more frequently with attempts at publications, pictures, concerts, and theaters for the people. All this is still very far from accomplishing what should be done, but already the direction in which good art instinctively presses forward to regain the path natural to it can be discerned.

The religious perception of our time—which consists in acknowledging that the aim of life (both collective and individual) is the union of mankind—is already so sufficiently distinct that people have now only to reject the false theory of beauty, according to which enjoyment is considered to be the purpose of art, and religious perception will naturally take its place as the guide of the art of our time.

And as soon as this religious perception which already unconsciously directs the life of man is consciously acknowledged, then immediately and naturally the division of art into art for the lower and art for the upper classes will disappear. There will be one common, brotherly, universal art; and then first, that art will naturally be rejected which transmits feelings incompatible with the religious perception of our time—feelings which do not unite, but divide men—and later that insignificant, exclusive art will be rejected to which an unmerited importance is now attributed.

And as soon as this occurs, art will immediately cease to be, what it has been in recent times, a means of making people coarser and more vicious, and it will become what it always used to be and should be, a means by which humanity progresses toward unity and blessedness.

Strange as the comparison may sound, what has happened to the art of our circle and time is what happens to a woman who sells her womanly attractiveness, intended for maternity, for the pleasure of those who desire such pleasures.

The art of our time and of our circle has become a prostitute. And this comparison holds good even in minute details. Like her it is not limited to certain times, like her it is always adorned, like her it is always saleable, and like her it is enticing and ruinous.

A real work of art can only arise in the soul of an artist occasionally, as the fruit of the life he has lived, just as a child is conceived by its mother. But counterfeit art is produced by artisans and handicraftsmen continually, if only consumers can be found.

Real art, like the wife of an affectionate husband, needs no ornaments. But counterfeit art, like a prostitute, must always be decked out.

The cause of the production of real art is the artist's inner need to express a feeling that has accumulated, just as for a mother the cause of sexual conception was love. The cause of counterfeit art, as of prostitution, is gain.

The consequence of true art is the introduction of a new feeling into the intercourse of life, as the consequence of a wife's love is the birth of a new man into life.

The consequences of counterfeit art are the perversion of man, pleasure which never satisfies, and the weakening of man's spiritual strength.

And this is what people of our day and of our circle should understand, in order to avoid the filthy torrent of depraved and prostituted art with which we are deluged.

CHEKHOF (1860–1904)

Anton Chekhof first became known to the western world as a playwright, but in Russia, although he was well known as the dramatist of the Moscow Art Theater, he had an earlier and more extended reputation as a writer of short stories. English and American story-writers have come to appreciate in Chekhof's work a subtler and more delicate technique than that of Maupassant, and a still more recent discovery has been his supreme charm as a letter writer. Chekhof's letters were first translated by Constance Garnett, and more recently by S. S. Koteliansky and Philip Tomlinson. Those given below are taken from the admirably arranged collection made by Louis S. Friedland, to whom, as well as to his publishers, Minton, Balch and Co., we are indebted for permission to reprint. The full title of Dr. Friedland's book is *Letters on the Short Story, the Drama and other Literary Topics* by Anton Chekhof.

THE MAN OF CULTURE

To Nikolai Chekhof

Moscow, 1886.

You often complain that people 'don't understand you!' Goethe and Newton did not make this complaint.

I assure you as a brother and as a friend that I understand you and feel for you with all my heart. I know your good qualities as I know my five fingers; I value and deeply respect them.

You have only one fault, and the falseness of your position, and your unhappiness, and your catarrh of the bowels are all due to it. That is, your utter lack of culture. You see, life has its conditions. In order to feel comfortable among educated people, to be at home and happy with them, one must have a certain degree of culture. Talent has brought you into such a circle, you belong to it, but—you are drawn away from it, and you hover between cultured people and the next-door lodgers.

Cultured people must, in my opinion, fulfil the following conditions:

1. They respect human personality, and for this reason they are always kind, gentle and ready to give in to others.

2. They have sympathy not alone for beggars and cats. Their heart aches for what the eye does not see.

3. They respect the property of others, and therefore pay their debts.

4. They are sincere, and dread lying as they dread fire. They do not pose; they behave in the streets as they do at home; they do not show off before their humbler comrades. They are not given to empty babbling, and to forcing their uninvited confidences on other people. Out of respect for others, they more often keep silent than talk.

5. They do not disparage themselves to rouse compassion. They do not play on the strings of other people's hearts so that they may sigh and make much of them. They do not cry 'I am misunderstood,' or 'I have become second-rate,' because all this is striving after cheap effect, is low, stale, false.

6. They have no shallow vanity. If they do a pennyworth they do not strut about as though they had done a hundred roubles' worth, and do not brag of having the entry where others are not admitted. The truly talented always keep in obscurity among the crowd, as far as possible from advertisement. Even Kriloff has said that an empty barrel echoes more loudly than a full one.

7. If they have talent, they respect it. They sacrifice to it rest, women, wine, vanity. They are proud of their talent. Besides, they are fastidious.

8. They develop the æsthetic feeling in themselves. They seek as far as possible to restrain and ennoble the sexual instinct. What they want in a woman is not a bedfellow. They want, especially if they are artists, freshness, elegance, humanity, the capacity for motherhood. They do not swill vodka at all hours of the day and night. They drink only when they are

free, on occasion. For they want *mens sana in corpore sano.* [A sound mind in a sound body.]

And so on. This is what cultured people are like. In order to be cultured and not to stand below the level of your surroundings it is not enough to have read *The Pickwick Papers,* and memorized a monologue from *Faust.*

What is needed is constant work, day and night, constant study, will. Every hour is precious for it. Come to us; smash the vodka bottle; lie down and read,—Turgeniev, if you like, whom you have not read.

THE ARTIST'S BUSINESS

To A. S. Souvorin

Moscow, October 27, 1888.

In conversation with my literary colleagues I always insist that it is not the artist's business to solve problems that require a specialist's knowledge. It is a bad thing if a writer tackles a subject he does not understand. We have specialists for dealing with special questions: it is their business to judge of the commune, of the future, of capitalism, of the evils of drunkenness, of boots, of the diseases of women. An artist must judge only of what he understands, his field is just as limited as that of any other specialist—I repeat this and insist on it always. That in his sphere there are no questions, but only answers, can be maintained only by those who have never written and have had no experience in thinking in images. An artist observes, selects, guesses, combines—and this in itself presupposes a problem; unless he had set himself a problem from the very first there would be nothing to conjecture and nothing to select. To put it briefly, I will end by using the language of psychiatry: if one denies that creative work involves problems and purposes, one must admit that an artist creates without premeditation or intention, in a state of aberration; therefore, if an author boasted to me of having written a novel without a preconceived design, under a sudden inspiration, I should call him mad.

You are right in demanding that an artist should take an intelligent attitude to his work, but you confuse two things: solving a problem and stating a problem correctly. It is only the second that is obligatory for the artist. In *Anna Karenina* and *Evgeni Onegin* not a single problem is solved, but they satisfy you completely because all the problems in these works are correctly stated. It is the business of the judge to put the right questions, but the answers must be given by the jury according to their own lights.

To A. N. Plescheyev

Moscow, October, 1889.

I am not afraid of those who look for a tendency between the lines, and who are determined to regard me either as a liberal or as a conservative. I am not a liberal, not a conservative, not a believer in gradual progress, not a monk, not an indifferentist. I should like to be a free artist and nothing more, and I regret that God has not given me the power to be one. I hate lying and violence in all their forms, and am equally repelled by the secretaries of consistories and by Notovich and Gradovsky. Pharisaism, stupidity, and despotism reign not in merchants' houses and prisons alone. I see them in science, in literature, in the younger generation. That is why I have no preference either for gendarmes, or for butchers, or for scientists, or for writers, or for the younger generation. I regard trademarks and labels as a superstition. My holy of holies is the human body, health, intelligence, talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom—freedom from violence and lying, whatever forms they may take. This is the program I would follow if I were a great artist.

To A. S. Souvorin

Moscow, April 1, 1890.

You abuse me for objectivity, calling it indifference to good and evil, lack of ideals and ideas, and so on. You would have me, when I describe horse-thieves, say, 'Stealing horses is an evil.' But that has been known for ages without my saying so. Let the jury judge them; it's my job simply to show what sort of people they are. I write: you are dealing with horse-thieves, so let me tell you that they are not beggars but well-fed people, that they are people of a special cult, and that horse-stealing is not simply theft but a passion. Of course

it would be pleasant to combine art with a sermon, but for me personally it is extremely difficult and almost impossible, owing to the conditions of technique. You see, to depict horse-thieves in seven hundred lines I must all the time speak and think in their tone and feel in their spirit; otherwise, if I introduce subjectivity, the image becomes blurred and the story will not be as compact as all short stories ought to be. When I write, I reckon entirely upon the reader to add for himself the subjective elements that are lacking in the story.

TWO LETTERS TO GORKY

To A. M. Pyeshkof (Maxim Gorky)

Yalta, Dec. 3, 1898.

You ask for my opinion of your stories. My opinion? An unquestionable talent, and a real, a great talent at that. In the story *On the Steppe,* for instance, there is so much power that I even became envious that I was not its author. You are an artist, a clear-eyed man; you feel keenly, you are plastic, i.e., when you picture a thing you see it, and feel it with your hand. This is real art. Now you have my opinion, and I am very glad that I can express it to you. I am very glad, I repeat, and if we were to meet and speak for an hour or two, you would see how highly I value you and what hopes I have in your talent.

Shall I now speak of your defects? This is not so easy. To speak of the defects of a man of talent is the same as to speak of the defects of a big tree that grows in a garden; the main reality here is not in the tree but in the emotion aroused in him who looks at the tree. Isn't it so?

I shall begin by saying that you, in my opinion, have no self-restraint. You are like a spectator in a theater who expresses his delight so unreservedly that it prevents himself and others from listening. This lack of self-restraint is especially evident in the descriptions of nature with which you interrupt the dialogue; as one reads these descriptions one wishes they were more compact, shorter, say about two or three lines or so. The frequent mention of 'softness,' 'whisper,' 'velvety smoothness' etc., impart to these descriptions a certain floridness, monotony,—they cool one's ardor and almost tire one. The lack of self-restraint is felt also in the portrayal of women (*Malva; On the Raft*), and of love scenes. It is not a free swing, a broadness of the brush, but precisely the lack of self-restraint. Then, too, there is a frequent use of words entirely out of place in stories of your type. 'Accompaniment,' 'disc,' 'harmony,'—such words are disturbing. In the delineation of the intelligentsia there is something forced, as if you feel a sense of uncertainty. This is not due to lack of study of the intelligentsia; you know them, but it seems as if you do not know from what angle to approach them.

How old are you? I do not know you. I don't know where you came from and who you are, but it seems to me that while you are still young, you ought to leave Nizhni and for two or three years to live among, to rub elbows, as it were, with literary people and literature. Not in order to learn a different tune or to acquire more cunning or skill, but in order to plunge over head and ears in literature and learn to love it. Besides, the provinces make one prematurely old. Potapenko, Mamin, Ertel,—they are all excellent people. At first, perhaps, you will feel a sense of tedium in their company, but a year or two later you will grow accustomed to them, and they will repay you with interest for the unpleasantness and the discomforts of town-life.

Be well and happy. I warmly press your hand. Once more, thanks for your letter.

Yalta, Jan. 3, 1899.

. . . Apparently you have misunderstood me a little. I did not write to you of coarseness of style, but only of the incongruity of foreign, not genuinely Russian, or rarely used words. In other authors such words as, for instance, 'fatalistically,' pass unnoticed, but your things are musical, harmonious, and every crude touch jars fearfully. Of course it is a question of taste, and perhaps this is only a sign of excessive fastidiousness in me, or the conservatism of a man who has adopted definite habits for himself long ago. I am resigned to 'a collegiate assessor,' and a 'captain of the second rank,' in descriptions, but 'flirt' and 'champion' when they occur in descriptions excite repulsion in me.

Are you self-educated? In your stories

you are completely an artist and at the same time an 'educated' man in the truest sense.

Nothing is less characteristic of you than coarseness; you are clever and subtle and delicate in your feelings. Your best things are *On the Steppe,* and *On the Raft*—did I write to you about that? They are splendid things, masterpieces; they show the artist who has passed through a very good school. I don't think that I am mistaken. The only defect is the lack of restraint, the lack of grace. When a man spends the least possible number of movements over some definite action, that is grace. One is conscious of superfluity in your expenditure.

The descriptions of nature are the work of an artist; you are a real landscape painter. Only the frequent personification (anthropomorphism) when the sea breathes, the sky gazes, the steppe barks, nature whispers, speaks, mourns, and so on—such metaphors make your descriptions somewhat monotonous, somewhat sweetish, sometimes not clear; beauty and expressiveness in nature are attained only by simplicity, by such simple phrases as 'The sun set,' 'It was dark,' 'It began to rain,' and so on—and that simplicity is characteristic of you in the highest degree, more so perhaps than of any other writer.

REALISM IN LITERATURE

To M. V. Kiselev

January 14, 1887.

Even your praise of *On the Road* has not lessened my anger as an author, and I hasten to avenge myself for what you say about *Mire.* Be on your guard, and take firm hold of the back of your chair that you do not faint. Well, here goes.

It is best to meet every critical article with a silent bow, even if it is abusive and unjust—such is the literary etiquette. It is not the correct thing to answer, and all who do so are justly blamed for excessive vanity. But since your criticism is like 'an evening conversation on the steps of the Babinko lodge,' and as, without touching on the literary aspects of the story, it raises general questions of principle, I shall not be sinning against the etiquette if I allow myself to continue our conversation.

In the first place, I, like you, do not admire literature of the kind we are discussing. As a reader and a 'private citizen,' I am glad to avoid it, but if you ask my honest and sincere opinion about it, I shall say that it is still an open question whether it has a right to exist,—a question that has as yet not been settled. You and I and the critics of all the world have no such firm certainty as would give us the right to disown this literature. I do not know who is right: Homer, Shakespeare, Lope de Vega, the ancients generally who did not fear to grub in the 'dunghill,' but who were more stable in their moral relations than we, or the modern writers, fastidious on paper, but coldly cynical in soul and in their manner of life. I do not know who has bad taste: the Greeks, who were not ashamed to sing such love as really is in beautiful Nature, or the readers of Gaboriau, Marlitt, Per Bobo. Like the problems of non-resistance to evil, free-will, etc., this question can be settled only in the future. We can only think about it, but to solve it means to go beyond the limits of our competency. Reference to Turgeniev and Tolstoy, who avoided this 'dunghill,' does not clear up the question. Their aversion does not prove anything; there were writers before them who not only regarded sordidness as 'scoundrelly among scoundrels,' but held the same view of descriptions of muzhiks and clerks and all beneath the titular rank. And a single period, no matter how brilliant, does not give us the right to draw an inference in favor of this or the other tendency. Nor does reference to the corrupting influence of a given literary tendency solve the question. Everything in this world is relative and approximate. There are people who will be corrupted even by juvenile literature, who read with particular pleasure the piquant passages in the Psalter and the Proverbs of Solomon, while there are those who become purer the more they know about the evil side of life. Publicists, lawyers, physicians, initiated into all the secret human sins, are not reputed to be immoral; realistic writers are often more moral than archimandrites. And finally, no literature can in its cynicism surpass actual life; a wineglassful will not make drunk the man who has already emptied a whole cask.

2. That the world 'swarms with male and female scum' is perfectly true. Human

nature is imperfect and it would, therefore, be strange to find only righteous people on this earth. But to think that the task of literature is to gather the pure grain from the muckheap, is to reject literature itself. Artistic literature is called so just because it depicts life as it really is. Its aim is truth,—unconditional and honest. To narrow down its functions to such a specialty as selecting the 'unsullied,' is as fatal to it as to have Levitan paint a tree and forbid him to include the dirty bark and the yellow leaves. I agree with you that the 'cream' is a fine thing, but a litterateur is not a confectioner, not a dealer in cosmetics, not an entertainer; he is a man bound, under compulsion, by the realization of his duty and by his conscience; having put his hand to the plow he must not plead weakness; and no matter how painful it is to him, he is constrained to overcome his aversion and soil his imagination with the sordidness of life. He is just like any ordinary reporter. What would you say if a newspaper reporter, because of his fastidiousness or from a wish to give pleasure to his readers, were to describe only honest mayors, high-minded ladies, and virtuous railroad contractors? To a chemist, nothing on earth is unclean. A writer must be as objective as a chemist; he must abandon the subjective line; he must know that dungheaps play a very respectable part in a landscape, and that evil passions are as inherent in life as good ones.

3. Writers are the children of their age, and therefore, like the rest of the public, ought to surrender to the external conditions of society. Thus, they must be absolutely decent. Only this have we the right to require of the realists. For the rest, you say nothing against the form and execution of *Mire*. . . . And so, I take it, I have been decent.

4. I admit that I seldom consult my conscience when I write. This is due to habit and the brief, compressed form of my work. Let us say that when I express this or that opinion about literature, I do not take myself into account.

5. You write: 'If I were the editor, I would have returned to you this feuilleton for your own good.' Why not go further? Why not go for the editors who print such stories? Why not denounce the Administration of the Press for not suppressing immoral newspapers?

The fate of literature would be woeful (both little and great literature) if you left it to the will of individuals. That's the first thing. In the second place, there is no police which we can consider competent in literary matters. I agree that we must have curbs and whips, for knaves find their way even into literature, but, think what you will, you cannot find a better police for literature than criticism and the author's own conscience. People have been trying to discover such a police since the creation of the world, but nothing better has been found. You would wish me to suffer the loss of one hundred and fifteen roubles and be censured by the editor. Others, among them your father, are delighted with the story. Some send letters of reproach to Souvorin, reviling everything, the newspaper, me, etc. Who, then, is right? Who is the judge?

6. Further, you write: 'Leave such writing to spiritless and unfortunate scribblers like Okreits, Pince-nez or Aloe.'

May Allah pardon me if you wrote those lines sincerely. To be condescending toward humble people because of their humbleness does not do honor to the human heart. In literature, the lower ranks are as necessary as in the army,—so says the mind, and the heart ought to confirm this most thoroughly.

SCIENCE AND THE SPIRIT

To A. S. Souvorin

Moscow, November, 1888.

In the November number of the *Sievery Viestnik* there is an article by the poet Merezhkovsky about your humble servant. It is a long article. I commend to your attention the end of it; it is characteristic. Merezhkovsky is still very young, a student—of science, I believe. Those who have assimilated the wisdom of the scientific method and learned to think scientifically experience many alluring temptations. Archimedes wanted to turn the earth round, and the present-day hot-heads want by science to conceive the inconceivable, to discover the physical laws of creative art, to detect the laws and the formulæ which are instinctively felt by the artist and are followed by him in creating music, novels, pictures, etc. Such formulæ probably exist in nature. We know that A. B, C, do, re, mi, fa, sol, are found in nature,

and so are curves, straight lines, circles, squares, green, blue, and red. . . . We know that in certain combinations all this produces a melody or a poem, or a picture, just as simple chemical substances in certain combinations produce a tree, or a stone, or the sea; but all we know is that the combination exists, while the law of it is hidden from us. Those who are masters of the scientific method feel in their souls that a piece of music and a tree have something in common, that both are built up in accordance with equally uniform and simple laws. Hence the question: What are these laws? And hence the temptation to work out a physiology of creative art (like Boborikin), or in the case of younger and more diffident writers, to base their arguments on nature and on the laws of nature (Merezhkovsky). There probably is such a thing as the physiology of creative art, but we must nip in the bud our dreams of discovering it. If the critics take up a scientific attitude, no good will come of it: they will waste a dozen years, write a lot of rubbish, make the subject more obscure than ever—and nothing more. It is always a good thing to think scientifically, but the trouble is that scientific thinking about creative art will be bound to degenerate in the end into searching for the 'cells' or the 'centers' which control the creative faculty. Some stolid German will discover these cells somewhere in the occipital lobes, another German will agree with him, a third will disagree, and a Russian will glance through the article about the cells and reel off an essay about it in the *Sieverny Viestnik*. The *Viestnik Evropi* will criticize the essay, and for three years there will be in Russia an epidemic of nonsense which will give money and popularity to blockheads and do nothing but irritate intelligent people.

For those who are obsessed with the scientific method and to whom God has given the rare talent of thinking scientifically, there is to my mind only one way out—the philosophy of creative art. One might collect together all the best works of art that have been produced throughout the ages and, with the help of the scientific method, discover the common element in them which makes them like one another and conditions their value. That common element will be the law. There is a great deal that works which are called immortal have in common; if this common element were excluded from each of them, a work would lose its charm and its value. So that this universal something is necessary, and is the *conditio sine qua non* [indispensable condition] of every work that claims to be immortal. It is of more use to young people to write critical articles than poetry. Merezhkovsky writes smoothly and youthfully, but at every page he loses heart, makes reservations and concessions, and this means that he is not clear upon the subject. He calls me a poet, he styles my stories 'novelli,' and my heroes 'failures'—that is, he follows the beaten track. It is time to give up these 'failures,' superfluous people, etc., and to think of something original. Merezhkovsky calls my monk who composes the songs of praise a failure. But how is he a failure? God grant us all a life like his: he believed in God, and he had enough to eat and he had the gift of composing poetry. To divide men into the successful and the unsuccessful is to look at human nature from a narrow, preconceived point of view. Are you a success or not? Am I? Was Napoleon? Is your servant, Vassily? What is the criterion? One must be a god to be able to tell successes from failures without making a mistake.

GORKY (1868–)

'Maxim Gorky' is the pen-name of Alexei Maximovitch Pyeshkof, who was born at Nijni-Novgorod in miserable circumstances, which often compelled him to gain a scanty living in his childhood by begging and even by stealing. Driven out to work at an early age, he ran away from home to serve as cook's boy on a Volga boat and for years led the wandering life of a workman who was more than half a tramp. The material acquired in this strange fashion he turned to account in stories and sketches of vagabonds, which won him first Russian and then European fame. Exiled from Russia on account of his political sympathies, he came to the United States, where he met with a very chilling reception, and he then retired to the Isle of Capri, from which he was recalled on the outbreak of the European War. At the Russian Revolution, he threw in his lot with the Soviet Government, protected the intellectuals as far as he could, and served as assistant to the Minister of Education. Always a sympathizer with western ideals of progress and democracy, Gorky was bitterly disappointed with the outcome of the War and the Revolution, and withdrew from Russia, stricken with tuberculosis, to a German sanitarium. He has written short stories, novels and plays, all marked with a bitter sense of the wrongs of the outcast and oppressed; his method is uncompromisingly realistic, and his style is vigorous and direct. The following extracts from letters written at the time of Tolstoy's last flight from home and ensuing death are taken from Gorky's *Reminiscences of Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy,* translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf, and published by B. W. Huebsch, to whom we are indebted for permission to reprint.

TOLSTOY'S FLIGHT

I have just posted a letter to you—telegrams have arrived telling of 'Tolstoy's flight,' and now, once more, one with you in thought I write again.

Probably all I want to say about the news will seem to you confused, perhaps even harsh and ill-tempered, but you will forgive me. I am feeling as though I had been gripped by the throat and nearly strangled.

I had many long conversations with him; when he was living at Gaspra in the Crimea I often went to him and he liked coming to me; I have studied his books lovingly; it seems to me that I have the right to say what I think of him even if it be bold and differ widely from the general opinion. I know as well as others that no man is more worthy than he of the name of genius; no one was more complicated, contradictory, and great in everything—yes, in everything. Great, in some curious sense, broad, indefinable by words, there is something in him which made me desire to cry aloud to everyone: 'Look what a wonderful man is living on the earth.' For he is, so to say, universally and above all, a man of mankind.

But what always repelled me in him was that stubborn despotic inclination to turn the life of Count Leo Nikolaevich (Tolstoy) into 'the saintly life of our blessed father, boyard Leo.'

As you know, he had for long intended to suffer; he expressed his regret to E. Soloviov, and to Suler, that he had not succeeded; but he wanted to suffer simply, not out of a natural desire to test the resistance of his will, but with the obvious and, I repeat, the despotic intention of increasing the influence of his religious ideas, the weight of his teaching, in order to make his preaching irresistible, to make it holy in the eyes of man through his suffering; to force them to accept it—you understand, to force them. For he realized that his preaching is not sufficiently convincing; in his diary you will, some day, read good examples of scepticism applied by him to his own preaching and personality. He knows that 'martyrs and sufferers, with rare exceptions, are despots and tyrants'—he knows everything!—and yet he says to himself, 'Were I to suffer for my ideas,

they would have a greater influence.' It was this in him that always repelled me, for I cannot help feeling that it was an attempt to use violence upon me, a desire to get hold of my conscience, to dazzle it with the glory of righteous blood, to put upon my neck the yoke of a dogma.

He always greatly exalted immortality on the other side of this life, but he preferred it on this side. A writer, national in the truest and most complete sense, he embodied in his great soul all the defects of his nation, all the mutilations we have suffered by the ordeals of our history; his misty preaching of 'non-activity,' of 'non-resistance to evil,' the doctrine of passivism, all this is the unhealthy ferment of the old Russian blood, envenomed by Mongolian fatalism and almost chemically hostile to the West with its untiring creative labor, with its active and indomitable resistance to the evils of life. What is called Tolstoy's 'anarchism' essentially and fundamentally expresses our Slav anti-Stateism, which, again, is really a national characteristic, ingrained in our flesh from old times, our desire to scatter nomadically. Up to now we have indulged that desire passionately, as you and everyone else know. We Russians know it too, but we always break away along the line of least resistance; we see that this is pernicious, but still we crawl further and further away from one another; and these mournful cockroach journeyings are called 'the history of Russia,' the history of a State which has been established almost incidentally, mechanically—to the surprise of the majority of its honest-minded citizens—by the forces of the Variags, Tartars, Baltic Germans, and petty officials. To their surprise, I say, because all the time we have been 'scattering'; and only when we reached places beyond which we could find nothing worse—when we could go no further—well, then we stopped and settled down. This is the destiny to which we are doomed, to settle in the snows and marshes, by the side of the wild Erza, Tchood, Mervey, Vess and Muroma.

Yet men arose among us who realized that light must come to us not from the East but from the West, and now he, Leo Nikolaevich, the crown of our ancient history, wishes, consciously or unconsciously, to stretch himself like a vast mountain across our nation's path to Europe, to the active life which sternly demands of men the supreme effort of their spiritual forces. His attitude toward science, too, is certainly national; one sees magnificently reflected in him the old, Russian village-scepticism which comes from ignorance. Everything is national in him and all his preaching is a reaction from the past, an atavism which we had already begun to shake off and overcome.

Think of his letter 'The Intelligentsia, the State, the People' written in 1905—what a pernicious, malignant thing it is! You can hear in it the sectarian's 'I told you so.' I wrote an answer to him at the time, based on his own words to me, that he had long since forfeited the right to speak of and on behalf of the Russian people; for I am a witness of his lack of desire to listen and to understand the people who came to talk to him soul to soul. My letter was bitter, and in the end I did not send it to him.

LEO TOLSTOY IS DEAD

A telegram came containing the commonest of words: 'is dead.'

It struck me to the heart: I cried with pain and anger, and now half crazy, I imagine him as I knew and saw him; I am tormented by a desire to speak with him. I imagine him in his coffin; he lies like a smooth stone at the bottom of a stream, and in his gray beard, I am sure, is quietly hidden that aloof, mysterious little smile. And at last his hands are folded peacefully; they have finished their hard task.

I remember his keen eyes—they saw everything through and through—and the movements of his fingers, as though they were perpetually modeling something out of the air, his talk, his jokes, his favorite peasant words, his elusive voice. And I see what a vast amount of life was embodied in the man, how inhumanly clever he was, how terrifying.

I once saw him as, perhaps, no one has ever seen him. I was walking over to him at Gaspra along the coast, and behind Yussupor's estate, on the shore among the stones I saw his smallish, angular figure in a gray, crumpled, ragged suit and crumpled hat. He was sitting with his head on his hands, the wind blowing the silvery hairs of his beard through his fingers: he was looking into the distance out

to sea, and the little greenish waves rolled up obediently to his feet and fondled them as if they were telling something about themselves to the old magician. It was a day of sun and cloud, and the shadows of the clouds glided over the stones, and with the stones, the old man grew now bright and now dark. The boulders were large, riven by cracks and covered with smelly sea-weed; there had been a high tide. He, too, seemed to me like an old stone come to life, who knows all the beginnings and the ends of things, who considers when and what will be the end of the stone, of the grasses of the earth, of the waters of the sea, and of the whole universe from the pebble to the sun. And the sea is part of his soul, and everything around him comes from him, out of him. In the musing motionlessness of the old man I felt something fateful, magical, something which went down into the darkness beneath him and stretched up like a searchlight into the blue emptiness above the earth; as thought it were he, his concentrated will, which was drawing the waves to him and repelling them, which was ruling the movements of cloud and shadow, which was stirring the stones to life. Suddenly, in a moment of madness, I felt, 'It is possible he will get up, wave his hand, and the sea will become solid and glassy, the stones will begin to move and cry out, everything around him will come to life, acquire a voice, and speak in their different voices of themselves, of him, against him.' I cannot express in words what I felt rather than thought at that moment; in my soul there was joy and fear, and then everything blended in one happy thought: 'I am not an orphan on the earth as long as this man lives on it.'

Then I walked on tip-toe away, in order that the pebbles might not scrunch under my feet, not wishing to distract his thoughts. And now I feel I am an orphan, I cry as I write—never before have I cried so inconsolably and in such bitter despair. I do not know whether I loved him; but does it matter, love of him or hatred? He always roused in me sensations and agitations which were enormous, fantastic; even the unpleasant and hostile feelings which he roused were of a kind not to oppress but rather to explode the soul; they made it more sensitive and capacious. He was grand when, with his boots scraping over the ground, as though he were imperiously smoothing its unevenness, he suddenly appeared from somewhere, from behind a door or out of some corner, and came toward you with the short, light, quick step of a man accustomed to walk a great deal on the earth. With his thumbs in his belt he would stop for a second, looking round quickly and with a comprehensive glance, a glance which at once took in anything new and instantly absorbed the meaning of everything.

'How do you do?'

I always translated these words into: 'How do you do? There's pleasure for me, and for you there's not much sense in it; but still, how do you do?'

He would come out looking rather small, and immediately everyone round him would become smaller than he. A peasant's beard, rough but extraordinary hands, simple clothes; all this external, comfortable democratism deceived many people, and I often saw how Russians who judge people by their clothes—an old slavish habit—began to pour out a stream of their odious 'frankness,' which is more properly called 'the familiarity of the pig-sty.'

'Ah! you are one of us! That's what you are. At last, by God's grace, I am face to face with the greatest son of our native land. Hail for ever! I now bow to you.'

That is a sample of Muscovite Russian, simple and hearty, and here is another but 'free thinkerish':

'Leo Nikolaevich, though I disagree with your religious-philosophical views, I deeply respect in your person the greatest of artists.'

And suddenly, under his peasant's beard, under his democratic crumpled blouse, there would rise the old Russian *barin*, the grand aristocrat; then the noses of the simple-hearted visitors, educated and all the rest, instantly became blue with intolerable cold. It was pleasant to see this creature of the purest blood, to watch the noble grace of his gestures, the proud reserve of his speech, to hear the exquisite pointedness of his murderous words. He showed just as much of the *barin* as was needed for these serfs, and when they called out the *barin* in Tolstoy, it appeared naturally and easily, and crushed them so that they shriveled up and whined.

One day I was returning from Yasnaya Polyana to Moscow with one of these 'simple-hearted' Russians, a Moscow man, and for a long time he could not recover

his breath, but kept on smiling woefully and repeating in astonishment: 'Well, well, that was a cold bath. He's severe . . . pooh!'

And in the middle of it all, he exclaimed apparently with regret: 'And I thought he was really an anarchist. Everyone keeps on saying "anarchist, anarchist," and I believe it. . . .'

The man was a large, rich manufacturer, with a great belly and a face the color of raw meat; why did he want Tolstoy to be an anarchist? One of the 'profound mysteries' of the Russian soul!

When Leo Nikolaevich wished to please, he could do so more easily than a clever and beautiful woman. Imagine a company of people of all kinds sitting in his room: the Grand Duke Nikolay Mikhailovich, the house-painter Ilya, a social-democrat from Yalta, the stundist Patzuk, a musician, a German, the manager of the estates of Countess Kleinmichel, the poet Bulgakov; and all look at him with the same enamored eyes.

He explains to them the teaching of Lao-Tse, and he seems to me an extraordinary man-orchestra, possessing the faculty of playing several instruments at the same time, a brass trumpet, a drum, harmonium, and flute. I used to look at him just as the others did. And now I long to see him once more—and I shall never see him again.

ROMAIN ROLLAND (1866–)

Tolstoy's *What is Art?* had its germ in a letter he wrote in answer to an inquiry from his young disciple, Romain Rolland, as early as October, 1887. Rolland's chief interest was music, and he was distressed by his adored prophet's antagonism to modern art. In the full message of *What is Art?* Rolland found much to disconcert him, but he held to the position that 'Tolstoy's conception is fundamentally fruitful and vital, in spite of its Utopianism and a touch of puerility.' Romain Rolland's enterprise of 'the People's Theater,' to which his main contribution was a series of plays about phases of the French Revolution, was an attempt, not altogether successful, to apply to the French drama the theory of popular art his master Tolstoy had expounded. As was the case with Zola's novels, the plays Rolland wrote to illustrate his theory have proved less significant than the essay in which the theory was set forth. Part of this essay is reprinted below as translated by Barrett H. Clark, and published by Henry Holt and Co. in a volume entitled *The People's Theater.*

THE PEOPLE'S THEATER

The People's Theater is the key to a new art world, which art has hardly caught sight of. We have reached a parting of the ways, beyond which lies an almost totally unexplored land. Two or three more venturesome spirits have gone ahead. But the instinct of the people should have guided these artists. The people speak frankly, and their preferences leave no possible room for doubt. But what artist cares in the least what the public wants? They consider it contemptible not to feel contempt for the people.

Mocked at or disdained, little do the people care! For the last hundred years they have remained faithful to the entertainment so despised by the delicate: the circus, the pantomime, the burlesque, and the melodrama. That is, if not simple plays, these arouse simple emotions, simple pleasures—good and bad—but still simple, appealing to the soul through the senses.

In Greece the theater was popular. What were the plays of the Greeks? It has been fashionable of late to adapt the Greek tragedies. *Œdipus the King* has in this way been given new popularity. But the witty critics, wishing to show that they cannot be deceived, took great pains to point out that *Œdipus* was fundamentally nothing but melodrama (with a secret pride, no doubt, in having convicted Sophocles of his inferiority to the modern dramatists). They are not mistaken in calling the play melodrama: *Œdipus* is a melodrama, and one of the most horrible of its kind. The *Oresteia* is another, but not even M. d'Ennery would have dared write such sensational horrors as are found in this trilogy.

The Elizabethan drama of England was people's drama. From time to time certain of Shakespeare's plays are produced here. The critics can never sufficiently praise the marvelous acting, the exquisite setting, the able stage-management, the exquisite music, and the admirable translation (though sometimes they attribute to Shakespeare the inventions of the translator!): but they seem to insinuate that Shakespeare is very lucky indeed to be produced with all these elements of success, without mentioning the greatest of all: the prestige of age. They insinuate that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is nothing but farce, and *Macbeth* a melodrama with ridiculous bloody ghosts, remorse, and all the sickly-conscious paraphernalia—a regular Ambigu 'melo.' And of course, people of taste cannot help laughing at the wholesale slaughter at the end of *Hamlet.* When *King Lear* is produced the audience is spared the mad ravings of the King and Cornwall's horrible atrocity to Gloster.

Irony, contempt, or fashionable enthusiasm! This was the lot of the people's plays, and it still is. There is no doubt a great chasm between the sublime melodramas of Shakespeare and Sophocles, and our cheap manufactured products, all cut

to a pattern. But without troubling to consider the scribblers who write melodramas —and they are worse than the rest because they rob the poor—let us study the type, and learn the true reason for its success.

'Take two sympathetic characters, one the victim, the other the sinister and hateful villain; introduce a few grotesque figures out of everyday life, a few timely political, religious, or social allusions; mix tears with laughter, and add a song with an easy chorus. Five acts in all and as few waits as possible.' Here is your recipe.

It is easy to criticize melodrama, but, as has been observed by M. Georges Jubin in a very intelligent little article on melodrama, 'even in making fun of it, you will have discovered the law of the People's Theater. You will learn that four things are necessary to please the people: the mixing of laughter and tears; the interlude; the presence of evil but with the hint that good will prevail; and a long evening's entertainment which is worth the price of admission. In other words: Mingling of pleasing and painful emotions, True realism, Simple morality, and Getting one's money's worth. The dramatist must think of this last point if he is in earnest, and wishes really to found a People's Theater.'

First, then, the necessity for varied emotions: the people come to the theater to feel, and not to learn. Since they give themselves up entirely to their feelings, they demand that the emotions offered them be varied, for prolonged sadness or gaiety would be too great a strain. They seek relief from laughter in tears, and from tears in laughter.

Second, the necessity for true realism. One of the principal reasons for the success of a melodrama lies in the scrupulous exactitude with which such and such a well-known place is reproduced: a cabaret, a market, a pawnshop, or the like.

Third, the necessity for simple morality. The popular public demands, not as a result of their simple-mindedness but as a sort of hygiene, some support for the innate conviction in every one of them that good will eventually triumph over evil. It is right that they should feel this, for it is a law of life and progress.

Fourth, the necessity for a square deal. There exists an implicit agreement on the part of dramatists and directors not to rob the public by keeping them shut up in a theater for four hours and giving them less than two hours' actual entertainment. The people come to the theater to see the play, and not, as in the ordinary playhouses, to exhibit themselves, to gossip, or to flirt.

Which of the two publics cares more about art? Are not the rules we have just outlined legitimate, human, and vital? It only remains to apply them with artistic integrity. The dramatists have only themselves to blame if modern melodrama, which is left to the first comer, is so stupid. Let them improve it! Let them stop writing the facile outmoded plays now in fashion, and turn their efforts to writing people's plays, ridding these of the accumulated crudeness that generations of unscrupulous purveyors have allowed to infest them; let them put truth and body into the form, and embellish it with dignified French. They would derive no less benefit than the people themselves, for they would escape the fashionable and consequently the transitory, and come nearer to the eternal realities of mankind.

As a matter of fact, there is no form so difficult and so sublime as great poetic melodrama. A perfect specimen is the product of genius. The form cannot be reduced to rules. To put the great and simple passions into the breasts of great and simple human beings as universal as Romeo, Macbeth, Othello, and Cordelia, to extract from the naturally developed story or the conflict between human beings true tragic action, to write a play that blinds with its light and groans as from a convulsion of nature—no one can do this unless he is a superhuman creature, an Æschylus, a Shakespeare, a Wagner. For such, there is no rule.

It only remains to express the hope that our poetry may come a little nearer to the tragic in daily life, and extract from it the eternal elements, the mystery, the music of the soul. The greatest of our French dramatists—Balzac, a novelist by the way!—affords us a splendid example of this. Our modern life is teeming not only with tragic beauty, but with poetically fantastic forces, close akin to the legends of antiquity. Says Gabriele d'Annunzio: 'One has only to watch the confusing whirlwind of living things pass by, watch them in that spirit of fancy Leonardo speaks of when he advises his disciples to observe

the cracks in the wall, the ashes on the hearth, the clouds, the mud, and to listen to the bells—to discover *invenzioni mirabilissime* and *infinite cose.*' [Most wonderful inventions and infinite things.] Life is for everyone, but how few know how to use it!

There is another type of drama which we may here consider, one in which Shakespeare excelled: the historical drama. The author of *Henry IV* and *Richard III* created a national epic covering English history from King John to Henry VIII, including the Wars of the Roses and Agincourt.

The historical play is a new type to us. Our French dramatists have neglected the form. There is a treasure-house of passions in our history, waiting to be thrown open to our actors as well as our public, who know so little of it, and that little so badly. France has perhaps the most heroic history of any since the days of Rome. Nothing that is human is foreign to her. From Attila to Napoleon, from the fields of Catalauni to Waterloo, from the Crusades to the Convention, the destinies of the world have been fought for and decided on her soil. The heart of Europe beat within the breasts of her monarchs, her thinkers, and her Revolutionary leaders. No matter how great this people has been in the realm of intellect it has been preëminently great in deeds. Action is the most sublime creation of France, its theater, its drama, its epic. France accomplished what other nations dreamed. We never wrote an Iliad, but we have lived a dozen; the Iliad of Charlemagne, of the Normans, of Godfrey of Boulogne, of Saint Louis, of Jeanne d'Arc, of Henry IV, of the Marseillaise, of the Corsican Alexander, of the Commune, and even in our own days, of Africa. Our heroes have touched the heights as often as our poets. No Shakespeare has celebrated their achievements; but the Béarnais at the head of his band, or Danton on the scaffold, have spoken and acted genuine Shakespeare. During her existence France has touched the heights of happiness and sunk to the depths of despair; her story is a vast Human Comedy, a series of dramas where strong wills command whole armies of passions. Each epoch is a different poem, and yet throughout them all, one is conscious of the persistence of indestructible characteristics, the destiny of a race: this is the grandiose and magnificent unity of the epic.

All this marvelous material remains untouched by French art; for we really cannot count the dime-novel dramas of Dumas the Elder, the sensational trifles of Sardou, and *l'Aiglon!* The only writers who, like Vitet, really understood the historical drama, were contemplative souls, who never intended their plays to be acted. 'There is something false, something insulting to the intelligence in the disproportionate attention paid nowadays to the historical anecdote, the trifling incident of the past at the expense of what is vital and living in history. It is not our intention to give the dilettante of this sort of history a frigid miniature, interesting as a matter of fashion and local color; we must rather resuscitate the forces of the past, and revive their motive power to action.' 'The drama of our day,' wrote Schiller, 'must combat the torpor, the sloth, the lack of character, and intellectual vulgarity of the day; it must therefore exhibit strength and character; it must stir and exalt the heart. Pure beauty is limited to the happy nations. When the poet addresses a generation of sick and troubled people, he must stir them with the greatest emotions.' He must offer them a heroic art.

May the People's Theater create a great historical drama in France! The aristocratic poets have failed, in spite of their efforts. This failure might have been expected, for plays of this sort demand the spirit of a whole nation; without it you cannot do other than write conventional poems, of interest only to the erudite members of an academy.

No other sort of play is better adapted to the Theater we are seeking to found. Without considering the communicative emotion which is invariably aroused in the people by witnessing actual events rather than by seeing fictitious adventures; without considering the illusion, more nearly complete than in any other literary invention; without considering the magnetic force of example, and of the action which irresistibly springs from action, historical drama enjoys the inestimable advantage of shaping the conscience and the intelligence of the people.

The majority of those who take it upon themselves to educate the people demand that the drama shall offer a cut-and-dried solution to the problems of the day. Leav-

ing aside the fact that some problems cannot be solved at present, and that it would be most unwise to try to hasten their solution, there is nothing more fatal to education than to impose ready-made formulas on the people. What really matters is the development of their minds through the intelligence, and the training of the powers of observation. History will teach them to come out of themselves, and observe the souls of others—friends and enemies alike. They will once more find themselves in the past, where characters are much the same as they are now, only different in appearance, with the same vices and weakness as themselves; and these they can recognize and possibly guard against. The confession of their own faults will perhaps induce them to be lenient toward others. The perpetual train of varying ideas, customs and prejudices set before them may perhaps show them that their own ideas, customs and prejudices are not the center round which the world revolves, and that justice and reason cannot be founded upon a few pharisaical rules; may teach them to contemplate transitory things, and not mistake them for eternal.

But this knowledge of the past does more than instil lessons of tolerance: such indulgent scepticism is but the first step. The spectacle of change only increases the solidity of what remains unchangeable. It is one of the chief assets of history that it separates the rock from the sands that cover it. In place of the blind instinct of the mob, it furnishes the moral unity of the family, cemented by the triple bond of blood, thought, and trials shared. It need not of necessity awaken fanatic chauvinism, but only a spirit of fraternal solidarity among all the men of one nation. Let each individual realize the links binding him to the community, and may his life become richer from his knowledge of the lives that have been and are to be. With such a conscience, he will see more urgent reasons for action. The spirit which is evoked out of past centuries is for the centuries to come. If we would create strong souls, let us nourish them with the strength of the whole world.

The world—for the nation alone is not enough. A hundred years ago the enlightened Schiller said: 'I write as a citizen of the world. Early in life I exchanged my fatherland for humanity.' Almost a century ago, the serene Goethe said: 'National literature means very little today: world literature is at hand, and each one must labor to make it an accomplished fact.' And he added: 'If I am not mistaken, the French will reap the greatest benefit from the movement.'

Then let us realize his prophecy! Let us lead back the French to their own history, which is the source of a people's art; but let us take care not to exclude the historic legends of other peoples. Undoubtedly, our own history lies nearer our hearts, and our first duty is to develop it. But the great events and deeds of all the nations must find a place on our stage. As Cloots and Thomas Paine were elected members of the Convention; as Schiller, Klopstock, Washington, Priestley, Bentham, Pestalozzi, and Kosciusko were made French citizens through Danton's decree—let the heroes of the world become our heroes likewise. May France be their second fatherland, especially for the people's heroes. The People's Theater shall be open to everyone who is of or for the people. Let us construct in Paris an epic of all Europe.

We must also be careful not to remain merely the singers of the past. The new energy we shall generate must not be allowed to stand idle. Action must spring from the spectacle of action. Once we have gathered our forces and become conscious of our power, let us march forward! Armed with the greatness of the past, we shall strive to create the new man, a man of stalwart moral fiber and of truth. The story of past heroism, such as I have described it, is not a lantern hung from the rear end of a train, casting an uncertain light over the road that has been traveled; it is a lighthouse in the night, marking the position of the ship in the ocean whence it comes and whither it is going. Separated from the past, the present has no meaning, just as the past is without significance apart from the present. Both past and present must unite to give meaning to the greatest thing of all: Life. The life of all time must be consolidated into a unified whole, one being with a thousand bodies, and strive from every direction to attack the universe, which some day it will dominate.

I have thus insisted upon the historical drama because I confess to an especial fondness for it, and why should I not speak of what I know best? Besides, it was

necessary to defend not the form itself (because we have no historical plays in France) but the disrepute into which some of the Romantics have thrown it. The historical drama is only one field open to our People's Theater. Let us open the way to others.

First among these is the social drama, with which a generation of vigorous dramatists have been so busily concerned. Following in the footsteps of Ibsen, Björnson, and Hauptmann, poets of the north, Jean Jullien, Descaves, Mirbeau, Ancey, Hervieu, Brieux, François de Curel, and Emile Fabre have given sufficient proof of the vitality of this type of drama, which is of all types the most needed nowadays, for it is rooted in the suffering, the doubt, and the aspirations of the present generation. It goes hand-in-hand with actual deeds. There are those who criticize it for this very reason, claiming that it is no longer disinterested art. But I admire it because it is not, and I have furnished reasons for my preference. Happy is the age of quiet, when quiet works may be written! But when the age is a troubled one, and the nation is in the throes of struggle, it is the duty of art to struggle with it, inspiring and guiding it, protecting it, and combatting prejudice. I have heard people complain of the violent excesses into which art will fall if it takes this road. This is not the fault of art, but of the wrongs which it will have exposed, which must be done away with. It is not the purpose of art to reconcile and pacify, but to intensify life, render it stronger, greater, and better. Art is the enemy of all the enemies of life. If love and peace are its aim, there are times none the less when hatred is in order. 'Hatred is a good thing,' once remarked a workingman of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine to a lecturer who had been bursting his lungs trying to prove that all hatred is bad. 'Hatred is just, for it rallies the oppressed to give battle against the oppressor. When I see a man domineering over other men, my indignation is aroused, and I hate him. I hate him, and I feel that my hatred is right.' He who does not hate evil cannot love good, and he who can look at injustice without attempting to rectify it is neither a true artist nor a true man. The gentlest of the poets, Schiller, he who took the most serene view of his own art, did not hesitate to plunge into the fray, and set himself 'the task of attacking vice, and wreaking vengeance upon the enemies of religion, morality, and the social order.' But in art it is not necessary to combat evil with evil, but with light. The evil that is seen face to face, the evil that is conscious of being seen, is more than half conquered. It is the function of the social drama to throw the imperious power of reason into the uncertain scales.

There are many other types of drama which up to the present have been seldom seen in our theaters. The rural drama, the poem of Earth, impregnated with the odor of the fields and overflowing with peasant humor and rich language, is a precious mine. It preserves what is poetic in the life of small communities and records for posterity their vanishing individuality. Pouvillon, in certain of his pastoral tragedies; Pottecher in his comedies of the Vosges country; the Swiss René Morax in his vigorous and quietly sentimental plays of the Var district—these dramatists furnish us with splendid examples of this type of play. And finally come the greatest of these poets, Mistral, the Provençal Homer, whose language is as harmonious as his ancient soul.

We must likewise make use of the rich Celtic treasure lying hidden in our soil, and bring to life once more the forgotten legends and popular tales. Our plains and woods were once peopled: there is no part of our land without its collections of fabulous romances, its beautiful and quaintly humorous stories. The people of the large cities have long since broken with the past; they no longer belong to the great family; but the country people are for the most part far different. You will find among them the purest types of long ago, such as are sculptured on the portals of Gothic churches. Nor is the resemblance confined to externals: the races of today are morally close akin to those of past ages, more so than you would think. Who knows in how many of their souls there still exists the forest of the fairies, of the Sleeping Beauty, of Lancelot and Guinevere, of Tristan and Iseult; of Puss in Boots, of Tom Thumb and the Four Sons of Aymon; and the echo of Roland's horn? Let us revive the stories of the past. Who, be he old or young, does not take pleasure in hearing them? We still remember the stories of our youth and think regretfully

of the time when we listened to them. But they are ever alive. We have been silently awaiting for eight centuries—ever since Marie de France—the return of the Blue Bird.

Legendary material in drama requires the aid of music. Music indeed has a most important part to play in poetic and rustic drama. *L'Arlésienne* is the finest example. We may say that music has not yet received the treatment in our drama which it deserves. The poets have dispensed with it, partly through sheer ignorance, and partly through fear and jealousy. Music and poetry are two wings of the lyric drama. He who neglects either, can fly only with great difficulty.

And why relegate pantomime, which is pure action, to the circus? The spectacle of action is a powerful spring to action, good as well as evil; it is absurd to neglect it. The circus at Rome is kept alive and pleasure derived from action—a pleasure we know little about nowadays, but one which is a fundamental need of all nations. The Greeks cultivated bodily as well as mental exercise. Let us give the body its proper place in art. Our Theater must be a Theater of men, and not merely of writers.

How many are the new types of drama which might flourish in our People's Theater! But it would be a vain task to describe the shadows of the future. Nothing counts but actual achievement, and it is not yet time for us to enter a new continent. Each may start forth on his quest; he is sure to return laden with booty. Let us dare to raise art to the height of that tragedy which is now being acted in the world at large. The words of Schiller on the occasion of the first performance of *Wallensteins Lager* (October, 1798) may well be our guide and inspiration: 'The new era which opens for us today will encourage the poet to leave the beaten path of yesterday, and transport you out of your everyday existence up to a higher, a nobler stage, not perhaps unworthy of this sublime hour when our efforts are all bent toward the future. Only a great subject is capable of stirring mankind to the depths. The mind, if fettered and cramped, degenerates, but man advances as his horizon widens. And now, at the end of this century, when reality itself becomes poetry, when we are witnesses of gigantic souls striving onward toward a great prize, when men fight for the highest interests of humanity, liberty, and power—now, I say, the art of the drama may evoke the shades of the past in order to take flight to more distant summits. It can do this, and it will unless it rests content to be an object of shame before the eyes of the whole world.'

We must not complain of our destiny. Fate has given us plenty to do. Ours is a happy age, for we have great tasks to accomplish. Happy the man who succumbs beneath the weight of so glorious a fatigue! This is far better than succumbing to the boredom of doing nothing at all, or sadly contemplating the work of others. Let us not say what the melancholy author of the *Caractères* (La Bruyère) was forced to say in his worn-out age: 'Everything has been said, and we have come too late.' Nothing has been said of our new society. Everything waits to be said. Everything waits to be done. To work!

MAETERLINCK (1862–)

Maurice Maeterlinck belongs to Belgium, having been born in Ghent, but his literary fame began in connection with the French Symbolist movement in poetry, and he has an international reputation, perhaps higher in the United States than in Europe, as a dramatist and essayist. His peculiar combination of agnosticism and mysticism, although frequently expressed in his poems and plays, naturally finds its fullest and clearest exposition in his essays, especially in one of his most recent volumes, *The Great Secret,* translated by Bernard Miall, from which we reprint part of the concluding chapter with the consent of its American publishers, the Century Company.

MODERN MYSTICISM

At the very beginning of the old religions, and especially at the beginning of that which seems to be the most ancient of all and the source of all the rest, there is no secret doctrine and no revelation; there is only the prehistoric tradition of a metaphysics which we should today call purely rationalistic. The confession of absolute ignorance as regards the nature, attributes, character, purposes, and existence even of the First Cause or the God of Gods is public and explicit. It is a vast negation; we know nothing, we can know nothing, we never shall know anything, for it may be that God Himself does not know everything.

This unknown First Cause is of necessity infinite, for the infinite alone is unknowable, and the God of Gods would no longer be the God of Gods, and could not understand Himself, unless He were all things. His infinity inevitably gives rise to pantheism; for if the First Cause is everything, everything partakes in the First Cause, and it is not possible to imagine anything that can set bounds to it and is not the Cause itself, or part of the Cause, or does not proceed from the Cause. From this pantheism proceeds in its turn the belief in immortality and the ultimate optimism, for, the Cause being infinite in space and time, nothing that is of it or in it can be destroyed without destroying a part of the Cause itself; which is impossible, since it would still be the nothingness that sought to circumscribe it, just as nothing could be eternally unhappy without condemning part of itself to eternal unhappiness.

Absolute agnosticism, with its consequences: the infinity of the divine, pantheism, universal immortality, and ultimate optimism—here is the point of departure of the great primitive teachers, pure intellects and implacable logicians, such as were the Atlanteans, if we may believe the traditions of the occultists; and would not the very same point of departure impose itself today upon those who should seek to found a new religion which would not be repugnant to the ever-increasing exactions of human reason?

But if all is God and necessarily immortal, it is none the less certain that men and things and worlds disappear. From this moment we bid good-by to the logical consequences of the great confession of ignorance to enter the labyrinth of theories which are no longer unassailable, and which, for that matter, are not at the outset put before us as revelations but as mere metaphysical hypotheses, as speculations of great antiquity, born of the necessity of reconciling the facts with the too abstract and too rigid deductions of human reason.

As a matter of fact, according to these hypotheses man, the world and the universe do not perish; they disappear and reappear alternately throughout eternity, in virtue of Maya, the illusion of ignorance. When they no longer exist for us or for anyone, they still exist virtually, where no one sees them; and those who have ceased to see them do not cease to exist just as if they did see them. Similarly, when God sets bounds to Himself, in order to manifest Himself and to become conscious of a portion of Himself, He does not cease to be infinite and unknowable to Himself. He seems for a moment

to place Himself at the point of view or within the comprehension of those whom He has quickened in His bosom.

This last hypothesis must in the beginning have been, as it is at present and always will be, a mere makeshift; but there was a time when it became a sort of dogma which, eagerly welcomed by the imagination, soon completely replaced the great primitive negation. From that moment, despairing of knowing the unknowable, man duplicated and subdivided and multiplied it, relegating the inconceivable First Cause to the inaccessible Infinite, and henceforth concerned himself only with those secondary causes by which it manifests itself and acts.

He does not ask himself, or rather he does not dare to ask, how, the First Cause being essentially unknowable, its manifestations could be considered as known, although it had not ceased to be unknowable; and we enter the vast vicious circle in which mankind must resign itself to live under penalty of condemning itself to an eternal negation, an eternal immobility and ignorance and silence.

Unable to know God in Himself, man contents himself with seeking and questioning Him in His creatures, and above all in mankind. He thought to find Him there, and the religions were born, with their gods, their cults, their sacrifices, their beliefs, their moralities, their hells and heavens. The relationship which binds them all to the unknown Cause is more and more forgotten, reappearing only at certain moments, as it reappeared, for example, long afterwards, in Buddhism, in the metaphysicians, in the ancient mysteries and occult traditions. But despite this oblivion, and thanks to the idea of this First Cause, necessarily one, invisible, intangible, and inconceivable, which we are consequently compelled to regard as purely spiritual, two of the great principles of the primitive religion, which subsequently permeated those religions which sprang from it, have survived, deep-rooted and tenacious of life, secretly repeating, beneath all outward appearances, that the essence of all things is one and that the spirit is the source of all, the only certitude, the sole eternal reality.

From these two principles, which at bottom are only one, proceeds all that primitive ethic which became the great ethic of humanity; unity being the ideal and sovereign good, evil means separation, division, and multiplicity, and matter is finally but one result of separation or multiplicity. To return to unity, therefore, we must strip ourselves, must escape from matter, which is but an inferior form or degradation of the spirit.

It was thus that man found, or believed that he had found, the purpose of the unknowable, and the key of all morality without, however, venturing to ask himself why this rupture of unity and this degradation of the spirit had been necessary; as though we had supposed that the First Cause, which might have kept all things in the state of unity, in its undivided, immobile, and supremely blessed bosom, had been condemned, by a superior and irresistible law, to movement and eternal recommencement.

These ideas, too purely metaphysical to nourish a religion, were soon in India itself covered by a prodigious vegetation of myths, and gradually became the secret of the Brahmans, who cultivated them, developed them, and complicated them, to the verge of insanity. Thence they spread over the face of the earth, or returned to the place whence they had set forth; for while it is permissible to attempt the chronological localization of a central source, it is impossible for us to determine where they rose to the surface in the ages before the dawn of history, unless we refer to the theosophical legends of the Seven Races, which we might perhaps accept if we were supplied with documents less open to criticism than those which have hitherto been offered to us.

At all events, it is easy enough to follow the progress of these ideas through the world known to history; whether they went hand in hand, or one following another, through India, Egypt, and Persia; or found their way into Chaldea and pre-Socratic Greece by means of myths or contacts or migrations unknown to us; or especially in the case of Hellas, through the Orphic poems, collected during the Alexandrian period, but dating from legendary ages, and containing lines which, as Emile Burnouf observes in his *Science of Religions*, are translated word for word from the Vedic hymns.

As a result of the Egyptian bondage, the Babylonian captivity, and the conquest of Cyrus, they reached the Bible, changing their shape to harmonize with the Jewish monotheism; but in secret they were pre-

served, almost undefiled, by oral transmission, in the cabala, in which the En-Sof, as we have seen, is the exact reproduction of the Hindu Unknowable, and leads to an almost similar agnosticism, pantheism, optimism, and ethic.

These ideas, stifled beneath the Bible in the Jewish world, and in the Greco-Roman world beneath the weight of the official religions and philosophies, survived among the secret sects, and notably among the Essenes, and also in the mysteries; reappearing in the light of day about the beginning of the Christian era, in the Gnostic and Neoplatonic schools of philosophy, and later on in the cabala, when they were finally put into writing; whence they passed, more or less distorted, into the occultism of the middle ages, of which they constitute the sole foundation.

We see, accordingly, that occultism, or rather the secret doctrine, variable in its forms, often extremely obscure, above all during the middle ages, but almost everywhere identical as to its basis, was always a protest of the human reason, faithful to its prehistoric traditions, against the arbitrary assertions and pretended revelations of the public and official religions. To their baseless dogmas, their anthropomorphical manifestations of the divine, illogical, petty, and unacceptable, they opposed the confession of an absolute and invincible ignorance of all essential points. From this confession, which at first sight seems to destroy everything, but which leads, almost of necessity, to a spiritualistic conception of the universe, it was able to derive a metaphysics, a mysticism, and a morality much purer, loftier, more disinterested, and above all more rational than those which were born of the religions which were stifling it. One might even prove that all that these religions still have in common on the heights where all are united—all that could not be debased to the level of the material requirements of an over-long life—all that is to be found in them that is awe-inspiring, infinite, imperishable, and universal—they owe to that immemorial metaphysic into which they struck their first roots.

It would even seem that in proportion as time removes them from this metaphysic the spirit leads them back to it; thus, to value only the two latest religions, without mention of all that they borrowed from it more directly, we find that the God the Father of Christianity and the Allah of Islam are much nearer to the En-Sof of the cabala than to the Jahweh of the Bible; and that the Word of St. John, which is not mentioned in the Old Testament or the synoptics, is merely the Logos of the Gnostics and the Neoplatonists, who themselves obtained it from India and Egypt.

Is this, then, the great secret of humanity, which has been hidden with such care beneath mysterious and sacred formulæ, beneath rites which were sometimes terrifying, beneath formidable reticences and silences: an unmitigated negation, a stupendous void, a hopeless ignorance? Yes, it is only this: and it is as well that it is nothing else; for a God and a universe small enough for the little brain of man to circumnavigate them, to understand their nature and their economy, to discover their origin, their aims and their limits, would be so pitiful and so restricted that no one would resign himself to remain eternally as their prisoner. Humanity has need of the infinite, with its corollary of invincible ignorance, if it is not to feel itself the dupe or victim of an unforgivable experiment or a blunder impossible of evasion. There was no need to call it into existence, but since it has been raised out of nothingness it must needs enjoy the boundlessness of space and time of which it has been vouchsafed the conception. It has the right to participate in all that has given it life, before it can forgive it for bringing it into the world. And it is not able thus to participate save on the condition that it cannot understand it. Every certainty—at all events, until our minds are liberated from the chains that fetter them—would become an enclosing wall on which all desire to live would be shattered. Let us therefore rejoice that we know of no further certainties beyond an ignorance as infinite as the world or the God Who is its subject.

After so many efforts, so many experiments, we find ourselves precisely at the point from which our great teachers set out. They bequeathed to us a wisdom which we are hardly beginning to clear of the rubbish that the centuries have left upon it; and beneath this rubbish we find intact the proudest confession of ignorance that man has ever ventured to pronounce. To a lover of illusion this means but little; to a lover of truth it is much indeed. We know at last that there has never been any ultra-human revelation, any

direct and irrecusable message from divinity, no ineffable secret; and that all man believes himself to know of God, of His origin and His ends, he has drawn from his own powers of reason. Before we had interrogated our prehistoric ancestors we more than suspected that all revelations, in the sense of the word understood by the religious, were and will always be impossible; for we cannot reveal to anyone more than he is capable of understanding, and God alone can understand God. But it was easy to imagine that having, so to speak, been witnesses of the birth of the world, they ought to know more of it than we do, since they were still nearer to God. But they were not nearer to God; they were simply nearer to the human reason, which had not as yet been obscured by the inventions of thousands of years. They are content with giving us the only landmarks which this reason has been able to discover in the unknowable: pantheism, spiritualism, immortality, and final optimism; confiding the rest to the hypotheses of their successors, and wisely leaving unanswered, as we should leave them today, all those insoluble problems which the succeeding religions blindly attacked, often in an ingenious manner which was none the less arbitrary and sometimes childish.

Need we again recapitulate these problems?—the passage from the virtual to the actual; from being to becoming; from nonexistence to existence; and the descent of the spirit into matter—that is, the origin of evil and the ascent from matter to spirit; the necessity of emerging from a state of eternal bliss, to return thither after purification and ordeals whose indispensable nature is beyond our comprehension; eternal recommencements, to reach a goal which has always fled us, since it has never been attained, although in the past men had as much leisure to attain it as they will ever have in the future.

I might increase beyond all measures this balance-sheet of the unknowable. To close the account it is enough to add that the question which rightly or wrongly causes us the greatest anxiety—that which concerns the fate of our consciousness and our personality when absorbed by the divine, is likewise unanswered, for Nirvana determines nothing and specifies nothing, and the Buddha, the last interpreter of the great esoteric doctrines, himself confesses that he does not know whether this absorption is absorption into nothingness or into eternal blessedness. 'The Sublime has not revealed it to him.'

'The Sublime has not revealed it to him'; for nothing has been revealed and nothing has been solved, because it is probable that nothing will ever be capable of solution, and because it is possible that beings whose intellect must be a million times more powerful than our own would still be unable to discover a solution. To understand the Creation, to tell us whence it comes and whither it goes, one would have to be its author; 'and even then,' asks the *Rig-Veda*, at the very source of primordial wisdom: 'and even then, does He know it?'

The Great Secret, the only secret, is that all things are secret. Let us at least learn, in the school of our mysterious ancestors, to make allowance, as they did, for the unknowable, and to search only for what is there: that is, the certainty that all things are God, that all things exist in Him and should end in happiness, and that the only divinity which we can hope to understand is to be found in the depths of our own souls. The Great Secret has not changed its aspect; it remains where and what is was for our forbears. At the very beginning they managed to derive from the unknowable the purest morality which we have known, and since we now find ourselves at the same point of the unknowable, it would be dangerous, not to say impossible, to deduce other lessons therefrom. And these doctrines, of which the nobler portions have remained the same, and which differ only in their baser characteristics, in all the religions whose various dogmas are at bottom only mythological translations or interpretations of these too abstract truths, would have made man something that as yet he is not, had he but had the courage to follow them. Do not let us forget them: this is the last and the best counsel of the mystical testament whose pages we have just been turning over.

ANDREYEF (1871–1919)

Leonid Nikolaivich Andreyef was an ill-starred man of genius whose personal misfortunes were in some cases mixed up with the misfortunes of his country during the last half-century. During his unhappy youth he three times attempted suicide, and the hardships of his college days are reflected in the title of his first article, *The Hungry Student.* The sufferings of his countrymen in the Russo-Japanese war are mirrored—not without exaggeration—in his story, *The Red Laugh,* and the internal disorders of the time find echoes in *The Seven Who were Hanged.* In drama he was strongly affected by the French Symbolist movement and attained considerable success at the Moscow Art Theater with a new type of play, in some respects suggested by the previous work of Maeterlinck, but possessing strongly marked personal characteristics. Although a sympathizer with the liberal movement in Czarist Russia, he was vehemently opposed to Bolshevism, and fled to Finland, where he died in great distress of mind and body on September 12, 1919. Just before his death he was planning a visit to America, and it seemed an added irony to the many misfortunes of his lifetime that his symbolic play *He Who Gets Slapped* should, two years after his death, have attained a sensational success when put on the stage by the Theater Guild of New York.

The essay reprinted below was originally published in the 'Wild Rose' Almanac of Petrograd in 1912, and was translated for the *New York Times* in 1919 (issue of October 5) by a young Russian actor named Manart Kippen. It is a plea for a revival of symbolist drama, which had gained its first vogue in the last decade of the nineteenth century through the latest plays of Ibsen and the earlier work of Maeterlinck, whose connection with the French Symbolist school of poetry has been already noted. In a volume of essays published in 1896 Maeterlinck gave the new type of drama a definite formula and a name—'the static drama,' i.e. the play without violent action or a plot made up of overt incidents, relying for its interest on the portrayal of the changing moods of the soul. The following paragraph has often been quoted as the best exposition of the view of this new school:—

'I admire Othello, but he does not seem to me to live the august, everyday life of a Hamlet, who had the time to live because he does not act. Othello is admirably jealous. But may it not be an ancient error to think that it is at the moments when we are possessed by such a passion, or by others of equal violence, that we really live? I have come to think that an old man sitting in his arm-chair, simply waiting in the lamplight, listening without knowing it to all the eternal laws which reign around his house, interpreting, without understanding it, all that there is in the silence of the doors and the windows and in the low voice of the light, undergoing the presence of his soul and of his destiny, inclining his head a little, without suspecting that all the powers of this world intervene and hold watch in the room like attentive servants, not knowing that the sun itself sustains the little table on which he leans his elbows over the abyss, and that there is not one star of the sky nor one power of the soul which is indifferent to the movement of an eyelid that falls or of a thought that rises—I have come to think that this motionless old man is living, in reality, with a deeper, more human, and more general life than the lover who strangles his mistress, the captain who wins a victory, or "the husband avenging his honor."'

Early in the present century, however, Maeterlinck abandoned this view, and surprised his followers by the production of a drama full of stirring incident, *Mona Vanna* (1902). In an essay on modern tragedy published soon afterwards, he said:—

'When the curtain rises, the high intellectual desires we bring with us are suddenly transformed; and the thinker, the moralist, the mystic or the psychologist in us gives place to the instinctive spectator, to the man who is electrified negatively by the crowd, and who wants to see *something happen on the stage.* However strange this transformation or substitution may be, it is incontestable; it is evidently part of mob psychology, an undeniable faculty of the human soul, which is endowed with a special organ, primitive and almost unchangeable, for thinking, enjoying, and suffering emotion *en masse.*'

Andreyef, in a series of plays begun in 1906, attempted, with varying success, to revive the abandoned method of the symbolist drama, and the essay printed below is an effort in the same direction.

THE MODERN THEATER

Does the theater need action on the stage in its accepted form of treatment and movement, the form which is not only accepted by all theaters, but declared absolutely indispensable to its salvation? I permit myself to reply to this heretic question, No! Such action is not necessary, inasmuch as life itself, in its more dramatic and tragic moments, departs ever further from outward action, only to go into the depths of the soul, into that quiet and external immobility of living experience—the intellect.

While I was re-reading the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini I was astonished at the great number of events in the life of this medieval artist-adventurer. How many escapes, murders, surprises, loves, and friendships! Indeed, our average contemporary in his entire life does not see so many killings as Cellini used to come upon in the short journey from his house to the city limits. Then step over a few centuries and look at life before you—even at Nietzsche, the most tragic hero of our times. Where are events in his life—action, movement? There is none. In his youth, when he moved about in the uniform of a Prussian soldier, he was least dramatic. The drama begins from that moment in his life when he entered into the quiet of inaction in his room. Here begin the poignant appraisal of all values, the tragic struggle, the break with Wagner—and alluring Zarathustra.

But what about the stage? The stage is powerless and dumb. It is subservient to the unchangeable law of action—cannot give this near and important and most necessary Nietzsche, but instead it offers in great quantity that which has already been lived through, an empty Cellini with his property swords.

Life has gone within, and the stage has remained on the outside. Understand this and you will understand why for several decades past not one drama has reached the height of the contemporary novel (there is no comparison); why Dostoievski did not write one drama; why Tolstoy, of such strong depth in his novels, was in his drama so primitive; why shrewd Maeterlinck dressed his thoughts up in trousers and made doubt run all over the stage. Follow my thought to the end and you will understand why our charmingly theatric Ostrofsky—well supported in his lifetime—is no longer needed, and why our untheatric Chekhof is so much needed. I do not say that events are lacking, that no one is in action, that history has ceased its flow. No; yesterday is sufficiently fertile of events. There are still enough murders and suicides, complex delusions, skilled active combinations of alive and moving struggles with physical force, with arms—and firearms! But the dramatic value of all this has run low. Life has become psychological, if one may express himself so—has become aligned with primitive fears. Along with the everlasting heroes of the drama, love and hunger, comes a new hero, the intellect. Neither hunger nor love nor ambition; thought, human thought with all its sufferings, joys and struggles—there is the true hero of contemporary life! It has taken first place in the drama.

Even poor playwrights and the poor public of our time have begun to understand that the external appearance of the struggle, no matter how much blood is spilled on the stage, is the least dramatic phase of the struggle. Not that moment when a workman goes out into the street is the dramatic moment, but when his hearing first receives the words of a new life, when his yet feeble, timid, inert thought suddenly rears itself like an enraged horse, and with a sudden spring forward carries the rider away into a glittering land of wonders. Not that moment is dramatic when on the demand of a manufacturer soldiers have already arrived and made ready their guns, but the moment in the quiet of his sleepless nights when the manufacturer struggles between two truths, and can accept neither one, either with his conscience or with his strained intellect.

And it is with modern love as with every deep self-manifestation. From its external expression love's action now goes into the depths, having a semblance of immobility. This is a very interesting detail.

Formerly the hero spoke a monologue for many of his important thoughts and feelings, but the present realistic drama destroyed this sufficiently sorry possibility of getting into the depths. The monologue is abolished. In short, no matter what cunning and tricks of illusion playwrights have recourse to, they no longer dare revert to the monologue, even though feeling the need of a short one. The monologue is an affectation, it does not resemble life. But this *does* resemble life—to perform

action without stopping, to gossip uninterruptedly like a merry parrot, and not once to think with any depth for more than twenty seconds. The playwrights copy from examples of the masters the same old portrait of life without noting that the life-likeness has long been lost, that they do not depict a living face but merely copy an old picture.

Genius has deserted the drama, for how could genius with its mighty swing possibly find place in the sadly crowded condition of the stage! Any attempt for genius to spread its wings more widely proves fatal. The more depth and spirit there is in it, the less theatric it becomes. Not only genius, but middling talents find the modern stage too cramping, too crowded; it is necessary for them to squat and jabber away in an infantile manner in order to conform to the theater.

Because, alongside the inevitable action, our contemporary theater desires also to present a spectacle, *must* the contemporary theater present a spectacle? I permit myself again to answer, decidedly, No! This reply is a matter of course. To the degree that action is visible and spectacle overrules, to that degree must writers of genius or talent abandon the stage to spectacle instead of to the unseen spirit of man, with its majestic riches unseen by carnal myopic vision. Today only the commercial traveler wanders diligently over the world, while Leo Tolstoy, with his world-drama, remains seated, immovable for a quarter of the century. And since they have begun to slay our heroes and our prophets, not with stones but with written or printed sheets of paper, where is there then a place for spectacle?

And what tricks does not the gifted playwright resort to, oppressed as he is by the modern stage? There is the diabolical machinery of Hauptmann's *Sunken Bell,* the modest and altogether unnecessary *Imatra* of Naidenov, and an ever-present samovar. Grant the samovar; even with the samovar our spectacle is still at its worst. For, after all, the samovar is the action. While they bring it in, brew the tea, and are pouring a cup of tea the attention of the spectator has been distracted, for not only our contemporary theater, but our public are devoted to the spectacular. At every step they immolate the very purpose of production on the altar of their idol, offering up their souls for the unnecessary body. It is amusing to hear that we should give the stage over to the dance, or reduce the actor to comparative immobility on the stage. This only brings about gradations of color; thus they very gently and softly cut out the author's tongue, imagining that this operation will make sensation enough.

Consider this well and you will understand the long list of failures which are the lot of our most costly productions, and the reason why poor ones are often successes and why the best plays are tossed about from manager to manager and never produced, while dramatists grow weaker and weaker; why only a dumb person does not cry aloud at the impoverishment of dramatic literature.

You know, of course, that between the symbolists and the robust realists there has been a fierce struggle for possession of the stage. You know, of course, that at the present moment in literature realism has conquered. But has it occurred to you to note that this triumph comes somehow at the same time as the impoverishment of dramatic literature and the decline of the theater? Even as an extravagant landowner, feeling low in his mind, kills off the tillers of his soil in order to get more fresh air, and then at once falls into a helpless condition of hunger and distress, so did the public and the theater itself enthusiastically destroy symbolism on the stage. Suddenly we have hunger and anguish; where is the drama?

Oh, how good it is to breathe the clear air of realism! But where is the drama? Where have the dramatists gone? I, at least, am very hungry and very tired. And what is the nature of our silenced symbolism, by whose death the air has been purified, but there is nothing left to eat? Compromise is its name. In but few instances has symbolism in the theater become a dictator by the unalterable laws of individual creative power; more often it has been used merely as a resource to force a live thought upon the stage, playing the part of a smuggler and his goat smuggling Brussels lace across the boundary line. Limited by the demands of action and spectacle, the dramatist has been unable to incarnate on the stage every image of the refined complex modern spirit, pierced by world thought, created by costliness of new life-experience, opening fountains of new and most profound tragedy anciently

unknown. He has been unable because the flesh does not have the new experience of the spirit, and so the smugglers have had a chance to exhibit themselves on the stage with a heavy pack of illicit stylish figures, bare-footed persons, enigmatic ones without name or parentage, galvanized but not brought to life—pierrots and harlequins, designedly and intentionally made-up blind, deaf and dumb, made-up devils, gnomes, fairies, and frogs. The blind stumble over decorative settings; devils fall through traps; harlequin groans like a living man; bare-footed creatures go dancing beyond the grave, and some very portly one tries unsuccessfully to turn into a shadow. This whole naïve masquerade means only one thing, that Thought stifles on the stage, that Spirit is dying on the boards!

As in every compromise, this distinguished dual contraband symbolism satisfied neither side and had to die. The weighty and carnal figure, the shaven and active actor of triple dimensions crushed public and author. They wished to bend him about like a rubber doll, to place him in poses found only in geometry. In order to kill his ability to speak with a living voice, they gave him to drink of vinegar and gall, but he did not speak like a true phantom from the other world. The actor humbly accepted the new yoke, but for all his efforts he was unable to turn himself into vapor, or air, or a real frog. Then the public began to feel the falsity of the performance, and went off whistling. The author also began to feel that by such roundabout means he could not take the fortress of the modern theater. He had either to break down the Bastille or to be a prisoner in it.

For a while, the theater became richer spiritually, more meaningful, even glorious. But regarded from the outside it had an appearance of folly, the machinery had worked loose and begun to squeak. The further existence of this compromised form became impossible. With her oily, angry smile that old beggar-woman, the realistic drama, adjusted the bones of the actor, tightened the screws and nuts, and had a smoke with Ostrofsky to purify the unclean Maeterlinckian air. And so, after the impoverishment of our dramatic literature, we are still waiting for the renaissance.

Not only the theater perishes, but also the public. Which of the two pulls the other into the hole? The theater the public, or the other way about? It is very difficult to say, but in either case it does not much matter: let us call it reciprocal action. But it does matter that the modern spectator, though he attend the theater assiduously, has lost the power to see the absurdity of it, and is unable to cope with the sensations going on before him. I have not time to discuss his extremely interesting psychology, which deserves detailed examination, but I will indicate a few points:—

Never were so many demands made on the theater, just as it was never before necessary for the individual to gratify so many desires. Suppose I am a woman and want to know how to dress? I go to the theater to learn this from the actresses and the other women in the audience. Suppose I have grown heavy of thought, and want stimulation? I go to the theater. Suppose my eyes have become tired because of the lack of color in our home life, of the sameness and weariness of our streets, and I wish to go sight-seeing, to fill my eyes with a view of the sky and the sea, with strange and eternal beauty? I have not time to travel and I have not the money, so, unconsciously, I go to the theater to get my vision of color and joy. Whether I want laughter or sadness, whether emotion or peace, I go to the theater for all. I demand everything from the theater; I damn the theater for everything.

With all this, what an absurdity is our ordinary theater with its stupid and confused staff and its varied and contradictory currents flowing from the auditorium to the stage—disconcerting the actors, making them suffer. At one moment a wise man may begin to listen intently while twenty fools begin to yawn or cough and snore. There are plenty of fools; the wise man shivers in unbearable torment, because to the wise there is nothing more sorrowful than the joy of fools.

There are many dramas that give offense to those who want peace, distraction, and amusement; but there are too few dramas that offend those who hunger for emotion. One person may love to listen to beautiful speech, but it only annoys the chatterer. One may understand everything and yet complain that this is very little—that there is not enough food for the mind. Another may understand absolutely nothing, yet he also complains and calls out 'nonsense!'

It is true that every theater willingly (more often reluctantly) caters to the taste of its own public. Yet here the insolvency of modern serious drama asserts itself with particular force. The lower the theater is in artistry and in idealistic aim, the more it is absurd, the more encouraging are the receipts, and vice versa. The more passionate and painful the theater's quest—and now every serious theater is compelled to seek far and wide—the less hope there is for it to gain 'its own public' and durable success. Plays vary in spirit and in structure, wrestle with one another, enfeebling the actor, throwing him about from an extreme of realism to an extreme of symbolism, now rewarding him with flesh and blood, now taking away even his own shadow. Shaking up the actors, these various plays also agitate and shake up the audiences, placing a question mark before every new production. How and where is it to collect 'its own public,' harmonious and responsive, when the theater is being torn to pieces within itself?

There are always some authors and some distinguished pieces which still draw receipts, but there is very little here to console the theater. Observe the plays which run a hundred nights, or twice that, and you will be convinced that these are by no means the strongest productions, but those most easily available, and therefore usually disjointed, unintelligent and empty. Very often they have the savor and appearance of very good plays, but this is a delusion, since well-disposed spectators (who don't know why they go), charmed and convinced by the success of well chosen and interesting actors, give the theater that peculiar atmosphere wherein shortcomings are not noted, where little merits achieve exaggerated credit, and everything generally is in full bloom. Small receipts shape the doom of any play that lasts but ten performances. What a shame, what a merciless condemnation of the whole system of the modern theater—these first performances!

Not many people go to the theater with conscious discernment; the majority go because everybody else goes. And even he who goes with a purpose does not definitely know, does not even imagine what awaits him; usually they have promised to astonish him with something very unexpected; 'so-and-so' designed the scene, 'so-and-so' composed the music; and 'so-and-so' managed the production; everything is 'so-and-so' and 'so-and-so.' Whether all this will give pleasure or pain is apparent to nobody. But the theater still purposely thickens the mystery, not comprehending that the thicker the mystery, the more it attracts an unrepresentative and inimical audience. Is it surprising that many serious-minded people have given up going to the theater altogether?

CROCE (1866–)

Benedetto Croce was hardly known in the English-speaking world, except to a few specialists, until Douglas Ainslie in 1909 unearthed the new philosopher at Naples and constituted himself his prophet and translator. Croce's *Estetica* had been published in 1901, but had attracted little attention outside of those philosophical or critical circles familiar with Italian. Mr. Ainslie translated the *Complete System of the Philosophy of the Spirit* and other works of the master, including a condensation of his most important thoughts on the subject of æsthetic theory, entitled *The Essence of Æsthetic,* originally prepared to celebrate the inauguration of the Rice Institute at Houston, Texas, in 1912. The extract which is given below is taken from 'The Book of the Opening of the Rice Institute,' with a few corrections made by Mr. Ainslie for an edition of *The Essence of Æsthetic* subsequently published in London. Croce thought this might prove of use to 'young folk and others who wish to study poetry, and art in general, seriously.'

In 1920 Croce was the recipient of the Nicholas Murray Butler gold medal awarded by Columbia University for the most original and important contribution to philosophy during the previous five years. He was Minister of Education in the Giolitti Cabinet appointed after the end of the War, and is still a member of the Italian Senate.

'WHAT IS ART?'

I will say at once, in the simplest manner, that art is *vision* or *intuition.* The artist produces an image or a phantasm; and he who enjoys art turns his gaze upon the point which the artist has indicated, looks through the chink which he has opened, and reproduces that image in himself. 'Intuition,' 'vision,' 'contemplation,' 'imagination,' 'fancy,' 'figurations,' 'representations,' and so on, are words continually recurring, like synonyms, when discoursing upon art, and they all lead the mind to the same conceptual sphere, which indicates general agreement.

But this reply of mine, that art is intuition, obtains its force and meaning from all that it implicitly denies and distinguishes from art. What negations are implicit in it? I shall indicate the principal, or at least those that are the most important for us at this present moment of our culture.

It denies, above all, that art is a physical fact: for example, certain determined colors, or relations of colors; certain definite forms of bodies; certain definite sounds, or relations of sounds; certain phenomena of heat or of electricity—in short, whatsoever be designated as 'physical.' The inclination towards this error of physicizing art is already present in ordinary thought, and as children who touch the soap-bubble and would wish to touch the rainbow, so the human spirit, admiring beautiful things, hastens spontaneously to trace out the reasons for them in external nature, and proves that it must think, or believes that it should think, certain colors beautiful and certain other colors ugly, certain forms beautiful and certain other forms ugly. But this attempt has been carried out intentionally and with method on several occasions in the history of thought: from the 'canons' which the Greek theoreticians and artists fixed for the beauty of bodies, through the speculations as to the geometrical and numerical relations of figures and sounds, down to the researches of the æstheticians of the nineteenth century (Fechner, for example), and to the 'communications' presented in our day by the inexpert, at philosophical, psychological and natural science congresses, concerning the relations of physical phenomena with art. And if it be asked why art cannot be a physical fact, we must reply, in the first place, that physical facts do not possess reality, and that art, to which so many devote their whole lives and which fills all with a divine joy, is supremely real; thus it cannot be a physical fact, which is something unreal.

This sounds at first paradoxical, for nothing seems more solid and secure to the ordinary man than the physical world; but we, in the seat of truth, must not abstain from the good reason and substitute for it one less good, solely because the first may have the appearance of a lie; and besides, in order to overcome what of strange and difficult may be contained in that truth, to become at home with it, we may take into consideration the fact that the demonstration of the unreality of the physical world has not only been proved in an undisputable manner and is admitted by all philosophers (who are not crass materialists and are not involved in the strident contradictions of materialism), but is professed by these same physicists in the spontaneous philosophy which they mingle with their physics, when they conceive physical phenomena as products of principles that are beyond experience, of atoms or of ether, or as the manifestation of an Unknowable; besides, the matter itself of the materialists is a supermaterial principle. Thus physical facts reveal themselves, by their internal logic and by common consent, not as reality, but as a construction of our intellect for the purposes of science. Consequently, the question whether art be a physical fact must rationally assume this different signification: that is to say, whether it be possible to construct art physically. And this is certainly possible, for we indeed carry it out always, when, turning from the sense of a poem and ceasing to enjoy it, we set ourselves, for example, to count the words of which the poem is composed and to divide them into syllables and letters; or, disregarding the æsthetic effect of a statue, we weigh and measure it: a most useful performance for the packers of statues, as is the other for the typographers who have to 'compose' pages of poetry; but most useless for the contemplator and student of art, to whom it is neither useful nor licit to allow himself to be 'distracted' from his proper object. Thus art is not a physical fact in this second sense either; which amounts to saying that when we propose to ourselves to penetrate its nature and mode of action, to construct it physically is of no avail.

Another negation is implied in the definition of art as intuition: if it be intuition, and intuition is equivalent to theory in the original sense of contemplation, art cannot be a utilitarian act; and since a utilitarian act aims always at obtaining a pleasure and therefore at keeping off a pain, art, considered in its own nature, has nothing to do with the *useful* and with *pleasure* and *pain,* as such. It will be admitted, indeed, without much difficulty, that a pleasure as a pleasure, any sort of pleasure, is not of itself artistic; the pleasure of a drink of water that slakes thirst, or a walk in the open air that stretches our limbs and makes our blood circulate more lightly, or the obtaining of a longed-for post that settles us in practical life, and so on, is not artistic. Finally, the difference between pleasure and art leaps to the eyes in the relations that are developed between ourselves and works of art, because the figure represented may be dear to us and represent the most delightful memories, and at the same time the picture may be ugly; or, on the other hand, the picture may be beautiful and the figure represented hateful to our hearts; or the picture itself, which we approve as beautiful, may also cause us rage and envy, because it is the work of our enemy or rival, for whom it will procure advantage and on whom it will confer new strength: our practical interests, with their relative pleasures and pains, mingle and sometimes become confused with art and disturb, but are never identified with, our æsthetic interest. At the most it will be affirmed, with a view to maintaining more effectively the definition of art as the pleasurable, that it is not the pleasurable in general, but a particular form of the pleasurable. But such a restriction is no longer a defense, it is indeed an abandonment of that thesis; for given that art is a particular form of pleasure, its distinctive character would be supplied, not by the pleasurable, but by what distinguishes that pleasurable from other pleasurables, and it would be desirable to turn the attention to that distinctive element—more than pleasurable or different from pleasurable. Nevertheless, the doctrine that defines art as the pleasurable has a special denomination (hedonistic æsthetic), and a long and complicated development in the history of æsthetic doctrines: it showed itself in the Græco-Roman world, prevailed in the eighteenth century, reflowered in the second half of the nineteenth, and still enjoys much favor, being especially well received by beginners in æsthetic, who are, above all, struck by the fact that art causes pleasure. The life of this doctrine

has consisted of proposing in turn one or another class of pleasures, or several classes together (the pleasure of the superior senses, the pleasure of play, of consciousness of our own strength, of criticism, etc., etc.), or of adding to it elements differing from the pleasurable, the useful, for example (when understood as distinct from the pleasurable), the satisfaction of cognoscitive and moral wants, and the like. And its progress has been caused just by this restlessness, and by its allowing foreign elements to ferment in its bosom, which it introduces through the necessity of somehow bringing itself into agreement with the reality of art, thus attaining to its dissolution as hedonistic doctrine and to the promotion of a new doctrine, or at least to drawing attention to its necessity. And since every error has its element of truth (and that of the physical doctrine has been seen to be the possibility of the physical 'construction' of art as of any other fact), the hedonistic doctrine has its eternal element of truth in the placing in relief the hedonistic accompaniment, or pleasure, common to the æsthetic activity as to every form of spiritual activity, which it has not at all been intended to deny in absolutely denying the identification of art with the pleasurable, and in distinguishing it from the pleasurable by defining it as intuition.

A third negation, effected by means of the theory of art as intuition, is that art is a moral act; that is to say, that form of practical act which, although necessarily uniting with the useful and with pleasure and pain, is not immediately utilitarian and hedonistic, and moves in a superior spiritual sphere. But the intuition, in so far as it is a theoretic act, is opposed to the practical of any sort. And in truth, art, as has been remarked from the earliest times, does not arise as an act of the will; good will, which constitutes the honest man, does not constitute the artist. And since it is not the result of an act of will, so it escapes all moral discrimination, not because a privilege of exemption is accorded to it, but simply because moral discrimination cannot be applied to art. An artistic image portrays an act morally praiseworthy or blameworthy. Not only is there no penal code that can condemn an image to prison or to death, but no moral judgment, uttered by a rational person, can make of it its object: we might just as well judge the square moral or the triangle immoral as the Francesca of Dante immoral or the Cordelia of Shakespeare moral, for these have a purely artistic function; they are like musical notes in the souls of Dante and of Shakespeare. Further, the moralistic theory of art is also represented in the history of æsthetic doctrines, though much discredited in the common opinion of our times, not only on account of its intrinsic demerit, but also in some measure, owing to the moral demerit of certain tendencies of our times, which render possible that refutation of it on psychological grounds, which should be made—and which we here make—solely for logical reasons. The end attributed to art, of directing the good and inspiring horror of evil, of correcting and ameliorating customs, is a derivation of the moralistic doctrine; and so is the demand addressed to artists to collaborate in the education of the lower classes, in the strengthening of the national or bellicose spirit of a people, in the diffusion of the ideals of a modest and laborious life, and so on. These are all things that art cannot do, any more than geometry, which, however, does not lose anything of its importance on account of its inability to do this; and one does not see why art should do so either. That it cannot do these things was partially perceived by the moralistic æstheticians also, for they very readily effected a compromise with it, permitting it to provide pleasures that were not moral, provided they were not openly dishonest, or recommending it to employ to a good end that empire over souls which it possessed through its hedonistic power to gild the pill, to sprinkle sweetness upon the rim of the glass containing the bitter draught—in short, to play the courtesan (since it could not get rid of its old and inborn habits) in the service of holy church or of morality: *meretrix ecclesiæ* [courtesan of the church]. On other occasions they have sought to avail themselves of it for purposes of instruction, since not only virtue but also science is a difficult thing, and art could remove this difficulty and render pleasant and attractive the entrance into the ocean of science—indeed, lead them through it as through a garden of Armida, gaily and voluptuously, without their being conscious of the lofty protection which they were preparing for themselves. We cannot now refrain from a smile when we

talk of these theories, but should not forget that they were once a serious matter, corresponding to a serious effort to understand the nature of art and to elevate the conception of it; and that among those who believed in it (to limit ourselves to Italian literature) were Dante and Tasso, Parini and Alfieri, Manzoni and Mazzini. And the moralistic doctrine of art was and is and will be perpetually beneficial by its very contradictions; it was and will be an effort, however unhappy, to separate art from the merely pleasing, with which it is sometimes confused, and to assign to it a more worthy post: and it also has its true side, because, if art be beyond morality, the artist is neither this side of it nor that, but under its empire, in so far as he is a man who cannot withdraw himself from the duties of man, and must look upon art itself—art, which is not and never will be moral—as a mission to be exercised, a priestly office.

Again (and this is the last and perhaps the most important of all the general negations that it suits me to recall in relation to this matter), with the definition of art as intuition, we deny that it has the character of *conceptual knowledge*. Conceptual knowledge, in its true form, which is the philosophical, is always realistic, aiming at establishing reality against unreality, or at reducing unreality by including it in reality as a subordinate moment of reality itself. But intuition means, precisely, indistinction of reality and unreality, the image with its value as mere image; the pure ideality of the image; and opposing the intuitive or sensible knowledge to the conceptual or intelligible, the æsthetic to the noetic, it aims at claiming the autonomy of this more simple and elementary form of knowledge, which has been compared to the dream (the dream, and not the sleep) of the theoretic life, in respect to which philosophy would be the waking. And indeed, whoever, when examining a work of art, should ask whether what the artist has expressed be metaphysically and historically true or false, asks a question that is without meaning and commits an error analogous to his who should bring the airy images of the fancy before the tribunal of morality: without meaning, because the discrimination of true and false always concerns an affirmation of reality, or a judgment, but it cannot fall under the head of an image or of a pure subject, which is not the subject of a pure judgment, since it is without qualification or predicate. It is useless to object that the individuality of the image cannot subsist without reference to the universal, of which that image is the individuation, because we do not here deny that the universal, as the spirit of God, is everywhere and animates all things with itself, but we deny that the universal is rendered logically explicit and is thought in the intuition. Useless also is the appeal to the principle of the unity of the spirit, which is not broken, but on the contrary strengthened by the clear distinction of fancy from thought, because from the distinction comes opposition and from opposition concrete unity.

Ideality (as has also been called this character that distinguishes the intuition from the concept, art from philosophy and from history, from the affirmation of the universal and from the perception or narration of what has happened) is the intimate virtue of art: no sooner are reflection and judgment developed from that ideality, than art is dissipated and dies: it dies in the artist, who becomes a critic; it dies in the contemplator, who changes from an entranced enjoyer of art to a meditative observer of life.

But the distinction of art from philosophy (taken widely as including all thinking of the real) brings with it other distinctions, among which that of art from myth occupies the foremost place. For myth, to him who believes in it, presents itself as the revelation and knowledge of reality as opposed to unreality,—a reality that drives away other beliefs as illusory or false. It can become art only for him who no longer believes in it and avails himself of mythology as a metaphor, of the austere world of the gods as of a beautiful world, of God as of an image of sublimity. Considered, then, in its genuine reality, in the soul of the believer and not of the unbeliever, it is religion and not a simple phantasm; and religion is philosophy, philosophy in process of becoming, philosophy more or less imperfect, but philosophy, as philosophy, is religion, more or less purified and elaborated, in continuous process of elaboration and purification, but religion or thought of the Absolute or Eternal. Art lacks the thought that is necessary ere it can become myth and religion, and the faith that is born of

thought; the artist neither believes nor disbelieves in his image: he produces it.

And, for a different reason, the concept of art as intuition excludes, on the other hand, the conception of art as the production of classes and types, species and genera, or again (as a great mathematician and philosopher had occasion to say of music), as an exercise of unconscious arithmetic; that is, it distinguishes art from the positive sciences and from mathematics, in both of which appears the conceptual form, though without realistic character, as mere general representation or mere abstraction. But that ideality which natural and mathematical science would seem to assume, as opposed to the world of philosophy, of religion and of history, and which would seem to approximate it to art (and owing to which scientists and mathematicians of our day are so ready to boast of creating worlds, of *fictiones,* resembling the fictions and figurations of the poets, even in their vocabulary), is gained with the renunciation of concrete thought, by means of generalization and abstraction, which are capricious, volitional decisions, practical acts, and, as practical acts, extraneous and inimical to the world of art. Thus it happens that art manifests much more repugnance toward the positive and mathematical sciences than toward philosophy, religion and history, because these seem to it to be fellow-citizens of the same world of theory or of knowledge, whereas those others repel it with the brutality of the practical world toward contemplation. Poetry and classification, and, worse still, poetry and mathematics, appear to be as little in agreement as fire and water: the *esprit mathematique* and the *esprit scientifique,* the most declared enemies of the *esprit poetique;* those periods in which the natural sciences and mathematics prevail (for example, the intellectualism of the eighteenth century) seem to be the least fruitful in poetry.

And since this vindication of the alogical character of art is, as I have said, the most difficult and important of the negations included in the formula of art-intuition, the theories that attempt to explain art as philosophy, as religion, as history, or as science, and in a lesser degree as mathematics, occupy the greater part of the history of æsthetic science and are adorned with the names of the greatest philosophers. Schelling and Hegel afford examples of the identification or confusion of art with religion and philosophy in the eighteenth century; Taine, of its confusion with the natural sciences; the theories of the French verists, of its confusion with historical and documentary observation; the formalism of the Herbartians, of its confusion with mathematics. But it would be vain to seek pure examples of these errors in any of these authors and in the others that might be mentioned, because error is never pure, for if it were so, it would be truth. Thus the doctrines of art, that for the sake of brevity I shall term 'conceptualistic,' contain elements of dissolution, the more copious and efficacious by as much as the spirit of the philosopher who professed them was energetic, and therefore nowhere are they so copious and efficacious as in Schelling and Hegel, who had so lively a consciousness of artistic production as to suggest by their observations and their particular developments a theory opposed to that maintained in their systems. Furthermore, the very conceptualistic theories are superior to the others previously examined, not only in so far as they recognize the theoretic character of art, but also carry with them their contribution to the true doctrine, owing to the claim they make for a determination of the relations (which, if they be of distinction, are also of unity) between fancy or imagination and logic, between art and thought.

And here we can already see how the very simple formula, that 'art is intuition,' —which, translated into other symbolical terms (for example, that 'art is the work of imagination'), is to be found in the mouths of all those who daily discuss art, and also in older terms ('imitation,' 'fiction,' 'fable,' etc.) in so many old books,— when pronounced now in the text of a philosophical discourse, becomes filled with a historical, critical, and polemical content, of the richness of which I can hardly here give any example. And it will no longer cause astonishment that its philosophical conquest should have cost an especially great amount of toil, because that conquest is like setting foot upon a little hill long disputed in battle. Its easy ascent by the thoughtless pedestrian in time of peace is a very different matter. It is not a simple resting-place on a walk, but the symbol and result of the victory of an army. The historian of æsthetic follows the steps of its difficult progress, in which

(and this is another magical act of thought) the conqueror, instead of losing strength through the blows that his adversary inflicts upon him, acquires new strength through these very blows, and reaches the desired eminence, repulsing his adversary, yet in his company. Here I cannot do more than mention in passing the importance of the Aristotelian concept of *mimesis* (appearing in opposition to the Platonic condemnation of poetry), and the attempt made by the same philosopher to distinguish poetry and history: a concept that was not sufficiently developed, and perhaps not altogether mature in his mind, and therefore long misunderstood, but which was yet to serve, after many centuries, as the point of departure for modern æsthetic thought. And I will mention in passing the ever-increasing consciousness of the difference between logic and imagination, between judgment and taste, between intellect and genius, which became ever more lively during the course of the seventeenth century, and the solemn form which the contest between Poetry and Metaphysic assumed in the *Scienza Nuova* of Vico; and also the scholastic construction of an *Æsthetica*, distinct from a *Logica*, as *Gnoseologia inferior* and *Scientia cognitionis sensitivæ*, in Baumgarten, who, however, remained involved in the conceptualistic conception of art and did not carry out his project; and the *Critique* of Kant directed against Baumgarten and all the Leibnitzians and Wolffians, which made it clear that intuition is intuition and not a 'confused concept'; and romanticism, which perhaps better developed the new idea of art, announced by Vico, in its artistic criticism and in its histories than in its systems; and finally the criticism inaugurated in Italy by Francesco de Sanctis, who made art as pure form, or pure intuition, triumph over all utilitarianism, moralism, and conceptualism (to adopt his vocabulary).

But doubt springs up at the feet of truth, 'like a young shoot,'—as the terzina of father Dante has it,—doubt, which is what drives the intellect of man 'from mount to mount.' The doctrine of art as intuition, as imagination, as form, now gives rise to an ulterior (I have not said an 'ultimate') problem, which is no longer one of opposition and distinction toward physics, hedonistic ethic and logic, but within the field of images itself, which sets in doubt the capacity of the image to define the character of art and is in reality occupied with the mode of separating the genuine from the spurious image, and of enriching in this way the concept of the image and of art. What function (it is asked) can a world of pure images, without philosophical, historical, religious or scientific value and without even moral or hedonistic value, possess in the spirit of man? What is more vain than to dream with open eyes in life, which demands, not only open eyes, but an open mind and a nimble spirit? Pure images! But to nourish one's self upon pure images is called by a name of little honor, 'to dream,' and there is usually added to this the epithet of 'idle.' It is a very insipid and inconclusive thing; can it ever be art? Certainly we sometimes amuse ourselves with the reading of some sensational romance of adventure, where images follow images in the most various and unexpected way; but we thus enjoy ourselves in moments of fatigue, when we are obliged to kill time, and with a full consciousness that such stuff is not art. Such instances are of the nature of a pastime, a game; but were art a game or a pastime, it would fall into the wide arms of hedonistic doctrine, ever open to receive it. And it is a utilitarian and hedonistic need that impels us sometimes to relax the bow of the mind and the bow of the will, and to stretch ourselves, allowing images to follow one another in our memory, or combining them in quaint forms with the aid of the imagination, in a sort of waking sleep, from which we rouse ourselves as soon as we are rested; and we sometimes rouse ourselves just to devote ourselves to the work of art, which cannot be produced by a mind relaxed. Thus either art is not pure intuition, and the claims put forward in the doctrines which we believed we had above confuted, are not satisfied, and so the confutation itself of these doctrines is troubled with doubts; or intuition cannot consist in a simple act of imagination.

In order to render the problem more exact and more difficult, it will be well to eliminate from it at once that part to which the answer is easy, and which I have not wished to neglect, precisely because it is usually united and confused with it. The intuition is certainly the production of an image, but not of an incoherent mass of images obtained by recalling former images and allowing them to succeed one another

capriciously, by combining one image with another in a like capricious manner, joining a horse's neck to a human head, and thus playing a childish game. Old Poetic availed itself above all of the concept of unity, in order to express this distinction between the intuition and vain imagining, insisting that whatever the artistic work, it should be *simplex et unum* [simple and one]; or of the allied concept of unity in variety—that is to say, the multiple images were to find their common center and dissolve in a comprehensive image: and the æsthetic of the nineteenth century created with the same object the distinction, which appears in not a few of its philosophers, between imagination (the peculiar artistic faculty) and fancy (the extra-artistic faculty). To amass, select, cut up, combine images, presupposes the possession of particular images in the spirit; and imagination produces, whereas fancy is sterile, adapted to external combinations and not to the generation of organism and life. The most profound problem, contained beneath the rather superficial formula with which I first presented it, is, then: What is the office of the pure image in the life of the spirit? or (which at the bottom amounts to the same thing), How does the pure image come into existence? Every inspired work of art gives rise to a long series of imitators, who just repeat, cut up in pieces, combine, and mechanically exaggerate that work, and by so doing play the part of fancy toward or against the imagination. But what is the justification, or what the genesis, of the work of genius, which is afterward submitted (a sign of glory!) to such torments? In order to make this point clear, we must go deeply into the character of imagination and of pure intuition.

The best way to prepare this deeper study is to recall to mind and to criticize the theories with which it has been sought to differentiate artistic intuition from merely incoherent fancy (while taking care not to fall into realism or conceptualism), to establish in what the principle of unity consists, and to justify the productive character of the imagination. The artistic image (it has been said) is such, when it unites the intelligible with the sensible, and represents an idea. Now 'intelligible' and 'idea' cannot mean anything but concept (nor has it a different meaning with those who maintain this doctrine); even though it be the concrete concept or idea, proper to lofty philosophical speculation, which differs from the abstract concept or from the representative concept of the sciences. But in any case, the concept or idea always unites the intelligible to the sensible, and not only in art, for the new concept of the concept, first stated by Kant and (so to say) immanent in all modern thought; heals the breach between the sensible and the intelligible worlds, conceives the concept as judgment, and the judgment as synthesis *a priori*, and the synthesis *a priori* as the world becoming flesh, as history. Thus that definition of art leads imagination back to logic and art to philosophy, contrary to intention; and is at most valid for the abstract conception of science, not for the problem of art (the æsthetic and teleological *Critique of Judgment* of Kant had precisely this historical function of correcting what of abstract there yet remained in the *Critique of Pure Reason*). To seek a sensible element for the concept, beyond that which it already contains in itself as concrete concept, and beyond the words in which it expresses itself, would be superfluous. If we persist in this search, it is true that we abandon the conception of art as philosophy or history, but only to pass to the conception of art as allegory. And the unsurmountable difficulties of the allegory are well known, as its frigid and anti-historical character is known and universally felt. Allegory is the external union, the conventional and arbitrary juxtaposition of two spiritual acts, a concept or thought and an image, where it is assumed that this image must represent that concept. And not only is the unitary character of the artistic image not explained by this, but, in addition, a duality is purposely created, because thought remains thought and image image in this juxtaposition, without relation between themselves; so much so, that in contemplating the image, we forget the concept without any disadvantage,—indeed, with advantage,—and in thinking the concept, we dissipate, also with advantage, the superfluous and tiresome image. Allegory enjoyed much favor in the Middle Ages, that mixture of Germanism and Romanism, of barbarism and culture, of bold imagination and of acute reflection; but it was the theoretic presumption and not the effective reality of that same medieval art which, where it is art, drives allegory away or

resolves it in itself. This need for the solution of allegoristical dualism leads to the refining of the theory of intuition, in so far as it is allegory of the idea, into the other theory, of the intuition as symbol; for the idea does not stand by itself in the symbol, thinkable separately from the symbolizing representation, nor does the symbol stand by itself, representable in a lively manner without the idea symbolized.

The idea is all dissolved in the representation (as said the æsthetician Vischer, to whom, if to anyone, belongs the blame of so prosaic a comparison in so poetic and metaphysical a theme), like a lump of sugar melted in a glass of water, which exists and acts in every molecule of water, but is no longer to be found as a lump of sugar. But the idea that has disappeared, the idea that has become entirely representative, the idea that we can no longer succeed in seizing as idea (save by extracting it, like sugar from sugared water), is no longer idea, and is only the sign that the unity of the artistic image has not yet been achieved. Certainly art is symbol, all symbol—that is, all significant; but symbol of what? What does it mean? The intuition is truly artistic, it is truly intuition, and not a chaotic mass of images, only when it has a vital principle that animates it, making it all one with itself; but what is this principle?

The answer to such a question may be said to result from the examination of the greatest ideal strife that has ever taken place in the field of art (and is not confined to the epoch that took its name from it and in which it was predominant): the strife between romanticism and classicism. Giving the general definition, here convenient, and setting aside minor and accidental definitions, romanticism asks of art, above all, the spontaneous and violent effusion of the affections, of love and hate, of anguish and joy, of despair and elation; and is willingly satisfied and pleased with vaporous and indeterminate images, broken and allusive in style, with vague suggestions, with approximate phrases, with powerful and confused sketches: while classicism loves the peaceful soul, the wise design, figures studied in their characteristics and precise in outline, ponderation, equilibrium, clarity; and resolutely tends toward representation, as the other tends toward feeling. And whoever puts himself at one or the other point of view finds crowds of reasons for maintaining it and for confuting the opposite point of view; because (say the romantics), What value has an art, rich in beautiful images, when it does not speak to the heart? And if it does speak to the heart, what does it matter though the images are not beautiful? And the others say, What is the use of the shock of the passions, if the spirit do not rest upon a beautiful image? And if the image be beautiful, if our taste be satisfied, what matters the absence of those emotions which can all of them be obtained outside art, and which life does not fail to provide, sometimes in greater quantity than we desire? But when we begin to feel weary of the fruitless defense of both partial views; above all, when we turn away from the ordinary works of art produced by the romantic and classical schools, from works convulsed with passion or coldly decorous, to fix our eyes upon the works, not of the disciples, but of the masters, not of the mediocre, but of the supreme, we see the struggle cease and find ourselves unable to call the great portions of these works romantic or classic or representative, because they are both classic and romantic, feelings and representations, a vigorous feeling which has become all most brilliant representation. Such, for example, are the works of Hellenic art, and such those of Italian poetry and art: the transcendentalism of the Middle Ages became fixed in the bronze of the Dantean terzina; melancholy and suave fancy, in the transparency of the songs and sonnets of Petrarch; sage experience of life and badinage with the fables of the past, in the limpid *ottava rima* of Ariosto; heroism and the thought of death, in the perfect blank-verse hendecasyllabics of Foscolo; the infinite variety of everything, in the sober and austere songs of Giacomo Leopardi. Finally (be it said in parenthesis and without intending comparison with the other examples adduced), the voluptuous refinements and animal sensuality of international decadentism have received their most perfect expression in the prose and verse of an Italian, d'Annunzio. All these souls were profoundly passionate (all, even the serene Lodovico Ariosto, who was so amorous, so tender, and so often represses his emotion with a smile); their works of art are the eternal flower that springs from their passions.

These expressions and these critical

judgments can be theoretically resumed in the formula, that what gives coherence and unity to the intuition is feeling: the intuition is really such because it represents a feeling, and can only appear from and upon that. Not the idea, but the feeling, is what confers upon art the airy lightness of the symbol: an aspiration enclosed in the circle of a representation—that is art; and in it the aspiration alone stands for the representation, and the representation alone for the aspiration. Epic and lyric, or drama and lyric, are scholastic divisions of the indivisible: art is always lyrical—that is, epic and dramatic in feeling. What we admire in genuine works of art is the perfect imaginative form which a state of the soul assumes; and we call this life, unity, compactness and fulness of the work of art. What displeases us in the false and imperfect forms is the struggle of several different states of the soul not yet unified, their stratification or mixture, their vacillating method, which obtains apparent unity from the will of the author, who for this purpose avails himself of an abstract plan or idea, or of extra-æsthetic, passionate emotion. A series of images which seem to be, each in turn, convincingly powerful, leaves us nevertheless deluded and diffident, because we do not see them generated from a state of the soul, from a 'study' (as the painters call it), from a motive; and they follow upon and crowd one another without that precise intonation, without that accent, which comes from the heart. And what is the figure cut out from its background in a picture or transported and placed against another background, what is the personage of drama or of romance outside his relation with all the other personages and with the general action? And what is the value of this general action if it be not an action of the spirit of the author? The secular disputes concerning dramatic unity are interesting in this connection; they are first applied to the unity of 'action,' when they have been obtained from the external definitions of time and place, and this finally applied to the unity of 'interest'; and the interest should in its turn be dissolved in the interest of the spirit of the poet in the ideal that animates him. The negative issue of the great dispute between classicists and romanticists is interesting, for it resulted in the negation of the art which strives to distract and illude the soul as to the deficiency of the image based upon abstract feeling, upon practical violence of feeling, upon feeling that has not become contemplation, and equally in the negation of the art which, by means of the superficial clearness of the image, of drawing correctly false, of the falsely correct word, seeks to deceive as to its lack of inspiration and its lack of an æsthetic reason to justify what it has produced. A celebrated sentence uttered by an English critic, and become one of the commonplaces of journalism, states that 'all of the arts tend to the condition of music'; but it would have been more accurate to say that all the arts are music, if it be thus intended to emphasize the genesis of æsthetic images in feeling, excluding from their number those mechanically constructed or realistically ponderous. And another not less celebrated utterance of a Swiss semi-philosopher, which has had the like good or bad fortune of becoming trivial, discovers that 'every landscape is a state of the soul'; which is indisputable, not because the landscape is landscape, but because the landscape is art.

Artistic intuition, then, is always lyrical intuition: this latter being a word that is not present as an adjective or definition of the first, but as a synonym, another of the synonyms which can be added to those that I have mentioned already, and which, all of them, designate the intuition. And if it be sometimes convenient that it should assume the grammatical form of the adjective, instead of appearing as a synonym, that is only to make clear the difference between the intuition-image, or nexus of images (for what is called image is always a nexus of images, since image-atoms do not exist any more than thought-atoms), which constitutes an organism, and as organism has its vital principle, which is the organism itself,—between this, which is true and proper intuition, and that false intuition which is a heap of images put together in play or in calculation or for some other practical purpose, the connection of which, being practical, when considered from the æsthetic point of view, shows itself to be not organic, but mechanic. But the word *lyric* is redundant save in this explanatory or polemical sense; and art is perfectly defined when simply defined as *intuition*.

NOTES

THE COURTSHIP OF ETAIN

4. *a.* 6. *Eochaid,* pronounced Yeo-hay.

9. *Tara,* a hill in County Meath, the meeting-place and palace of the old Irish kings.

b. 22. *Bri Leith,* pronounced Bree Lay.

6. *a.* 48. *Ogham,* a prehistoric form of writing, found chiefly in inscriptions in South-West Ireland.

b. 50. *when thou wast the daughter of Ailill,* more than a thousand years before, according to the story; this is, of course, not the same Ailill as fell in love with Etain, who is regarded as a fairy and therefore immortal. See p. 5. a. 58.

7. *a.* 2. *Fuamnach,* (pronounced Foomna,) a famous sorceress.

34. *The Book of the Dun Cow,* Leabhar na h-Uidri (pronounced Lyow-er na hoorie) the oldest MS. of Irish romance.

8. *a.* 50. *over the chariot-pole of life,* on the face of the world.

9. *a.* 6. *wattles,* hurdles made of wicker-work.

THE LAY OF THRYM

10. 1. *Vingthor,* a name for Thor, 'Thor the Hurler.'

4. *Jorth,* Earth, Thor's mother, Odin being his father.

6. *Loki,* the wiliest of the gods.

11. 9. *Freyja,* the noblest of the goddesses, who divides the slain with Odin. The *feather-dress* was a flying equipment peculiar to her.

18. *Thrym,* a frost-giant. It has been suggested that this story symbolizes the cessation of thunder-storms in winter.

24. *Hlorrithi,* Thor.

48. *Brisings,* 'Twiners', the dwarfs who fashioned the famous necklace.

12. 56. *Wanes,* water-deities incorporated with the older Scandinavian mythology by the seafarers. They seem to have originated on the Baltic and the southern shores of the North Sea; Freyja was one of them.

68. *Asgarth,* the home of the gods.

82. *Jotunheim,* the home of the giants.

86. *Njorth,* (*j* pronounced *y*), chief of the Wanes.

Noatun, 'ships' haven', the home of Njorth, who calms the waves.

95. *Sif,* Thor's wife.

13. 118. *hallow.* According to Vigfusson, the hammer was with the heathen the sign of consecration, as the cross with Christians.

119. *Mjollnir,* Thor's hammer.

120. *Vor,* a goddess.

THE PROSE EDDA

14. *a.* 2. *Æsir,* the twelve noblest of the gods, Odin being the highest and eldest.

Hœnir, the companion and friend of Odin.

b. 38. *Wergild,* a fine paid for killing a man.

15. *a.* 16. *Thjod,* in Denmark.

b. 18 *birnie,* coat of mail.

27. *Valkyr,* a chooser of the slain in Norse mythology.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED

17. 1. *Hagen,* Högni of the *Prose Edda.*

9. *Kriemhild,* Gudrún of the *Prose Edda.*

18. 41. *wold,* forest.

48. *King,* Gunther, Kriemhild's brother. The other brothers are Gernot and Giselher mentioned in the foregoing stanza.

19. 86. *ure-oxen,* wild oxen or buffalo, the European bison or aurochs.

20. 121. *eke,* also.

21. 165. *pricking,* riding.

22. 241 *they,* Gunther and Hagen.

250. *burn,* stream.

23. 260. *for a cross,* Hagen had learned from Kriemhild that Siegfried had a vulnerable spot between his shoulders, where a linden leaf had prevented the dragon's blood from taking effect. By a treacherous offer to give Siegfried special protection, Hagen had persuaded Kriemhild to mark this spot by a little silken cross, which she sewed on Siegfried's tunic and thus unwittingly brought about her husband's death.

24. 316. *Me rueth,* it rueth me, I am sorry for.

320. *An,* if.

THE SONG OF ROLAND

26. 11. *Emperor,* Charlemagne.

12. *alcaliph,* the commander of the Moorish army.

sorrel, a brown horse.

43. *Monjoie,* the French battle-cry.

29. 173. *olifant,* the horn by which Roland, who was defending the rear, had already summoned the main body of the army, under the command of the Emperor Charlemagne, to his assistance.

183. *bestead,* attack, beset.

32. 334. *Durendal,* the name of Roland's sword.

361. *Culvert,* villain.

33. 391-401. The account of Roland's conquests is, of course, romantically exaggerated.

34. 454. *Lazaron,* Lazarus. See John XI.

35. 528. *sun still.* This portent was no doubt suggested by a similar occasion recounted in The Book of Joshua. Ulysses in the Odyssey has the night prolonged for him on his return home.

36. 536. *dromond, caland,* boats.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

40. *a.* 31. *kirtle,* skirt.

b. 4. *featly,* gracefully.

41. *b.* 8. *damoiseau,* squire.
41. *fosse,* ditch.
48. *liefer,* more willingly.
42. *a.* 46. *prime,* 6 A.M. or sunrise.
b. 19. *deniers,* farthings.
29. *sols,* sous (of gold).
43. *a.* 4. *feteously,* neatly.
29. *gramercy,* many thanks.
56. *vair,* the skin of a squirrel, represented in heraldry as silver and pale blue.
57. *to ware,* for our own.
b. 22. *natheless,* nevertheless.
44. *tierce,* 9 A.M.
44. *a.* 34. *Childe,* knight.
46. *laidly,* ugly.
52. *collop,* steak, slice.
46. *b.* 6. *Amiral,* Admiral.
31. *to,* for.

DANTE: THE DIVINE COMEDY

51. 1. *half the journey,* in 1300, when Dante was thirty-five.
17. *planet,* the sun, used here allegorically for God, who enlightens the world.
32. *leopard,* signifying the temptations of the flesh.
40. *motion first.* The Middle Ages believed that the world was created in the Spring, when the sun was in the constellation Aries, and placed Christ's incarnation and crucifixion at the same time of the year.
45. *lion,* signifying the vice of pride.
49. *wolf,* symbol of avarice.
70. *Sub Julio.* Virgil was born in the time of Julius Cæsar.
74. *I sang,* in the Æneid.
52. 105. *Feltro.* This reference to a savior of Italy, to be born between the two towns of Feltro, has puzzled the commentators from Dante's time to ours.
107. *Camilla, etc.,* characters in the Æneid.
53. 13. *Sire of Silvius,* Æneas.
28. *Chosen Vessel,* St. Paul.
52. *Limbo,* the place of the virtuous heathen who are neither punished in Hell nor qualified for Purgatory or Paradise.
53. *fair Lady,* Beatrice. See Introduction above.
54. 94. *a gentle Lady,* the Virgin Mary.
102. *Rachel,* the wife of Jacob, symbol of the contemplative life, as Leah of the active.
108. *Death,* spiritual death.
125. *benedight,* blessed, Italian, *benedette.*
55. 18. *the good of intellect,* the knowledge of God.
51. One of the most famous lines in Dante and difficult to translate: *Non ragionam di lor ma guarda e passa.*
60. *the Great Refusal made.* Another famous line, though there has been much dispute about the particular person indicated.
56. 99. *marish,* marsh, the *vada livida* of Æneid VI. Dante is not afraid to combine classical mythology with Christian doctrine.
117. *like the bird at his recall.* A simile from hawking, suggested by Æneid VI, 309.
57. 53. *One,* Christ, who, according to the medieval belief, freed the Patriarchs on his descent into hell.
60. *pains he knew.* Jacob served seven years for Rachel. Genesis XXIX. 17-28.
77. *in thy life,* on the earth.
92. *The name,* of poet; see line 80.
102. *sixth,* Dante was conscious of his own poetic eminence.
58. 106. *castle,* signifying human wisdom, of which the seven liberal arts are the gates.
121. *Electra, etc.,* classical heroines and heroes, from whom *Saladin,* the Saracen Sultan (1137-93), famous for his virtue and generosity, stands apart.
131. *The Master,* Aristotle. Other classical philosophers follow, with two Arabians, Avicenna and Averroës, the latter celebrated for the Commentary on Aristotle.
b. 2. *contracted rim.* Dante's Hell is a contracting spiral of circles descending to the center of the earth.
6. *encircles,* with his tail a certain number of times to indicate the circle to which the soul is condemned. See line 11 below.
59. 28. *dumb,* deprived.
39. *appetence,* fleshly appetite.
58. *Semiramis,* Queen of Assyria 1356-1314 B. C.
61. *next one,* Dido.
65. *Achilles,* brought to death by his passion for Polyxena.
97. *The town where I was born,* Ravenna, where Dante passed the last years of his life. See Introduction above.
99. *companion band,* mouths of the Po delta.
60. 101. *this one,* Paolo Malatesta, her companion in Hell, who fell in love with her after her marriage to his brother, Gianciotto, Lord of Rimini. According to one story, Francesca had expected to marry Paolo, and was tricked into marrying his elder brother, who was deformed, while Paolo was a handsome and attractive youth.
102. *the mode.* Gianciotto caught the two lovers together and killed them both as they lay in each other's arms, so that they had no opportunity for repentance.
106. *Cain,* the first murderer, whose name is used here to signify the circle in Hell to which murderers are condemned.
120. *vague,* rather, doubtful, *dubbiosi,* i.e., the desires which the lovers felt before they acknowledged to themselves and each other that they were in love.
121. *woe of woes.* This famous passage, the thought of which is derived from Boethius, is reproduced by Tennyson *In Memoriam:* 'A sorrow's crown of sorrow, Is remembering happier things.'
123. *Teacher,* probably Virgil, though it may be Boethius.
128. *Launcelot.* The old romance tells how Guinevere took Launcelot by the chin and gave him a long kiss in the presence of Gallehaut, who had brought them together.
140. *the other,* Paolo.
142. *And fell.* Again a famous line and difficult to translate: *E caddi come corpo morto cade.* It is an effective close to an episode which Dante has narrated in 70 lines with such loving care and artistic concentration that later poets have tried in

in to render the tragedy at much greater length. he story has often been treated since in poetry id drama, notably in recent plays by Stephen Phil-ps in English and by Gabriele d'Annunzio in alian.

b. 1. *Florence.* In the intervening cantos, dur-g which Dante has descended from the second to e eighth circle, he has taken the opportunity of arifying some of his political and personal ene-ies in Florence, who are further referred to in ese opening lines.

9. *Prato.* Probably a reference to the Cardinal Prato who about the time when Dante was riting rebuked the Florentines for their misdeeds id threatened them with condign punishment.

26. *He,* the sun.

27. *What time,* the evening.

l. 34. *bears avenged,* the prophet Elisha. See II ironicles II. 11-12.

41. *the theft unlock,* reveal the sinner hidden ithin the flame, as Elijah was hidden in the ariot of fire.

54. *Eteocles* and his twin-brother Polynices, ac-rding to the classical story, fought for the king-ip of Thebes and killed each other. The bodies ere burnt on one pyre and the flames refused to mmingle—a symbol of their undying enmity.

57. *neither went in ire.* They are united in suf-ring divine punishment, as they were united in eir anger against the Trojans, whom they over-me by the treacherous device of the wooden horse. his led to the fall of Troy and the flight of Æneas, ho went to Italy and laid the foundations of the oman state.

62. *Deidamia,* espoused by Achilles and deserted him through the wiles of Ulysses and Diomed, ho persuaded him to take part in the expedition ainst Troy.

63. *Palladium,* the sacred statue of Pallas Athene, on which the safety of Troy depended, and which as stolen from the city by the wiles of Ulysses d Diomed.

74. *Greek.* Virgil speaks either because he knows reek, of which Dante is ignorant, or because in e Æneid he has celebrated the exploits of the reek heroes.

84. *he,* Ulysses, whose end was unknown.

85. *the mightier.* Ulysses is more powerful in ath, as he had been in life, than Diomed.

ancient. The medieval scholars believed that ysses and Diomed had been in hell for twenty-ur centuries.

, 105. *other islands,* in the Mediterranean, Cor-a and the Balearic Isles.

107. *narrow pass,* the Straits of Gibraltar, where e ancients placed the Pillars of Hercules.

111. *Ceuta,* an African fortress opposite Gibraltar.

124. *morning-tide,* to the east, so that the bow s headed for the sunset—the west.

128. *the other pole,* the Antarctic, as they were eping to the left.

ours, the North Pole. They had arrived at the uator.

133. *a mountain,* imagined by Dante, identified some commentators with Plato's Atlantis, by ers with Dante's Purgatory.

b. Purgatorio. After descending to the lowest depth of Hell at the center of the earth, Dante under the guidance of Virgil ascends the other way to the surface of the Southern Hemisphere, and again sees the light of the stars. The early Cantos of the *Purgatorio* recount his admission and the people he met on the lower slopes of the Mountain. They implore the goodwill of Dante to obtain remembrance and intercession for them among the living.

13. *The Aretine,* Benincasa da Laterina, a judge of Arezzo, assassinated by Ghin di Tacco, a notorious robber whose relatives he had condemned to death.

15. *the other,* another Aretine, drowned in the marshes of the Arno while pursuing his enemies, the Bostoli, who also killed Federico Novello, mentioned in the next line.

18. *Marzucco,* a citizen of Pisa, who proved his fortitude by forgiving the assassin of his son, or, according to another story, by slaying him.

19. *Count Orso,* of the Alberti of Florence, killed by treachery.

22. *Pier de la Brosse,* Court Chamberlain of Philip of France, executed under the false accusation of Maria of Brabant, Philip's second wife.

24. *consort with baser herd,* in the pit of the Inferno reserved for false accusers.

29. *In one text,* Æneid VI. 372, where Virgil questions the efficacy of prayer.

63. 37. *Top of Judgment,* the Highest, i.e., the Divine Judgment.

38. *in a moment.* The intercession of the living achieves in a moment the expiation which in Purgatory the dead souls themselves accomplish more slowly.

42. *was not.* The prayers of Virgil and his pagan friends were ineffectual because they were disunited from God.

57. *interrupted.* The sun has set and Dante's form no longer casts a shadow; they must wait till sunrise.

61. *Lombard.* Sordello, the leading Italian poet before Dante, was born near Mantua (Virgil's own city) in Lombardy.

76. *Hostel of woe.* This vigorous invective is suggested by the contrast between the affection of Virgil and Sordello, born in the same place, though hundreds of years apart, and the citizens living in the same Italian city at the same time, riven by political and personal enmities, of which Dante himself had been a victim.

88. *Justinian,* Roman Emperor and Lawgiver. But what advantage is the Justinian Code if there is no Emperor to administer it and secure Italian unity?

91. *gentry . . . devout,* the clergy.

97. *German Albert,* Albert of Austria, elected Emperor in 1298, but too much taken up by home affairs to pay attention to Italy.

106. *Capulet and Montague,* factions of Verona, made familiar to English readers by Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet.* The factions mentioned in the next line are those of another Italian city, Orvieto.

111. *Santafiora,* a Siennese county notorious for disorder; *secure* is ironical

64. 125. *Marcellus,* a fierce opponent of the imperial authority of Julius Cæsar.

127. *My Florence.* Dante now turns his ironical digression from Italy in general to his native city.

135. *'Shoulder to the wheel.'* The original means rather, 'I undertake the burden,' but is difficult to translate exactly. Dante is ridiculing the eagerness of the Florentine democracy to interfere in affairs of state.

144. *November . . . October.* Dante may be referring to the political overturn of the autumn of 1301, which led to his banishment from Florence, but more probably he has in mind the general instability of Florentine government, which was accused of making a law in the evening and repealing it the next morning in the proverb: *Legge fiorentina, fatta la sera e guasta la mattina.*

166. *where lays hold,* by the knees.

182. *little innocents,* infants who died unbaptized and, according to the medieval belief, found their place with the just pagans, in Limbo as described above in Inferno II.

65. 207. *shades nocturnal,* literally, the darkness of night, which prevents ascent, as man cannot climb to higher spiritual levels without the illumination of divine grace.

After climbing the heights of Purgatory, Dante arrives on the morning of the seventh day at the entrance to the Terrestrial Paradise, where Virgil (excluded as a pagan) leaves him and Beatrice assumes the task of guide.

At the beginning of the *Paradiso* Dante warns those who are not versed in philosophy and theology not to venture upon the heavenly voyage with him, as their little barque may be lost amid the overwhelming waves. This warning has in general been heeded by the ordinary reader, who is likely to find the high themes of the last part of the Divine Comedy beyond his grasp. The final passage here quoted relates the climax of the story, the revelation to Dante of the Divine Glory.

66. 42. *Argo,* the first ship, which with its shadow startled the god of the sea, according to the medieval count, in 1223 B.C., or about twenty-five centuries before the date of Dante's vision.

62. *Three rings,* symbolizing the Three Persons of the Godhead.

77. *In very likeness,* the Incarnation.

91. *stars.* All three parts of the Divine Comedy end with the same word, *stelle.* At the end of the *Inferno* Dante and Virgil climb from the interior of the earth and see the stars. At the end of the *Purgatorio,* he is purified and ready to ascend to the stars. At the end of the *Paradiso* his desire and will are one with the Divine Love which moves the sun and the other stars.

PETRARCH: LETTERS

68. *a.* 3. *Lapo da Consiglionchio,* a famous lawyer and contemporary of Petrarch, who died in 1381.

69. *a.* 22. Mount Ventoux is not really very high or very difficult. The modern tourist may run over it by road in an automobile. But the travelers of the middle ages avoided mountains and forests, believing them to be haunted by robbers, and wild beasts, and worse. Petrarch seems to have been about the first modern to climb a mountain for the sake of the view, and his achievement is interestingly recorded in his own words.

25. *Dionisio da Borgo San Sepolcro* was an Augustinian monk, professor of divinity and philosophy in the University of Paris, the friend and confidant of Petrarch, who confessed to him his passion for Laura and received from him a copy of St. Augustine's *Confessions,* in addition, no doubt, to spiritual counsel as to his love of a married woman.

30. *Ventosum,* windy.

71. *a.* 29. *enemy of the Roman name,* Hannibal.

b. 30. *luster,* a period of five years.

72. *b.* 48. *the poet,* Virgil. *Georgics* II. 490.

BOCCACCIO: THE DECAMERON

81. *a.* 7. *these noble ladies.* Boccaccio goes on to tell how the seven ladies, with three young gentlemen of their acquaintance, took refuge from the plague in an estate about two miles from Florence, now identified with the Villa Palmieri, on the slope of Fiesole, and recently in the ownership of James W. Ellsworth, an American capitalist and art collector, who died there in the spring of 1925. Finding all there to their satisfaction, they agree to pass the time in the telling of stories to each other. A leader is appointed for each day, and each of the company tells a story when called upon, making, in all, the hundred stories of the ten days or Decameron. The story reprinted in our text is the last, and, as many have thought, the best. Petrarch was so fond of it that he translated it into Latin, and from his Latin Chaucer took the Story of Griselda, putting it into the mouth of the Clerk of Oxford in the Canterbury Tales. Chaucer adds to this, one of his most charming tales, a warning that no English husband should be so foolhardy as to try his wife's patience in this fashion, 'for in certain he shall fail.'

b. 52. *half tierce,* half way between 9 a.m. and noon, i.e., 10.30.

84. *b.* 13. *romagnole,* coarse cloth.

FROISSART: EDWARD III'S INVASION OF FRANCE

Edward III, who married Philippa of Hainault, claimed the French throne through his mother Isabella, sister of Charles IV, king of France, who died without a son, and was succeeded by Philip VI, the next heir in the male line. Edward, accompanied by his eldest son, the Black Prince, who was only sixteen, invaded France in assertion of his right to the Crown in 1346, and won an important battle at Crecy, as Froissart relates in our text. The siege of Calais, which followed, lasted about a year. The Black Prince won a brilliant victory at Poitiers in 1356, and took prisoner the French king, but the death of both the father and son in 1376-77 left France still unconquered.

93. *a.* 58. *to examine their arms.* Each knight wore over his armor a coat-of-arms by which he could be identified.

MACHIAVELLI: THE PRINCE

116. *a.* 2. *one. . . . ordained by God for our redemption,* Cesare Borgia, Duke Valentino, son of Pope Alexander IV, for whom in earlier chapters of *The Prince* Machiavelli had expressed high admiration.

51. *your illustrious house,* of the Medici. See Introduction.

ARIOSTO: ORLANDO FURIOSO

119. 20. *sore weight,* of the body of his master King Dardinello.

120. 162. *chirurgery,* surgery.

167. *simples,* herbs.

171. *hight,* called.

121. 188. *expressed,* pressed out.

251. *whilom,* formerly.

262. *Somedeal,* somewhat.

122. *b.* 26. *dight,* prepared, engraved.

28. *pight,* pitched, fastened.

31. *rind,* bark.

123. 87. *boot,* advantage.

125. 243. *Woe worth,* ill luck befall!

MONTAIGNE: ESSAYS

141. *a.* 26. *Villegaignon landed,* in Brazil, 1557.

143. *a.* 4. *no employments but those of leisure.* So the French text, *nulles occupations que oysives* is correctly translated. This is the famous passage which Shakespeare made use of in *The Tempest* II, i. It is interesting to compare the translation Shakespeare found in Florio's version, which reads as follows: 'It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service, or riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividends, no occupation but idle.' Florio's rather loose rendering of the last phrase evidently led Shakespeare into misunderstanding:—

'No kind of traffic
Would I admit, no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known, riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all.'

144. *a.* 14. *bavins,* bundles of brushwood.

40. *regales,* dainties.

b. 42. *Vascones . . .* A quotation from Juvenal, *Satires* XV. 93.

146. *a.* 30. *anacreontic.* See under Anacreon in Vol. I.

34. *Three of these people,* probably Indians brought back from Canada.

147. *b.* 58. *stoical,* inevitable, and therefore to be borne with resolution.

149. *b.* 56. *viaticum,* provision for a journey.

TASSO: JERUSALEM DELIVERED

152. *b.* 66. *ypight,* pitched.

72. *mister wight,* kind of person.

79. *Cnidos,* in Asia Minor, had in one of its temples the famous marble statue of the naked Aphrodite by Praxiteles.

139. *ybore,* born.

153. 133. *pardie, per Dieu,* by God.

154. 198. *eild,* age.

207. *won,* dwell.

213. *make,* mate.

214. *signoriseth,* lordeth over. Lucifer.

218. *pheer,* companion.

221. *glosing,* flattering.

238. *eame,* uncle.

242. *peece,* castle, fortress.

155. 287. *fand,* found.

158. 510. *eath,* easy.

CERVANTES: DON QUIXOTE

160. *a.* 10. *gaban,* a loose overcoat with a hood, worn by travelers.

12. *montera,* a cap with falling flaps.

13. *jineta,* an easy saddle with short stirrups.

163. *b.* 33. *Est Deus in nobis,* in Ovid, *Art of Love,* III. 549: the full quotation reads:—

There is a god within us, and the heavens
Have intercourse with earth; from realms above
That spirit cometh.

164. *a.* 8. *banished to the coast of Pontus,* as Ovid was.

17. *that tree,* the laurel.

167. *a.* 4. *Perillo brand,* a famous trademark.

169. *a.* 55. *feet for the wheel.* The peacock's pride in his outspread tail, which in Spanish is called *rueda* (wheel), is said to be tempered by humiliation when he sees his ugly feet.

b. 55. *the hood of thy 'won't have it,'* as a cloak for receiving bribes.

172. *a.* 34. *alcalde,* city magistrate. The proverb continues: 'goes into court with an easy mind.'

LESAGE: GIL BLAS

209. *a.* 47. *Alguazil,* an officer who arrests offenders.

b. 51. *Alexander* the Great is reported to have said of Diogenes the Cynic, 'If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes.'

214. *b.* 54. *Aristarchus,* a severe critic.

216. *b.* 19. *poundage,* royalties.

MONTESQUIEU: ESPRIT DES LOIS

220. *a.* 35. *prætor,* a military official; originally the title designating a Roman consul as leader of the army.

38. *ædile,* a city official, who had charge of repairs to temples and other buildings.

226. *b.* 25. *Aurungzebe,* (1618-1707), a famous Mogul emperor of India.

26. *hospitals,* refuges not merely for the sick, but for the destitute.

VOLTAIRE: CANDIDE

229. *a.* 45. The intervening chapters here omitted relate how Candide, being caught making love to the fair Cunégonde, was kicked out of the castle, and after many and painful adventures recovered

his mistress, only to be separated from her again. Coming into the company of Cunégonde's brother, Candide asked her hand in marriage, and his proposal being received with insult, he whipped out his rapier and left the brother for dead. He also met Pangloss, who after an unfortunate love affair with a servant girl, Pacquette, fell at Lisbon into the hands of the Inquisition and was hanged for heresy. Candide thereupon fled to the New World.

238. *a.* 15. *plenum, materia subtilis.* These are technical terms in the philosophical system of Leibnitz, which Voltaire in this passage, and indeed in the whole story, is turning to ridicule.

ROUSSEAU: THE ORIGIN OF INEQUALITY

251. *b.* 18. *The Fable of the Bees,* written by Mandeville, mentioned at the beginning of the next paragraph.

260. *b.* 57. *Ceres,* the Goddess of Agriculture, is also the Law-giver (*Legislatrix*) and her festival is called *The Bringing of Law* (*Thesmophoria*).

270. *a.* 55. *cui ex honesto nulla est spes,* which has nothing to hope from honorable dealing.

271. *a.* 21. *ataraxia,* freedom from anxiety.

SCHILLER: THE STAGE AS A MORAL INSTITUTION

280. *a.* 34. *Cinna.* Schiller takes his examples from dramas popular at the time, in this case from Corneille's *Cinna.*

JOAN OF ARC'S SOLILOQUIES

286. 69. *My heart is changed.* Schiller in his *Maid of Orleans* imagined Joan of Arc as falling in love with a British soldier, Lionel.

GOETHE: FAUST

300. *The Prologue in Heaven* is based upon an imaginative treatment of Job I. 6-12:—'Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.'

302. 101. *the famous Snake,* the serpent of Genesis III:—'Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field.'

304. 191. *Nostradamus* (1503-1566), a famous astrologer and physician. *The Macrocosm,* mentioned in the stage direction below, was the astrological term for the universe (literally, the great world); to which the *microcosm* (the little world of man) corresponded, man being conceived of as the epitome or miniature representation of the universe.)

306. 301. *famulus,* a household or body servant.

311. 546. *comrade boon,* boon companion.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ECKERMAN

312. *a.* 30. *Lüneburg Heath,* a moor in Hanover.

b. 41. *Matthisson,* a German lyric poet contemporary with Goethe.

315. *a.* 51. *Tristram Shandy,* the hero of the famous novel of that name by Sterne.

b. 1. *dæmon,* the good spirit or guardian angel by which some people, including Socrates, have believed themselves to be directed.

316. *a.* 52. *Frederick,* the Great, of Prussia.

b. 44. *eighteenth Brumaire,* the date, according to the Revolutionary calendar then in force, of the Coup d'État in 1799, by which Napoleon abolished the hostile Directory and made himself the master of France under the title of First Consul.

317. *a.* 34. *The present Crown Prince of Prussia,* Frederick William IV, who was born in 1795, became King of Prussia in 1840 and died 1861.

b. 17. *Entelechia,* an Aristotelian word, which might be loosely translated 'soul'. Goethe was himself, in his old age, a model of bodily power and beauty. Eckerman writes that the day after Goethe's death, he 'was astonished at the divine magnificence of the limbs. The breast was powerful, broad, and arched; the arms and thighs were full, and softly muscular; the feet were elegant, and of the most perfect shape; nowhere, on the whole body, was there a trace either of fat, or of leanness and decay. A perfect man lay in great beauty before me.'

318. *a.* 36. *diable boiteux,* (literally lame devil), the hero of a romance bearing that title by Lesage; in a diabolical flight over Madrid he shows his companion the interiors of the houses and the miseries of the people who live in them.

320. *a.* 56. *Tobias,* the pious son of Tobit in the Book of Tobit in the Apocrypha.

57. *The Wisdom of Solomon,* a Book of the Apocrypha ascribed to Solomon but probably written at a much later date.

58. *Jesus Sirach,* Jesus son of Sirach was the author of the Book of Ecclesiasticus, also in the Aprocrypha.

322. *b.* 16. *in my heart.* Goethe died in March, 1832, at eighty-two, and this was almost the last conversation Eckerman has recorded. It is to be remembered that all these conversations took place after Goethe was seventy-three; the vigor and flexibility of his mind were remarkable to the last.

MADAME DE STAËL: ON GERMANY

324. *a.* 13. *cuisses,* armor for protecting the front part of the thighs.

CHATEAUBRIAND: MEMOIRS

336. *a.* 47. *Atala, Céluta,* heroines in Chateaubriand's novels. See Introduction.

b. 31. *Pensacola,* the Spanish capital of Florida.

33. *Romanceros,* collection of legendary tales.

34. *Ximenes,* a Spanish adventurer of the sixteenth century.

337. *a.* 11. *Armida.* See Tasso, p. 152 of this volume, as to her character and appearance.

18. *almes* or *almehs,* Egyptian dancing girls.

19. *mastic,* a gum which exudes from the bark of certain trees.

Chio or *Chios,* an island in the Ægean Sea.

22. *libanus,* the frankincense tree.

23. *angelica,* an aromatic plant cultivated for use in cooking or medicine.

cedrat, a variety of the lemon.

42. *Camoëns,* the greatest poet of Portugal, who exerted an important influence on the national drama and developed the Portuguese lyric to its highest perfection.

44. *jonquil,* of a pale yellow color.

46. *Barbaru escrava,* Barbary slave, from the north part of Africa.

b. 43. *penumbra,* half darkness, usually employed with reference to an eclipse.

338. *a.* 23. *Acropolis,* a fortified hill of which the most famous example is at Athens. There was, however, one at Corinth, called the Acrocorinthus, about 1900 feet above the sea. The Parthenon is on the Athenian Acropolis and the other places mentioned are near Athens.

b. 8. *Cid,* see page 37 of this volume.

18. *Ceres' daughter,* Proserpine.

BÉRANGER: POEMS

340. *Yvetot* is a small place in Normandy where, it is said, the villagers still elect a king from among their number. The purpose of the poem was to cast ridicule on the imperial ambitions of Napoleon.

342. *The Marquis of Carabas* is another example of Béranger's democratic sentiment; it ridicules the pretensions of the pre-revolutionary aristocracy.

HEINE: MEMOIR

346. *b.* 36. *ça ira,* the popular song of the French Revolution.

348. *a.* 27. *Haman,* who was hanged on the gallows he had built for the execution of Mordecai. See Esther VII.

31. *'She was a hag,' etc.* A parody of Hamlet I. ii. 187-188:—

> 'He was a man, take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again.'

b. 56. *a nobility.* There is an untranslatable pun here. The German word is *Adelung,* which is also the name of the author of a German Grammar.

349. *b.* 22. *apprendre par cœur,* to learn by heart.

23. *bête allemande,* a German boor.

29. *faith,* German *Glaube.*

350. *a.* 20. *Les jours de fête sont passés.* The days of festival are over.

29. *à la lanterne,* to the scaffold.

31. *bétise,* stupidity.

b. 53. *'sheep'.* There is a double reference here—to the well known French phrase 'Revenons à nos moutons' and to the Berlin professors.

351. *b.* 4. *mamelukes,* a cavalry corps which formed part of the Egyptian army defeated by Napoleon in the battle of the Pyramids in 1798.

8. *Wagram.* This and the other places mentioned were the scenes of famous battles in which Napoleon showed his genius.

b. 53. *et la Prusse n'existait plus,* and Prussia ceased to exist.

353. *a.* 2. *legibus barbarorum,* laws of the barbarians. Heine is poking fun at the rules of the students' clubs.

354. *a.* 24. *Allgemeine Anzeiger der Deutschen,* a German newspaper.

42. *Georgia Augusta,* the name of the University at Göttingen.

355. *a.* 44. *black vulture,* the German eagle.

b. 1. *Spandau,* a fortress eight miles from Berlin in which political prisoners were sometimes lodged. What Heine is really saying in a roundabout satirical fashion is that he left Germany in 1831 because he was in danger of imprisonment on account of his liberal opinions.

7. *commis voyageur,* commercial traveler.

40. *Saint Denis,* about three miles from Paris, with an abbey church in which the ancient kings of France were buried.

356. *a.* 2. *Dans des cas pareils . . . qui coûte.* In such cases it is the first step that costs or is painful.

25. *Klopstock,* a popular German author of the eighteenth century. See p. 290 of this volume.

29. *Lutetia,* the Roman name for Paris.

b. 32. *Tour de Nesle,* a famous tragedy by Alexandre Dumas père, first produced at the Théâtre Porte St. Martin in 1832.

357. *a.* 11. *Montagnards,* members of the extreme revolutionary party led by Robespierre and Danton, so called because they occupied the higher part of the place of meeting of the revolutionary legislature.

b. 28. *Perigord,* an ancient French county noted for pies made of truffles and partridges.

34. *Arminius,* a German chieftain who defeated the Roman governor Varus in the Teutoburg forest in the year 9 A.D.

LYRICS

362. *a.* 6. *nixey,* a water sprite.

b. 9. *Gellert,* a German poet and professor whose works were published at Leipsic in 1839.

VICTOR HUGO: PREFACE TO CROMWELL

365. *a.* 29. *Richelet,* a famous French grammarian (1631-1698).

366. *b.* 22. *Vaugelas,* (1595-1650), a grammarian whose treatise on the French language was long regarded as the standard of good usage.

368. *a.* 14. *canaille,* trash.

19. *roturiers,* low-born people.

28. *tout beau,* everything in fine language.

56. *ventre saint-gris,* a vulgar oath habitually used by Henri IV.

370. *a.* 19. *Lhomond,* (1727-1794), author of a famous Latin grammer.

Restaut, (1696-1764), another French grammarian.

b. 30. *Joshuas.* For the story of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still see Joshua X. 12-13.

LYRICS

1. *two Isles.* Napoleon I was born in Corsica and died at St. Helena.

373. 118. *Hinnom,* a ravine near Jerusalem, in ancient times the scene of licentious rites and later a place for consuming the dead bodies of criminals and animals; the Aramaic form is Gehenna.

128. *flambeau,* torch.

132. *St. Denis,* where the kings of ancient France were buried.

375. 8. *halcyon,* the Greek name for the kingfisher, which was supposed to nest at sea during the winter solstice and to be favored with good weather.

376. *To the Column,* Vendôme. Erected in the Place Vendôme at Paris, 44 metres high and

adorned with the bronze of 1200 canon captured by the Grande Armée in 1805.

377. *23. hight,* called.

378. *Our Life Together.* This poem was written the year after Hugo's daughter Léopoldine was drowned. See Introduction.

384. 151. *fray,* disturb.

386. *Jeanne* was Hugo's grand-daughter.

387. 13. *Two provinces,* Alsace-Lorraine.

26. Attila. In 1870, as in 1917, the Germans were identified with the Huns.

29. Bazaine, a Marshal of France, was accused of treachery in the surrender of Metz.

34. *Bayard,* died in 1524. 'The Knight without fear and without reproach.'

NIETZSCHE: ZARATHUSTRA'S PROLOGUE

397. *a.* 3. *Zarathustra,* the Persian name of the philosopher generally known as Zoroaster. The religion he developed from more ancient myths prevailed in Persia from the sixth century B.C. and is represented in modern Persia and India by Parseeism. It laid stress upon the sun as the source of light and heat, and was highly developed on the moral and spiritual side. Nietzsche used the name of Zarathustra as a symbol for his own opposition to Christianity, which he regarded as a faith of submission and slavery. According to Nietzsche's idea, man should direct his course, not with reference to a future life beyond the grave, but with a view to the development of a higher form of humanity, whom he called 'the Superman.' The 'dreadfulest sin' (p. 399) is not to blaspheme God (for according to him the God of Christianity is dead), but to blaspheme the earth, on which man must work out his own destiny. What is lovable in man is that he is a transition to a higher humanity ('an over-going') and that he is willing to sacrifice himself (his 'down-going') that he may help forward the coming of the Superman upon the earth. He sacrifices himself by thought and labor and invention, for these contribute not to his own advantage, but to the development of a superior race.

401. Zarathustra consoles the rope-dancer because he is a symbol of the adventurous spirits who sacrifice their lives and are forgotten. He buries him, because a dead tradition belongs to the past and is superseded. So Zarathustra himself goes on to give his message to the living, if they will receive it. But he knows that the herd will always prefer traditional doctrines of consolation and comfort, and will resent the teaching of anyone who destroys their conventions ('breaks up their tables of values'). The law-breaker, however, is in his view the creator (p. 403).

404. The title, 'Beyond Good and Evil', implies the superseding of conventional standards, and incidentally Nietzsche expresses his disagreement with many judgments usually accepted. His first tilt is against the convention of 'nationalism' or patriotism; he suggests that modern democracy will conduce to the leveling of national distinctions and prejudices, and by the reduction of the masses to wage-slaves, will give an opportunity for the development of leaders who will rule by superior skill and insight (pp. 404-405).

406. *a.* 34. Kotzebue, (1761-1819), a German dramatist and story-writer, very popular in his own day.

36. *Sand,* Karl Ludwig, a German student of theology who assassinated Kotzebue, and was executed in 1820 still continuing to assert the righteousness of his deed.

37. *Jean Paul* Richter, (1763-1825), a celebrated writer of German romance.

39. *Fichte,* (1762-1814), Professor and afterwards Rector of the University of Berlin, where his *Addresses to the German People* in 1808 had great influence in arousing national and patriotic enthusiasm.

407. *a.* 7. *dressing-gown,* merely external simplicity and frankness.

b. 12. *Marschner* (1795-1861), a noted German musical composer.

36. *Werther-like,* sentimental like Goethe's novel *Werther.*

Jean-Paul like, romantic. See note on Jean Paul Richter above.

408. *a.* 12. *art in every good sentence.* Nietzsche revolutionized German prose by the remarkable freedom and flexibility of his own style. The 'master in the art of prose-writing' referred to in the following paragraph may be himself.

b. 55. *Luther's* translation of the Bible (1534) was the foundation of modern German prose.

409. *a.* 32. *tartuffery,* hypocrisy, a word manufactured from the character in Molière's satiric drama, *Tartuffe.*

b. 9. *Sybel* (1817-1895) and *Treitschke* (1834-1896) were German historians of strongly nationalistic tendencies.

410. *a.* 43. *as the English nobility do,* constantly recruiting the aristocracy from the successful middle class. Nietzsche's recommendation of a combination of Jewish intelligence with the Prussian military aristocracy need not be taken seriously.

b. 10. *not a philosophical race.* For the purpose of making his point, Nietzsche in this paragraph identifies philosophy with metaphysics. As a revolutionary dreamer, he naturally disliked the English tendencies to conservatism and practical commonsense. Bacon, as the founder of modern inductive science, and Darwin, as its greatest recent exponent, come in for severe castigation, for what most people regard as their distinguishing virtues—their determination to base theories upon observed facts instead of deducing metaphysical conclusions from abstract principles. Nietzsche's paradox, of course, involves the condemnation of the fundamental methods of modern science.

411. *b.* 5. *of English origin.* Nietzsche may be historically correct in ascribing to English influence the origin of French liberalism of the eighteenth century, 'The Age of Reason,' which opened with Montesquieu and culminated in Voltaire, but he exaggerated the importance of the initial impulse in order to emphasize his depreciation of the English thinkers and open the way to the appreciation of French characteristics in the following chapter.

412. *a.* 51. *Henri Beyle,* (1783-1842), better known under his penname of Stendhal, the founder of the psychological novel. See second paragraph of Introduction on p. 417.

b. 32. *Bizet* (1838-1875), French musical composer. His most popular opera, *Carmen*, has a Spanish setting, and its music expresses the wild beauty and seductiveness of the South.

413. *a.* 45. *taken amiss.* Nietzsche was in his earlier manhood a fervent admirer of Wagner, but they were estranged by a bitter personal quarrel. The particular point he wishes to make here is that Wagner is a European rather than a German genius.

b. 20. *Delacroix*, a nineteenth century painter of the French romantic school.

26. *virtuosi*, master craftsmen, accomplished artists.

32. *Tantaluses*, punished by the desire of the unattainable. Tantalus, in Greek mythology, was tortured, for revealing the secrets of the gods, by immersion up to the chin in water which he was unable to drink, under a fruit tree which he was unable to reach.

414. *a.* 18. *Siegfried*, the hero of Wagner's operatic cycle, *The Ring of the Nibelungs.*

b. 12. *Parsifal*, Wagner's last opera, disliked by Nietzsche because of its Christian theme in contrast to the paganism of the Nibelung cycle.

14. *ululating*, howling—a derisive reference to the penitential psalms of the Catholic church.

16. *hand-dilatation*, spreading forth of the hands, as in some Catholic ceremonies.

STE. BEUVE: WHAT IS A CLASSIC?

418. *b.* 10. *Aulus Gellius*, a Roman grammarian of the second century A.D.

419. *a.* 1. *Boethius.* For the ancient classical authors referred to in this paragraph see Volume I.

23. *Malherbe*, (1555-1628), court poet under Henry IV and the great critical authority as to the correct vocabulary for French classical poetry.

420. *a.* 49. *Royer-Collard*, (1763-1825), French philosopher and statesman.

Remusat, a politician and author, contemporary with the above, Minister of the Interior in 1840.

b. 6. *Marie-Joseph Chénier*, (1764-1811), a French poet whose fame was somewhat overshadowed by that of his brother, André Chénier.

17. *Boileau* (1636-1711), whose *Art poétique* was the beginning of French literary criticism.

21. *Scaliger*, the great classical scholar and critic of the sixteenth century.

47. *Turenne*, created marshal-general of the armies of France in 1660 and killed in battle in 1675.

53. *Buffon*, (1707-1778), a famous French naturalist, whose inaugural address on his admission to the Academy was the *Discourse on Style* which has remained a classic.

421. *a.* 13. *Montesquieu.* See p. 219 of this volume.

20. *Bossuet*, (1627-1704), tutor to the Dauphin, (for whom he wrote his *Discourse on Universal History*), Bishop of Meaux, and one of the greatest of pulpit orators.

b. 49. *by him*, Shakespeare.

422. *a.* 56. *Regnier*, (1573-1613), satiric poet.

b. 40. *Madame de Sevigné*, (1626-1696), a famous French letter-writer.

423. *a.* 18. *Andrieux* (1759-1833), in his time a noted French dramatist.

29. *Valmiki*, reputed author of the great Indian epic, *Ramayana.*

Vyasa, the Sanskrit Homer, author, according to tradition, of the Vedas, etc.

30. *Firdusi*, the great epic poet of Persia.

49. *La Bruyère*, a French classical prosewriter of the seventeenth century, whose 'characters' are witty and epigrammatic studies of the foibles of the time, showing a keen insight into human nature.

56. *Fénelon*, Archbishop of Cambrai and one of the literary ornaments of the Age of Louis XIV.

b. 30. *Pellisson* (1624-1693), historiographer to Louis XIV.

Vauvenargues, French moral philosopher and friend of Voltaire, by whom he was highly appreciated.

SAND AND FLAUBERT: LETTERS ABOUT NOVEL-WRITING

426. *b.* 21. *Gavarni*, a famous nineteenth century caricaturist, who illustrated Hoffmann's Tales, Balzac, and other popular romances.

51. *Littré*, (1801-1881), a famous philologist, philosopher, and Academician.

57. *Marat*, (1744-1793), a leader of the French Revolution, assassinated by Charlotte Corday.

429. *a.* 25. *Rougon*, by Zola.

34. *Jack*, one of Alphonse Daudet's most popular novels, referred to in the previous letter.

430. *a.* 26. *Cruchard*, blockhead.

RENAN: THE SEMITIC PEOPLES

432. *b.* 43. *Kasida*, a form of poem common to all Mohammedan peoples.

434. *a.* 54. *Bossuet.* See note on p. 421 *a.*, 20 above.

435. *a.* 17. *Roger Bacon*, (1214-1294), a famous Oxford scholar and scientist.

30. *Jesus son of Sirach*, a Jewish sage of the second century B.C., author of the Book of Ecclesiasticus in the Apocrypha.

Hillel, President of the Jewish Sanhedrin 30 B.C.—9 A.D., who summarized the law in the saying 'Do not unto others what thou wouldst not have done unto thyself'.

436. *a.* 23. *Zoroaster*, or Zarathustra, founder of an ancient Persian religion, still followed by the Parsees of India.

25. *Pisistratus* (d. 527 B.C.), tyrant of Athens. In his time the poems of Homer are said to have been collected and edited.

b. 7. *Asmoneans*, the family of the Maccabees who delivered Judea from Antiochus IV and established a line of priest-kings which lasted almost until the time of Christ.

54. *Julian*, Roman Emperor 361-363 A.D., commonly called the Apostate because of his conversion to paganism from Christianity, and his attempt to establish toleration for all religions.

437. *a.* 32. *Islamism*, the religion founded by Mahommed.

34. *Parseeism.* See note on Zoroaster above.

36. *Sassanidæ*, Persian dynasty 226-641 A.D.

b. 4. *St. James*, brother of Jesus, the leader of the Judaizing party in the Primitive Church.

Papias, an early Father of the Church.

24. *Imitation*, the *Imitation of Christ*, by St. Thomas à Kempis.

31. *Francis of Assisi*, the founder of the Franciscan order.

32. *Fra Angelico*, the painter-friar of the fifteenth century.

42. *Shem*, *Ham* and *Japhet*, the three sons of Noah, represent in the Scripture story the Semitic, African and Indo-European peoples respectively.

438. *a.* 9. *Pontifical States*, States in Italy, belonging to the Pope before Italy was unified as an independent kingdom.

ZOLA: THE EXPERIMENTAL NOVEL

449. *a.* 4. *Claude Bernard*, (1813-1878), Professor of Experimental Physiology at the Collège de France and the leading medical investigator of his time. His *Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine*, from which Zola quotes so largely, was published in 1865. He was a founder and president of the Biological Society and wrote numerous papers of great scientific import.

BRUNETIÈRE: IMPRESSIONIST CRITICISM

463. *b.* 21. *History of Semitic Languages.* Renan won the Volney Prize for his *General History of Semitic Languages*, which was published in 1854.

464. *b.* 47. *rudiments*, of Latin Grammar, from which the example is quoted: So many heads, so many sense-perceptions.

465. *b.* 20. *Boursault*, (1638-1701), a French dramatist highly thought of in his time.

466. *a.* 3. *author of the Rêve*, Zola.

22. *Paul et Virginie*, a sentimental romance written by Bernardin de St. Pierre, very popular at the end of the eighteenth century.

467. *a.* 16. *Labiche*, a popular writer for the contemporary stage.

22. *Fleurs du Mal*, by Baudelaire. See p. 391 of this volume.

Meditations, Lamartine's first volume of poems, which went through thirty editions immediately after its publication in 1820.

23. *Cid*, by Corneille (1636-37).

Andromaque, by Racine (1667).

24. *Ruy Blas*, by Victor Hugo (1838).

26. *Valentine*, a novel by George Sand (1832).

Cousine Bette, a novel by Balzac.

b. 23. *Zaïre*, by Voltaire, considered his best tragedy.

25. *Bajazet*, a tragedy by Racine (1672).

468. *a.* 3. *Polyeucte*, a tragedy by Corneille (1630).

Tour de Nesle, a drama by Dumas père.

4. *Père Goriot*, by Balzac (1835).

b. 18. *Henry Becque*, (1837-99), a leading realistic dramatist of the time.

43. *Distrait*, *Folies Amoureuses*, comedies by Regnard (1656-1709).

44. *École de Femmes*, *Tartuffe*, masterpieces by Molière.

469. *a.* 41. *Joseph Delorme* (1829), *Volupté* (1832) by St. Beuve.

470. *a.* 55. *Du Bellay* (1524-1560), whose treatises on the French language and poetry were of great influence. See Introduction to Ronsard, p. 138 of this volume.

Baïf (1532-1589), a friend of Du Bellay and Ronsard and a member of their poetical circle the *Pléiade*.

b. 9. *sens propre*, own judgment.

16. *milieu*, environment.

28. *author of the Bête humaine*, Zola.

35. *Fortune des Rougon*, also by Zola.

38. *Quare me dereliquisti*, Psalm XXII. 1: 'Why hast thou forsaken me?' See also Mark XV. 34.

471. *a.* 6. *Une Chaine*, *Bertrand et Raton*, popular dramas by Scribe (1791-1861).

b. 40. *Ponson du Terrail*, (1829-1871), a producer of popular romances for the *Petit Journal* and other French newspapers.

ANATOLE FRANCE: SUBJECTIVE AND OBJECTIVE CRITICISM

473. *a.* 5. *Tertullian*, an early Church Father and theologian.

25. *Judica me.* The Vulgate version of Psalm XLIII. 1: 'Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation.'

44. *I never muddied his stream.* See La Fontaine's *Fable of the Wolf and the Lamb*, p. 187 of this volume.

47. *Nicolas Boileau* (1636-1711), from whose *Art Poétique* the line is quoted (III. 105).

b. 26. *the critic of the Revue des Deux Mondes*, Brunetière, whose attack on Anatole France was published in that review on January 1, 1891. France's reply, in the form of a preface to Vol. III of *La Vie Littéraire*, was published during the same year. The publication of Bourget's *Le Disciple* had been the occasion for a previous passage at arms between Brunetière and Anatole France in 1889.

45. *Geoffroy St. Hilaire* (1772-1844) and *Cuvier* (1769-1832) were as famous naturalists in the first half of the nineteenth century as Darwin and Haeckel were in the second half.

474. *b.* 21. *Pyrrhonism*, the doctrine of Pyrrho, absolute scepticism, universal doubt.

51. *a magian*, a student of magic arts, like the Magi of ancient Persia.

476. *a.* 15. *Petit Jean*, a comic character in Racine's *Les Plaideurs*, who begins a long speech in court with the line 'Ce que je sais le mieux, c'est mon commencement'—'What I know best is my beginning', *i.e.*, the beginning of his speech, his exordium. Anatole France uses Racine's phrase in a different sense, to increase the comic effect of its use in a connection never intended by the author.

JULES LEMAÎTRE: PAUL BOURGET

478. *b.* 1. *Nisard*, a French Academician whose 'History of French Literature' (1844-61) was the standard work of its generation.

479. *a.* 42. *Taine.* See p. 439.

b. 22. *Sainte-Beuve.* See p. 418.

35. *Scherer* (1815-1889), a French Protestant theologian and literary critic.

Montégut (1825-1895), French translator of Emerson and literary critic.

Brunetière. See p. 463.

480. *a.* 28. *symbolists, Mallarmists,* French schools of poetry of the time.

481. *a.* 3. *Baudelaire.* See p. 391.

25. *Renan.* See p. 431.

39. *Flaubert* (see pp. 429 and 461), the *Goncourts,* and *Leconte de Lisle* were contemporary writers who were particularly interested in the art of expression and questions of style.

46. *Stendhal.* See Introduction to this section, p. 417, second paragraph.

58. *Poquelin,* Molière's real name. See p. 194.

482. *a.* 3. *Pierre Loti,* the pen name of Lucien Viaud, the leading 'exotic' writer of the time. An officer in the French navy, he frequently placed the scene of his novels in the countries he visited on distant voyages.

47. *Montaigne.* See p. 141.

483. *a.* 1. *Visite de Noces,* a comedy by Dumas *fils.*

11. *Armand de Querne,* a character in Bourget's novel, *Un Crime d'Amour.*

36. *Arc de Triomphe,* at the top of the Avenue of the Elysée, about which there are many handsome and fashionable residences.

53. *Madame de La Fayette,* famous seventeenth century novelist.

Marivaux, dramatist and novelist of the eighteenth century.

54. *Laclos,* author of the novel 'Les Liaisons dangereuses' (1782).

Benjamin Constant, author of the romance 'Adolphe' (1816).

b. 12. *Deuxième Amour* and the two novels mentioned below, *Cruelle Enigme* and *Crime d'Amour,* were the first novels of Bourget and the only ones he had published at the time Lemaître's article was written. In his later work Bourget developed in the Catholic and moralist directions indicated in Lemaître's criticism as part of Bourget's education and point of view.

BRANDES: NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE

486. *a.* 21. *Heiberg* (1791-1860), *Hauch* (1790-1872), *Baggesen* (1764-1842), *Oehlenschlager* (1779-1850), Danish poets and dramatists.

487. *b.* 46. *Fanny Elsler,* a noted nineteenth century dancer.

488. *b.* 23. *Fichte* (1762-1814), a celebrated German metaphysician.

37. *Görres* (1776-1848), German professor. See next paragraph.

489. *a.* 14. *Franz Baader* (1765-1841), Professor of Philosophy at Munich.

15. *Jakob Boehme* (1576-1624), a celebrated German mystic.

16. *Kierkegaard* (1813-1855), a famous Danish writer and philosopher.

22. *Schubert,* Gotthilf Heinrich von, whose *Symbolism of Dreams* appeared in 1814.

28. *Strauss, David F.* (1808-1874), famous for his *Life of Jesus.* Early in his career he interested himself in mysticism, dreams, and somnambulism, but soon passed from a romantic to a more sceptical attitude.

b. 8. *Jacobin,* strictly a member of a revolutionary club which met in the Jacobin convent at Paris. Here it refers to the fact that Görres in his earlier career supported revolutionary principles while a professor at Munich, and thus involved himself in trouble with his own government.

9. *Holy Alliance,* formed by Russia, Austria and Prussia after the fall of Napoleon in 1815, ostensibly to maintain Christian brotherhood, but really to defend autocracy.

11. *Adam Müller,* an economist whose *Elements of Statecraft* (1809) is antagonistic to liberal principles.

Gottschall, a German miscellaneous writer of the mid-nineteenth century.

13. *Novalis,* pseudonym of Friedrich von Hardenberg (1772-1801), the leading mystic of the older German romantic school.

19. *Leo,* Professor of History at Halle from 1828.

20. *Ruge* (1802-1880), German political and philosophical writer.

23. *Stahl,* Friedrich J. (1802-1861), a conservative politician and philosopher.

TOLSTOY: WHAT IS ART?

492. *a.* 7. *Sakya Muni,* Buddha.

37. *literate,* able to read and write.

b. 16. *Genghis Khan* (1162-1227), a Mongol conqueror of China and Central Asia.

493. *a.* 21. *Oscar Wilde,* the leader of the British decadent and æsthetic school at the end of the nineteenth century.

54. *de Vogüé,* a member of the French Academy, whose book on the Russian novel (1886) was widely read.

b. 9. *Stenka Razin,* a famous Cossack rebel of the seventeenth century.

10. *Robert Macaire,* a typical villain of French comedy, originally an assassin, but afterwards transmogrified into a clever rogue.

495. *b.* 18. *Millet, Bastien Lepage, Jules Breton,* and *Lhermitte* were popular French painters of the nineteenth century.

CHEKHOF: LETTERS

498. *b.* 1. *Anna Karenina.* Tolstoy's novel.

2. *Evgeni Onegin,* Pushkin's poem.

499. *b.* 21. *Nizhni,* Nizhni-novgorod, the provincial city in which Gorky was then living.

500. *b.* 22. *Gaboriau* (1835-1873), a writer of popular French detective stories.

Marlitt (1825-1887), a popular German woman novelist.

Per Bobo (Pierre Boborykin), a popular Russian writer.

53. *archimandrites,* heads of monasteries.

501. *a.* 53. *feuilleton,* a short story or novel published serially in a newspaper.

GORKY: LETTERS

503. *b.* 7. *boyard,* a member of a privileged order of the aristocracy, next to the royal family.

504. *a.* 16. *passivism,* non-resistance.

506. *b.* 4. *stundist,* a member of the principal Russian sect of dissenters from the Greek Church.

9. *Lao-Tse,* a Chinese philosopher, founder of Taoism, whose teaching is in some respects identical with that of the Sermon on the Mount.

ROMAIN ROLLAND: THE PEOPLE'S THEATER

507. *a.* 4. *d'Ennery* (1811-1899), a writer of sensational French melodramas.

25. *Ambigu.* a Parisian theater famous for its melodramas.

509. *a.* 26. *Catalauni,* Châlons-sur-Marne, where Attila was defeated in 451 A.D. by the Romans and Goths under Aëtius and Theodoric.

40. Godfrey of Boulogne, the leader of the first Crusade and the hero of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered.* See Introduction to *Tasso,* p. 151.

41. *Saint Louis* (1215-1270), Louis IX of France, famous as a religious enthusiast and Crusader.

47. *Le Béarnais,* Henry IV of France, who was a native of Béarn.

48. *Danton,* a celebrated leader of the French Revolution about whom Romain Rolland wrote a play.

510. *b.* 15. *Cloots* (1755-1794), born in Prussia and a leading French revolutionist.

MAETERLINCK: MODERN MYSTICISM

515. *a.* 2. *the cabala,* from the Hebrew *Kaballah,* which signifies tradition, claims to be a body of occult doctrine, coincident with or rather complementary to the teaching of the Bible, or the orthodox doctrines of the *Torah,* that is to say, of the Pentateuch, transmitted orally from the time of Moses, who is supposed to have received them directly from God, until a period which extends from the ninth to the thirteenth or fourteenth century of our era, when these secrets, whispered from mouth to ear, as the initiates used to say, were finally set down in writing.

the En-Sof is God in Himself, as unknowable, as inconceivable, as the Cause without cause or the Supreme Spirit of the 'Vedas,' of which He is only a replica, modified by the Jewish genius.

b. 6. *synoptics,* the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke.

516. *b.* 1. *Nirvana,* literally extinction, the highest state of union with God, to which the Buddhist aspires.

19. *Rig-Veda,* a collection of ancient hymns of the Hindoos, dating from 2000 to 1500 B.C.

ANDREYEF: THE MODERN THEATER

518. *a.* 17. *Benvenuto Cellini.* See p. 131.

26. *Nietzsche.* See p. 397.

58. *Ostrofsky* (1823-1886), a popular Russian dramatist.

b. 2. *Chekhof.* See p. 518.

519. *a.* 35. *Leo Tolstoy.* See p. 490.

45. *Hauptmann's Sunken Bell* was a fairy play, very popular at the time of its first production in 1896.

47. *Imatra,* a cataract in the River Vuopen, is also the name of a play by Naidenov, a Russian dramatist, born in 1869, who became famous in 1901, with his play *Vanyushin's Children,* and was awarded the dramatic prize for the year.

48. *samovar,* Russian tea-kettle.

520. *a.* 40. *Bastille,* the prison-fortress of Paris destroyed at the time of the Revolution.

CROCE: ESSENCE OF ÆSTHETIC

522. *b.* 20. *Fechner* (1801-1887), founder of the philosophical school of psycho-physics.

524. *b.* 2. *Francesca.* See p. 58.

3. *Cordelia,* in *King Lear.*

54. *Armida.* See Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered,* p. 152 of this volume.

527. *a.* 10. *mimesis,* imitation. Aristotle in the *Poetics* defines tragedy as a 'mimesis' and makes the distinction between history and poetry mentioned in the text.

28. *Vico* (1668-1744), an Italian philosopher whose *New Science* is here referred to.

31. *Baumgarten* (1714-1762), a German philosopher regarded as the founder of the science of æsthetics. He divided philosophy into three parts: (1) logic, dealing with knowledge; (2) ethics, dealing with action; (3) æsthetics, the art of beautiful thought, the science of cognition by means of the senses.

43. *Francesco de Sanctis,* an Italian professor by whose teaching Croce was greatly influenced.

49. *terzina,* tiercet, the three-line stanza of the Divine Comedy. See the translations of Dante in this volume.

529. *b.* 40. *ottava rima,* the eight-line stanza of the *Orlando Furioso.* See the translation in this volume.

42. *Foscolo* (1778-1827), Italian poet.

44. *Leopardi* (1798-1837), Italian poet.

51. *d'Annunzio,* the most famous Italian poet of his time, now Prince of Montenevoso.

53. *Ariosto.* See p. 118. Croce naturally takes his examples from the poetry of his own country.

The Editor is indebted to Miss Maud Clegg for help in preparing the Notes.

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Titles of works by unknown authors are printed in italics.

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